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Don Quixote

by Miguel de Cervantes

Translated by John Ormsby

Ebook Editor’s Note

The book cover and spine above and the images which follow were not

part of the original Ormsby translation—they are taken from the 1880

edition of J. W. Clark, illustrated by Gustave Doré. Clark in his

edition states that, “The English text of ‘Don Quixote’ adopted in this

edition is that of Jarvis, with occasional corrections from Motteaux.”

See in the introduction below John Ormsby’s critique of both the Jarvis

and Motteaux translations. It has been elected in the present Project

Gutenberg edition to attach the famous engravings of Gustave Doré to

the Ormsby translation instead of the Jarvis/Motteaux. The detail of

many of the Doré engravings can be fully appreciated only by utilizing

the “Full Size” button to expand them to their original dimensions.

Ormsby in his Preface has criticized the fanciful nature of Doré’s

illustrations; others feel these woodcuts and steel engravings well

match Quixote’s dreams. D.W.

p003.jpg (307K)

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TRANSLATOR’S PREFACE

I: ABOUT THIS TRANSLATION

It was with considerable reluctance that I abandoned in favour of the

present undertaking what had long been a favourite project: that of a

new edition of Shelton’s “Don Quixote,” which has now become a somewhat

scarce book. There are some—and I confess myself to be one—for whom

Shelton’s racy old version, with all its defects, has a charm that no

modern translation, however skilful or correct, could possess. Shelton

had the inestimable advantage of belonging to the same generation as

Cervantes; “Don Quixote” had to him a vitality that only a contemporary

could feel; it cost him no dramatic effort to see things as Cervantes

saw them; there is no anachronism in his language; he put the Spanish

of Cervantes into the English of Shakespeare. Shakespeare himself most

likely knew the book; he may have carried it home with him in his

saddle-bags to Stratford on one of his last journeys, and under the

mulberry tree at New Place joined hands with a kindred genius in its

pages.

But it was soon made plain to me that to hope for even a moderate

popularity for Shelton was vain. His fine old crusted English would, no

doubt, be relished by a minority, but it would be only by a minority.

His warmest admirers must admit that he is not a satisfactory

representative of Cervantes. His translation of the First Part was very

hastily made and was never revised by him. It has all the freshness and

vigour, but also a full measure of the faults, of a hasty production.

It is often very literal—barbarously literal frequently—but just as

often very loose. He had evidently a good colloquial knowledge of

Spanish, but apparently not much more. It never seems to occur to him

that the same translation of a word will not suit in every case.

It is often said that we have no satisfactory translation of “Don

Quixote.” To those who are familiar with the original, it savours of

truism or platitude to say so, for in truth there can be no thoroughly

satisfactory translation of “Don Quixote” into English or any other

language. It is not that the Spanish idioms are so utterly

unmanageable, or that the untranslatable words, numerous enough no

doubt, are so superabundant, but rather that the sententious terseness

to which the humour of the book owes its flavour is peculiar to

Spanish, and can at best be only distantly imitated in any other

tongue.

The history of our English translations of “Don Quixote” is

instructive. Shelton’s, the first in any language, was made,

apparently, about 1608, but not published till 1612. This of course was

only the First Part. It has been asserted that the Second, published in

1620, is not the work of Shelton, but there is nothing to support the

assertion save the fact that it has less spirit, less of what we

generally understand by “go,” about it than the first, which would be

only natural if the first were the work of a young man writing

\_currente calamo\_, and the second that of a middle-aged man writing for

a bookseller. On the other hand, it is closer and more literal, the

style is the same, the very same translations, or mistranslations,

occur in it, and it is extremely unlikely that a new translator would,

by suppressing his name, have allowed Shelton to carry off the credit.

In 1687 John Phillips, Milton’s nephew, produced a “Don Quixote” “made

English,” he says, “according to the humour of our modern language.”

His “Quixote” is not so much a translation as a travesty, and a

travesty that for coarseness, vulgarity, and buffoonery is almost

unexampled even in the literature of that day.

Ned Ward’s “Life and Notable Adventures of Don Quixote, merrily

translated into Hudibrastic Verse” (1700), can scarcely be reckoned a

translation, but it serves to show the light in which “Don Quixote” was

regarded at the time.

A further illustration may be found in the version published in 1712 by

Peter Motteux, who had then recently combined tea-dealing with

literature. It is described as “translated from the original by several

hands,” but if so all Spanish flavour has entirely evaporated under the

manipulation of the several hands. The flavour that it has, on the

other hand, is distinctly Franco-cockney. Anyone who compares it

carefully with the original will have little doubt that it is a

concoction from Shelton and the French of Filleau de Saint Martin, eked

out by borrowings from Phillips, whose mode of treatment it adopts. It

is, to be sure, more decent and decorous, but it treats “Don Quixote”

in the same fashion as a comic book that cannot be made too comic.

To attempt to improve the humour of “Don Quixote” by an infusion of

cockney flippancy and facetiousness, as Motteux’s operators did, is not

merely an impertinence like larding a sirloin of prize beef, but an

absolute falsification of the spirit of the book, and it is a proof of

the uncritical way in which “Don Quixote” is generally read that this

worse than worthless translation—worthless as failing to represent,

worse than worthless as misrepresenting—should have been favoured as it

has been.

It had the effect, however, of bringing out a translation undertaken

and executed in a very different spirit, that of Charles Jervas, the

portrait painter, and friend of Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. Jervas

has been allowed little credit for his work, indeed it may be said

none, for it is known to the world in general as Jarvis’s. It was not

published until after his death, and the printers gave the name

according to the current pronunciation of the day. It has been the most

freely used and the most freely abused of all the translations. It has

seen far more editions than any other, it is admitted on all hands to

be by far the most faithful, and yet nobody seems to have a good word

to say for it or for its author. Jervas no doubt prejudiced readers

against himself in his preface, where among many true words about

Shelton, Stevens, and Motteux, he rashly and unjustly charges Shelton

with having translated not from the Spanish, but from the Italian

version of Franciosini, which did not appear until ten years after

Shelton’s first volume. A suspicion of incompetence, too, seems to have

attached to him because he was by profession a painter and a mediocre

one (though he has given us the best portrait we have of Swift), and

this may have been strengthened by Pope’s remark that he “translated

‘Don Quixote’ without understanding Spanish.” He has been also charged

with borrowing from Shelton, whom he disparaged. It is true that in a

few difficult or obscure passages he has followed Shelton, and gone

astray with him; but for one case of this sort, there are fifty where

he is right and Shelton wrong. As for Pope’s dictum, anyone who

examines Jervas’s version carefully, side by side with the original,

will see that he was a sound Spanish scholar, incomparably a better one

than Shelton, except perhaps in mere colloquial Spanish. He was, in

fact, an honest, faithful, and painstaking translator, and he has left

a version which, whatever its shortcomings may be, is singularly free

from errors and mistranslations.

The charge against it is that it is stiff, dry—“wooden” in a word,—and

no one can deny that there is a foundation for it. But it may be

pleaded for Jervas that a good deal of this rigidity is due to his

abhorrence of the light, flippant, jocose style of his predecessors. He

was one of the few, very few, translators that have shown any

apprehension of the unsmiling gravity which is the essence of Quixotic

humour; it seemed to him a crime to bring Cervantes forward smirking

and grinning at his own good things, and to this may be attributed in a

great measure the ascetic abstinence from everything savouring of

liveliness which is the characteristic of his translation. In most

modern editions, it should be observed, his style has been smoothed and

smartened, but without any reference to the original Spanish, so that

if he has been made to read more agreeably he has also been robbed of

his chief merit of fidelity.

Smollett’s version, published in 1755, may be almost counted as one of

these. At any rate it is plain that in its construction Jervas’s

translation was very freely drawn upon, and very little or probably no

heed given to the original Spanish.

The later translations may be dismissed in a few words. George Kelly’s,

which appeared in 1769, “printed for the Translator,” was an impudent

imposture, being nothing more than Motteux’s version with a few of the

words, here and there, artfully transposed; Charles Wilmot’s (1774) was

only an abridgment like Florian’s, but not so skilfully executed; and

the version published by Miss Smirke in 1818, to accompany her

brother’s plates, was merely a patchwork production made out of former

translations. On the latest, Mr. A. J. Duffield’s, it would be in every

sense of the word impertinent in me to offer an opinion here. I had not

even seen it when the present undertaking was proposed to me, and since

then I may say vidi tantum, having for obvious reasons resisted the

temptation which Mr. Duffield’s reputation and comely volumes hold out

to every lover of Cervantes.

From the foregoing history of our translations of “Don Quixote,” it

will be seen that there are a good many people who, provided they get

the mere narrative with its full complement of facts, incidents, and

adventures served up to them in a form that amuses them, care very

little whether that form is the one in which Cervantes originally

shaped his ideas. On the other hand, it is clear that there are many

who desire to have not merely the story he tells, but the story as he

tells it, so far at least as differences of idiom and circumstances

permit, and who will give a preference to the conscientious translator,

even though he may have acquitted himself somewhat awkwardly.

But after all there is no real antagonism between the two classes;

there is no reason why what pleases the one should not please the

other, or why a translator who makes it his aim to treat “Don Quixote”

with the respect due to a great classic, should not be as acceptable

even to the careless reader as the one who treats it as a famous old

jest-book. It is not a question of caviare to the general, or, if it

is, the fault rests with him who makes so. The method by which

Cervantes won the ear of the Spanish people ought, mutatis mutandis, to

be equally effective with the great majority of English readers. At any

rate, even if there are readers to whom it is a matter of indifference,

fidelity to the method is as much a part of the translator’s duty as

fidelity to the matter. If he can please all parties, so much the

better; but his first duty is to those who look to him for as faithful

a representation of his author as it is in his power to give them,

faithful to the letter so long as fidelity is practicable, faithful to

the spirit so far as he can make it.

My purpose here is not to dogmatise on the rules of translation, but to

indicate those I have followed, or at least tried to the best of my

ability to follow, in the present instance. One which, it seems to me,

cannot be too rigidly followed in translating “Don Quixote,” is to

avoid everything that savours of affectation. The book itself is,

indeed, in one sense a protest against it, and no man abhorred it more

than Cervantes. For this reason, I think, any temptation to use

antiquated or obsolete language should be resisted. It is after all an

affectation, and one for which there is no warrant or excuse. Spanish

has probably undergone less change since the seventeenth century than

any language in Europe, and by far the greater and certainly the best

part of “Don Quixote” differs but little in language from the

colloquial Spanish of the present day. Except in the tales and Don

Quixote’s speeches, the translator who uses the simplest and plainest

everyday language will almost always be the one who approaches nearest

to the original.

Seeing that the story of “Don Quixote” and all its characters and

incidents have now been for more than two centuries and a half familiar

as household words in English mouths, it seems to me that the old

familiar names and phrases should not be changed without good reason.

Of course a translator who holds that “Don Quixote” should receive the

treatment a great classic deserves, will feel himself bound by the

injunction laid upon the Morisco in Chap. IX not to omit or add

anything.

II: ABOUT CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE

Four generations had laughed over “Don Quixote” before it occurred to

anyone to ask, who and what manner of man was this Miguel de Cervantes

Saavedra whose name is on the title-page; and it was too late for a

satisfactory answer to the question when it was proposed to add a life

of the author to the London edition published at Lord Carteret’s

instance in 1738. All traces of the personality of Cervantes had by

that time disappeared. Any floating traditions that may once have

existed, transmitted from men who had known him, had long since died

out, and of other record there was none; for the sixteenth and

seventeenth centuries were incurious as to “the men of the time,” a

reproach against which the nineteenth has, at any rate, secured itself,

if it has produced no Shakespeare or Cervantes. All that Mayans y

Siscar, to whom the task was entrusted, or any of those who followed

him, Rios, Pellicer, or Navarrete, could do was to eke out the few

allusions Cervantes makes to himself in his various prefaces with such

pieces of documentary evidence bearing upon his life as they could

find.

This, however, has been done by the last-named biographer to such good

purpose that he has superseded all predecessors. Thoroughness is the

chief characteristic of Navarrete’s work. Besides sifting, testing, and

methodising with rare patience and judgment what had been previously

brought to light, he left, as the saying is, no stone unturned under

which anything to illustrate his subject might possibly be found.

Navarrete has done all that industry and acumen could do, and it is no

fault of his if he has not given us what we want. What Hallam says of

Shakespeare may be applied to the almost parallel case of Cervantes:

“It is not the register of his baptism, or the draft of his will, or

the orthography of his name that we seek; no letter of his writing, no

record of his conversation, no character of him drawn ... by a

contemporary has been produced.”

It is only natural, therefore, that the biographers of Cervantes,

forced to make brick without straw, should have recourse largely to

conjecture, and that conjecture should in some instances come by

degrees to take the place of established fact. All that I propose to do

here is to separate what is matter of fact from what is matter of

conjecture, and leave it to the reader’s judgment to decide whether the

data justify the inference or not.

The men whose names by common consent stand in the front rank of

Spanish literature, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Quevedo, Calderon,

Garcilaso de la Vega, the Mendozas, Gongora, were all men of ancient

families, and, curiously, all, except the last, of families that traced

their origin to the same mountain district in the North of Spain. The

family of Cervantes is commonly said to have been of Galician origin,

and unquestionably it was in possession of lands in Galicia at a very

early date; but I think the balance of the evidence tends to show that

the “solar,” the original site of the family, was at Cervatos in the

north-west corner of Old Castile, close to the junction of Castile,

Leon, and the Asturias. As it happens, there is a complete history of

the Cervantes family from the tenth century down to the seventeenth

extant under the title of “Illustrious Ancestry, Glorious Deeds, and

Noble Posterity of the Famous Nuno Alfonso, Alcaide of Toledo,” written

in 1648 by the industrious genealogist Rodrigo Mendez Silva, who

availed himself of a manuscript genealogy by Juan de Mena, the poet

laureate and historiographer of John II.

The origin of the name Cervantes is curious. Nuno Alfonso was almost as

distinguished in the struggle against the Moors in the reign of Alfonso

VII as the Cid had been half a century before in that of Alfonso VI,

and was rewarded by divers grants of land in the neighbourhood of

Toledo. On one of his acquisitions, about two leagues from the city, he

built himself a castle which he called Cervatos, because “he was lord

of the solar of Cervatos in the Montana,” as the mountain region

extending from the Basque Provinces to Leon was always called. At his

death in battle in 1143, the castle passed by his will to his son

Alfonso Munio, who, as territorial or local surnames were then coming

into vogue in place of the simple patronymic, took the additional name

of Cervatos. His eldest son Pedro succeeded him in the possession of

the castle, and followed his example in adopting the name, an

assumption at which the younger son, Gonzalo, seems to have taken

umbrage.

Everyone who has paid even a flying visit to Toledo will remember the

ruined castle that crowns the hill above the spot where the bridge of

Alcántara spans the gorge of the Tagus, and with its broken outline and

crumbling walls makes such an admirable pendant to the square solid

Alcazar towering over the city roofs on the opposite side. It was

built, or as some say restored, by Alfonso VI shortly after his

occupation of Toledo in 1085, and called by him San Servando after a

Spanish martyr, a name subsequently modified into San Servan (in which

form it appears in the “Poem of the Cid”), San Servantes, and San

Cervantes: with regard to which last the “Handbook for Spain” warns its

readers against the supposition that it has anything to do with the

author of “Don Quixote.” Ford, as all know who have taken him for a

companion and counsellor on the roads of Spain, is seldom wrong in

matters of literature or history. In this instance, however, he is in

error. It has everything to do with the author of “Don Quixote,” for it

is in fact these old walls that have given to Spain the name she is

proudest of to-day. Gonzalo, above mentioned, it may be readily

conceived, did not relish the appropriation by his brother of a name to

which he himself had an equal right, for though nominally taken from

the castle, it was in reality derived from the ancient territorial

possession of the family, and as a set-off, and to distinguish himself

(diferenciarse) from his brother, he took as a surname the name of the

castle on the bank of the Tagus, in the building of which, according to

a family tradition, his great-grandfather had a share.

Both brothers founded families. The Cervantes branch had more tenacity;

it sent offshoots in various directions, Andalusia, Estremadura,

Galicia, and Portugal, and produced a goodly line of men distinguished

in the service of Church and State. Gonzalo himself, and apparently a

son of his, followed Ferdinand III in the great campaign of 1236-48

that gave Cordova and Seville to Christian Spain and penned up the

Moors in the kingdom of Granada, and his descendants intermarried with

some of the noblest families of the Peninsula and numbered among them

soldiers, magistrates, and Church dignitaries, including at least two

cardinal-archbishops.

Of the line that settled in Andalusia, Deigo de Cervantes, Commander of

the Order of Santiago, married Juana Avellaneda, daughter of Juan Arias

de Saavedra, and had several sons, of whom one was Gonzalo Gomez,

Corregidor of Jerez and ancestor of the Mexican and Columbian branches

of the family; and another, Juan, whose son Rodrigo married Doña Leonor

de Cortinas, and by her had four children, Rodrigo, Andrea, Luisa, and

Miguel, our author.

The pedigree of Cervantes is not without its bearing on “Don Quixote.”

A man who could look back upon an ancestry of genuine knights-errant

extending from well-nigh the time of Pelayo to the siege of Granada was

likely to have a strong feeling on the subject of the sham chivalry of

the romances. It gives a point, too, to what he says in more than one

place about families that have once been great and have tapered away

until they have come to nothing, like a pyramid. It was the case of his

own.

He was born at Alcalá de Henares and baptised in the church of Santa

Maria Mayor on the 9th of October, 1547. Of his boyhood and youth we

know nothing, unless it be from the glimpse he gives us in the preface

to his “Comedies” of himself as a boy looking on with delight while

Lope de Rueda and his company set up their rude plank stage in the

plaza and acted the rustic farces which he himself afterwards took as

the model of his interludes. This first glimpse, however, is a

significant one, for it shows the early development of that love of the

drama which exercised such an influence on his life and seems to have

grown stronger as he grew older, and of which this very preface,

written only a few months before his death, is such a striking proof.

He gives us to understand, too, that he was a great reader in his

youth; but of this no assurance was needed, for the First Part of “Don

Quixote” alone proves a vast amount of miscellaneous reading, romances

of chivalry, ballads, popular poetry, chronicles, for which he had no

time or opportunity except in the first twenty years of his life; and

his misquotations and mistakes in matters of detail are always, it may

be noticed, those of a man recalling the reading of his boyhood.

Other things besides the drama were in their infancy when Cervantes was

a boy. The period of his boyhood was in every way a transition period

for Spain. The old chivalrous Spain had passed away. The new Spain was

the mightiest power the world had seen since the Roman Empire and it

had not yet been called upon to pay the price of its greatness. By the

policy of Ferdinand and Ximenez the sovereign had been made absolute,

and the Church and Inquisition adroitly adjusted to keep him so. The

nobles, who had always resisted absolutism as strenuously as they had

fought the Moors, had been divested of all political power, a like fate

had befallen the cities, the free constitutions of Castile and Aragon

had been swept away, and the only function that remained to the Cortés

was that of granting money at the King’s dictation.

The transition extended to literature. Men who, like Garcilaso de la

Vega and Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, followed the Italian wars, had

brought back from Italy the products of the post-Renaissance

literature, which took root and flourished and even threatened to

extinguish the native growths. Damon and Thyrsis, Phyllis and Chloe had

been fairly naturalised in Spain, together with all the devices of

pastoral poetry for investing with an air of novelty the idea of a

dispairing shepherd and inflexible shepherdess. As a set-off against

this, the old historical and traditional ballads, and the true

pastorals, the songs and ballads of peasant life, were being collected

assiduously and printed in the cancioneros that succeeded one another

with increasing rapidity. But the most notable consequence, perhaps, of

the spread of printing was the flood of romances of chivalry that had

continued to pour from the press ever since Garci Ordoñez de Montalvo

had resuscitated “Amadis of Gaul” at the beginning of the century.

For a youth fond of reading, solid or light, there could have been no

better spot in Spain than Alcalá de Henares in the middle of the

sixteenth century. It was then a busy, populous university town,

something more than the enterprising rival of Salamanca, and altogether

a very different place from the melancholy, silent, deserted Alcalá the

traveller sees now as he goes from Madrid to Saragossa. Theology and

medicine may have been the strong points of the university, but the

town itself seems to have inclined rather to the humanities and light

literature, and as a producer of books Alcalá was already beginning to

compete with the older presses of Toledo, Burgos, Salamanca and

Seville.

A pendant to the picture Cervantes has given us of his first playgoings

might, no doubt, have been often seen in the streets of Alcalá at that

time; a bright, eager, tawny-haired boy peering into a book-shop where

the latest volumes lay open to tempt the public, wondering, it may be,

what that little book with the woodcut of the blind beggar and his boy,

that called itself “Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes, segunda impresion,”

could be about; or with eyes brimming over with merriment gazing at one

of those preposterous portraits of a knight-errant in outrageous

panoply and plumes with which the publishers of chivalry romances loved

to embellish the title-pages of their folios. If the boy was the father

of the man, the sense of the incongruous that was strong at fifty was

lively at ten, and some such reflections as these may have been the

true genesis of “Don Quixote.”

For his more solid education, we are told, he went to Salamanca. But

why Rodrigo de Cervantes, who was very poor, should have sent his son

to a university a hundred and fifty miles away when he had one at his

own door, would be a puzzle, if we had any reason for supposing that he

did so. The only evidence is a vague statement by Professor Tomas

Gonzalez, that he once saw an old entry of the matriculation of a

Miguel de Cervantes. This does not appear to have been ever seen again;

but even if it had, and if the date corresponded, it would prove

nothing, as there were at least two other Miguels born about the middle

of the century; one of them, moreover, a Cervantes Saavedra, a cousin,

no doubt, who was a source of great embarrassment to the biographers.

That he was a student neither at Salamanca nor at Alcalá is best proved

by his own works. No man drew more largely upon experience than he did,

and he has nowhere left a single reminiscence of student life—for the

“Tia Fingida,” if it be his, is not one—nothing, not even “a college

joke,” to show that he remembered days that most men remember best. All

that we know positively about his education is that Juan Lopez de

Hoyos, a professor of humanities and belles-lettres of some eminence,

calls him his “dear and beloved pupil.” This was in a little collection

of verses by different hands on the death of Isabel de Valois, second

queen of Philip II., published by the professor in 1569, to which

Cervantes contributed four pieces, including an elegy, and an epitaph

in the form of a sonnet. It is only by a rare chance that a “Lycidas”

finds its way into a volume of this sort, and Cervantes was no Milton.

His verses are no worse than such things usually are; so much, at

least, may be said for them.

By the time the book appeared he had left Spain, and, as fate ordered

it, for twelve years, the most eventful ones of his life. Giulio,

afterwards Cardinal, Acquaviva had been sent at the end of 1568 to

Philip II. by the Pope on a mission, partly of condolence, partly

political, and on his return to Rome, which was somewhat brusquely

expedited by the King, he took Cervantes with him as his camarero

(chamberlain), the office he himself held in the Pope’s household. The

post would no doubt have led to advancement at the Papal Court had

Cervantes retained it, but in the summer of 1570 he resigned it and

enlisted as a private soldier in Captain Diego Urbina’s company,

belonging to Don Miguel de Moncada’s regiment, but at that time forming

a part of the command of Marc Antony Colonna. What impelled him to this

step we know not, whether it was distaste for the career before him, or

purely military enthusiasm. It may well have been the latter, for it

was a stirring time; the events, however, which led to the alliance

between Spain, Venice, and the Pope, against the common enemy, the

Porte, and to the victory of the combined fleets at Lepanto, belong

rather to the history of Europe than to the life of Cervantes. He was

one of those that sailed from Messina, in September 1571, under the

command of Don John of Austria; but on the morning of the 7th of

October, when the Turkish fleet was sighted, he was lying below ill

with fever. At the news that the enemy was in sight he rose, and, in

spite of the remonstrances of his comrades and superiors, insisted on

taking his post, saying he preferred death in the service of God and

the King to health. His galley, the \_Marquesa\_, was in the thick of the

fight, and before it was over he had received three gunshot wounds, two

in the breast and one in the left hand or arm. On the morning after the

battle, according to Navarrete, he had an interview with the

commander-in-chief, Don John, who was making a personal inspection of

the wounded, one result of which was an addition of three crowns to his

pay, and another, apparently, the friendship of his general.

How severely Cervantes was wounded may be inferred from the fact, that

with youth, a vigorous frame, and as cheerful and buoyant a temperament

as ever invalid had, he was seven months in hospital at Messina before

he was discharged. He came out with his left hand permanently disabled;

he had lost the use of it, as Mercury told him in the “Viaje del

Parnaso” for the greater glory of the right. This, however, did not

absolutely unfit him for service, and in April 1572 he joined Manuel

Ponce de Leon’s company of Lope de Figueroa’s regiment, in which, it

seems probable, his brother Rodrigo was serving, and shared in the

operations of the next three years, including the capture of the

Goletta and Tunis. Taking advantage of the lull which followed the

recapture of these places by the Turks, he obtained leave to return to

Spain, and sailed from Naples in September 1575 on board the \_Sun\_

galley, in company with his brother Rodrigo, Pedro Carrillo de Quesada,

late Governor of the Goletta, and some others, and furnished with

letters from Don John of Austria and the Duke of Sesa, the Viceroy of

Sicily, recommending him to the King for the command of a company, on

account of his services; a \_dono infelice\_ as events proved. On the

26th they fell in with a squadron of Algerine galleys, and after a

stout resistance were overpowered and carried into Algiers.

By means of a ransomed fellow-captive the brothers contrived to inform

their family of their condition, and the poor people at Alcalá at once

strove to raise the ransom money, the father disposing of all he

possessed, and the two sisters giving up their marriage portions. But

Dali Mami had found on Cervantes the letters addressed to the King by

Don John and the Duke of Sesa, and, concluding that his prize must be a

person of great consequence, when the money came he refused it

scornfully as being altogether insufficient. The owner of Rodrigo,

however, was more easily satisfied; ransom was accepted in his case,

and it was arranged between the brothers that he should return to Spain

and procure a vessel in which he was to come back to Algiers and take

off Miguel and as many of their comrades as possible. This was not the

first attempt to escape that Cervantes had made. Soon after the

commencement of his captivity he induced several of his companions to

join him in trying to reach Oran, then a Spanish post, on foot; but

after the first day’s journey, the Moor who had agreed to act as their

guide deserted them, and they had no choice but to return. The second

attempt was more disastrous. In a garden outside the city on the

sea-shore, he constructed, with the help of the gardener, a Spaniard, a

hiding-place, to which he brought, one by one, fourteen of his

fellow-captives, keeping them there in secrecy for several months, and

supplying them with food through a renegade known as El Dorador, “the

Gilder.” How he, a captive himself, contrived to do all this, is one of

the mysteries of the story. Wild as the project may appear, it was very

nearly successful. The vessel procured by Rodrigo made its appearance

off the coast, and under cover of night was proceeding to take off the

refugees, when the crew were alarmed by a passing fishing boat, and

beat a hasty retreat. On renewing the attempt shortly afterwards, they,

or a portion of them at least, were taken prisoners, and just as the

poor fellows in the garden were exulting in the thought that in a few

moments more freedom would be within their grasp, they found themselves

surrounded by Turkish troops, horse and foot. The Dorador had revealed

the whole scheme to the Dey Hassan.

When Cervantes saw what had befallen them, he charged his companions to

lay all the blame upon him, and as they were being bound he declared

aloud that the whole plot was of his contriving, and that nobody else

had any share in it. Brought before the Dey, he said the same. He was

threatened with impalement and with torture; and as cutting off ears

and noses were playful freaks with the Algerines, it may be conceived

what their tortures were like; but nothing could make him swerve from

his original statement that he and he alone was responsible. The upshot

was that the unhappy gardener was hanged by his master, and the

prisoners taken possession of by the Dey, who, however, afterwards

restored most of them to their masters, but kept Cervantes, paying Dali

Mami 500 crowns for him. He felt, no doubt, that a man of such

resource, energy, and daring, was too dangerous a piece of property to

be left in private hands; and he had him heavily ironed and lodged in

his own prison. If he thought that by these means he could break the

spirit or shake the resolution of his prisoner, he was soon undeceived,

for Cervantes contrived before long to despatch a letter to the

Governor of Oran, entreating him to send him someone that could be

trusted, to enable him and three other gentlemen, fellow-captives of

his, to make their escape; intending evidently to renew his first

attempt with a more trustworthy guide. Unfortunately the Moor who

carried the letter was stopped just outside Oran, and the letter being

found upon him, he was sent back to Algiers, where by the order of the

Dey he was promptly impaled as a warning to others, while Cervantes was

condemned to receive two thousand blows of the stick, a number which

most likely would have deprived the world of “Don Quixote,” had not

some persons, who they were we know not, interceded on his behalf.

After this he seems to have been kept in still closer confinement than

before, for nearly two years passed before he made another attempt.

This time his plan was to purchase, by the aid of a Spanish renegade

and two Valencian merchants resident in Algiers, an armed vessel in

which he and about sixty of the leading captives were to make their

escape; but just as they were about to put it into execution one Doctor

Juan Blanco de Paz, an ecclesiastic and a compatriot, informed the Dey

of the plot. Cervantes by force of character, by his self-devotion, by

his untiring energy and his exertions to lighten the lot of his

companions in misery, had endeared himself to all, and become the

leading spirit in the captive colony, and, incredible as it may seem,

jealousy of his influence and the esteem in which he was held, moved

this man to compass his destruction by a cruel death. The merchants

finding that the Dey knew all, and fearing that Cervantes under torture

might make disclosures that would imperil their own lives, tried to

persuade him to slip away on board a vessel that was on the point of

sailing for Spain; but he told them they had nothing to fear, for no

tortures would make him compromise anybody, and he went at once and

gave himself up to the Dey.

As before, the Dey tried to force him to name his accomplices.

Everything was made ready for his immediate execution; the halter was

put round his neck and his hands tied behind him, but all that could be

got from him was that he himself, with the help of four gentlemen who

had since left Algiers, had arranged the whole, and that the sixty who

were to accompany him were not to know anything of it until the last

moment. Finding he could make nothing of him, the Dey sent him back to

prison more heavily ironed than before.

The poverty-stricken Cervantes family had been all this time trying

once more to raise the ransom money, and at last a sum of three hundred

ducats was got together and entrusted to the Redemptorist Father Juan

Gil, who was about to sail for Algiers. The Dey, however, demanded more

than double the sum offered, and as his term of office had expired and

he was about to sail for Constantinople, taking all his slaves with

him, the case of Cervantes was critical. He was already on board

heavily ironed, when the Dey at length agreed to reduce his demand by

one-half, and Father Gil by borrowing was able to make up the amount,

and on September 19, 1580, after a captivity of five years all but a

week, Cervantes was at last set free. Before long he discovered that

Blanco de Paz, who claimed to be an officer of the Inquisition, was now

concocting on false evidence a charge of misconduct to be brought

against him on his return to Spain. To checkmate him Cervantes drew up

a series of twenty-five questions, covering the whole period of his

captivity, upon which he requested Father Gil to take the depositions

of credible witnesses before a notary. Eleven witnesses taken from

among the principal captives in Algiers deposed to all the facts above

stated and to a great deal more besides. There is something touching in

the admiration, love, and gratitude we see struggling to find

expression in the formal language of the notary, as they testify one

after another to the good deeds of Cervantes, how he comforted and

helped the weak-hearted, how he kept up their drooping courage, how he

shared his poor purse with this deponent, and how “in him this deponent

found father and mother.”

On his return to Spain he found his old regiment about to march for

Portugal to support Philip’s claim to the crown, and utterly penniless

now, had no choice but to rejoin it. He was in the expeditions to the

Azores in 1582 and the following year, and on the conclusion of the war

returned to Spain in the autumn of 1583, bringing with him the

manuscript of his pastoral romance, the “Galatea,” and probably also,

to judge by internal evidence, that of the first portion of “Persiles

and Sigismunda.” He also brought back with him, his biographers assert,

an infant daughter, the offspring of an amour, as some of them with

great circumstantiality inform us, with a Lisbon lady of noble birth,

whose name, however, as well as that of the street she lived in, they

omit to mention. The sole foundation for all this is that in 1605 there

certainly was living in the family of Cervantes a Doña Isabel de

Saavedra, who is described in an official document as his natural

daughter, and then twenty years of age.

With his crippled left hand promotion in the army was hopeless, now

that Don John was dead and he had no one to press his claims and

services, and for a man drawing on to forty life in the ranks was a

dismal prospect; he had already a certain reputation as a poet; he made

up his mind, therefore, to cast his lot with literature, and for a

first venture committed his “Galatea” to the press. It was published,

as Salva y Mallen shows conclusively, at Alcalá, his own birth-place,

in 1585 and no doubt helped to make his name more widely known, but

certainly did not do him much good in any other way.

While it was going through the press, he married Doña Catalina de

Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano, a lady of Esquivias near Madrid, and

apparently a friend of the family, who brought him a fortune which may

possibly have served to keep the wolf from the door, but if so, that

was all. The drama had by this time outgrown market-place stages and

strolling companies, and with his old love for it he naturally turned

to it for a congenial employment. In about three years he wrote twenty

or thirty plays, which he tells us were performed without any throwing

of cucumbers or other missiles, and ran their course without any

hisses, outcries, or disturbance. In other words, his plays were not

bad enough to be hissed off the stage, but not good enough to hold

their own upon it. Only two of them have been preserved, but as they

happen to be two of the seven or eight he mentions with complacency, we

may assume they are favourable specimens, and no one who reads the

“Numancia” and the “Trato de Argel” will feel any surprise that they

failed as acting dramas. Whatever merits they may have, whatever

occasional they may show, they are, as regards construction, incurably

clumsy. How completely they failed is manifest from the fact that with

all his sanguine temperament and indomitable perseverance he was unable

to maintain the struggle to gain a livelihood as a dramatist for more

than three years; nor was the rising popularity of Lope the cause, as

is often said, notwithstanding his own words to the contrary. When Lope

began to write for the stage is uncertain, but it was certainly after

Cervantes went to Seville.

Among the “Nuevos Documentos” printed by Señor Asensio y Toledo is one

dated 1592, and curiously characteristic of Cervantes. It is an

agreement with one Rodrigo Osorio, a manager, who was to accept six

comedies at fifty ducats (about 6l.) apiece, not to be paid in any case

unless it appeared on representation that the said comedy was one of

the best that had ever been represented in Spain. The test does not

seem to have been ever applied; perhaps it was sufficiently apparent to

Rodrigo Osorio that the comedies were not among the best that had ever

been represented. Among the correspondence of Cervantes there might

have been found, no doubt, more than one letter like that we see in the

“Rake’s Progress,” “Sir, I have read your play, and it will not doo.”

He was more successful in a literary contest at Saragossa in 1595 in

honour of the canonisation of St. Jacinto, when his composition won the

first prize, three silver spoons. The year before this he had been

appointed a collector of revenues for the kingdom of Granada. In order

to remit the money he had collected more conveniently to the treasury,

he entrusted it to a merchant, who failed and absconded; and as the

bankrupt’s assets were insufficient to cover the whole, he was sent to

prison at Seville in September 1597. The balance against him, however,

was a small one, about 26l., and on giving security for it he was

released at the end of the year.

It was as he journeyed from town to town collecting the king’s taxes,

that he noted down those bits of inn and wayside life and character

that abound in the pages of “Don Quixote:” the Benedictine monks with

spectacles and sunshades, mounted on their tall mules; the strollers in

costume bound for the next village; the barber with his basin on his

head, on his way to bleed a patient; the recruit with his breeches in

his bundle, tramping along the road singing; the reapers gathered in

the venta gateway listening to “Felixmarte of Hircania” read out to

them; and those little Hogarthian touches that he so well knew how to

bring in, the ox-tail hanging up with the landlord’s comb stuck in it,

the wine-skins at the bed-head, and those notable examples of hostelry

art, Helen going off in high spirits on Paris’s arm, and Dido on the

tower dropping tears as big as walnuts. Nay, it may well be that on

those journeys into remote regions he came across now and then a

specimen of the pauper gentleman, with his lean hack and his greyhound

and his books of chivalry, dreaming away his life in happy ignorance

that the world had changed since his great-grandfather’s old helmet was

new. But it was in Seville that he found out his true vocation, though

he himself would not by any means have admitted it to be so. It was

there, in Triana, that he was first tempted to try his hand at drawing

from life, and first brought his humour into play in the exquisite

little sketch of “Rinconete y Cortadillo,” the germ, in more ways than

one, of “Don Quixote.”

Where and when that was written, we cannot tell. After his imprisonment

all trace of Cervantes in his official capacity disappears, from which

it may be inferred that he was not reinstated. That he was still in

Seville in November 1598 appears from a satirical sonnet of his on the

elaborate catafalque erected to testify the grief of the city at the

death of Philip II, but from this up to 1603 we have no clue to his

movements. The words in the preface to the First Part of “Don Quixote”

are generally held to be conclusive that he conceived the idea of the

book, and wrote the beginning of it at least, in a prison, and that he

may have done so is extremely likely.

There is a tradition that Cervantes read some portions of his work to a

select audience at the Duke of Bejar’s, which may have helped to make

the book known; but the obvious conclusion is that the First Part of

“Don Quixote” lay on his hands some time before he could find a

publisher bold enough to undertake a venture of so novel a character;

and so little faith in it had Francisco Robles of Madrid, to whom at

last he sold it, that he did not care to incur the expense of securing

the copyright for Aragon or Portugal, contenting himself with that for

Castile. The printing was finished in December, and the book came out

with the new year, 1605. It is often said that “Don Quixote” was at

first received coldly. The facts show just the contrary. No sooner was

it in the hands of the public than preparations were made to issue

pirated editions at Lisbon and Valencia, and to bring out a second

edition with the additional copyrights for Aragon and Portugal, which

he secured in February.

No doubt it was received with something more than coldness by certain

sections of the community. Men of wit, taste, and discrimination among

the aristocracy gave it a hearty welcome, but the aristocracy in

general were not likely to relish a book that turned their favourite

reading into ridicule and laughed at so many of their favourite ideas.

The dramatists who gathered round Lope as their leader regarded

Cervantes as their common enemy, and it is plain that he was equally

obnoxious to the other clique, the culto poets who had Gongora for

their chief. Navarrete, who knew nothing of the letter above mentioned,

tries hard to show that the relations between Cervantes and Lope were

of a very friendly sort, as indeed they were until “Don Quixote” was

written. Cervantes, indeed, to the last generously and manfully

declared his admiration of Lope’s powers, his unfailing invention, and

his marvellous fertility; but in the preface of the First Part of “Don

Quixote” and in the verses of “Urganda the Unknown,” and one or two

other places, there are, if we read between the lines, sly hits at

Lope’s vanities and affectations that argue no personal good-will; and

Lope openly sneers at “Don Quixote” and Cervantes, and fourteen years

after his death gives him only a few lines of cold commonplace in the

“Laurel de Apolo,” that seem all the colder for the eulogies of a host

of nonentities whose names are found nowhere else.

In 1601 Valladolid was made the seat of the Court, and at the beginning

of 1603 Cervantes had been summoned thither in connection with the

balance due by him to the Treasury, which was still outstanding. He

remained at Valladolid, apparently supporting himself by agencies and

scrivener’s work of some sort; probably drafting petitions and drawing

up statements of claims to be presented to the Council, and the like.

So, at least, we gather from the depositions taken on the occasion of

the death of a gentleman, the victim of a street brawl, who had been

carried into the house in which he lived. In these he himself is

described as a man who wrote and transacted business, and it appears

that his household then consisted of his wife, the natural daughter

Isabel de Saavedra already mentioned, his sister Andrea, now a widow,

her daughter Constanza, a mysterious Magdalena de Sotomayor calling

herself his sister, for whom his biographers cannot account, and a

servant-maid.

Meanwhile “Don Quixote” had been growing in favour, and its author’s

name was now known beyond the Pyrenees. In 1607 an edition was printed

at Brussels. Robles, the Madrid publisher, found it necessary to meet

the demand by a third edition, the seventh in all, in 1608. The

popularity of the book in Italy was such that a Milan bookseller was

led to bring out an edition in 1610; and another was called for in

Brussels in 1611. It might naturally have been expected that, with such

proofs before him that he had hit the taste of the public, Cervantes

would have at once set about redeeming his rather vague promise of a

second volume.

But, to all appearance, nothing was farther from his thoughts. He had

still by him one or two short tales of the same vintage as those he had

inserted in “Don Quixote” and instead of continuing the adventures of

Don Quixote, he set to work to write more of these “Novelas Exemplares”

as he afterwards called them, with a view to making a book of them.

The novels were published in the summer of 1613, with a dedication to

the Conde de Lemos, the Maecenas of the day, and with one of those

chatty confidential prefaces Cervantes was so fond of. In this, eight

years and a half after the First Part of “Don Quixote” had appeared, we

get the first hint of a forthcoming Second Part. “You shall see

shortly,” he says, “the further exploits of Don Quixote and humours of

Sancho Panza.” His idea of “shortly” was a somewhat elastic one, for,

as we know by the date to Sancho’s letter, he had barely one-half of

the book completed that time twelvemonth.

But more than poems, or pastorals, or novels, it was his dramatic

ambition that engrossed his thoughts. The same indomitable spirit that

kept him from despair in the bagnios of Algiers, and prompted him to

attempt the escape of himself and his comrades again and again, made

him persevere in spite of failure and discouragement in his efforts to

win the ear of the public as a dramatist. The temperament of Cervantes

was essentially sanguine. The portrait he draws in the preface to the

novels, with the aquiline features, chestnut hair, smooth untroubled

forehead, and bright cheerful eyes, is the very portrait of a sanguine

man. Nothing that the managers might say could persuade him that the

merits of his plays would not be recognised at last if they were only

given a fair chance. The old soldier of the Spanish Salamis was bent on

being the Aeschylus of Spain. He was to found a great national drama,

based on the true principles of art, that was to be the envy of all

nations; he was to drive from the stage the silly, childish plays, the

“mirrors of nonsense and models of folly” that were in vogue through

the cupidity of the managers and shortsightedness of the authors; he

was to correct and educate the public taste until it was ripe for

tragedies on the model of the Greek drama—like the “Numancia” for

instance—and comedies that would not only amuse but improve and

instruct. All this he was to do, could he once get a hearing: there was

the initial difficulty.

He shows plainly enough, too, that “Don Quixote” and the demolition of

the chivalry romances was not the work that lay next his heart. He was,

indeed, as he says himself in his preface, more a stepfather than a

father to “Don Quixote.” Never was great work so neglected by its

author. That it was written carelessly, hastily, and by fits and

starts, was not always his fault, but it seems clear he never read what

he sent to the press. He knew how the printers had blundered, but he

never took the trouble to correct them when the third edition was in

progress, as a man who really cared for the child of his brain would

have done. He appears to have regarded the book as little more than a

mere libro de entretenimiento, an amusing book, a thing, as he says in

the “Viaje,” “to divert the melancholy moody heart at any time or

season.” No doubt he had an affection for his hero, and was very proud

of Sancho Panza. It would have been strange indeed if he had not been

proud of the most humorous creation in all fiction. He was proud, too,

of the popularity and success of the book, and beyond measure

delightful is the naivete with which he shows his pride in a dozen

passages in the Second Part. But it was not the success he coveted. In

all probability he would have given all the success of “Don Quixote,”

nay, would have seen every copy of “Don Quixote” burned in the Plaza

Mayor, for one such success as Lope de Vega was enjoying on an average

once a week.

And so he went on, dawdling over “Don Quixote,” adding a chapter now

and again, and putting it aside to turn to “Persiles and

Sigismunda”—which, as we know, was to be the most entertaining book in

the language, and the rival of “Theagenes and Chariclea”—or finishing

off one of his darling comedies; and if Robles asked when “Don Quixote”

would be ready, the answer no doubt was: En breve—shortly, there was

time enough for that. At sixty-eight he was as full of life and hope

and plans for the future as a boy of eighteen.

Nemesis was coming, however. He had got as far as Chapter LIX, which at

his leisurely pace he could hardly have reached before October or

November 1614, when there was put into his hand a small octave lately

printed at Tarragona, and calling itself “Second Volume of the

Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha: by the Licentiate Alonso

Fernandez de Avellaneda of Tordesillas.” The last half of Chapter LIX

and most of the following chapters of the Second Part give us some idea

of the effect produced upon him, and his irritation was not likely to

be lessened by the reflection that he had no one to blame but himself.

Had Avellaneda, in fact, been content with merely bringing out a

continuation to “Don Quixote,” Cervantes would have had no reasonable

grievance. His own intentions were expressed in the very vaguest

language at the end of the book; nay, in his last words, “forse altro

cantera con miglior plettro,” he seems actually to invite someone else

to continue the work, and he made no sign until eight years and a half

had gone by; by which time Avellaneda’s volume was no doubt written.

In fact Cervantes had no case, or a very bad one, as far as the mere

continuation was concerned. But Avellaneda chose to write a preface to

it, full of such coarse personal abuse as only an ill-conditioned man

could pour out. He taunts Cervantes with being old, with having lost

his hand, with having been in prison, with being poor, with being

friendless, accuses him of envy of Lope’s success, of petulance and

querulousness, and so on; and it was in this that the sting lay.

Avellaneda’s reason for this personal attack is obvious enough. Whoever

he may have been, it is clear that he was one of the dramatists of

Lope’s school, for he has the impudence to charge Cervantes with

attacking him as well as Lope in his criticism on the drama. His

identification has exercised the best critics and baffled all the

ingenuity and research that has been brought to bear on it. Navarrete

and Ticknor both incline to the belief that Cervantes knew who he was;

but I must say I think the anger he shows suggests an invisible

assailant; it is like the irritation of a man stung by a mosquito in

the dark. Cervantes from certain solecisms of language pronounces him

to be an Aragonese, and Pellicer, an Aragonese himself, supports this

view and believes him, moreover, to have been an ecclesiastic, a

Dominican probably.

Any merit Avellaneda has is reflected from Cervantes, and he is too

dull to reflect much. “Dull and dirty” will always be, I imagine, the

verdict of the vast majority of unprejudiced readers. He is, at best, a

poor plagiarist; all he can do is to follow slavishly the lead given

him by Cervantes; his only humour lies in making Don Quixote take inns

for castles and fancy himself some legendary or historical personage,

and Sancho mistake words, invert proverbs, and display his gluttony;

all through he shows a proclivity to coarseness and dirt, and he has

contrived to introduce two tales filthier than anything by the

sixteenth century novellieri and without their sprightliness.

But whatever Avellaneda and his book may be, we must not forget the

debt we owe them. But for them, there can be no doubt, “Don Quixote”

would have come to us a mere torso instead of a complete work. Even if

Cervantes had finished the volume he had in hand, most assuredly he

would have left off with a promise of a Third Part, giving the further

adventures of Don Quixote and humours of Sancho Panza as shepherds. It

is plain that he had at one time an intention of dealing with the

pastoral romances as he had dealt with the books of chivalry, and but

for Avellaneda he would have tried to carry it out. But it is more

likely that, with his plans, and projects, and hopefulness, the volume

would have remained unfinished till his death, and that we should have

never made the acquaintance of the Duke and Duchess, or gone with

Sancho to Barataria.

From the moment the book came into his hands he seems to have been

haunted by the fear that there might be more Avellanedas in the field,

and putting everything else aside, he set himself to finish off his

task and protect Don Quixote in the only way he could, by killing him.

The conclusion is no doubt a hasty and in some places clumsy piece of

work and the frequent repetition of the scolding administered to

Avellaneda becomes in the end rather wearisome; but it is, at any rate,

a conclusion and for that we must thank Avellaneda.

The new volume was ready for the press in February, but was not printed

till the very end of 1615, and during the interval Cervantes put

together the comedies and interludes he had written within the last few

years, and, as he adds plaintively, found no demand for among the

managers, and published them with a preface, worth the book it

introduces tenfold, in which he gives an account of the early Spanish

stage, and of his own attempts as a dramatist. It is needless to say

they were put forward by Cervantes in all good faith and full

confidence in their merits. The reader, however, was not to suppose

they were his last word or final effort in the drama, for he had in

hand a comedy called “Engano a los ojos,” about which, if he mistook

not, there would be no question.

Of this dramatic masterpiece the world has no opportunity of judging;

his health had been failing for some time, and he died, apparently of

dropsy, on the 23rd of April, 1616, the day on which England lost

Shakespeare, nominally at least, for the English calendar had not yet

been reformed. He died as he had lived, accepting his lot bravely and

cheerfully.

Was it an unhappy life, that of Cervantes? His biographers all tell us

that it was; but I must say I doubt it. It was a hard life, a life of

poverty, of incessant struggle, of toil ill paid, of disappointment,

but Cervantes carried within himself the antidote to all these evils.

His was not one of those light natures that rise above adversity merely

by virtue of their own buoyancy; it was in the fortitude of a high

spirit that he was proof against it. It is impossible to conceive

Cervantes giving way to despondency or prostrated by dejection. As for

poverty, it was with him a thing to be laughed over, and the only sigh

he ever allows to escape him is when he says, “Happy he to whom Heaven

has given a piece of bread for which he is not bound to give thanks to

any but Heaven itself.” Add to all this his vital energy and mental

activity, his restless invention and his sanguine temperament, and

there will be reason enough to doubt whether his could have been a very

unhappy life. He who could take Cervantes’ distresses together with his

apparatus for enduring them would not make so bad a bargain, perhaps,

as far as happiness in life is concerned.

Of his burial-place nothing is known except that he was buried, in

accordance with his will, in the neighbouring convent of Trinitarian

nuns, of which it is supposed his daughter, Isabel de Saavedra, was an

inmate, and that a few years afterwards the nuns removed to another

convent, carrying their dead with them. But whether the remains of

Cervantes were included in the removal or not no one knows, and the

clue to their resting-place is now lost beyond all hope. This furnishes

perhaps the least defensible of the items in the charge of neglect

brought against his contemporaries. In some of the others there is a

good deal of exaggeration. To listen to most of his biographers one

would suppose that all Spain was in league not only against the man but

against his memory, or at least that it was insensible to his merits,

and left him to live in misery and die of want. To talk of his hard

life and unworthy employments in Andalusia is absurd. What had he done

to distinguish him from thousands of other struggling men earning a

precarious livelihood? True, he was a gallant soldier, who had been

wounded and had undergone captivity and suffering in his country’s

cause, but there were hundreds of others in the same case. He had

written a mediocre specimen of an insipid class of romance, and some

plays which manifestly did not comply with the primary condition of

pleasing: were the playgoers to patronise plays that did not amuse

them, because the author was to produce “Don Quixote” twenty years

afterwards?

The scramble for copies which, as we have seen, followed immediately on

the appearance of the book, does not look like general insensibility to

its merits. No doubt it was received coldly by some, but if a man

writes a book in ridicule of periwigs he must make his account with

being coldly received by the periwig wearers and hated by the whole

tribe of wigmakers. If Cervantes had the chivalry-romance readers, the

sentimentalists, the dramatists, and the poets of the period all

against him, it was because “Don Quixote” was what it was; and if the

general public did not come forward to make him comfortable for the

rest of his days, it is no more to be charged with neglect and

ingratitude than the English-speaking public that did not pay off

Scott’s liabilities. It did the best it could; it read his book and

liked it and bought it, and encouraged the bookseller to pay him well

for others.

It has been also made a reproach to Spain that she has erected no

monument to the man she is proudest of; no monument, that is to say, of

him; for the bronze statue in the little garden of the Plaza de las

Cortés, a fair work of art no doubt, and unexceptionable had it been

set up to the local poet in the market-place of some provincial town,

is not worthy of Cervantes or of Madrid. But what need has Cervantes of

“such weak witness of his name;” or what could a monument do in his

case except testify to the self-glorification of those who had put it

up? Si monumentum quoeris, circumspice. The nearest bookseller’s shop

will show what bathos there would be in a monument to the author of

“Don Quixote.”

Nine editions of the First Part of “Don Quixote” had already appeared

before Cervantes died, thirty thousand copies in all, according to his

own estimate, and a tenth was printed at Barcelona the year after his

death. So large a number naturally supplied the demand for some time,

but by 1634 it appears to have been exhausted; and from that time down

to the present day the stream of editions has continued to flow rapidly

and regularly. The translations show still more clearly in what request

the book has been from the very outset. In seven years from the

completion of the work it had been translated into the four leading

languages of Europe. Except the Bible, in fact, no book has been so

widely diffused as “Don Quixote.” The “Imitatio Christi” may have been

translated into as many different languages, and perhaps “Robinson

Crusoe” and the “Vicar of Wakefield” into nearly as many, but in

multiplicity of translations and editions “Don Quixote” leaves them all

far behind.

Still more remarkable is the character of this wide diffusion. “Don

Quixote” has been thoroughly naturalised among people whose ideas about

knight-errantry, if they had any at all, were of the vaguest, who had

never seen or heard of a book of chivalry, who could not possibly feel

the humour of the burlesque or sympathise with the author’s purpose.

Another curious fact is that this, the most cosmopolitan book in the

world, is one of the most intensely national. “Manon Lescaut” is not

more thoroughly French, “Tom Jones” not more English, “Rob Roy” not

more Scotch, than “Don Quixote” is Spanish, in character, in ideas, in

sentiment, in local colour, in everything. What, then, is the secret of

this unparalleled popularity, increasing year by year for well-nigh

three centuries? One explanation, no doubt, is that of all the books in

the world, “Don Quixote” is the most catholic. There is something in it

for every sort of reader, young or old, sage or simple, high or low. As

Cervantes himself says with a touch of pride, “It is thumbed and read

and got by heart by people of all sorts; the children turn its leaves,

the young people read it, the grown men understand it, the old folk

praise it.”

But it would be idle to deny that the ingredient which, more than its

humour, or its wisdom, or the fertility of invention or knowledge of

human nature it displays, has insured its success with the multitude,

is the vein of farce that runs through it. It was the attack upon the

sheep, the battle with the wine-skins, Mambrino’s helmet, the balsam of

Fierabras, Don Quixote knocked over by the sails of the windmill,

Sancho tossed in the blanket, the mishaps and misadventures of master

and man, that were originally the great attraction, and perhaps are so

still to some extent with the majority of readers. It is plain that

“Don Quixote” was generally regarded at first, and indeed in Spain for

a long time, as little more than a queer droll book, full of laughable

incidents and absurd situations, very amusing, but not entitled to much

consideration or care. All the editions printed in Spain from 1637 to

1771, when the famous printer Ibarra took it up, were mere trade

editions, badly and carelessly printed on vile paper and got up in the

style of chap-books intended only for popular use, with, in most

instances, uncouth illustrations and clap-trap additions by the

publisher.

To England belongs the credit of having been the first country to

recognise the right of “Don Quixote” to better treatment than this. The

London edition of 1738, commonly called Lord Carteret’s from having

been suggested by him, was not a mere \_édition de luxe\_. It produced

“Don Quixote” in becoming form as regards paper and type, and

embellished with plates which, if not particularly happy as

illustrations, were at least well intentioned and well executed, but it

also aimed at correctness of text, a matter to which nobody except the

editors of the Valencia and Brussels editions had given even a passing

thought; and for a first attempt it was fairly successful, for though

some of its emendations are inadmissible, a good many of them have been

adopted by all subsequent editors.

The zeal of publishers, editors, and annotators brought about a

remarkable change of sentiment with regard to “Don Quixote.” A vast

number of its admirers began to grow ashamed of laughing over it. It

became almost a crime to treat it as a humorous book. The humour was

not entirely denied, but, according to the new view, it was rated as an

altogether secondary quality, a mere accessory, nothing more than the

stalking-horse under the presentation of which Cervantes shot his

philosophy or his satire, or whatever it was he meant to shoot; for on

this point opinions varied. All were agreed, however, that the object

he aimed at was not the books of chivalry. He said emphatically in the

preface to the First Part and in the last sentence of the Second, that

he had no other object in view than to discredit these books, and this,

to advanced criticism, made it clear that his object must have been

something else.

One theory was that the book was a kind of allegory, setting forth the

eternal struggle between the ideal and the real, between the spirit of

poetry and the spirit of prose; and perhaps German philosophy never

evolved a more ungainly or unlikely camel out of the depths of its

inner consciousness. Something of the antagonism, no doubt, is to be

found in “Don Quixote,” because it is to be found everywhere in life,

and Cervantes drew from life. It is difficult to imagine a community in

which the never-ceasing game of cross-purposes between Sancho Panza and

Don Quixote would not be recognised as true to nature. In the stone

age, among the lake dwellers, among the cave men, there were Don

Quixotes and Sancho Panzas; there must have been the troglodyte who

never could see the facts before his eyes, and the troglodyte who could

see nothing else. But to suppose Cervantes deliberately setting himself

to expound any such idea in two stout quarto volumes is to suppose

something not only very unlike the age in which he lived, but

altogether unlike Cervantes himself, who would have been the first to

laugh at an attempt of the sort made by anyone else.

The extraordinary influence of the romances of chivalry in his day is

quite enough to account for the genesis of the book. Some idea of the

prodigious development of this branch of literature in the sixteenth

century may be obtained from the scrutiny of Chapter VII, if the reader

bears in mind that only a portion of the romances belonging to by far

the largest group are enumerated. As to its effect upon the nation,

there is abundant evidence. From the time when the Amadises and

Palmerins began to grow popular down to the very end of the century,

there is a steady stream of invective, from men whose character and

position lend weight to their words, against the romances of chivalry

and the infatuation of their readers. Ridicule was the only besom to

sweep away that dust.

That this was the task Cervantes set himself, and that he had ample

provocation to urge him to it, will be sufficiently clear to those who

look into the evidence; as it will be also that it was not chivalry

itself that he attacked and swept away. Of all the absurdities that,

thanks to poetry, will be repeated to the end of time, there is no

greater one than saying that “Cervantes smiled Spain’s chivalry away.”

In the first place there was no chivalry for him to smile away. Spain’s

chivalry had been dead for more than a century. Its work was done when

Granada fell, and as chivalry was essentially republican in its nature,

it could not live under the rule that Ferdinand substituted for the

free institutions of mediaeval Spain. What he did smile away was not

chivalry but a degrading mockery of it.

The true nature of the “right arm” and the “bright array,” before

which, according to the poet, “the world gave ground,” and which

Cervantes’ single laugh demolished, may be gathered from the words of

one of his own countrymen, Don Felix Pacheco, as reported by Captain

George Carleton, in his “Military Memoirs from 1672 to 1713.” “Before

the appearance in the world of that labour of Cervantes,” he said, “it

was next to an impossibility for a man to walk the streets with any

delight or without danger. There were seen so many cavaliers prancing

and curvetting before the windows of their mistresses, that a stranger

would have imagined the whole nation to have been nothing less than a

race of knight-errants. But after the world became a little acquainted

with that notable history, the man that was seen in that once

celebrated drapery was pointed at as a Don Quixote, and found himself

the jest of high and low. And I verily believe that to this, and this

only, we owe that dampness and poverty of spirit which has run through

all our councils for a century past, so little agreeable to those

nobler actions of our famous ancestors.”

To call “Don Quixote” a sad book, preaching a pessimist view of life,

argues a total misconception of its drift. It would be so if its moral

were that, in this world, true enthusiasm naturally leads to ridicule

and discomfiture. But it preaches nothing of the sort; its moral, so

far as it can be said to have one, is that the spurious enthusiasm that

is born of vanity and self-conceit, that is made an end in itself, not

a means to an end, that acts on mere impulse, regardless of

circumstances and consequences, is mischievous to its owner, and a very

considerable nuisance to the community at large. To those who cannot

distinguish between the one kind and the other, no doubt “Don Quixote”

is a sad book; no doubt to some minds it is very sad that a man who had

just uttered so beautiful a sentiment as that “it is a hard case to

make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free,” should be

ungratefully pelted by the scoundrels his crazy philanthropy had let

loose on society; but to others of a more judicial cast it will be a

matter of regret that reckless self-sufficient enthusiasm is not

oftener requited in some such way for all the mischief it does in the

world.

A very slight examination of the structure of “Don Quixote” will

suffice to show that Cervantes had no deep design or elaborate plan in

his mind when he began the book. When he wrote those lines in which

“with a few strokes of a great master he sets before us the pauper

gentleman,” he had no idea of the goal to which his imagination was

leading him. There can be little doubt that all he contemplated was a

short tale to range with those he had already written, a tale setting

forth the ludicrous results that might be expected to follow the

attempt of a crazy gentleman to act the part of a knight-errant in

modern life.

It is plain, for one thing, that Sancho Panza did not enter into the

original scheme, for had Cervantes thought of him he certainly would

not have omitted him in his hero’s outfit, which he obviously meant to

be complete. Him we owe to the landlord’s chance remark in Chapter III

that knights seldom travelled without squires. To try to think of a Don

Quixote without Sancho Panza is like trying to think of a one-bladed

pair of scissors.

The story was written at first, like the others, without any division

and without the intervention of Cid Hamete Benengeli; and it seems not

unlikely that Cervantes had some intention of bringing Dulcinea, or

Aldonza Lorenzo, on the scene in person. It was probably the ransacking

of the Don’s library and the discussion on the books of chivalry that

first suggested it to him that his idea was capable of development.

What, if instead of a mere string of farcical misadventures, he were to

make his tale a burlesque of one of these books, caricaturing their

style, incidents, and spirit?

In pursuance of this change of plan, he hastily and somewhat clumsily

divided what he had written into chapters on the model of “Amadis,”

invented the fable of a mysterious Arabic manuscript, and set up Cid

Hamete Benengeli in imitation of the almost invariable practice of the

chivalry-romance authors, who were fond of tracing their books to some

recondite source. In working out the new ideas, he soon found the value

of Sancho Panza. Indeed, the keynote, not only to Sancho’s part, but to

the whole book, is struck in the first words Sancho utters when he

announces his intention of taking his ass with him. “About the ass,” we

are told, “Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying whether he could call

to mind any knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on

ass-back; but no instance occurred to his memory.” We can see the whole

scene at a glance, the stolid unconsciousness of Sancho and the

perplexity of his master, upon whose perception the incongruity has

just forced itself. This is Sancho’s mission throughout the book; he is

an unconscious Mephistopheles, always unwittingly making mockery of his

master’s aspirations, always exposing the fallacy of his ideas by some

unintentional ad absurdum, always bringing him back to the world of

fact and commonplace by force of sheer stolidity.

By the time Cervantes had got his volume of novels off his hands, and

summoned up resolution enough to set about the Second Part in earnest,

the case was very much altered. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had not

merely found favour, but had already become, what they have never since

ceased to be, veritable entities to the popular imagination. There was

no occasion for him now to interpolate extraneous matter; nay, his

readers told him plainly that what they wanted of him was more Don

Quixote and more Sancho Panza, and not novels, tales, or digressions.

To himself, too, his creations had become realities, and he had become

proud of them, especially of Sancho. He began the Second Part,

therefore, under very different conditions, and the difference makes

itself manifest at once. Even in translation the style will be seen to

be far easier, more flowing, more natural, and more like that of a man

sure of himself and of his audience. Don Quixote and Sancho undergo a

change also. In the First Part, Don Quixote has no character or

individuality whatever. He is nothing more than a crazy representative

of the sentiments of the chivalry romances. In all that he says and

does he is simply repeating the lesson he has learned from his books;

and therefore, it is absurd to speak of him in the gushing strain of

the sentimental critics when they dilate upon his nobleness,

disinterestedness, dauntless courage, and so forth. It was the business

of a knight-errant to right wrongs, redress injuries, and succour the

distressed, and this, as a matter of course, he makes his business when

he takes up the part; a knight-errant was bound to be intrepid, and so

he feels bound to cast fear aside. Of all Byron’s melodious nonsense

about Don Quixote, the most nonsensical statement is that “’tis his

virtue makes him mad!” The exact opposite is the truth; it is his

madness makes him virtuous.

In the Second Part, Cervantes repeatedly reminds the reader, as if it

was a point upon which he was anxious there should be no mistake, that

his hero’s madness is strictly confined to delusions on the subject of

chivalry, and that on every other subject he is discreto, one, in fact,

whose faculty of discernment is in perfect order. The advantage of this

is that he is enabled to make use of Don Quixote as a mouthpiece for

his own reflections, and so, without seeming to digress, allow himself

the relief of digression when he requires it, as freely as in a

commonplace book.

It is true the amount of individuality bestowed upon Don Quixote is not

very great. There are some natural touches of character about him, such

as his mixture of irascibility and placability, and his curious

affection for Sancho together with his impatience of the squire’s

loquacity and impertinence; but in the main, apart from his craze, he

is little more than a thoughtful, cultured gentleman, with instinctive

good taste and a great deal of shrewdness and originality of mind.

As to Sancho, it is plain, from the concluding words of the preface to

the First Part, that he was a favourite with his creator even before he

had been taken into favour by the public. An inferior genius, taking

him in hand a second time, would very likely have tried to improve him

by making him more comical, clever, amiable, or virtuous. But Cervantes

was too true an artist to spoil his work in this way. Sancho, when he

reappears, is the old Sancho with the old familiar features; but with a

difference; they have been brought out more distinctly, but at the same

time with a careful avoidance of anything like caricature; the outline

has been filled in where filling in was necessary, and, vivified by a

few touches of a master’s hand, Sancho stands before us as he might in

a character portrait by Velazquez. He is a much more important and

prominent figure in the Second Part than in the First; indeed, it is

his matchless mendacity about Dulcinea that to a great extent supplies

the action of the story.

His development in this respect is as remarkable as in any other. In

the First Part he displays a great natural gift of lying. His lies are

not of the highly imaginative sort that liars in fiction commonly

indulge in; like Falstaff’s, they resemble the father that begets them;

they are simple, homely, plump lies; plain working lies, in short. But

in the service of such a master as Don Quixote he develops rapidly, as

we see when he comes to palm off the three country wenches as Dulcinea

and her ladies in waiting. It is worth noticing how, flushed by his

success in this instance, he is tempted afterwards to try a flight

beyond his powers in his account of the journey on Clavileño.

In the Second Part it is the spirit rather than the incidents of the

chivalry romances that is the subject of the burlesque. Enchantments of

the sort travestied in those of Dulcinea and the Trifaldi and the cave

of Montesinos play a leading part in the later and inferior romances,

and another distinguishing feature is caricatured in Don Quixote’s

blind adoration of Dulcinea. In the romances of chivalry love is either

a mere animalism or a fantastic idolatry. Only a coarse-minded man

would care to make merry with the former, but to one of Cervantes’

humour the latter was naturally an attractive subject for ridicule.

Like everything else in these romances, it is a gross exaggeration of

the real sentiment of chivalry, but its peculiar extravagance is

probably due to the influence of those masters of hyperbole, the

Provencal poets. When a troubadour professed his readiness to obey his

lady in all things, he made it incumbent upon the next comer, if he

wished to avoid the imputation of tameness and commonplace, to declare

himself the slave of her will, which the next was compelled to cap by

some still stronger declaration; and so expressions of devotion went on

rising one above the other like biddings at an auction, and a

conventional language of gallantry and theory of love came into being

that in time permeated the literature of Southern Europe, and bore

fruit, in one direction in the transcendental worship of Beatrice and

Laura, and in another in the grotesque idolatry which found exponents

in writers like Feliciano de Silva. This is what Cervantes deals with

in Don Quixote’s passion for Dulcinea, and in no instance has he

carried out the burlesque more happily. By keeping Dulcinea in the

background, and making her a vague shadowy being of whose very

existence we are left in doubt, he invests Don Quixote’s worship of her

virtues and charms with an additional extravagance, and gives still

more point to the caricature of the sentiment and language of the

romances.

One of the great merits of “Don Quixote,” and one of the qualities that

have secured its acceptance by all classes of readers and made it the

most cosmopolitan of books, is its simplicity. There are, of course,

points obvious enough to a Spanish seventeenth century audience which

do not immediately strike a reader now-a-days, and Cervantes often

takes it for granted that an allusion will be generally understood

which is only intelligible to a few. For example, on many of his

readers in Spain, and most of his readers out of it, the significance

of his choice of a country for his hero is completely lost. It would be

going too far to say that no one can thoroughly comprehend “Don

Quixote” without having seen La Mancha, but undoubtedly even a glimpse

of La Mancha will give an insight into the meaning of Cervantes such as

no commentator can give. Of all the regions of Spain it is the last

that would suggest the idea of romance. Of all the dull central plateau

of the Peninsula it is the dullest tract. There is something impressive

about the grim solitudes of Estremadura; and if the plains of Leon and

Old Castile are bald and dreary, they are studded with old cities

renowned in history and rich in relics of the past. But there is no

redeeming feature in the Manchegan landscape; it has all the sameness

of the desert without its dignity; the few towns and villages that

break its monotony are mean and commonplace, there is nothing venerable

about them, they have not even the picturesqueness of poverty; indeed,

Don Quixote’s own village, Argamasilla, has a sort of oppressive

respectability in the prim regularity of its streets and houses;

everything is ignoble; the very windmills are the ugliest and shabbiest

of the windmill kind.

To anyone who knew the country well, the mere style and title of “Don

Quixote of La Mancha” gave the key to the author’s meaning at once. La

Mancha as the knight’s country and scene of his chivalries is of a

piece with the pasteboard helmet, the farm-labourer on ass-back for a

squire, knighthood conferred by a rascally ventero, convicts taken for

victims of oppression, and the rest of the incongruities between Don

Quixote’s world and the world he lived in, between things as he saw

them and things as they were.

It is strange that this element of incongruity, underlying the whole

humour and purpose of the book, should have been so little heeded by

the majority of those who have undertaken to interpret “Don Quixote.”

It has been completely overlooked, for example, by the illustrators. To

be sure, the great majority of the artists who illustrated “Don

Quixote” knew nothing whatever of Spain. To them a venta conveyed no

idea but the abstract one of a roadside inn, and they could not

therefore do full justice to the humour of Don Quixote’s misconception

in taking it for a castle, or perceive the remoteness of all its

realities from his ideal. But even when better informed they seem to

have no apprehension of the full force of the discrepancy. Take, for

instance, Gustave Doré’s drawing of Don Quixote watching his armour in

the inn-yard. Whether or not the Venta de Quesada on the Seville road

is, as tradition maintains, the inn described in “Don Quixote,” beyond

all question it was just such an inn-yard as the one behind it that

Cervantes had in his mind’s eye, and it was on just such a rude stone

trough as that beside the primitive draw-well in the corner that he

meant Don Quixote to deposit his armour. Gustave Doré makes it an

elaborate fountain such as no arriero ever watered his mules at in the

corral of any venta in Spain, and thereby entirely misses the point

aimed at by Cervantes. It is the mean, prosaic, commonplace character

of all the surroundings and circumstances that gives a significance to

Don Quixote’s vigil and the ceremony that follows.

Cervantes’ humour is for the most part of that broader and simpler

sort, the strength of which lies in the perception of the incongruous.

It is the incongruity of Sancho in all his ways, words, and works, with

the ideas and aims of his master, quite as much as the wonderful

vitality and truth to nature of the character, that makes him the most

humorous creation in the whole range of fiction. That unsmiling gravity

of which Cervantes was the first great master, “Cervantes’ serious

air,” which sits naturally on Swift alone, perhaps, of later

humourists, is essential to this kind of humour, and here again

Cervantes has suffered at the hands of his interpreters. Nothing,

unless indeed the coarse buffoonery of Phillips, could be more out of

place in an attempt to represent Cervantes, than a flippant, would-be

facetious style, like that of Motteux’s version for example, or the

sprightly, jaunty air, French translators sometimes adopt. It is the

grave matter-of-factness of the narrative, and the apparent

unconsciousness of the author that he is saying anything ludicrous,

anything but the merest commonplace, that give its peculiar flavour to

the humour of Cervantes. His, in fact, is the exact opposite of the

humour of Sterne and the self-conscious humourists. Even when Uncle

Toby is at his best, you are always aware of “the man Sterne” behind

him, watching you over his shoulder to see what effect he is producing.

Cervantes always leaves you alone with Don Quixote and Sancho. He and

Swift and the great humourists always keep themselves out of sight, or,

more properly speaking, never think about themselves at all, unlike our

latter-day school of humourists, who seem to have revived the old

horse-collar method, and try to raise a laugh by some grotesque

assumption of ignorance, imbecility, or bad taste.

It is true that to do full justice to Spanish humour in any other

language is well-nigh an impossibility. There is a natural gravity and

a sonorous stateliness about Spanish, be it ever so colloquial, that

make an absurdity doubly absurd, and give plausibility to the most

preposterous statement. This is what makes Sancho Panza’s drollery the

despair of the conscientious translator. Sancho’s curt comments can

never fall flat, but they lose half their flavour when transferred from

their native Castilian into any other medium. But if foreigners have

failed to do justice to the humour of Cervantes, they are no worse than

his own countrymen. Indeed, were it not for the Spanish peasant’s

relish of “Don Quixote,” one might be tempted to think that the great

humourist was not looked upon as a humourist at all in his own country.

The craze of Don Quixote seems, in some instances, to have communicated

itself to his critics, making them see things that are not in the book

and run full tilt at phantoms that have no existence save in their own

imaginations. Like a good many critics now-a-days, they forget that

screams are not criticism, and that it is only vulgar tastes that are

influenced by strings of superlatives, three-piled hyperboles, and

pompous epithets. But what strikes one as particularly strange is that

while they deal in extravagant eulogies, and ascribe all manner of

imaginary ideas and qualities to Cervantes, they show no perception of

the quality that ninety-nine out of a hundred of his readers would rate

highest in him, and hold to be the one that raises him above all

rivalry.

To speak of “Don Quixote” as if it were merely a humorous book would be

a manifest misdescription. Cervantes at times makes it a kind of

commonplace book for occasional essays and criticisms, or for the

observations and reflections and gathered wisdom of a long and stirring

life. It is a mine of shrewd observation on mankind and human nature.

Among modern novels there may be, here and there, more elaborate

studies of character, but there is no book richer in individualised

character. What Coleridge said of Shakespeare in minimis is true of

Cervantes; he never, even for the most temporary purpose, puts forward

a lay figure. There is life and individuality in all his characters,

however little they may have to do, or however short a time they may be

before the reader. Samson Carrasco, the curate, Teresa Panza,

Altisidora, even the two students met on the road to the cave of

Montesinos, all live and move and have their being; and it is

characteristic of the broad humanity of Cervantes that there is not a

hateful one among them all. Even poor Maritornes, with her deplorable

morals, has a kind heart of her own and “some faint and distant

resemblance to a Christian about her;” and as for Sancho, though on

dissection we fail to find a lovable trait in him, unless it be a sort

of dog-like affection for his master, who is there that in his heart

does not love him?

But it is, after all, the humour of “Don Quixote” that distinguishes it

from all other books of the romance kind. It is this that makes it, as

one of the most judicial-minded of modern critics calls it, “the best

novel in the world beyond all comparison.” It is its varied humour,

ranging from broad farce to comedy as subtle as Shakespeare’s or

Molière’s that has naturalised it in every country where there are

readers, and made it a classic in every language that has a literature.

THE AUTHOR’S PREFACE

Idle reader: thou mayest believe me without any oath that I would this

book, as it is the child of my brain, were the fairest, gayest, and

cleverest that could be imagined. But I could not counteract Nature’s

law that everything shall beget its like; and what, then, could this

sterile, illtilled wit of mine beget but the story of a dry,

shrivelled, whimsical offspring, full of thoughts of all sorts and such

as never came into any other imagination—just what might be begotten in

a prison, where every misery is lodged and every doleful sound makes

its dwelling? Tranquillity, a cheerful retreat, pleasant fields, bright

skies, murmuring brooks, peace of mind, these are the things that go

far to make even the most barren muses fertile, and bring into the

world births that fill it with wonder and delight. Sometimes when a

father has an ugly, loutish son, the love he bears him so blindfolds

his eyes that he does not see his defects, or, rather, takes them for

gifts and charms of mind and body, and talks of them to his friends as

wit and grace. I, however—for though I pass for the father, I am but

the stepfather to “Don Quixote”—have no desire to go with the current

of custom, or to implore thee, dearest reader, almost with tears in my

eyes, as others do, to pardon or excuse the defects thou wilt perceive

in this child of mine. Thou art neither its kinsman nor its friend, thy

soul is thine own and thy will as free as any man’s, whate’er he be,

thou art in thine own house and master of it as much as the king of his

taxes and thou knowest the common saying, “Under my cloak I kill the

king;” all which exempts and frees thee from every consideration and

obligation, and thou canst say what thou wilt of the story without fear

of being abused for any ill or rewarded for any good thou mayest say of

it.

My wish would be simply to present it to thee plain and unadorned,

without any embellishment of preface or uncountable muster of customary

sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies, such as are commonly put at the

beginning of books. For I can tell thee, though composing it cost me

some labour, I found none greater than the making of this Preface thou

art now reading. Many times did I take up my pen to write it, and many

did I lay it down again, not knowing what to write. One of these times,

as I was pondering with the paper before me, a pen in my ear, my elbow

on the desk, and my cheek in my hand, thinking of what I should say,

there came in unexpectedly a certain lively, clever friend of mine,

who, seeing me so deep in thought, asked the reason; to which I, making

no mystery of it, answered that I was thinking of the Preface I had to

make for the story of “Don Quixote,” which so troubled me that I had a

mind not to make any at all, nor even publish the achievements of so

noble a knight.

“For, how could you expect me not to feel uneasy about what that

ancient lawgiver they call the Public will say when it sees me, after

slumbering so many years in the silence of oblivion, coming out now

with all my years upon my back, and with a book as dry as a rush,

devoid of invention, meagre in style, poor in thoughts, wholly wanting

in learning and wisdom, without quotations in the margin or annotations

at the end, after the fashion of other books I see, which, though all

fables and profanity, are so full of maxims from Aristotle, and Plato,

and the whole herd of philosophers, that they fill the readers with

amazement and convince them that the authors are men of learning,

erudition, and eloquence. And then, when they quote the Holy

Scriptures!—anyone would say they are St. Thomases or other doctors of

the Church, observing as they do a decorum so ingenious that in one

sentence they describe a distracted lover and in the next deliver a

devout little sermon that it is a pleasure and a treat to hear and

read. Of all this there will be nothing in my book, for I have nothing

to quote in the margin or to note at the end, and still less do I know

what authors I follow in it, to place them at the beginning, as all do,

under the letters A, B, C, beginning with Aristotle and ending with

Xenophon, or Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a slanderer and the

other a painter. Also my book must do without sonnets at the beginning,

at least sonnets whose authors are dukes, marquises, counts, bishops,

ladies, or famous poets. Though if I were to ask two or three obliging

friends, I know they would give me them, and such as the productions of

those that have the highest reputation in our Spain could not equal.

“In short, my friend,” I continued, “I am determined that Señor Don

Quixote shall remain buried in the archives of his own La Mancha until

Heaven provide someone to garnish him with all those things he stands

in need of; because I find myself, through my shallowness and want of

learning, unequal to supplying them, and because I am by nature shy and

careless about hunting for authors to say what I myself can say without

them. Hence the cogitation and abstraction you found me in, and reason

enough, what you have heard from me.”

Hearing this, my friend, giving himself a slap on the forehead and

breaking into a hearty laugh, exclaimed, “Before God, Brother, now am I

disabused of an error in which I have been living all this long time I

have known you, all through which I have taken you to be shrewd and

sensible in all you do; but now I see you are as far from that as the

heaven is from the earth. It is possible that things of so little

moment and so easy to set right can occupy and perplex a ripe wit like

yours, fit to break through and crush far greater obstacles? By my

faith, this comes, not of any want of ability, but of too much

indolence and too little knowledge of life. Do you want to know if I am

telling the truth? Well, then, attend to me, and you will see how, in

the opening and shutting of an eye, I sweep away all your difficulties,

and supply all those deficiencies which you say check and discourage

you from bringing before the world the story of your famous Don

Quixote, the light and mirror of all knight-errantry.”

“Say on,” said I, listening to his talk; “how do you propose to make up

for my diffidence, and reduce to order this chaos of perplexity I am

in?”

To which he made answer, “Your first difficulty about the sonnets,

epigrams, or complimentary verses which you want for the beginning, and

which ought to be by persons of importance and rank, can be removed if

you yourself take a little trouble to make them; you can afterwards

baptise them, and put any name you like to them, fathering them on

Prester John of the Indies or the Emperor of Trebizond, who, to my

knowledge, were said to have been famous poets: and even if they were

not, and any pedants or bachelors should attack you and question the

fact, never care two maravedis for that, for even if they prove a lie

against you they cannot cut off the hand you wrote it with.

“As to references in the margin to the books and authors from whom you

take the aphorisms and sayings you put into your story, it is only

contriving to fit in nicely any sentences or scraps of Latin you may

happen to have by heart, or at any rate that will not give you much

trouble to look up; so as, when you speak of freedom and captivity, to

insert

\_Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro;\_

and then refer in the margin to Horace, or whoever said it; or, if you

allude to the power of death, to come in with—

\_Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,

Regumque turres.\_

“If it be friendship and the love God bids us bear to our enemy, go at

once to the Holy Scriptures, which you can do with a very small amount

of research, and quote no less than the words of God himself: \_Ego

autem dico vobis: diligite inimicos vestros.\_ If you speak of evil

thoughts, turn to the Gospel: \_De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ.\_ If

of the fickleness of friends, there is Cato, who will give you his

distich:

\_Donec eris felix multos numerabis amicos,

Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.\_

“With these and such like bits of Latin they will take you for a

grammarian at all events, and that now-a-days is no small honour and

profit.

“With regard to adding annotations at the end of the book, you may

safely do it in this way. If you mention any giant in your book

contrive that it shall be the giant Goliath, and with this alone, which

will cost you almost nothing, you have a grand note, for you can

put—\_The giant Golias or Goliath was a Philistine whom the shepherd

David slew by a mighty stone-cast in the Terebinth valley, as is

related in the Book of Kings\_—in the chapter where you find it written.

“Next, to prove yourself a man of erudition in polite literature and

cosmography, manage that the river Tagus shall be named in your story,

and there you are at once with another famous annotation, setting

forth—\_The river Tagus was so called after a King of Spain: it has its

source in such and such a place and falls into the ocean, kissing the

walls of the famous city of Lisbon, and it is a common belief that it

has golden sands\_, etc. If you should have anything to do with robbers,

I will give you the story of Cacus, for I have it by heart; if with

loose women, there is the Bishop of Mondonedo, who will give you the

loan of Lamia, Laida, and Flora, any reference to whom will bring you

great credit; if with hard-hearted ones, Ovid will furnish you with

Medea; if with witches or enchantresses, Homer has Calypso, and Virgil

Circe; if with valiant captains, Julius Cæsar himself will lend you

himself in his own ‘Commentaries,’ and Plutarch will give you a

thousand Alexanders. If you should deal with love, with two ounces you

may know of Tuscan you can go to Leon the Hebrew, who will supply you

to your heart’s content; or if you should not care to go to foreign

countries you have at home Fonseca’s ‘Of the Love of God,’ in which is

condensed all that you or the most imaginative mind can want on the

subject. In short, all you have to do is to manage to quote these

names, or refer to these stories I have mentioned, and leave it to me

to insert the annotations and quotations, and I swear by all that’s

good to fill your margins and use up four sheets at the end of the

book.

“Now let us come to those references to authors which other books have,

and you want for yours. The remedy for this is very simple: You have

only to look out for some book that quotes them all, from A to Z as you

say yourself, and then insert the very same alphabet in your book, and

though the imposition may be plain to see, because you have so little

need to borrow from them, that is no matter; there will probably be

some simple enough to believe that you have made use of them all in

this plain, artless story of yours. At any rate, if it answers no other

purpose, this long catalogue of authors will serve to give a surprising

look of authority to your book. Besides, no one will trouble himself to

verify whether you have followed them or whether you have not, being no

way concerned in it; especially as, if I mistake not, this book of

yours has no need of any one of those things you say it wants, for it

is, from beginning to end, an attack upon the books of chivalry, of

which Aristotle never dreamt, nor St. Basil said a word, nor Cicero had

any knowledge; nor do the niceties of truth nor the observations of

astrology come within the range of its fanciful vagaries; nor have

geometrical measurements or refutations of the arguments used in

rhetoric anything to do with it; nor does it mean to preach to anybody,

mixing up things human and divine, a sort of motley in which no

Christian understanding should dress itself. It has only to avail

itself of truth to nature in its composition, and the more perfect the

imitation the better the work will be. And as this piece of yours aims

at nothing more than to destroy the authority and influence which books

of chivalry have in the world and with the public, there is no need for

you to go a-begging for aphorisms from philosophers, precepts from Holy

Scripture, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from

saints; but merely to take care that your style and diction run

musically, pleasantly, and plainly, with clear, proper, and well-placed

words, setting forth your purpose to the best of your power, and

putting your ideas intelligibly, without confusion or obscurity.

Strive, too, that in reading your story the melancholy may be moved to

laughter, and the merry made merrier still; that the simple shall not

be wearied, that the judicious shall admire the invention, that the

grave shall not despise it, nor the wise fail to praise it. Finally,

keep your aim fixed on the destruction of that ill-founded edifice of

the books of chivalry, hated by some and praised by many more; for if

you succeed in this you will have achieved no small success.”

In profound silence I listened to what my friend said, and his

observations made such an impression on me that, without attempting to

question them, I admitted their soundness, and out of them I determined

to make this Preface; wherein, gentle reader, thou wilt perceive my

friend’s good sense, my good fortune in finding such an adviser in such

a time of need, and what thou hast gained in receiving, without

addition or alteration, the story of the famous Don Quixote of La

Mancha, who is held by all the inhabitants of the district of the Campo

de Montiel to have been the chastest lover and the bravest knight that

has for many years been seen in that neighbourhood. I have no desire to

magnify the service I render thee in making thee acquainted with so

renowned and honoured a knight, but I do desire thy thanks for the

acquaintance thou wilt make with the famous Sancho Panza, his squire,

in whom, to my thinking, I have given thee condensed all the squirely

drolleries that are scattered through the swarm of the vain books of

chivalry. And so—may God give thee health, and not forget me. Vale.

SOME COMMENDATORY VERSES

URGANDA THE UNKNOWN

To the book of Don Quixote of la Mancha

If to be welcomed by the good,

O Book! thou make thy steady aim,

No empty chatterer will dare

To question or dispute thy claim.

But if perchance thou hast a mind

To win of idiots approbation,

Lost labour will be thy reward,

Though they’ll pretend appreciation.

They say a goodly shade he finds

Who shelters ’neath a goodly tree;

And such a one thy kindly star

In Bejar bath provided thee:

A royal tree whose spreading boughs

A show of princely fruit display;

A tree that bears a noble Duke,

The Alexander of his day.

Of a Manchegan gentleman

Thy purpose is to tell the story,

Relating how he lost his wits

O’er idle tales of love and glory,

Of “ladies, arms, and cavaliers:”

A new Orlando Furioso—

Innamorato, rather—who

Won Dulcinea del Toboso.

Put no vain emblems on thy shield;

All figures—that is bragging play.

A modest dedication make,

And give no scoffer room to say,

“What! Álvaro de Luna here?

Or is it Hannibal again?

Or does King Francis at Madrid

Once more of destiny complain?”

Since Heaven it hath not pleased on thee

Deep erudition to bestow,

Or black Latino’s gift of tongues,

No Latin let thy pages show.

Ape not philosophy or wit,

Lest one who cannot comprehend,

Make a wry face at thee and ask,

“Why offer flowers to me, my friend?”

Be not a meddler; no affair

Of thine the life thy neighbours lead:

Be prudent; oft the random jest

Recoils upon the jester’s head.

Thy constant labour let it be

To earn thyself an honest name,

For fooleries preserved in print

Are perpetuity of shame.

A further counsel bear in mind:

If that thy roof be made of glass,

It shows small wit to pick up stones

To pelt the people as they pass.

Win the attention of the wise,

And give the thinker food for thought;

Whoso indites frivolities,

Will but by simpletons be sought.

AMADIS OF GAUL

To Don Quixote of la Mancha

SONNET

Thou that didst imitate that life of mine

When I in lonely sadness on the great

Rock Peña Pobre sat disconsolate,

In self-imposed penance there to pine;

Thou, whose sole beverage was the bitter brine

Of thine own tears, and who withouten plate

Of silver, copper, tin, in lowly state

Off the bare earth and on earth’s fruits didst dine;

Live thou, of thine eternal glory sure.

So long as on the round of the fourth sphere

The bright Apollo shall his coursers steer,

In thy renown thou shalt remain secure,

Thy country’s name in story shall endure,

And thy sage author stand without a peer.

DON BELIANIS OF GREECE

To Don Quixote of la Mancha

SONNET

In slashing, hewing, cleaving, word and deed,

I was the foremost knight of chivalry,

Stout, bold, expert, as e’er the world did see;

Thousands from the oppressor’s wrong I freed;

Great were my feats, eternal fame their meed;

In love I proved my truth and loyalty;

The hugest giant was a dwarf for me;

Ever to knighthood’s laws gave I good heed.

My mastery the Fickle Goddess owned,

And even Chance, submitting to control,

Grasped by the forelock, yielded to my will.

Yet—though above yon horned moon enthroned

My fortune seems to sit—great Quixote, still

Envy of thy achievements fills my soul.

THE LADY OF ORIANA

To Dulcinea del Toboso

SONNET

Oh, fairest Dulcinea, could it be!

It were a pleasant fancy to suppose so—

Could Miraflores change to El Toboso,

And London’s town to that which shelters thee!

Oh, could mine but acquire that livery

Of countless charms thy mind and body show so!

Or him, now famous grown—thou mad’st him grow so—

Thy knight, in some dread combat could I see!

Oh, could I be released from Amadis

By exercise of such coy chastity

As led thee gentle Quixote to dismiss!

Then would my heavy sorrow turn to joy;

None would I envy, all would envy me,

And happiness be mine without alloy.

GANDALIN, SQUIRE OF AMADIS OF GAUL,

To Sancho Panza, squire of Don Quixote

SONNET

All hail, illustrious man! Fortune, when she

Bound thee apprentice to the esquire trade,

Her care and tenderness of thee displayed,

Shaping thy course from misadventure free.

No longer now doth proud knight-errantry

Regard with scorn the sickle and the spade;

Of towering arrogance less count is made

Than of plain esquire-like simplicity.

I envy thee thy Dapple, and thy name,

And those alforjas thou wast wont to stuff

With comforts that thy providence proclaim.

Excellent Sancho! hail to thee again!

To thee alone the Ovid of our Spain

Does homage with the rustic kiss and cuff.

FROM EL DONOSO, THE MOTLEY POET,

On Sancho Panza and Rocinante

ON SANCHO

I am the esquire Sancho Pan—

Who served Don Quixote of La Man—;

But from his service I retreat—,

Resolved to pass my life discreet—;

For Villadiego, called the Si—,

Maintained that only in reti—

Was found the secret of well-be—,

According to the “Celesti—:”

A book divine, except for sin—

By speech too plain, in my opin—

ON ROCINANTE

I am that Rocinante fa—,

Great-grandson of great Babie—,

Who, all for being lean and bon—,

Had one Don Quixote for an own—;

But if I matched him well in weak—,

I never took short commons meek—,

But kept myself in corn by steal—,

A trick I learned from Lazaril—,

When with a piece of straw so neat—

The blind man of his wine he cheat—.

ORLANDO FURIOSO

To Don Quixote of La Mancha

SONNET

If thou art not a Peer, peer thou hast none;

Among a thousand Peers thou art a peer;

Nor is there room for one when thou art near,

Unvanquished victor, great unconquered one!

Orlando, by Angelica undone,

Am I; o’er distant seas condemned to steer,

And to Fame’s altars as an offering bear

Valour respected by Oblivion.

I cannot be thy rival, for thy fame

And prowess rise above all rivalry,

Albeit both bereft of wits we go.

But, though the Scythian or the Moor to tame

Was not thy lot, still thou dost rival me:

Love binds us in a fellowship of woe.

THE KNIGHT OF PHŒBUS

To Don Quixote of La Mancha

My sword was not to be compared with thine

Phœbus of Spain, marvel of courtesy,

Nor with thy famous arm this hand of mine

That smote from east to west as lightnings fly.

I scorned all empire, and that monarchy

The rosy east held out did I resign

For one glance of Claridiana’s eye,

The bright Aurora for whose love I pine.

A miracle of constancy my love;

And banished by her ruthless cruelty,

This arm had might the rage of Hell to tame.

But, Gothic Quixote, happier thou dost prove,

For thou dost live in Dulcinea’s name,

And famous, honoured, wise, she lives in thee.

FROM SOLISDAN

To Don Quixote of La Mancha

SONNET

Your fantasies, Sir Quixote, it is true,

That crazy brain of yours have quite upset,

But aught of base or mean hath never yet

Been charged by any in reproach to you.

Your deeds are open proof in all men’s view;

For you went forth injustice to abate,

And for your pains sore drubbings did you get

From many a rascally and ruffian crew.

If the fair Dulcinea, your heart’s queen,

Be unrelenting in her cruelty,

If still your woe be powerless to move her,

In such hard case your comfort let it be

That Sancho was a sorry go-between:

A booby he, hard-hearted she, and you no lover.

DIALOGUE

Between Babieca and Rocinante

SONNET

B. “How comes it, Rocinante, you’re so lean?”

R. “I’m underfed, with overwork I’m worn.”

B. “But what becomes of all the hay and corn?”

R. “My master gives me none; he’s much too mean.”

B. “Come, come, you show ill-breeding, sir, I ween;

’Tis like an ass your master thus to scorn.”

R. He is an ass, will die an ass, an ass was born;

Why, he’s in love; what’s plainer to be seen?”

B. “To be in love is folly?”—R. “No great sense.”

B. “You’re metaphysical.”—R. “From want of food.”

B. “Rail at the squire, then.”—R. “Why, what’s the good?

I might indeed complain of him, I grant ye,

But, squire or master, where’s the difference?

They’re both as sorry hacks as Rocinante.”

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Full Size

DEDICATION OF PART I

TO THE DUKE OF BEJAR, MARQUIS OF GIBRALEON, COUNT OF BENALCAZAR AND

BANARES, VICECOUNT OF THE PUEBLA DE ALCOCER, MASTER OF THE TOWNS OF

CAPILLA, CURIEL AND BURGUILLOS

In belief of the good reception and honours that Your Excellency

bestows on all sort of books, as prince so inclined to favor good arts,

chiefly those who by their nobleness do not submit to the service and

bribery of the vulgar, I have determined bringing to light The

Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of la Mancha, in shelter of Your

Excellency’s glamorous name, to whom, with the obeisance I owe to such

grandeur, I pray to receive it agreeably under his protection, so that

in this shadow, though deprived of that precious ornament of elegance

and erudition that clothe the works composed in the houses of those who

know, it dares appear with assurance in the judgment of some who,

trespassing the bounds of their own ignorance, use to condemn with more

rigour and less justice the writings of others. It is my earnest hope

that Your Excellency’s good counsel in regard to my honourable purpose,

will not disdain the littleness of so humble a service.

Miguel de Cervantes

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CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE CHARACTER AND PURSUITS OF THE FAMOUS GENTLEMAN DON

QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

p007.jpg (150K)

Full Size

In a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to call

to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a

lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler, a lean hack, and a greyhound

for coursing. An olla of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most

nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a pigeon or so

extra on Sundays, made away with three-quarters of his income. The rest

of it went in a doublet of fine cloth and velvet breeches and shoes to

match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his

best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece

under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to

saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook. The age of this

gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit,

spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman. They

will have it his surname was Quixada or Quesada (for here there is some

difference of opinion among the authors who write on the subject),

although from reasonable conjectures it seems plain that he was called

Quexana. This, however, is of but little importance to our tale; it

will be enough not to stray a hair’s breadth from the truth in the

telling of it.

You must know, then, that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at

leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to

reading books of chivalry with such ardour and avidity that he almost

entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the

management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and

infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillageland to buy books of

chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But

of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous

Feliciano de Silva’s composition, for their lucidity of style and

complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in

his reading he came upon courtships and cartels, where he often found

passages like “\_the reason of the unreason with which my reason is

afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your

beauty;” or again, “the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely

fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your

greatness deserves\_.” Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman

lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and

worm the meaning out of them; what Aristotle himself could not have

made out or extracted had he come to life again for that special

purpose. He was not at all easy about the wounds which Don Belianis

gave and took, because it seemed to him that, great as were the

surgeons who had cured him, he must have had his face and body covered

all over with seams and scars. He commended, however, the author’s way

of ending his book with the promise of that interminable adventure, and

many a time was he tempted to take up his pen and finish it properly as

is there proposed, which no doubt he would have done, and made a

successful piece of work of it too, had not greater and more absorbing

thoughts prevented him.

Many an argument did he have with the curate of his village (a learned

man, and a graduate of Siguenza) as to which had been the better

knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis of Gaul. Master Nicholas, the

village barber, however, used to say that neither of them came up to

the Knight of Phœbus, and that if there was any that could compare with

\_him\_ it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadis of Gaul, because he had

a spirit that was equal to every occasion, and was no finikin knight,

nor lachrymose like his brother, while in the matter of valour he was

not a whit behind him. In short, he became so absorbed in his books

that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn

to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading

his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of

what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels,

battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of

impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind that the whole fabric

of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in

the world had more reality in it. He used to say the Cid Ruy Diaz was a

very good knight, but that he was not to be compared with the Knight of

the Burning Sword who with one back-stroke cut in half two fierce and

monstrous giants. He thought more of Bernardo del Carpio because at

Roncesvalles he slew Roland in spite of enchantments, availing himself

of the artifice of Hercules when he strangled Antæus the son of Terra

in his arms. He approved highly of the giant Morgante, because,

although of the giant breed which is always arrogant and

ill-conditioned, he alone was affable and well-bred. But above all he

admired Reinaldos of Montalban, especially when he saw him sallying

forth from his castle and robbing everyone he met, and when beyond the

seas he stole that image of Mahomet which, as his history says, was

entirely of gold. To have a bout of kicking at that traitor of a

Ganelon he would have given his housekeeper, and his niece into the

bargain.

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion

that ever madman in this world hit upon, and that was that he fancied

it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honour

as for the service of his country, that he should make a knight-errant

of himself, roaming the world over in full armour and on horseback in

quest of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had

read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every

kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in

the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man

saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trebizond at

least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these

pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into

execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armour that had belonged to

his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a

corner eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished

it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it

had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion. This deficiency,

however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet

of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one.

It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a

cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of

which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease

with which he had knocked it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and

to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron

on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not

caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it

as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his hack, which, with more quartos than a

real and more blemishes than the steed of Gonela, that “\_tantum pellis

et ossa fuit\_,” surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus of Alexander or

the Babieca of the Cid. Four days were spent in thinking what name to

give him, because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse

belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own,

should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so

as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant,

and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master

taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should

be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and

calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck

out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of

his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante, a name, to

his thinking, lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a

hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all

the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to

get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this

point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself “Don Quixote,”

whence, as has been already said, the authors of this veracious history

have inferred that his name must have been beyond a doubt Quixada, and

not Quesada as others would have it. Recollecting, however, that the

valiant Amadis was not content to call himself curtly Amadis and

nothing more, but added the name of his kingdom and country to make it

famous, and called himself Amadis of Gaul, he, like a good knight,

resolved to add on the name of his, and to style himself Don Quixote of

La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin

and country, and did honour to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armour being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet,

his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the

conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady

to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree

without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to

himself, “If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some

giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and

overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or,

in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have someone

I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his

knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, ‘I

am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania,

vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight

Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before

your Grace, that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure’?” Oh,

how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially

when he had thought of someone to call his Lady! There was, so the

story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl

with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known,

she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was

Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of

Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not

be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of

a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del

Toboso—she being of El Toboso—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon,

and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself

and the things belonging to him.

p007b.jpg (61K)

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM

HOME

p007c.jpg (97K)

Full Size

These preliminaries settled, he did not care to put off any longer the

execution of his design, urged on to it by the thought of all the world

was losing by his delay, seeing what wrongs he intended to right,

grievances to redress, injustices to repair, abuses to remove, and

duties to discharge. So, without giving notice of his intention to

anyone, and without anybody seeing him, one morning before the dawning

of the day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July) he

donned his suit of armour, mounted Rocinante with his patched-up helmet

on, braced his buckler, took his lance, and by the back door of the

yard sallied forth upon the plain in the highest contentment and

satisfaction at seeing with what ease he had made a beginning with his

grand purpose. But scarcely did he find himself upon the open plain,

when a terrible thought struck him, one all but enough to make him

abandon the enterprise at the very outset. It occurred to him that he

had not been dubbed a knight, and that according to the law of chivalry

he neither could nor ought to bear arms against any knight; and that

even if he had been, still he ought, as a novice knight, to wear white

armour, without a device upon the shield until by his prowess he had

earned one. These reflections made him waver in his purpose, but his

craze being stronger than any reasoning, he made up his mind to have

himself dubbed a knight by the first one he came across, following the

example of others in the same case, as he had read in the books that

brought him to this pass. As for white armour, he resolved, on the

first opportunity, to scour his until it was whiter than an ermine; and

so comforting himself he pursued his way, taking that which his horse

chose, for in this he believed lay the essence of adventures.

Thus setting out, our new-fledged adventurer paced along, talking to

himself and saying, “Who knows but that in time to come, when the

veracious history of my famous deeds is made known, the sage who writes

it, when he has to set forth my first sally in the early morning, will

do it after this fashion? ‘Scarce had the rubicund Apollo spread o’er

the face of the broad spacious earth the golden threads of his bright

hair, scarce had the little birds of painted plumage attuned their

notes to hail with dulcet and mellifluous harmony the coming of the

rosy Dawn, that, deserting the soft couch of her jealous spouse, was

appearing to mortals at the gates and balconies of the Manchegan

horizon, when the renowned knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, quitting

the lazy down, mounted his celebrated steed Rocinante and began to

traverse the ancient and famous Campo de Montiel;’” which in fact he

was actually traversing. “Happy the age, happy the time,” he continued,

“in which shall be made known my deeds of fame, worthy to be moulded in

brass, carved in marble, limned in pictures, for a memorial for ever.

And thou, O sage magician, whoever thou art, to whom it shall fall to

be the chronicler of this wondrous history, forget not, I entreat thee,

my good Rocinante, the constant companion of my ways and wanderings.”

Presently he broke out again, as if he were love-stricken in earnest,

“O Princess Dulcinea, lady of this captive heart, a grievous wrong hast

thou done me to drive me forth with scorn, and with inexorable obduracy

banish me from the presence of thy beauty. O lady, deign to hold in

remembrance this heart, thy vassal, that thus in anguish pines for love

of thee.”

So he went on stringing together these and other absurdities, all in

the style of those his books had taught him, imitating their language

as well as he could; and all the while he rode so slowly and the sun

mounted so rapidly and with such fervour that it was enough to melt his

brains if he had any. Nearly all day he travelled without anything

remarkable happening to him, at which he was in despair, for he was

anxious to encounter someone at once upon whom to try the might of his

strong arm.

p008.jpg (289K)

Full Size

Writers there are who say the first adventure he met with was that of

Puerto Lapice; others say it was that of the windmills; but what I have

ascertained on this point, and what I have found written in the annals

of La Mancha, is that he was on the road all day, and towards nightfall

his hack and he found themselves dead tired and hungry, when, looking

all around to see if he could discover any castle or shepherd’s shanty

where he might refresh himself and relieve his sore wants, he perceived

not far out of his road an inn, which was as welcome as a star guiding

him to the portals, if not the palaces, of his redemption; and

quickening his pace he reached it just as night was setting in. At the

door were standing two young women, girls of the district as they call

them, on their way to Seville with some carriers who had chanced to

halt that night at the inn; and as, happen what might to our

adventurer, everything he saw or imagined seemed to him to be and to

happen after the fashion of what he read of, the moment he saw the inn

he pictured it to himself as a castle with its four turrets and

pinnacles of shining silver, not forgetting the drawbridge and moat and

all the belongings usually ascribed to castles of the sort. To this

inn, which to him seemed a castle, he advanced, and at a short distance

from it he checked Rocinante, hoping that some dwarf would show himself

upon the battlements, and by sound of trumpet give notice that a knight

was approaching the castle. But seeing that they were slow about it,

and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stable, he made for the

inn door, and perceived the two gay damsels who were standing there,

and who seemed to him to be two fair maidens or lovely ladies taking

their ease at the castle gate.

At this moment it so happened that a swineherd who was going through

the stubbles collecting a drove of pigs (for, without any apology, that

is what they are called) gave a blast of his horn to bring them

together, and forthwith it seemed to Don Quixote to be what he was

expecting, the signal of some dwarf announcing his arrival; and so with

prodigious satisfaction he rode up to the inn and to the ladies, who,

seeing a man of this sort approaching in full armour and with lance and

buckler, were turning in dismay into the inn, when Don Quixote,

guessing their fear by their flight, raising his pasteboard visor,

disclosed his dry dusty visage, and with courteous bearing and gentle

voice addressed them, “Your ladyships need not fly or fear any

rudeness, for that it belongs not to the order of knighthood which I

profess to offer to anyone, much less to highborn maidens as your

appearance proclaims you to be.” The girls were looking at him and

straining their eyes to make out the features which the clumsy visor

obscured, but when they heard themselves called maidens, a thing so

much out of their line, they could not restrain their laughter, which

made Don Quixote wax indignant, and say, “Modesty becomes the fair, and

moreover laughter that has little cause is great silliness; this,

however, I say not to pain or anger you, for my desire is none other

than to serve you.”

The incomprehensible language and the unpromising looks of our cavalier

only increased the ladies’ laughter, and that increased his irritation,

and matters might have gone farther if at that moment the landlord had

not come out, who, being a very fat man, was a very peaceful one. He,

seeing this grotesque figure clad in armour that did not match any more

than his saddle, bridle, lance, buckler, or corselet, was not at all

indisposed to join the damsels in their manifestations of amusement;

but, in truth, standing in awe of such a complicated armament, he

thought it best to speak him fairly, so he said, “Señor Caballero, if

your worship wants lodging, bating the bed (for there is not one in the

inn) there is plenty of everything else here.” Don Quixote, observing

the respectful bearing of the Alcaide of the fortress (for so innkeeper

and inn seemed in his eyes), made answer, “Sir Castellan, for me

anything will suffice, for

‘My armour is my only wear,

My only rest the fray.’”

The host fancied he called him Castellan because he took him for a

“worthy of Castile,” though he was in fact an Andalusian, and one from

the strand of San Lucar, as crafty a thief as Cacus and as full of

tricks as a student or a page. “In that case,” said he,

“‘Your bed is on the flinty rock,

Your sleep to watch alway;’

and if so, you may dismount and safely reckon upon any quantity of

sleeplessness under this roof for a twelvemonth, not to say for a

single night.” So saying, he advanced to hold the stirrup for Don

Quixote, who got down with great difficulty and exertion (for he had

not broken his fast all day), and then charged the host to take great

care of his horse, as he was the best bit of flesh that ever ate bread

in this world. The landlord eyed him over but did not find him as good

as Don Quixote said, nor even half as good; and putting him up in the

stable, he returned to see what might be wanted by his guest, whom the

damsels, who had by this time made their peace with him, were now

relieving of his armour. They had taken off his breastplate and

backpiece, but they neither knew nor saw how to open his gorget or

remove his make-shift helmet, for he had fastened it with green

ribbons, which, as there was no untying the knots, required to be cut.

This, however, he would not by any means consent to, so he remained all

the evening with his helmet on, the drollest and oddest figure that can

be imagined; and while they were removing his armour, taking the

baggages who were about it for ladies of high degree belonging to the

castle, he said to them with great sprightliness:

“Oh, never, surely, was there knight

So served by hand of dame,

As served was he, Don Quixote hight,

When from his town he came;

With maidens waiting on himself,

Princesses on his hack—

—or Rocinante, for that, ladies mine, is my horse’s name, and Don

Quixote of La Mancha is my own; for though I had no intention of

declaring myself until my achievements in your service and honour had

made me known, the necessity of adapting that old ballad of Lancelot to

the present occasion has given you the knowledge of my name altogether

prematurely. A time, however, will come for your ladyships to command

and me to obey, and then the might of my arm will show my desire to

serve you.”

The girls, who were not used to hearing rhetoric of this sort, had

nothing to say in reply; they only asked him if he wanted anything to

eat. “I would gladly eat a bit of something,” said Don Quixote, “for I

feel it would come very seasonably.” The day happened to be a Friday,

and in the whole inn there was nothing but some pieces of the fish they

call in Castile “abadejo,” in Andalusia “bacallao,” and in some places

“curadillo,” and in others “troutlet;” so they asked him if he thought

he could eat troutlet, for there was no other fish to give him. “If

there be troutlets enough,” said Don Quixote, “they will be the same

thing as a trout; for it is all one to me whether I am given eight

reals in small change or a piece of eight; moreover, it may be that

these troutlets are like veal, which is better than beef, or kid, which

is better than goat. But whatever it be let it come quickly, for the

burden and pressure of arms cannot be borne without support to the

inside.” They laid a table for him at the door of the inn for the sake

of the air, and the host brought him a portion of ill-soaked and worse

cooked stockfish, and a piece of bread as black and mouldy as his own

armour; but a laughable sight it was to see him eating, for having his

helmet on and the beaver up, he could not with his own hands put

anything into his mouth unless someone else placed it there, and this

service one of the ladies rendered him. But to give him anything to

drink was impossible, or would have been so had not the landlord bored

a reed, and putting one end in his mouth poured the wine into him

through the other; all which he bore with patience rather than sever

the ribbons of his helmet.

While this was going on there came up to the inn a sowgelder, who, as

he approached, sounded his reed pipe four or five times, and thereby

completely convinced Don Quixote that he was in some famous castle, and

that they were regaling him with music, and that the stockfish was

trout, the bread the whitest, the wenches ladies, and the landlord the

castellan of the castle; and consequently he held that his enterprise

and sally had been to some purpose. But still it distressed him to

think he had not been dubbed a knight, for it was plain to him he could

not lawfully engage in any adventure without receiving the order of

knighthood.

e02.jpg (39K)

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE DROLL WAY IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD HIMSELF

DUBBED A KNIGHT

p009.jpg (164K)

Full Size

Harassed by this reflection, he made haste with his scanty pothouse

supper, and having finished it called the landlord, and shutting

himself into the stable with him, fell on his knees before him, saying,

“From this spot I rise not, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants

me the boon I seek, one that will redound to your praise and the

benefit of the human race.” The landlord, seeing his guest at his feet

and hearing a speech of this kind, stood staring at him in

bewilderment, not knowing what to do or say, and entreating him to

rise, but all to no purpose until he had agreed to grant the boon

demanded of him. “I looked for no less, my lord, from your High

Magnificence,” replied Don Quixote, “and I have to tell you that the

boon I have asked and your liberality has granted is that you shall dub

me knight to-morrow morning, and that to-night I shall watch my arms in

the chapel of this your castle; thus to-morrow, as I have said, will be

accomplished what I so much desire, enabling me lawfully to roam

through all the four quarters of the world seeking adventures on behalf

of those in distress, as is the duty of chivalry and of knights-errant

like myself, whose ambition is directed to such deeds.”

The landlord, who, as has been mentioned, was something of a wag, and

had already some suspicion of his guest’s want of wits, was quite

convinced of it on hearing talk of this kind from him, and to make

sport for the night he determined to fall in with his humour. So he

told him he was quite right in pursuing the object he had in view, and

that such a motive was natural and becoming in cavaliers as

distinguished as he seemed and his gallant bearing showed him to be;

and that he himself in his younger days had followed the same

honourable calling, roaming in quest of adventures in various parts of

the world, among others the Curing-grounds of Malaga, the Isles of

Riaran, the Precinct of Seville, the Little Market of Segovia, the

Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla of Granada, the Strand of San Lucar,

the Colt of Cordova, the Taverns of Toledo, and divers other quarters,

where he had proved the nimbleness of his feet and the lightness of his

fingers, doing many wrongs, cheating many widows, ruining maids and

swindling minors, and, in short, bringing himself under the notice of

almost every tribunal and court of justice in Spain; until at last he

had retired to this castle of his, where he was living upon his

property and upon that of others; and where he received all

knights-errant of whatever rank or condition they might be, all for the

great love he bore them and that they might share their substance with

him in return for his benevolence. He told him, moreover, that in this

castle of his there was no chapel in which he could watch his armour,

as it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt, but that in a case

of necessity it might, he knew, be watched anywhere, and he might watch

it that night in a courtyard of the castle, and in the morning, God

willing, the requisite ceremonies might be performed so as to have him

dubbed a knight, and so thoroughly dubbed that nobody could be more so.

He asked if he had any money with him, to which Don Quixote replied

that he had not a farthing, as in the histories of knights-errant he

had never read of any of them carrying any. On this point the landlord

told him he was mistaken; for, though not recorded in the histories,

because in the author’s opinion there was no need to mention anything

so obvious and necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be

supposed therefore that they did not carry them, and he might regard it

as certain and established that all knights-errant (about whom there

were so many full and unimpeachable books) carried well-furnished

purses in case of emergency, and likewise carried shirts and a little

box of ointment to cure the wounds they received. For in those plains

and deserts where they engaged in combat and came out wounded, it was

not always that there was someone to cure them, unless indeed they had

for a friend some sage magician to succour them at once by fetching

through the air upon a cloud some damsel or dwarf with a vial of water

of such virtue that by tasting one drop of it they were cured of their

hurts and wounds in an instant and left as sound as if they had not

received any damage whatever. But in case this should not occur, the

knights of old took care to see that their squires were provided with

money and other requisites, such as lint and ointments for healing

purposes; and when it happened that knights had no squires (which was

rarely and seldom the case) they themselves carried everything in

cunning saddle-bags that were hardly seen on the horse’s croup, as if

it were something else of more importance, because, unless for some

such reason, carrying saddle-bags was not very favourably regarded

among knights-errant. He therefore advised him (and, as his godson so

soon to be, he might even command him) never from that time forth to

travel without money and the usual requirements, and he would find the

advantage of them when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to follow his advice scrupulously, and it was

arranged forthwith that he should watch his armour in a large yard at

one side of the inn; so, collecting it all together, Don Quixote placed

it on a trough that stood by the side of a well, and bracing his

buckler on his arm he grasped his lance and began with a stately air to

march up and down in front of the trough, and as he began his march

night began to fall.

The landlord told all the people who were in the inn about the craze of

his guest, the watching of the armour, and the dubbing ceremony he

contemplated. Full of wonder at so strange a form of madness, they

flocked to see it from a distance, and observed with what composure he

sometimes paced up and down, or sometimes, leaning on his lance, gazed

on his armour without taking his eyes off it for ever so long; and as

the night closed in with a light from the moon so brilliant that it

might vie with his that lent it, everything the novice knight did was

plainly seen by all.

Meanwhile one of the carriers who were in the inn thought fit to water

his team, and it was necessary to remove Don Quixote’s armour as it lay

on the trough; but he seeing the other approach hailed him in a loud

voice, “O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight that comest to lay hands

on the armour of the most valorous errant that ever girt on sword, have

a care what thou dost; touch it not unless thou wouldst lay down thy

life as the penalty of thy rashness.” The carrier gave no heed to these

words (and he would have done better to heed them if he had been

heedful of his health), but seizing it by the straps flung the armour

some distance from him. Seeing this, Don Quixote raised his eyes to

heaven, and fixing his thoughts, apparently, upon his lady Dulcinea,

exclaimed, “Aid me, lady mine, in this the first encounter that

presents itself to this breast which thou holdest in subjection; let

not thy favour and protection fail me in this first jeopardy;” and,

with these words and others to the same purpose, dropping his buckler

he lifted his lance with both hands and with it smote such a blow on

the carrier’s head that he stretched him on the ground, so stunned that

had he followed it up with a second there would have been no need of a

surgeon to cure him. This done, he picked up his armour and returned to

his beat with the same serenity as before.

p010.jpg (261K)

Full Size

Shortly after this, another, not knowing what had happened (for the

carrier still lay senseless), came with the same object of giving water

to his mules, and was proceeding to remove the armour in order to clear

the trough, when Don Quixote, without uttering a word or imploring aid

from anyone, once more dropped his buckler and once more lifted his

lance, and without actually breaking the second carrier’s head into

pieces, made more than three of it, for he laid it open in four. At the

noise all the people of the inn ran to the spot, and among them the

landlord. Seeing this, Don Quixote braced his buckler on his arm, and

with his hand on his sword exclaimed, “O Lady of Beauty, strength and

support of my faint heart, it is time for thee to turn the eyes of thy

greatness on this thy captive knight on the brink of so mighty an

adventure.” By this he felt himself so inspired that he would not have

flinched if all the carriers in the world had assailed him. The

comrades of the wounded perceiving the plight they were in began from a

distance to shower stones on Don Quixote, who screened himself as best

he could with his buckler, not daring to quit the trough and leave his

armour unprotected. The landlord shouted to them to leave him alone,

for he had already told them that he was mad, and as a madman he would

not be accountable even if he killed them all. Still louder shouted Don

Quixote, calling them knaves and traitors, and the lord of the castle,

who allowed knights-errant to be treated in this fashion, a villain and

a low-born knight whom, had he received the order of knighthood, he

would call to account for his treachery. “But of you,” he cried, “base

and vile rabble, I make no account; fling, strike, come on, do all ye

can against me, ye shall see what the reward of your folly and

insolence will be.” This he uttered with so much spirit and boldness

that he filled his assailants with a terrible fear, and as much for

this reason as at the persuasion of the landlord they left off stoning

him, and he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and with the same

calmness and composure as before resumed the watch over his armour.

But these freaks of his guest were not much to the liking of the

landlord, so he determined to cut matters short and confer upon him at

once the unlucky order of knighthood before any further misadventure

could occur; so, going up to him, he apologised for the rudeness which,

without his knowledge, had been offered to him by these low people,

who, however, had been well punished for their audacity. As he had

already told him, he said, there was no chapel in the castle, nor was

it needed for what remained to be done, for, as he understood the

ceremonial of the order, the whole point of being dubbed a knight lay

in the accolade and in the slap on the shoulder, and that could be

administered in the middle of a field; and that he had now done all

that was needful as to watching the armour, for all requirements were

satisfied by a watch of two hours only, while he had been more than

four about it. Don Quixote believed it all, and told him he stood there

ready to obey him, and to make an end of it with as much despatch as

possible; for, if he were again attacked, and felt himself to be dubbed

knight, he would not, he thought, leave a soul alive in the castle,

except such as out of respect he might spare at his bidding.

Thus warned and menaced, the castellan forthwith brought out a book in

which he used to enter the straw and barley he served out to the

carriers, and, with a lad carrying a candle-end, and the two damsels

already mentioned, he returned to where Don Quixote stood, and bade him

kneel down. Then, reading from his account-book as if he were repeating

some devout prayer, in the middle of his delivery he raised his hand

and gave him a sturdy blow on the neck, and then, with his own sword, a

smart slap on the shoulder, all the while muttering between his teeth

as if he was saying his prayers. Having done this, he directed one of

the ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with great

self-possession and gravity, and not a little was required to prevent a

burst of laughter at each stage of the ceremony; but what they had

already seen of the novice knight’s prowess kept their laughter within

bounds. On girding him with the sword the worthy lady said to him, “May

God make your worship a very fortunate knight, and grant you success in

battle.” Don Quixote asked her name in order that he might from that

time forward know to whom he was beholden for the favour he had

received, as he meant to confer upon her some portion of the honour he

acquired by the might of his arm. She answered with great humility that

she was called La Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler of

Toledo who lived in the stalls of Sanchobienaya, and that wherever she

might be she would serve and esteem him as her lord. Don Quixote said

in reply that she would do him a favour if thenceforward she assumed

the “Don” and called herself Doña Tolosa. She promised she would, and

then the other buckled on his spur, and with her followed almost the

same conversation as with the lady of the sword. He asked her name, and

she said it was La Molinera, and that she was the daughter of a

respectable miller of Antequera; and of her likewise Don Quixote

requested that she would adopt the “Don” and call herself Doña

Molinera, making offers to her further services and favours.

Having thus, with hot haste and speed, brought to a conclusion these

never-till-now-seen ceremonies, Don Quixote was on thorns until he saw

himself on horseback sallying forth in quest of adventures; and

saddling Rocinante at once he mounted, and embracing his host, as he

returned thanks for his kindness in knighting him, he addressed him in

language so extraordinary that it is impossible to convey an idea of it

or report it. The landlord, to get him out of the inn, replied with no

less rhetoric though with shorter words, and without calling upon him

to pay the reckoning let him go with a Godspeed.

p017.jpg (54K)

Full Size

CHAPTER IV.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO OUR KNIGHT WHEN HE LEFT THE INN

p018.jpg (94K)

Full Size

Day was dawning when Don Quixote quitted the inn, so happy, so gay, so

exhilarated at finding himself now dubbed a knight, that his joy was

like to burst his horse-girths. However, recalling the advice of his

host as to the requisites he ought to carry with him, especially that

referring to money and shirts, he determined to go home and provide

himself with all, and also with a squire, for he reckoned upon securing

a farm-labourer, a neighbour of his, a poor man with a family, but very

well qualified for the office of squire to a knight. With this object

he turned his horse’s head towards his village, and Rocinante, thus

reminded of his old quarters, stepped out so briskly that he hardly

seemed to tread the earth.

He had not gone far, when out of a thicket on his right there seemed to

come feeble cries as of someone in distress, and the instant he heard

them he exclaimed, “Thanks be to heaven for the favour it accords me,

that it so soon offers me an opportunity of fulfilling the obligation I

have undertaken, and gathering the fruit of my ambition. These cries,

no doubt, come from some man or woman in want of help, and needing my

aid and protection;” and wheeling, he turned Rocinante in the direction

whence the cries seemed to proceed. He had gone but a few paces into

the wood, when he saw a mare tied to an oak, and tied to another, and

stripped from the waist upwards, a youth of about fifteen years of age,

from whom the cries came. Nor were they without cause, for a lusty

farmer was flogging him with a belt and following up every blow with

scoldings and commands, repeating, “Your mouth shut and your eyes

open!” while the youth made answer, “I won’t do it again, master mine;

by God’s passion I won’t do it again, and I’ll take more care of the

flock another time.”

Seeing what was going on, Don Quixote said in an angry voice,

“Discourteous knight, it ill becomes you to assail one who cannot

defend himself; mount your steed and take your lance” (for there was a

lance leaning against the oak to which the mare was tied), “and I will

make you know that you are behaving as a coward.” The farmer, seeing

before him this figure in full armour brandishing a lance over his

head, gave himself up for dead, and made answer meekly, “Sir Knight,

this youth that I am chastising is my servant, employed by me to watch

a flock of sheep that I have hard by, and he is so careless that I lose

one every day, and when I punish him for his carelessness and knavery

he says I do it out of niggardliness, to escape paying him the wages I

owe him, and before God, and on my soul, he lies.”

“Lies before me, base clown!” said Don Quixote. “By the sun that shines

on us I have a mind to run you through with this lance. Pay him at once

without another word; if not, by the God that rules us I will make an

end of you, and annihilate you on the spot; release him instantly.”

p019.jpg (339K)

Full Size

The farmer hung his head, and without a word untied his servant, of

whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him.

He replied, nine months at seven reals a month. Don Quixote added it

up, found that it came to sixty-three reals, and told the farmer to pay

it down immediately, if he did not want to die for it.

The trembling clown replied that as he lived and by the oath he had

sworn (though he had not sworn any) it was not so much; for there were

to be taken into account and deducted three pairs of shoes he had given

him, and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick.

“All that is very well,” said Don Quixote; “but let the shoes and the

blood-lettings stand as a setoff against the blows you have given him

without any cause; for if he spoiled the leather of the shoes you paid

for, you have damaged that of his body, and if the barber took blood

from him when he was sick, you have drawn it when he was sound; so on

that score he owes you nothing.”

“The difficulty is, Sir Knight, that I have no money here; let Andres

come home with me, and I will pay him all, real by real.”

“I go with him!” said the youth. “Nay, God forbid! No, señor, not for

the world; for once alone with me, he would ray me like a Saint

Bartholomew.”

“He will do nothing of the kind,” said Don Quixote; “I have only to

command, and he will obey me; and as he has sworn to me by the order of

knighthood which he has received, I leave him free, and I guarantee the

payment.”

“Consider what you are saying, señor,” said the youth; “this master of

mine is not a knight, nor has he received any order of knighthood; for

he is Juan Haldudo the Rich, of Quintanar.”

“That matters little,” replied Don Quixote; “there may be Haldudos

knights; moreover, everyone is the son of his works.”

“That is true,” said Andres; “but this master of mine—of what works is

he the son, when he refuses me the wages of my sweat and labour?”

“I do not refuse, brother Andres,” said the farmer, “be good enough to

come along with me, and I swear by all the orders of knighthood there

are in the world to pay you as I have agreed, real by real, and

perfumed.”

“For the perfumery I excuse you,” said Don Quixote; “give it to him in

reals, and I shall be satisfied; and see that you do as you have sworn;

if not, by the same oath I swear to come back and hunt you out and

punish you; and I shall find you though you should lie closer than a

lizard. And if you desire to know who it is lays this command upon you,

that you be more firmly bound to obey it, know that I am the valorous

Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and injustices; and so,

God be with you, and keep in mind what you have promised and sworn

under those penalties that have been already declared to you.”

So saying, he gave Rocinante the spur and was soon out of reach. The

farmer followed him with his eyes, and when he saw that he had cleared

the wood and was no longer in sight, he turned to his boy Andres, and

said, “Come here, my son, I want to pay you what I owe you, as that

undoer of wrongs has commanded me.”

“My oath on it,” said Andres, “your worship will be well advised to

obey the command of that good knight—may he live a thousand years—for,

as he is a valiant and just judge, by Roque, if you do not pay me, he

will come back and do as he said.”

“My oath on it, too,” said the farmer; “but as I have a strong

affection for you, I want to add to the debt in order to add to the

payment;” and seizing him by the arm, he tied him up again, and gave

him such a flogging that he left him for dead.

“Now, Master Andres,” said the farmer, “call on the undoer of wrongs;

you will find he won’t undo that, though I am not sure that I have

quite done with you, for I have a good mind to flay you alive.” But at

last he untied him, and gave him leave to go look for his judge in

order to put the sentence pronounced into execution.

Andres went off rather down in the mouth, swearing he would go to look

for the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha and tell him exactly what had

happened, and that all would have to be repaid him sevenfold; but for

all that, he went off weeping, while his master stood laughing.

Thus did the valiant Don Quixote right that wrong, and, thoroughly

satisfied with what had taken place, as he considered he had made a

very happy and noble beginning with his knighthood, he took the road

towards his village in perfect self-content, saying in a low voice,

“Well mayest thou this day call thyself fortunate above all on earth, O

Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest of the fair! since it has fallen to thy

lot to hold subject and submissive to thy full will and pleasure a

knight so renowned as is and will be Don Quixote of La Mancha, who, as

all the world knows, yesterday received the order of knighthood, and

hath to-day righted the greatest wrong and grievance that ever

injustice conceived and cruelty perpetrated: who hath to-day plucked

the rod from the hand of yonder ruthless oppressor so wantonly lashing

that tender child.”

He now came to a road branching in four directions, and immediately he

was reminded of those cross-roads where knights-errant used to stop to

consider which road they should take. In imitation of them he halted

for a while, and after having deeply considered it, he gave Rocinante

his head, submitting his own will to that of his hack, who followed out

his first intention, which was to make straight for his own stable.

After he had gone about two miles Don Quixote perceived a large party

of people, who, as afterwards appeared, were some Toledo traders, on

their way to buy silk at Murcia. There were six of them coming along

under their sunshades, with four servants mounted, and three muleteers

on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote descried them when the fancy

possessed him that this must be some new adventure; and to help him to

imitate as far as he could those passages he had read of in his books,

here seemed to come one made on purpose, which he resolved to attempt.

So with a lofty bearing and determination he fixed himself firmly in

his stirrups, got his lance ready, brought his buckler before his

breast, and planting himself in the middle of the road, stood waiting

the approach of these knights-errant, for such he now considered and

held them to be; and when they had come near enough to see and hear, he

exclaimed with a haughty gesture, “All the world stand, unless all the

world confess that in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the

Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.”

The traders halted at the sound of this language and the sight of the

strange figure that uttered it, and from both figure and language at

once guessed the craze of their owner; they wished, however, to learn

quietly what was the object of this confession that was demanded of

them, and one of them, who was rather fond of a joke and was very

sharp-witted, said to him, “Sir Knight, we do not know who this good

lady is that you speak of; show her to us, for, if she be of such

beauty as you suggest, with all our hearts and without any pressure we

will confess the truth that is on your part required of us.”

“If I were to show her to you,” replied Don Quixote, “what merit would

you have in confessing a truth so manifest? The essential point is that

without seeing her you must believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend

it; else ye have to do with me in battle, ill-conditioned, arrogant

rabble that ye are; and come ye on, one by one as the order of

knighthood requires, or all together as is the custom and vile usage of

your breed, here do I bide and await you relying on the justice of the

cause I maintain.”

“Sir Knight,” replied the trader, “I entreat your worship in the name

of this present company of princes, that, to save us from charging our

consciences with the confession of a thing we have never seen or heard

of, and one moreover so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and

Queens of the Alcarria and Estremadura, your worship will be pleased to

show us some portrait of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain

of wheat; for by the thread one gets at the ball, and in this way we

shall be satisfied and easy, and you will be content and pleased; nay,

I believe we are already so far agreed with you that even though her

portrait should show her blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and

sulphur from the other, we would nevertheless, to gratify your worship,

say all in her favour that you desire.”

“She distils nothing of the kind, vile rabble,” said Don Quixote,

burning with rage, “nothing of the kind, I say, only ambergris and

civet in cotton; nor is she one-eyed or humpbacked, but straighter than

a Guadarrama spindle: but ye must pay for the blasphemy ye have uttered

against beauty like that of my lady.”

And so saying, he charged with levelled lance against the one who had

spoken, with such fury and fierceness that, if luck had not contrived

that Rocinante should stumble midway and come down, it would have gone

hard with the rash trader. Down went Rocinante, and over went his

master, rolling along the ground for some distance; and when he tried

to rise he was unable, so encumbered was he with lance, buckler, spurs,

helmet, and the weight of his old armour; and all the while he was

struggling to get up he kept saying, “Fly not, cowards and caitiffs!

stay, for not by my fault, but my horse’s, am I stretched here.”

p020.jpg (352K)

Full Size

One of the muleteers in attendance, who could not have had much good

nature in him, hearing the poor prostrate man blustering in this style,

was unable to refrain from giving him an answer on his ribs; and coming

up to him he seized his lance, and having broken it in pieces, with one

of them he began so to belabour our Don Quixote that, notwithstanding

and in spite of his armour, he milled him like a measure of wheat. His

masters called out not to lay on so hard and to leave him alone, but

the muleteers blood was up, and he did not care to drop the game until

he had vented the rest of his wrath, and gathering up the remaining

fragments of the lance he finished with a discharge upon the unhappy

victim, who all through the storm of sticks that rained on him never

ceased threatening heaven, and earth, and the brigands, for such they

seemed to him. At last the muleteer was tired, and the traders

continued their journey, taking with them matter for talk about the

poor fellow who had been cudgelled. He when he found himself alone made

another effort to rise; but if he was unable when whole and sound, how

was he to rise after having been thrashed and well-nigh knocked to

pieces? And yet he esteemed himself fortunate, as it seemed to him that

this was a regular knight-errant’s mishap, and entirely, he considered,

the fault of his horse. However, battered in body as he was, to rise

was beyond his power.

e04.jpg (28K)

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE NARRATIVE OF OUR KNIGHT’S MISHAP IS CONTINUED

p022.jpg (123K)

Full Size

Finding, then, that, in fact he could not move, he thought himself of

having recourse to his usual remedy, which was to think of some passage

in his books, and his craze brought to his mind that about Baldwin and

the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the

mountainside, a story known by heart by the children, not forgotten by

the young men, and lauded and even believed by the old folk; and for

all that not a whit truer than the miracles of Mahomet. This seemed to

him to fit exactly the case in which he found himself, so, making a

show of severe suffering, he began to roll on the ground and with

feeble breath repeat the very words which the wounded knight of the

wood is said to have uttered:

Where art thou, lady mine, that thou

My sorrow dost not rue?

Thou canst not know it, lady mine,

Or else thou art untrue.

And so he went on with the ballad as far as the lines:

O noble Marquis of Mantua,

My Uncle and liege lord!

p026.jpg (316K)

Full Size

As chance would have it, when he had got to this line there happened to

come by a peasant from his own village, a neighbour of his, who had

been with a load of wheat to the mill, and he, seeing the man stretched

there, came up to him and asked him who he was and what was the matter

with him that he complained so dolefully.

Don Quixote was firmly persuaded that this was the Marquis of Mantua,

his uncle, so the only answer he made was to go on with his ballad, in

which he told the tale of his misfortune, and of the loves of the

Emperor’s son and his wife all exactly as the ballad sings it.

The peasant stood amazed at hearing such nonsense, and relieving him of

the visor, already battered to pieces by blows, he wiped his face,

which was covered with dust, and as soon as he had done so he

recognised him and said, “Señor Quixada” (for so he appears to have

been called when he was in his senses and had not yet changed from a

quiet country gentleman into a knight-errant), “who has brought your

worship to this pass?” But to all questions the other only went on with

his ballad.

Seeing this, the good man removed as well as he could his breastplate

and backpiece to see if he had any wound, but he could perceive no

blood nor any mark whatever. He then contrived to raise him from the

ground, and with no little difficulty hoisted him upon his ass, which

seemed to him to be the easiest mount for him; and collecting the arms,

even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them on Rocinante, and

leading him by the bridle and the ass by the halter he took the road

for the village, very sad to hear what absurd stuff Don Quixote was

talking.

p029.jpg (285K)

Full Size

Nor was Don Quixote less so, for what with blows and bruises he could

not sit upright on the ass, and from time to time he sent up sighs to

heaven, so that once more he drove the peasant to ask what ailed him.

And it could have been only the devil himself that put into his head

tales to match his own adventures, for now, forgetting Baldwin, he

bethought himself of the Moor Abindarraez, when the Alcaide of

Antequera, Rodrigo de Narvaez, took him prisoner and carried him away

to his castle; so that when the peasant again asked him how he was and

what ailed him, he gave him for reply the same words and phrases that

the captive Abindarraez gave to Rodrigo de Narvaez, just as he had read

the story in the “Diana” of Jorge de Montemayor where it is written,

applying it to his own case so aptly that the peasant went along

cursing his fate that he had to listen to such a lot of nonsense; from

which, however, he came to the conclusion that his neighbour was mad,

and so made all haste to reach the village to escape the wearisomeness

of this harangue of Don Quixote’s; who, at the end of it, said, “Señor

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, your worship must know that this fair Xarifa I

have mentioned is now the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have

done, am doing, and will do the most famous deeds of chivalry that in

this world have been seen, are to be seen, or ever shall be seen.”

To this the peasant answered, “Señor—sinner that I am!—cannot your

worship see that I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez nor the Marquis of

Mantua, but Pedro Alonso your neighbour, and that your worship is

neither Baldwin nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman Señor

Quixada?”

“I know who I am,” replied Don Quixote, “and I know that I may be not

only those I have named, but all the Twelve Peers of France and even

all the Nine Worthies, since my achievements surpass all that they have

done all together and each of them on his own account.”

With this talk and more of the same kind they reached the village just

as night was beginning to fall, but the peasant waited until it was a

little later that the belaboured gentleman might not be seen riding in

such a miserable trim. When it was what seemed to him the proper time

he entered the village and went to Don Quixote’s house, which he found

all in confusion, and there were the curate and the village barber, who

were great friends of Don Quixote, and his housekeeper was saying to

them in a loud voice, “What does your worship think can have befallen

my master, Señor Licentiate Pero Perez?” for so the curate was called;

“it is three days now since anything has been seen of him, or the hack,

or the buckler, lance, or armour. Miserable me! I am certain of it, and

it is as true as that I was born to die, that these accursed books of

chivalry he has, and has got into the way of reading so constantly,

have upset his reason; for now I remember having often heard him saying

to himself that he would turn knight-errant and go all over the world

in quest of adventures. To the devil and Barabbas with such books, that

have brought to ruin in this way the finest understanding there was in

all La Mancha!”

The niece said the same, and, more: “You must know, Master

Nicholas”—for that was the name of the barber—“it was often my uncle’s

way to stay two days and nights together poring over these unholy books

of misventures, after which he would fling the book away and snatch up

his sword and fall to slashing the walls; and when he was tired out he

would say he had killed four giants like four towers; and the sweat

that flowed from him when he was weary he said was the blood of the

wounds he had received in battle; and then he would drink a great jug

of cold water and become calm and quiet, saying that this water was a

most precious potion which the sage Esquife, a great magician and

friend of his, had brought him. But I take all the blame upon myself

for never having told your worships of my uncle’s vagaries, that you

might put a stop to them before things had come to this pass, and burn

all these accursed books—for he has a great number—that richly deserve

to be burned like heretics.”

“So say I too,” said the curate, “and by my faith to-morrow shall not

pass without public judgment upon them, and may they be condemned to

the flames lest they lead those that read to behave as my good friend

seems to have behaved.”

All this the peasant heard, and from it he understood at last what was

the matter with his neighbour, so he began calling aloud, “Open, your

worships, to Señor Baldwin and to Señor the Marquis of Mantua, who

comes badly wounded, and to Señor Abindarraez, the Moor, whom the

valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, the Alcaide of Antequera, brings captive.”

At these words they all hurried out, and when they recognised their

friend, master, and uncle, who had not yet dismounted from the ass

because he could not, they ran to embrace him.

“Hold!” said he, “for I am badly wounded through my horse’s fault;

carry me to bed, and if possible send for the wise Urganda to cure and

see to my wounds.”

“See there! plague on it!” cried the housekeeper at this: “did not my

heart tell the truth as to which foot my master went lame of? To bed

with your worship at once, and we will contrive to cure you here

without fetching that Hurgada. A curse I say once more, and a hundred

times more, on those books of chivalry that have brought your worship

to such a pass.”

They carried him to bed at once, and after searching for his wounds

could find none, but he said they were all bruises from having had a

severe fall with his horse Rocinante when in combat with ten giants,

the biggest and the boldest to be found on earth.

“So, so!” said the curate, “are there giants in the dance? By the sign

of the Cross I will burn them to-morrow before the day is over.”

They put a host of questions to Don Quixote, but his only answer to all

was—give him something to eat, and leave him to sleep, for that was

what he needed most. They did so, and the curate questioned the peasant

at great length as to how he had found Don Quixote. He told him, and

the nonsense he had talked when found and on the way home, all which

made the licentiate the more eager to do what he did the next day,

which was to summon his friend the barber, Master Nicholas, and go with

him to Don Quixote’s house.

p031.jpg (31K)

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE DIVERTING AND IMPORTANT SCRUTINY WHICH THE CURATE AND THE BARBER

MADE IN THE LIBRARY OF OUR INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

c06a.jpg (92K)

Full Size

He was still sleeping; so the curate asked the niece for the keys of

the room where the books, the authors of all the mischief, were, and

right willingly she gave them. They all went in, the housekeeper with

them, and found more than a hundred volumes of big books very well

bound, and some other small ones. The moment the housekeeper saw them

she turned about and ran out of the room, and came back immediately

with a saucer of holy water and a sprinkler, saying, “Here, your

worship, señor licentiate, sprinkle this room; don’t leave any magician

of the many there are in these books to bewitch us in revenge for our

design of banishing them from the world.”

The simplicity of the housekeeper made the licentiate laugh, and he

directed the barber to give him the books one by one to see what they

were about, as there might be some to be found among them that did not

deserve the penalty of fire.

“No,” said the niece, “there is no reason for showing mercy to any of

them; they have every one of them done mischief; better fling them out

of the window into the court and make a pile of them and set fire to

them; or else carry them into the yard, and there a bonfire can be made

without the smoke giving any annoyance.” The housekeeper said the same,

so eager were they both for the slaughter of those innocents, but the

curate would not agree to it without first reading at any rate the

titles.

The first that Master Nicholas put into his hand was “The four books of

Amadis of Gaul.” “This seems a mysterious thing,” said the curate,

“for, as I have heard say, this was the first book of chivalry printed

in Spain, and from this all the others derive their birth and origin;

so it seems to me that we ought inexorably to condemn it to the flames

as the founder of so vile a sect.”

“Nay, sir,” said the barber, “I too, have heard say that this is the

best of all the books of this kind that have been written, and so, as

something singular in its line, it ought to be pardoned.”

“True,” said the curate; “and for that reason let its life be spared

for the present. Let us see that other which is next to it.”

“It is,” said the barber, “the ‘Sergas de Esplandian,’ the lawful son

of Amadis of Gaul.”

“Then verily,” said the curate, “the merit of the father must not be

put down to the account of the son. Take it, mistress housekeeper; open

the window and fling it into the yard and lay the foundation of the

pile for the bonfire we are to make.”

The housekeeper obeyed with great satisfaction, and the worthy

“Esplandian” went flying into the yard to await with all patience the

fire that was in store for him.

“Proceed,” said the curate.

“This that comes next,” said the barber, “is ‘Amadis of Greece,’ and,

indeed, I believe all those on this side are of the same Amadis

lineage.”

“Then to the yard with the whole of them,” said the curate; “for to

have the burning of Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel and

his eclogues, and the bedevilled and involved discourses of his author,

I would burn with them the father who begot me if he were going about

in the guise of a knight-errant.”

“I am of the same mind,” said the barber.

“And so am I,” added the niece.

“In that case,” said the housekeeper, “here, into the yard with them!”

They were handed to her, and as there were many of them, she spared

herself the staircase, and flung them down out of the window.

“Who is that tub there?” said the curate.

“This,” said the barber, “is ‘Don Olivante de Laura.’”

“The author of that book,” said the curate, “was the same that wrote

‘The Garden of Flowers,’ and truly there is no deciding which of the

two books is the more truthful, or, to put it better, the less lying;

all I can say is, send this one into the yard for a swaggering fool.”

“This that follows is ‘Florismarte of Hircania,’” said the barber.

“Señor Florismarte here?” said the curate; “then by my faith he must

take up his quarters in the yard, in spite of his marvellous birth and

visionary adventures, for the stiffness and dryness of his style

deserve nothing else; into the yard with him and the other, mistress

housekeeper.”

“With all my heart, señor,” said she, and executed the order with great

delight.

“This,” said the barber, “is ‘The Knight Platir.’”

“An old book that,” said the curate, “but I find no reason for clemency

in it; send it after the others without appeal;” which was done.

Another book was opened, and they saw it was entitled, “The Knight of

the Cross.”

“For the sake of the holy name this book has,” said the curate, “its

ignorance might be excused; but then, they say, ‘behind the cross

there’s the devil;’ to the fire with it.”

Taking down another book, the barber said, “This is ‘The Mirror of

Chivalry.’”

“I know his worship,” said the curate; “that is where Señor Reinaldos

of Montalvan figures with his friends and comrades, greater thieves

than Cacus, and the Twelve Peers of France with the veracious historian

Turpin; however, I am not for condemning them to more than perpetual

banishment, because, at any rate, they have some share in the invention

of the famous Matteo Boiardo, whence too the Christian poet Ludovico

Ariosto wove his web, to whom, if I find him here, and speaking any

language but his own, I shall show no respect whatever; but if he

speaks his own tongue I will put him upon my head.”

“Well, I have him in Italian,” said the barber, “but I do not

understand him.”

“Nor would it be well that you should understand him,” said the curate,

“and on that score we might have excused the Captain if he had not

brought him into Spain and turned him into Castilian. He robbed him of

a great deal of his natural force, and so do all those who try to turn

books written in verse into another language, for, with all the pains

they take and all the cleverness they show, they never can reach the

level of the originals as they were first produced. In short, I say

that this book, and all that may be found treating of those French

affairs, should be thrown into or deposited in some dry well, until

after more consideration it is settled what is to be done with them;

excepting always one ‘Bernardo del Carpio’ that is going about, and

another called ‘Roncesvalles;’ for these, if they come into my hands,

shall pass at once into those of the housekeeper, and from hers into

the fire without any reprieve.”

To all this the barber gave his assent, and looked upon it as right and

proper, being persuaded that the curate was so staunch to the Faith and

loyal to the Truth that he would not for the world say anything opposed

to them. Opening another book he saw it was “Palmerin de Oliva,” and

beside it was another called “Palmerin of England,” seeing which the

licentiate said, “Let the Olive be made firewood of at once and burned

until no ashes even are left; and let that Palm of England be kept and

preserved as a thing that stands alone, and let such another case be

made for it as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius

and set aside for the safe keeping of the works of the poet Homer. This

book, gossip, is of authority for two reasons, first because it is very

good, and secondly because it is said to have been written by a wise

and witty king of Portugal. All the adventures at the Castle of

Miraguarda are excellent and of admirable contrivance, and the language

is polished and clear, studying and observing the style befitting the

speaker with propriety and judgment. So then, provided it seems good to

you, Master Nicholas, I say let this and ‘Amadis of Gaul’ be remitted

the penalty of fire, and as for all the rest, let them perish without

further question or query.”

“Nay, gossip,” said the barber, “for this that I have here is the

famous ‘Don Belianis.’”

“Well,” said the curate, “that and the second, third, and fourth parts

all stand in need of a little rhubarb to purge their excess of bile,

and they must be cleared of all that stuff about the Castle of Fame and

other greater affectations, to which end let them be allowed the

over-seas term, and, according as they mend, so shall mercy or justice

be meted out to them; and in the mean time, gossip, do you keep them in

your house and let no one read them.”

“With all my heart,” said the barber; and not caring to tire himself

with reading more books of chivalry, he told the housekeeper to take

all the big ones and throw them into the yard. It was not said to one

dull or deaf, but to one who enjoyed burning them more than weaving the

broadest and finest web that could be; and seizing about eight at a

time, she flung them out of the window.

In carrying so many together she let one fall at the feet of the

barber, who took it up, curious to know whose it was, and found it

said, “History of the Famous Knight, Tirante el Blanco.”

“God bless me!” said the curate with a shout, “‘Tirante el Blanco’

here! Hand it over, gossip, for in it I reckon I have found a treasury

of enjoyment and a mine of recreation. Here is Don Kyrieleison of

Montalvan, a valiant knight, and his brother Thomas of Montalvan, and

the knight Fonseca, with the battle the bold Tirante fought with the

mastiff, and the witticisms of the damsel Placerdemivida, and the loves

and wiles of the widow Reposada, and the empress in love with the

squire Hipolito—in truth, gossip, by right of its style it is the best

book in the world. Here knights eat and sleep, and die in their beds,

and make their wills before dying, and a great deal more of which there

is nothing in all the other books. Nevertheless, I say he who wrote it,

for deliberately composing such fooleries, deserves to be sent to the

galleys for life. Take it home with you and read it, and you will see

that what I have said is true.”

“As you will,” said the barber; “but what are we to do with these

little books that are left?”

“These must be, not chivalry, but poetry,” said the curate; and opening

one he saw it was the “Diana” of Jorge de Montemayor, and, supposing

all the others to be of the same sort, “these,” he said, “do not

deserve to be burned like the others, for they neither do nor can do

the mischief the books of chivalry have done, being books of

entertainment that can hurt no one.”

“Ah, señor!” said the niece, “your worship had better order these to be

burned as well as the others; for it would be no wonder if, after being

cured of his chivalry disorder, my uncle, by reading these, took a

fancy to turn shepherd and range the woods and fields singing and

piping; or, what would be still worse, to turn poet, which they say is

an incurable and infectious malady.”

“The damsel is right,” said the curate, “and it will be well to put

this stumbling-block and temptation out of our friend’s way. To begin,

then, with the ‘Diana’ of Montemayor. I am of opinion it should not be

burned, but that it should be cleared of all that about the sage

Felicia and the magic water, and of almost all the longer pieces of

verse: let it keep, and welcome, its prose and the honour of being the

first of books of the kind.”

“This that comes next,” said the barber, “is the ‘Diana,’ entitled the

‘Second Part, by the Salamancan,’ and this other has the same title,

and its author is Gil Polo.”

“As for that of the Salamancan,” replied the curate, “let it go to

swell the number of the condemned in the yard, and let Gil Polo’s be

preserved as if it came from Apollo himself: but get on, gossip, and

make haste, for it is growing late.”

“This book,” said the barber, opening another, “is the ten books of the

‘Fortune of Love,’ written by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet.”

“By the orders I have received,” said the curate, “since Apollo has

been Apollo, and the Muses have been Muses, and poets have been poets,

so droll and absurd a book as this has never been written, and in its

way it is the best and the most singular of all of this species that

have as yet appeared, and he who has not read it may be sure he has

never read what is delightful. Give it here, gossip, for I make more

account of having found it than if they had given me a cassock of

Florence stuff.”

He put it aside with extreme satisfaction, and the barber went on,

“These that come next are ‘The Shepherd of Iberia,’ ‘Nymphs of

Henares,’ and ‘The Enlightenment of Jealousy.’”

“Then all we have to do,” said the curate, “is to hand them over to the

secular arm of the housekeeper, and ask me not why, or we shall never

have done.”

“This next is the ‘Pastor de Fílida.’”

“No Pastor that,” said the curate, “but a highly polished courtier; let

it be preserved as a precious jewel.”

“This large one here,” said the barber, “is called ‘The Treasury of

various Poems.’”

“If there were not so many of them,” said the curate, “they would be

more relished: this book must be weeded and cleansed of certain

vulgarities which it has with its excellences; let it be preserved

because the author is a friend of mine, and out of respect for other

more heroic and loftier works that he has written.”

“This,” continued the barber, “is the ‘Cancionero’ of Lopez de

Maldonado.”

“The author of that book, too,” said the curate, “is a great friend of

mine, and his verses from his own mouth are the admiration of all who

hear them, for such is the sweetness of his voice that he enchants when

he chants them: it gives rather too much of its eclogues, but what is

good was never yet plentiful: let it be kept with those that have been

set apart. But what book is that next it?”

“The ‘Galatea’ of Miguel de Cervantes,” said the barber.

“That Cervantes has been for many years a great friend of mine, and to

my knowledge he has had more experience in reverses than in verses. His

book has some good invention in it, it presents us with something but

brings nothing to a conclusion: we must wait for the Second Part it

promises: perhaps with amendment it may succeed in winning the full

measure of grace that is now denied it; and in the mean time do you,

señor gossip, keep it shut up in your own quarters.”

“Very good,” said the barber; “and here come three together, the

‘Araucana’ of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the ‘Austriada’ of Juan Rufo,

Justice of Cordova, and the ‘Montserrate’ of Christobal de Virués, the

Valencian poet.”

“These three books,” said the curate, “are the best that have been

written in Castilian in heroic verse, and they may compare with the

most famous of Italy; let them be preserved as the richest treasures of

poetry that Spain possesses.”

The curate was tired and would not look into any more books, and so he

decided that, “contents uncertified,” all the rest should be burned;

but just then the barber held open one, called “The Tears of Angelica.”

“I should have shed tears myself,” said the curate when he heard the

title, “had I ordered that book to be burned, for its author was one of

the famous poets of the world, not to say of Spain, and was very happy

in the translation of some of Ovid’s fables.”

c06e.jpg (30K)

CHAPTER VII.

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

c07a.jpg (151K)

Full Size

At this instant Don Quixote began shouting out, “Here, here, valiant

knights! here is need for you to put forth the might of your strong

arms, for they of the Court are gaining the mastery in the tourney!”

Called away by this noise and outcry, they proceeded no farther with

the scrutiny of the remaining books, and so it is thought that “The

Carolea,” “The Lion of Spain,” and “The Deeds of the Emperor,” written

by Don Luis de Ávila, went to the fire unseen and unheard; for no doubt

they were among those that remained, and perhaps if the curate had seen

them they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

When they reached Don Quixote he was already out of bed, and was still

shouting and raving, and slashing and cutting all round, as wide awake

as if he had never slept.

They closed with him and by force got him back to bed, and when he had

become a little calm, addressing the curate, he said to him, “Of a

truth, Señor Archbishop Turpin, it is a great disgrace for us who call

ourselves the Twelve Peers, so carelessly to allow the knights of the

Court to gain the victory in this tourney, we the adventurers having

carried off the honour on the three former days.”

“Hush, gossip,” said the curate; “please God, the luck may turn, and

what is lost to-day may be won to-morrow; for the present let your

worship have a care of your health, for it seems to me that you are

over-fatigued, if not badly wounded.”

“Wounded no,” said Don Quixote, “but bruised and battered no doubt, for

that bastard Don Roland has cudgelled me with the trunk of an oak tree,

and all for envy, because he sees that I alone rival him in his

achievements. But I should not call myself Reinaldos of Montalvan did

he not pay me for it in spite of all his enchantments as soon as I rise

from this bed. For the present let them bring me something to eat, for

that, I feel, is what will be more to my purpose, and leave it to me to

avenge myself.”

They did as he wished; they gave him something to eat, and once more he

fell asleep, leaving them marvelling at his madness.

That night the housekeeper burned to ashes all the books that were in

the yard and in the whole house; and some must have been consumed that

deserved preservation in everlasting archives, but their fate and the

laziness of the examiner did not permit it, and so in them was verified

the proverb that the innocent suffer for the guilty.

One of the remedies which the curate and the barber immediately applied

to their friend’s disorder was to wall up and plaster the room where

the books were, so that when he got up he should not find them

(possibly the cause being removed the effect might cease), and they

might say that a magician had carried them off, room and all; and this

was done with all despatch. Two days later Don Quixote got up, and the

first thing he did was to go and look at his books, and not finding the

room where he had left it, he wandered from side to side looking for

it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and tried it with

his hands, and turned and twisted his eyes in every direction without

saying a word; but after a good while he asked his housekeeper

whereabouts was the room that held his books.

The housekeeper, who had been already well instructed in what she was

to answer, said, “What room or what nothing is it that your worship is

looking for? There are neither room nor books in this house now, for

the devil himself has carried all away.”

“It was not the devil,” said the niece, “but a magician who came on a

cloud one night after the day your worship left this, and dismounting

from a serpent that he rode he entered the room, and what he did there

I know not, but after a little while he made off, flying through the

roof, and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he

had done we saw neither book nor room: but we remember very well, the

housekeeper and I, that on leaving, the old villain said in a loud

voice that, for a private grudge he owed the owner of the books and the

room, he had done mischief in that house that would be discovered

by-and-by: he said too that his name was the Sage Muñaton.”

“He must have said Friston,” said Don Quixote.

“I don’t know whether he called himself Friston or Friton,” said the

housekeeper, “I only know that his name ended with ‘ton.’”

“So it does,” said Don Quixote, “and he is a sage magician, a great

enemy of mine, who has a spite against me because he knows by his arts

and lore that in process of time I am to engage in single combat with a

knight whom he befriends and that I am to conquer, and he will be

unable to prevent it; and for this reason he endeavours to do me all

the ill turns that he can; but I promise him it will be hard for him to

oppose or avoid what is decreed by Heaven.”

“Who doubts that?” said the niece; “but, uncle, who mixes you up in

these quarrels? Would it not be better to remain at peace in your own

house instead of roaming the world looking for better bread than ever

came of wheat, never reflecting that many go for wool and come back

shorn?”

“Oh, niece of mine,” replied Don Quixote, “how much astray art thou in

thy reckoning: ere they shear me I shall have plucked away and stripped

off the beards of all who dare to touch only the tip of a hair of

mine.”

The two were unwilling to make any further answer, as they saw that his

anger was kindling.

In short, then, he remained at home fifteen days very quietly without

showing any signs of a desire to take up with his former delusions, and

during this time he held lively discussions with his two gossips, the

curate and the barber, on the point he maintained, that knights-errant

were what the world stood most in need of, and that in him was to be

accomplished the revival of knight-errantry. The curate sometimes

contradicted him, sometimes agreed with him, for if he had not observed

this precaution he would have been unable to bring him to reason.

Meanwhile Don Quixote worked upon a farm labourer, a neighbour of his,

an honest man (if indeed that title can be given to him who is poor),

but with very little wit in his pate. In a word, he so talked him over,

and with such persuasions and promises, that the poor clown made up his

mind to sally forth with him and serve him as esquire. Don Quixote,

among other things, told him he ought to be ready to go with him

gladly, because any moment an adventure might occur that might win an

island in the twinkling of an eye and leave him governor of it. On

these and the like promises Sancho Panza (for so the labourer was

called) left wife and children, and engaged himself as esquire to his

neighbour.

c07b.jpg (322K)

Full Size

Don Quixote next set about getting some money; and selling one thing

and pawning another, and making a bad bargain in every case, he got

together a fair sum. He provided himself with a buckler, which he

begged as a loan from a friend, and, restoring his battered helmet as

best he could, he warned his squire Sancho of the day and hour he meant

to set out, that he might provide himself with what he thought most

needful. Above all, he charged him to take alforjas with him. The other

said he would, and that he meant to take also a very good ass he had,

as he was not much given to going on foot. About the ass, Don Quixote

hesitated a little, trying whether he could call to mind any

knight-errant taking with him an esquire mounted on ass-back, but no

instance occurred to his memory. For all that, however, he determined

to take him, intending to furnish him with a more honourable mount when

a chance of it presented itself, by appropriating the horse of the

first discourteous knight he encountered. Himself he provided with

shirts and such other things as he could, according to the advice the

host had given him; all which being done, without taking leave, Sancho

Panza of his wife and children, or Don Quixote of his housekeeper and

niece, they sallied forth unseen by anybody from the village one night,

and made such good way in the course of it that by daylight they held

themselves safe from discovery, even should search be made for them.

Sancho rode on his ass like a patriarch, with his alforjas and bota,

and longing to see himself soon governor of the island his master had

promised him. Don Quixote decided upon taking the same route and road

he had taken on his first journey, that over the Campo de Montiel,

which he travelled with less discomfort than on the last occasion, for,

as it was early morning and the rays of the sun fell on them obliquely,

the heat did not distress them.

And now said Sancho Panza to his master, “Your worship will take care,

Señor Knight-errant, not to forget about the island you have promised

me, for be it ever so big I’ll be equal to governing it.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “Thou must know, friend Sancho Panza,

that it was a practice very much in vogue with the knights-errant of

old to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they

won, and I am determined that there shall be no failure on my part in

so liberal a custom; on the contrary, I mean to improve upon it, for

they sometimes, and perhaps most frequently, waited until their squires

were old, and then when they had had enough of service and hard days

and worse nights, they gave them some title or other, of count, or at

the most marquis, of some valley or province more or less; but if thou

livest and I live, it may well be that before six days are over, I may

have won some kingdom that has others dependent upon it, which will be

just the thing to enable thee to be crowned king of one of them. Nor

needst thou count this wonderful, for things and chances fall to the

lot of such knights in ways so unexampled and unexpected that I might

easily give thee even more than I promise thee.”

“In that case,” said Sancho Panza, “if I should become a king by one of

those miracles your worship speaks of, even Juana Gutierrez, my old

woman, would come to be queen and my children infantes.”

“Well, who doubts it?” said Don Quixote.

“I doubt it,” replied Sancho Panza, “because for my part I am persuaded

that though God should shower down kingdoms upon earth, not one of them

would fit the head of Mari Gutierrez. Let me tell you, señor, she is

not worth two maravedis for a queen; countess will fit her better, and

that only with God’s help.”

“Leave it to God, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “for he will give her

what suits her best; but do not undervalue thyself so much as to come

to be content with anything less than being governor of a province.”

“I will not, señor,” answered Sancho, “specially as I have a man of

such quality for a master in your worship, who will know how to give me

all that will be suitable for me and that I can bear.”

c07e.jpg (70K)

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE GOOD FORTUNE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE TERRIBLE

AND UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS, WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES

WORTHY TO BE FITLY RECORDED

c08a.jpg (142K)

Full Size

At this point they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that

there are on that plain, and as soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to

his squire, “Fortune is arranging matters for us better than we could

have shaped our desires ourselves, for look there, friend Sancho Panza,

where thirty or more monstrous giants present themselves, all of whom I

mean to engage in battle and slay, and with whose spoils we shall begin

to make our fortunes; for this is righteous warfare, and it is God’s

good service to sweep so evil a breed from off the face of the earth.”

“What giants?” said Sancho Panza.

“Those thou seest there,” answered his master, “with the long arms, and

some have them nearly two leagues long.”

“Look, your worship,” said Sancho; “what we see there are not giants

but windmills, and what seem to be their arms are the sails that turned

by the wind make the millstone go.”

“It is easy to see,” replied Don Quixote, “that thou art not used to

this business of adventures; those are giants; and if thou art afraid,

away with thee out of this and betake thyself to prayer while I engage

them in fierce and unequal combat.”

So saying, he gave the spur to his steed Rocinante, heedless of the

cries his squire Sancho sent after him, warning him that most certainly

they were windmills and not giants he was going to attack. He, however,

was so positive they were giants that he neither heard the cries of

Sancho, nor perceived, near as he was, what they were, but made at them

shouting, “Fly not, cowards and vile beings, for a single knight

attacks you.”

A slight breeze at this moment sprang up, and the great sails began to

move, seeing which Don Quixote exclaimed, “Though ye flourish more arms

than the giant Briareus, ye have to reckon with me.”

So saying, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady

Dulcinea, imploring her to support him in such a peril, with lance in

rest and covered by his buckler, he charged at Rocinante’s fullest

gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood in front of him; but as

he drove his lance-point into the sail the wind whirled it round with

such force that it shivered the lance to pieces, sweeping with it horse

and rider, who went rolling over on the plain, in a sorry condition.

Sancho hastened to his assistance as fast as his ass could go, and when

he came up found him unable to move, with such a shock had Rocinante

fallen with him.

c08b.jpg (358K)

Full Size

“God bless me!” said Sancho, “did I not tell your worship to mind what

you were about, for they were only windmills? and no one could have

made any mistake about it but one who had something of the same kind in

his head.”

“Hush, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “the fortunes of war more

than any other are liable to frequent fluctuations; and moreover I

think, and it is the truth, that that same sage Friston who carried off

my study and books, has turned these giants into mills in order to rob

me of the glory of vanquishing them, such is the enmity he bears me;

but in the end his wicked arts will avail but little against my good

sword.”

c08c.jpg (301K)

Full Size

“God order it as he may,” said Sancho Panza, and helping him to rise

got him up again on Rocinante, whose shoulder was half out; and then,

discussing the late adventure, they followed the road to Puerto Lapice,

for there, said Don Quixote, they could not fail to find adventures in

abundance and variety, as it was a great thoroughfare. For all that, he

was much grieved at the loss of his lance, and saying so to his squire,

he added, “I remember having read how a Spanish knight, Diego Perez de

Vargas by name, having broken his sword in battle, tore from an oak a

ponderous bough or branch, and with it did such things that day, and

pounded so many Moors, that he got the surname of Machuca, and he and

his descendants from that day forth were called Vargas y Machuca. I

mention this because from the first oak I see I mean to rend such

another branch, large and stout like that, with which I am determined

and resolved to do such deeds that thou mayest deem thyself very

fortunate in being found worthy to come and see them, and be an

eyewitness of things that will with difficulty be believed.”

“Be that as God will,” said Sancho, “I believe it all as your worship

says it; but straighten yourself a little, for you seem all on one

side, may be from the shaking of the fall.”

“That is the truth,” said Don Quixote, “and if I make no complaint of

the pain it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of

any wound, even though their bowels be coming out through it.”

“If so,” said Sancho, “I have nothing to say; but God knows I would

rather your worship complained when anything ailed you. For my part, I

confess I must complain however small the ache may be; unless this rule

about not complaining extends to the squires of knights-errant also.”

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire’s simplicity, and he

assured him he might complain whenever and however he chose, just as he

liked, for, so far, he had never read of anything to the contrary in

the order of knighthood.

Sancho bade him remember it was dinner-time, to which his master

answered that he wanted nothing himself just then, but that \_he\_ might

eat when he had a mind. With this permission Sancho settled himself as

comfortably as he could on his beast, and taking out of the alforjas

what he had stowed away in them, he jogged along behind his master

munching deliberately, and from time to time taking a pull at the bota

with a relish that the thirstiest tapster in Malaga might have envied;

and while he went on in this way, gulping down draught after draught,

he never gave a thought to any of the promises his master had made him,

nor did he rate it as hardship but rather as recreation going in quest

of adventures, however dangerous they might be. Finally they passed the

night among some trees, from one of which Don Quixote plucked a dry

branch to serve him after a fashion as a lance, and fixed on it the

head he had removed from the broken one. All that night Don Quixote lay

awake thinking of his lady Dulcinea, in order to conform to what he had

read in his books, how many a night in the forests and deserts knights

used to lie sleepless supported by the memory of their mistresses. Not

so did Sancho Panza spend it, for having his stomach full of something

stronger than chicory water he made but one sleep of it, and, if his

master had not called him, neither the rays of the sun beating on his

face nor all the cheery notes of the birds welcoming the approach of

day would have had power to waken him. On getting up he tried the bota

and found it somewhat less full than the night before, which grieved

his heart because they did not seem to be on the way to remedy the

deficiency readily. Don Quixote did not care to break his fast, for, as

has been already said, he confined himself to savoury recollections for

nourishment.

They returned to the road they had set out with, leading to Puerto

Lapice, and at three in the afternoon they came in sight of it. “Here,

brother Sancho Panza,” said Don Quixote when he saw it, “we may plunge

our hands up to the elbows in what they call adventures; but observe,

even shouldst thou see me in the greatest danger in the world, thou

must not put a hand to thy sword in my defence, unless indeed thou

perceivest that those who assail me are rabble or base folk; for in

that case thou mayest very properly aid me; but if they be knights it

is on no account permitted or allowed thee by the laws of knighthood to

help me until thou hast been dubbed a knight.”

“Most certainly, señor,” replied Sancho, “your worship shall be fully

obeyed in this matter; all the more as of myself I am peaceful and no

friend to mixing in strife and quarrels: it is true that as regards the

defence of my own person I shall not give much heed to those laws, for

laws human and divine allow each one to defend himself against any

assailant whatever.”

“That I grant,” said Don Quixote, “but in this matter of aiding me

against knights thou must put a restraint upon thy natural

impetuosity.”

“I will do so, I promise you,” answered Sancho, “and will keep this

precept as carefully as Sunday.”

While they were thus talking there appeared on the road two friars of

the order of St. Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for not less

tall were the two mules they rode on. They wore travelling spectacles

and carried sunshades; and behind them came a coach attended by four or

five persons on horseback and two muleteers on foot. In the coach there

was, as afterwards appeared, a Biscay lady on her way to Seville, where

her husband was about to take passage for the Indies with an

appointment of high honour. The friars, though going the same road,

were not in her company; but the moment Don Quixote perceived them he

said to his squire, “Either I am mistaken, or this is going to be the

most famous adventure that has ever been seen, for those black bodies

we see there must be, and doubtless are, magicians who are carrying off

some stolen princess in that coach, and with all my might I must undo

this wrong.”

“This will be worse than the windmills,” said Sancho. “Look, señor;

those are friars of St. Benedict, and the coach plainly belongs to some

travellers: I tell you to mind well what you are about and don’t let

the devil mislead you.”

“I have told thee already, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that on the

subject of adventures thou knowest little. What I say is the truth, as

thou shalt see presently.”

So saying, he advanced and posted himself in the middle of the road

along which the friars were coming, and as soon as he thought they had

come near enough to hear what he said, he cried aloud, “Devilish and

unnatural beings, release instantly the highborn princesses whom you

are carrying off by force in this coach, else prepare to meet a speedy

death as the just punishment of your evil deeds.”

The friars drew rein and stood wondering at the appearance of Don

Quixote as well as at his words, to which they replied, “Señor

Caballero, we are not devilish or unnatural, but two brothers of St.

Benedict following our road, nor do we know whether or not there are

any captive princesses coming in this coach.”

“No soft words with me, for I know you, lying rabble,” said Don

Quixote, and without waiting for a reply he spurred Rocinante and with

levelled lance charged the first friar with such fury and

determination, that, if the friar had not flung himself off the mule,

he would have brought him to the ground against his will, and sore

wounded, if not killed outright. The second brother, seeing how his

comrade was treated, drove his heels into his castle of a mule and made

off across the country faster than the wind.

Sancho Panza, when he saw the friar on the ground, dismounting briskly

from his ass, rushed towards him and began to strip off his gown. At

that instant the friars muleteers came up and asked what he was

stripping him for. Sancho answered them that this fell to him lawfully

as spoil of the battle which his lord Don Quixote had won. The

muleteers, who had no idea of a joke and did not understand all this

about battles and spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was some distance off

talking to the travellers in the coach, fell upon Sancho, knocked him

down, and leaving hardly a hair in his beard, belaboured him with kicks

and left him stretched breathless and senseless on the ground; and

without any more delay helped the friar to mount, who, trembling,

terrified, and pale, as soon as he found himself in the saddle, spurred

after his companion, who was standing at a distance looking on,

watching the result of the onslaught; then, not caring to wait for the

end of the affair just begun, they pursued their journey making more

crosses than if they had the devil after them.

Don Quixote was, as has been said, speaking to the lady in the coach:

“Your beauty, lady mine,” said he, “may now dispose of your person as

may be most in accordance with your pleasure, for the pride of your

ravishers lies prostrate on the ground through this strong arm of mine;

and lest you should be pining to know the name of your deliverer, know

that I am called Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and

adventurer, and captive to the peerless and beautiful lady Dulcinea del

Toboso: and in return for the service you have received of me I ask no

more than that you should return to El Toboso, and on my behalf present

yourself before that lady and tell her what I have done to set you

free.”

One of the squires in attendance upon the coach, a Biscayan, was

listening to all Don Quixote was saying, and, perceiving that he would

not allow the coach to go on, but was saying it must return at once to

El Toboso, he made at him, and seizing his lance addressed him in bad

Castilian and worse Biscayan after his fashion, “Begone, caballero, and

ill go with thee; by the God that made me, unless thou quittest coach,

slayest thee as art here a Biscayan.”

Don Quixote understood him quite well, and answered him very quietly,

“If thou wert a knight, as thou art none, I should have already

chastised thy folly and rashness, miserable creature.” To which the

Biscayan returned, “I no gentleman!—I swear to God thou liest as I am

Christian: if thou droppest lance and drawest sword, soon shalt thou

see thou art carrying water to the cat: Biscayan on land, hidalgo at

sea, hidalgo at the devil, and look, if thou sayest otherwise thou

liest.”

“‘“You will see presently,” said Agrajes,’” replied Don Quixote; and

throwing his lance on the ground he drew his sword, braced his buckler

on his arm, and attacked the Biscayan, bent upon taking his life.

The Biscayan, when he saw him coming on, though he wished to dismount

from his mule, in which, being one of those sorry ones let out for

hire, he had no confidence, had no choice but to draw his sword; it was

lucky for him, however, that he was near the coach, from which he was

able to snatch a cushion that served him for a shield; and they went at

one another as if they had been two mortal enemies. The others strove

to make peace between them, but could not, for the Biscayan declared in

his disjointed phrase that if they did not let him finish his battle he

would kill his mistress and everyone that strove to prevent him. The

lady in the coach, amazed and terrified at what she saw, ordered the

coachman to draw aside a little, and set herself to watch this severe

struggle, in the course of which the Biscayan smote Don Quixote a

mighty stroke on the shoulder over the top of his buckler, which, given

to one without armour, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote,

feeling the weight of this prodigious blow, cried aloud, saying, “O

lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauty, come to the aid of this

your knight, who, in fulfilling his obligations to your beauty, finds

himself in this extreme peril.” To say this, to lift his sword, to

shelter himself well behind his buckler, and to assail the Biscayan was

the work of an instant, determined as he was to venture all upon a

single blow. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, was

convinced of his courage by his spirited bearing, and resolved to

follow his example, so he waited for him keeping well under cover of

his cushion, being unable to execute any sort of manoeuvre with his

mule, which, dead tired and never meant for this kind of game, could

not stir a step.

On, then, as aforesaid, came Don Quixote against the wary Biscayan,

with uplifted sword and a firm intention of splitting him in half,

while on his side the Biscayan waited for him sword in hand, and under

the protection of his cushion; and all present stood trembling, waiting

in suspense the result of blows such as threatened to fall, and the

lady in the coach and the rest of her following were making a thousand

vows and offerings to all the images and shrines of Spain, that God

might deliver her squire and all of them from this great peril in which

they found themselves. But it spoils all, that at this point and crisis

the author of the history leaves this battle impending, giving as

excuse that he could find nothing more written about these achievements

of Don Quixote than what has been already set forth. It is true the

second author of this work was unwilling to believe that a history so

curious could have been allowed to fall under the sentence of oblivion,

or that the wits of La Mancha could have been so undiscerning as not to

preserve in their archives or registries some documents referring to

this famous knight; and this being his persuasion, he did not despair

of finding the conclusion of this pleasant history, which, heaven

favouring him, he did find in a way that shall be related in the Second

Part.

c08e.jpg (54K)

CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED AND FINISHED THE TERRIFIC BATTLE BETWEEN THE

GALLANT BISCAYAN AND THE VALIANT MANCHEGAN

c09a.jpg (142K)

Full Size

In the First Part of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and the

renowned Don Quixote with drawn swords uplifted, ready to deliver two

such furious slashing blows that if they had fallen full and fair they

would at least have split and cleft them asunder from top to toe and

laid them open like a pomegranate; and at this so critical point the

delightful history came to a stop and stood cut short without any

intimation from the author where what was missing was to be found.

This distressed me greatly, because the pleasure derived from having

read such a small portion turned to vexation at the thought of the poor

chance that presented itself of finding the large part that, so it

seemed to me, was missing of such an interesting tale. It appeared to

me to be a thing impossible and contrary to all precedent that so good

a knight should have been without some sage to undertake the task of

writing his marvellous achievements; a thing that was never wanting to

any of those knights-errant who, they say, went after adventures; for

every one of them had one or two sages as if made on purpose, who not

only recorded their deeds but described their most trifling thoughts

and follies, however secret they might be; and such a good knight could

not have been so unfortunate as not to have what Platir and others like

him had in abundance. And so I could not bring myself to believe that

such a gallant tale had been left maimed and mutilated, and I laid the

blame on Time, the devourer and destroyer of all things, that had

either concealed or consumed it.

On the other hand, it struck me that, inasmuch as among his books there

had been found such modern ones as “The Enlightenment of Jealousy” and

the “Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares,” his story must likewise be

modern, and that though it might not be written, it might exist in the

memory of the people of his village and of those in the neighbourhood.

This reflection kept me perplexed and longing to know really and truly

the whole life and wondrous deeds of our famous Spaniard, Don Quixote

of La Mancha, light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first

that in our age and in these so evil days devoted himself to the labour

and exercise of the arms of knight-errantry, righting wrongs,

succouring widows, and protecting damsels of that sort that used to

ride about, whip in hand, on their palfreys, with all their virginity

about them, from mountain to mountain and valley to valley—for, if it

were not for some ruffian, or boor with a hood and hatchet, or

monstrous giant, that forced them, there were in days of yore damsels

that at the end of eighty years, in all which time they had never slept

a day under a roof, went to their graves as much maids as the mothers

that bore them. I say, then, that in these and other respects our

gallant Don Quixote is worthy of everlasting and notable praise, nor

should it be withheld even from me for the labour and pains spent in

searching for the conclusion of this delightful history; though I know

well that if Heaven, chance and good fortune had not helped me, the

world would have remained deprived of an entertainment and pleasure

that for a couple of hours or so may well occupy him who shall read it

attentively. The discovery of it occurred in this way.

One day, as I was in the Alcana of Toledo, a boy came up to sell some

pamphlets and old papers to a silk mercer, and, as I am fond of reading

even the very scraps of paper in the streets, led by this natural bent

of mine I took up one of the pamphlets the boy had for sale, and saw

that it was in characters which I recognised as Arabic, and as I was

unable to read them though I could recognise them, I looked about to

see if there were any Spanish-speaking Morisco at hand to read them for

me; nor was there any great difficulty in finding such an interpreter,

for even had I sought one for an older and better language I should

have found him. In short, chance provided me with one, who when I told

him what I wanted and put the book into his hands, opened it in the

middle and after reading a little in it began to laugh. I asked him

what he was laughing at, and he replied that it was at something the

book had written in the margin by way of a note. I bade him tell it to

me; and he still laughing said, “In the margin, as I told you, this is

written: ‘\_This Dulcinea del Toboso so often mentioned in this history,

had, they say, the best hand of any woman in all La Mancha for salting

pigs\_.’”

When I heard Dulcinea del Toboso named, I was struck with surprise and

amazement, for it occurred to me at once that these pamphlets contained

the history of Don Quixote. With this idea I pressed him to read the

beginning, and doing so, turning the Arabic offhand into Castilian, he

told me it meant, “\_History of Don Quixote of La Mancha, written by Cid

Hamete Benengeli, an Arab historian\_.” It required great caution to

hide the joy I felt when the title of the book reached my ears, and

snatching it from the silk mercer, I bought all the papers and

pamphlets from the boy for half a real; and if he had had his wits

about him and had known how eager I was for them, he might have safely

calculated on making more than six reals by the bargain. I withdrew at

once with the Morisco into the cloister of the cathedral, and begged

him to turn all these pamphlets that related to Don Quixote into the

Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything to them, offering

him whatever payment he pleased. He was satisfied with two arrobas of

raisins and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them

faithfully and with all despatch; but to make the matter easier, and

not to let such a precious find out of my hands, I took him to my

house, where in little more than a month and a half he translated the

whole just as it is set down here.

In the first pamphlet the battle between Don Quixote and the Biscayan

was drawn to the very life, they planted in the same attitude as the

history describes, their swords raised, and the one protected by his

buckler, the other by his cushion, and the Biscayan’s mule so true to

nature that it could be seen to be a hired one a bowshot off. The

Biscayan had an inscription under his feet which said, “\_Don Sancho de

Azpeitia\_,” which no doubt must have been his name; and at the feet of

Rocinante was another that said, “\_Don Quixote\_.” Rocinante was

marvellously portrayed, so long and thin, so lank and lean, with so

much backbone and so far gone in consumption, that he showed plainly

with what judgment and propriety the name of Rocinante had been

bestowed upon him. Near him was Sancho Panza holding the halter of his

ass, at whose feet was another label that said, “Sancho Zancas,” and

according to the picture, he must have had a big belly, a short body,

and long shanks, for which reason, no doubt, the names of Panza and

Zancas were given him, for by these two surnames the history several

times calls him. Some other trifling particulars might be mentioned,

but they are all of slight importance and have nothing to do with the

true relation of the history; and no history can be bad so long as it

is true.

If against the present one any objection be raised on the score of its

truth, it can only be that its author was an Arab, as lying is a very

common propensity with those of that nation; though, as they are such

enemies of ours, it is conceivable that there were omissions rather

than additions made in the course of it. And this is my own opinion;

for, where he could and should give freedom to his pen in praise of so

worthy a knight, he seems to me deliberately to pass it over in

silence; which is ill done and worse contrived, for it is the business

and duty of historians to be exact, truthful, and wholly free from

passion, and neither interest nor fear, hatred nor love, should make

them swerve from the path of truth, whose mother is history, rival of

time, storehouse of deeds, witness for the past, example and counsel

for the present, and warning for the future. In this I know will be

found all that can be desired in the pleasantest, and if it be wanting

in any good quality, I maintain it is the fault of its hound of an

author and not the fault of the subject. To be brief, its Second Part,

according to the translation, began in this way:

With trenchant swords upraised and poised on high, it seemed as though

the two valiant and wrathful combatants stood threatening heaven, and

earth, and hell, with such resolution and determination did they bear

themselves. The fiery Biscayan was the first to strike a blow, which

was delivered with such force and fury that had not the sword turned in

its course, that single stroke would have sufficed to put an end to the

bitter struggle and to all the adventures of our knight; but that good

fortune which reserved him for greater things, turned aside the sword

of his adversary, so that although it smote him upon the left shoulder,

it did him no more harm than to strip all that side of its armour,

carrying away a great part of his helmet with half of his ear, all

which with fearful ruin fell to the ground, leaving him in a sorry

plight.

Good God! Who is there that could properly describe the rage that

filled the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself dealt with in

this fashion? All that can be said is, it was such that he again raised

himself in his stirrups, and, grasping his sword more firmly with both

hands, he came down on the Biscayan with such fury, smiting him full

over the cushion and over the head, that—even so good a shield proving

useless—as if a mountain had fallen on him, he began to bleed from

nose, mouth, and ears, reeling as if about to fall backwards from his

mule, as no doubt he would have done had he not flung his arms about

its neck; at the same time, however, he slipped his feet out of the

stirrups and then unclasped his arms, and the mule, taking fright at

the terrible blow, made off across the plain, and with a few plunges

flung its master to the ground. Don Quixote stood looking on very

calmly, and, when he saw him fall, leaped from his horse and with great

briskness ran to him, and, presenting the point of his sword to his

eyes, bade him surrender, or he would cut his head off. The Biscayan

was so bewildered that he was unable to answer a word, and it would

have gone hard with him, so blind was Don Quixote, had not the ladies

in the coach, who had hitherto been watching the combat in great

terror, hastened to where he stood and implored him with earnest

entreaties to grant them the great grace and favour of sparing their

squire’s life; to which Don Quixote replied with much gravity and

dignity, “In truth, fair ladies, I am well content to do what ye ask of

me; but it must be on one condition and understanding, which is that

this knight promise me to go to the village of El Toboso, and on my

behalf present himself before the peerless lady Dulcinea, that she deal

with him as shall be most pleasing to her.”

The terrified and disconsolate ladies, without discussing Don Quixote’s

demand or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that their squire

should do all that had been commanded.

“Then, on the faith of that promise,” said Don Quixote, “I shall do him

no further harm, though he well deserves it of me.”

c09e.jpg (61K)

Full Size

CHAPTER X.

OF THE PLEASANT DISCOURSE THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS

SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA

c10a.jpg (91K)

Full Size

Now by this time Sancho had risen, rather the worse for the handling of

the friars’ muleteers, and stood watching the battle of his master, Don

Quixote, and praying to God in his heart that it might be his will to

grant him the victory, and that he might thereby win some island to

make him governor of, as he had promised. Seeing, therefore, that the

struggle was now over, and that his master was returning to mount

Rocinante, he approached to hold the stirrup for him, and, before he

could mount, he went on his knees before him, and taking his hand,

kissed it saying, “May it please your worship, Señor Don Quixote, to

give me the government of that island which has been won in this hard

fight, for be it ever so big I feel myself in sufficient force to be

able to govern it as much and as well as anyone in the world who has

ever governed islands.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “Thou must take notice, brother Sancho,

that this adventure and those like it are not adventures of islands,

but of cross-roads, in which nothing is got except a broken head or an

ear the less: have patience, for adventures will present themselves

from which I may make you, not only a governor, but something more.”

Sancho gave him many thanks, and again kissing his hand and the skirt

of his hauberk, helped him to mount Rocinante, and mounting his ass

himself, proceeded to follow his master, who at a brisk pace, without

taking leave, or saying anything further to the ladies belonging to the

coach, turned into a wood that was hard by. Sancho followed him at his

ass’s best trot, but Rocinante stepped out so that, seeing himself left

behind, he was forced to call to his master to wait for him. Don

Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up,

who on reaching him said, “It seems to me, señor, it would be prudent

in us to go and take refuge in some church, for, seeing how mauled he

with whom you fought has been left, it will be no wonder if they give

information of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood and arrest us, and,

faith, if they do, before we come out of gaol we shall have to sweat

for it.”

“Peace,” said Don Quixote; “where hast thou ever seen or heard that a

knight-errant has been arraigned before a court of justice, however

many homicides he may have committed?”

“I know nothing about omecils,” answered Sancho, “nor in my life have

had anything to do with one; I only know that the Holy Brotherhood

looks after those who fight in the fields, and in that other matter I

do not meddle.”

“Then thou needst have no uneasiness, my friend,” said Don Quixote,

“for I will deliver thee out of the hands of the Chaldeans, much more

out of those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, as thou livest, hast thou

seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known world; hast thou

read in history of any who has or had higher mettle in attack, more

spirit in maintaining it, more dexterity in wounding or skill in

overthrowing?”

“The truth is,” answered Sancho, “that I have never read any history,

for I can neither read nor write, but what I will venture to bet is

that a more daring master than your worship I have never served in all

the days of my life, and God grant that this daring be not paid for

where I have said; what I beg of your worship is to dress your wound,

for a great deal of blood flows from that ear, and I have here some

lint and a little white ointment in the alforjas.”

“All that might be well dispensed with,” said Don Quixote, “if I had

remembered to make a vial of the balsam of Fierabras, for time and

medicine are saved by one single drop.”

“What vial and what balsam is that?” said Sancho Panza.

“It is a balsam,” answered Don Quixote, “the receipt of which I have in

my memory, with which one need have no fear of death, or dread dying of

any wound; and so when I make it and give it to thee thou hast nothing

to do when in some battle thou seest they have cut me in half through

the middle of the body—as is wont to happen frequently—but neatly and

with great nicety, ere the blood congeal, to place that portion of the

body which shall have fallen to the ground upon the other half which

remains in the saddle, taking care to fit it on evenly and exactly.

Then thou shalt give me to drink but two drops of the balsam I have

mentioned, and thou shalt see me become sounder than an apple.”

“If that be so,” said Panza, “I renounce henceforth the government of

the promised island, and desire nothing more in payment of my many and

faithful services than that your worship give me the receipt of this

supreme liquor, for I am persuaded it will be worth more than two reals

an ounce anywhere, and I want no more to pass the rest of my life in

ease and honour; but it remains to be told if it costs much to make

it.”

“With less than three reals, six quarts of it may be made,” said Don

Quixote.

“Sinner that I am!” said Sancho, “then why does your worship put off

making it and teaching it to me?”

“Peace, friend,” answered Don Quixote; “greater secrets I mean to teach

thee and greater favours to bestow upon thee; and for the present let

us see to the dressing, for my ear pains me more than I could wish.”

Sancho took out some lint and ointment from the alforjas; but when Don

Quixote came to see his helmet shattered, he was like to lose his

senses, and clapping his hand upon his sword and raising his eyes to

heaven, he said, “I swear by the Creator of all things and the four

Gospels in their fullest extent, to do as the great Marquis of Mantua

did when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Baldwin (and that

was not to eat bread from a table-cloth, nor embrace his wife, and

other points which, though I cannot now call them to mind, I here grant

as expressed) until I take complete vengeance upon him who has

committed such an offence against me.”

Hearing this, Sancho said to him, “Your worship should bear in mind,

Señor Don Quixote, that if the knight has done what was commanded him

in going to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will

have done all that he was bound to do, and does not deserve further

punishment unless he commits some new offence.”

“Thou hast said well and hit the point,” answered Don Quixote; and so I

recall the oath in so far as relates to taking fresh vengeance on him,

but I make and confirm it anew to lead the life I have said until such

time as I take by force from some knight another helmet such as this

and as good; and think not, Sancho, that I am raising smoke with straw

in doing so, for I have one to imitate in the matter, since the very

same thing to a hair happened in the case of Mambrino’s helmet, which

cost Sacripante so dear.”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “let your worship send all such oaths to the

devil, for they are very pernicious to salvation and prejudicial to the

conscience; just tell me now, if for several days to come we fall in

with no man armed with a helmet, what are we to do? Is the oath to be

observed in spite of all the inconvenience and discomfort it will be to

sleep in your clothes, and not to sleep in a house, and a thousand

other mortifications contained in the oath of that old fool the Marquis

of Mantua, which your worship is now wanting to revive? Let your

worship observe that there are no men in armour travelling on any of

these roads, nothing but carriers and carters, who not only do not wear

helmets, but perhaps never heard tell of them all their lives.”

“Thou art wrong there,” said Don Quixote, “for we shall not have been

above two hours among these cross-roads before we see more men in

armour than came to Albraca to win the fair Angelica.”

“Enough,” said Sancho; “so be it then, and God grant us success, and

that the time for winning that island which is costing me so dear may

soon come, and then let me die.”

“I have already told thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “not to give

thyself any uneasiness on that score; for if an island should fail,

there is the kingdom of Denmark, or of Sobradisa, which will fit thee

as a ring fits the finger, and all the more that, being on \_terra

firma\_, thou wilt all the better enjoy thyself. But let us leave that

to its own time; see if thou hast anything for us to eat in those

alforjas, because we must presently go in quest of some castle where we

may lodge to-night and make the balsam I told thee of, for I swear to

thee by God, this ear is giving me great pain.”

“I have here an onion and a little cheese and a few scraps of bread,”

said Sancho, “but they are not victuals fit for a valiant knight like

your worship.”

“How little thou knowest about it,” answered Don Quixote; “I would have

thee to know, Sancho, that it is the glory of knights-errant to go

without eating for a month, and even when they do eat, that it should

be of what comes first to hand; and this would have been clear to thee

hadst thou read as many histories as I have, for, though they are very

many, among them all I have found no mention made of knights-errant

eating, unless by accident or at some sumptuous banquets prepared for

them, and the rest of the time they passed in dalliance. And though it

is plain they could not do without eating and performing all the other

natural functions, because, in fact, they were men like ourselves, it

is plain too that, wandering as they did the most part of their lives

through woods and wilds and without a cook, their most usual fare would

be rustic viands such as those thou now offer me; so that, friend

Sancho, let not that distress thee which pleases me, and do not seek to

make a new world or pervert knight-errantry.”

“Pardon me, your worship,” said Sancho, “for, as I cannot read or

write, as I said just now, I neither know nor comprehend the rules of

the profession of chivalry: henceforward I will stock the alforjas with

every kind of dry fruit for your worship, as you are a knight; and for

myself, as I am not one, I will furnish them with poultry and other

things more substantial.”

“I do not say, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “that it is imperative on

knights-errant not to eat anything else but the fruits thou speakest

of; only that their more usual diet must be those, and certain herbs

they found in the fields which they knew and I know too.”

“A good thing it is,” answered Sancho, “to know those herbs, for to my

thinking it will be needful some day to put that knowledge into

practice.”

And here taking out what he said he had brought, the pair made their

repast peaceably and sociably. But anxious to find quarters for the

night, they with all despatch made an end of their poor dry fare,

mounted at once, and made haste to reach some habitation before night

set in; but daylight and the hope of succeeding in their object failed

them close by the huts of some goatherds, so they determined to pass

the night there, and it was as much to Sancho’s discontent not to have

reached a house, as it was to his master’s satisfaction to sleep under

the open heaven, for he fancied that each time this happened to him he

performed an act of ownership that helped to prove his chivalry.

c10e.jpg (57K)

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH CERTAIN GOATHERDS

c11a.jpg (173K)

Full Size

He was cordially welcomed by the goatherds, and Sancho, having as best

he could put up Rocinante and the ass, drew towards the fragrance that

came from some pieces of salted goat simmering in a pot on the fire;

and though he would have liked at once to try if they were ready to be

transferred from the pot to the stomach, he refrained from doing so as

the goatherds removed them from the fire, and laying sheepskins on the

ground, quickly spread their rude table, and with signs of hearty

good-will invited them both to share what they had. Round the skins six

of the men belonging to the fold seated themselves, having first with

rough politeness pressed Don Quixote to take a seat upon a trough which

they placed for him upside down. Don Quixote seated himself, and Sancho

remained standing to serve the cup, which was made of horn. Seeing him

standing, his master said to him:

“That thou mayest see, Sancho, the good that knight-errantry contains

in itself, and how those who fill any office in it are on the high road

to be speedily honoured and esteemed by the world, I desire that thou

seat thyself here at my side and in the company of these worthy people,

and that thou be one with me who am thy master and natural lord, and

that thou eat from my plate and drink from whatever I drink from; for

the same may be said of knight-errantry as of love, that it levels

all.”

“Great thanks,” said Sancho, “but I may tell your worship that provided

I have enough to eat, I can eat it as well, or better, standing, and by

myself, than seated alongside of an emperor. And indeed, if the truth

is to be told, what I eat in my corner without form or fuss has much

more relish for me, even though it be bread and onions, than the

turkeys of those other tables where I am forced to chew slowly, drink

little, wipe my mouth every minute, and cannot sneeze or cough if I

want or do other things that are the privileges of liberty and

solitude. So, señor, as for these honours which your worship would put

upon me as a servant and follower of knight-errantry, exchange them for

other things which may be of more use and advantage to me; for these,

though I fully acknowledge them as received, I renounce from this

moment to the end of the world.”

“For all that,” said Don Quixote, “thou must seat thyself, because him

who humbleth himself God exalteth;” and seizing him by the arm he

forced him to sit down beside himself.

The goatherds did not understand this jargon about squires and

knights-errant, and all they did was to eat in silence and stare at

their guests, who with great elegance and appetite were stowing away

pieces as big as one’s fist. The course of meat finished, they spread

upon the sheepskins a great heap of parched acorns, and with them they

put down a half cheese harder than if it had been made of mortar. All

this while the horn was not idle, for it went round so constantly, now

full, now empty, like the bucket of a water-wheel, that it soon drained

one of the two wine-skins that were in sight. When Don Quixote had

quite appeased his appetite he took up a handful of the acorns, and

contemplating them attentively delivered himself somewhat in this

fashion:

“Happy the age, happy the time, to which the ancients gave the name of

golden, not because in that fortunate age the gold so coveted in this

our iron one was gained without toil, but because they that lived in it

knew not the two words “\_mine\_” and “\_thine\_”! In that blessed age all

things were in common; to win the daily food no labour was required of

any save to stretch forth his hand and gather it from the sturdy oaks

that stood generously inviting him with their sweet ripe fruit. The

clear streams and running brooks yielded their savoury limpid waters in

noble abundance. The busy and sagacious bees fixed their republic in

the clefts of the rocks and hollows of the trees, offering without

usance the plenteous produce of their fragrant toil to every hand. The

mighty cork trees, unenforced save of their own courtesy, shed the

broad light bark that served at first to roof the houses supported by

rude stakes, a protection against the inclemency of heaven alone. Then

all was peace, all friendship, all concord; as yet the dull share of

the crooked plough had not dared to rend and pierce the tender bowels

of our first mother that without compulsion yielded from every portion

of her broad fertile bosom all that could satisfy, sustain, and delight

the children that then possessed her. Then was it that the innocent and

fair young shepherdess roamed from vale to vale and hill to hill, with

flowing locks, and no more garments than were needful modestly to cover

what modesty seeks and ever sought to hide. Nor were their ornaments

like those in use to-day, set off by Tyrian purple, and silk tortured

in endless fashions, but the wreathed leaves of the green dock and ivy,

wherewith they went as bravely and becomingly decked as our Court dames

with all the rare and far-fetched artifices that idle curiosity has

taught them. Then the love-thoughts of the heart clothed themselves

simply and naturally as the heart conceived them, nor sought to commend

themselves by forced and rambling verbiage. Fraud, deceit, or malice

had then not yet mingled with truth and sincerity. Justice held her

ground, undisturbed and unassailed by the efforts of favour and of

interest, that now so much impair, pervert, and beset her. Arbitrary

law had not yet established itself in the mind of the judge, for then

there was no cause to judge and no one to be judged. Maidens and

modesty, as I have said, wandered at will alone and unattended, without

fear of insult from lawlessness or libertine assault, and if they were

undone it was of their own will and pleasure. But now in this hateful

age of ours not one is safe, not though some new labyrinth like that of

Crete conceal and surround her; even there the pestilence of gallantry

will make its way to them through chinks or on the air by the zeal of

its accursed importunity, and, despite of all seclusion, lead them to

ruin. In defence of these, as time advanced and wickedness increased,

the order of knights-errant was instituted, to defend maidens, to

protect widows and to succour the orphans and the needy. To this order

I belong, brother goatherds, to whom I return thanks for the

hospitality and kindly welcome ye offer me and my squire; for though by

natural law all living are bound to show favour to knights-errant, yet,

seeing that without knowing this obligation ye have welcomed and

feasted me, it is right that with all the good-will in my power I

should thank you for yours.”

c11b.jpg (349K)

Full Size

All this long harangue (which might very well have been spared) our

knight delivered because the acorns they gave him reminded him of the

golden age; and the whim seized him to address all this unnecessary

argument to the goatherds, who listened to him gaping in amazement

without saying a word in reply. Sancho likewise held his peace and ate

acorns, and paid repeated visits to the second wine-skin, which they

had hung up on a cork tree to keep the wine cool.

Don Quixote was longer in talking than the supper in finishing, at the

end of which one of the goatherds said, “That your worship, señor

knight-errant, may say with more truth that we show you hospitality

with ready good-will, we will give you amusement and pleasure by making

one of our comrades sing: he will be here before long, and he is a very

intelligent youth and deep in love, and what is more he can read and

write and play on the rebeck to perfection.”

The goatherd had hardly done speaking, when the notes of the rebeck

reached their ears; and shortly after, the player came up, a very

good-looking young man of about two-and-twenty. His comrades asked him

if he had supped, and on his replying that he had, he who had already

made the offer said to him:

“In that case, Antonio, thou mayest as well do us the pleasure of

singing a little, that the gentleman, our guest, may see that even in

the mountains and woods there are musicians: we have told him of thy

accomplishments, and we want thee to show them and prove that we say

true; so, as thou livest, pray sit down and sing that ballad about thy

love that thy uncle the prebendary made thee, and that was so much

liked in the town.”

“With all my heart,” said the young man, and without waiting for more

pressing he seated himself on the trunk of a felled oak, and tuning his

rebeck, presently began to sing to these words.

ANTONIO’S BALLAD

Thou dost love me well, Olalla;

Well I know it, even though

Love’s mute tongues, thine eyes, have never

By their glances told me so.

For I know my love thou knowest,

Therefore thine to claim I dare:

Once it ceases to be secret,

Love need never feel despair.

True it is, Olalla, sometimes

Thou hast all too plainly shown

That thy heart is brass in hardness,

And thy snowy bosom stone.

Yet for all that, in thy coyness,

And thy fickle fits between,

Hope is there—at least the border

Of her garment may be seen.

Lures to faith are they, those glimpses,

And to faith in thee I hold;

Kindness cannot make it stronger,

Coldness cannot make it cold.

If it be that love is gentle,

In thy gentleness I see

Something holding out assurance

To the hope of winning thee.

If it be that in devotion

Lies a power hearts to move,

That which every day I show thee,

Helpful to my suit should prove.

Many a time thou must have noticed—

If to notice thou dost care—

How I go about on Monday

Dressed in all my Sunday wear.

Love’s eyes love to look on brightness;

Love loves what is gaily drest;

Sunday, Monday, all I care is

Thou shouldst see me in my best.

No account I make of dances,

Or of strains that pleased thee so,

Keeping thee awake from midnight

Till the cocks began to crow;

Or of how I roundly swore it

That there’s none so fair as thou;

True it is, but as I said it,

By the girls I’m hated now.

For Teresa of the hillside

At my praise of thee was sore;

Said, “You think you love an angel;

It’s a monkey you adore;

“Caught by all her glittering trinkets,

And her borrowed braids of hair,

And a host of made-up beauties

That would Love himself ensnare.”

’Twas a lie, and so I told her,

And her cousin at the word

Gave me his defiance for it;

And what followed thou hast heard.

Mine is no high-flown affection,

Mine no passion \_par amours\_—

As they call it—what I offer

Is an honest love, and pure.

Cunning cords the holy Church has,

Cords of softest silk they be;

Put thy neck beneath the yoke, dear;

Mine will follow, thou wilt see.

Else—and once for all I swear it

By the saint of most renown—

If I ever quit the mountains,

’Twill be in a friar’s gown.

Here the goatherd brought his song to an end, and though Don Quixote

entreated him to sing more, Sancho had no mind that way, being more

inclined for sleep than for listening to songs; so said he to his

master, “Your worship will do well to settle at once where you mean to

pass the night, for the labour these good men are at all day does not

allow them to spend the night in singing.”

“I understand thee, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “I perceive clearly

that those visits to the wine-skin demand compensation in sleep rather

than in music.”

“It’s sweet to us all, blessed be God,” said Sancho.

“I do not deny it,” replied Don Quixote; “but settle thyself where thou

wilt; those of my calling are more becomingly employed in watching than

in sleeping; still it would be as well if thou wert to dress this ear

for me again, for it is giving me more pain than it need.”

Sancho did as he bade him, but one of the goatherds, seeing the wound,

told him not to be uneasy, as he would apply a remedy with which it

would be soon healed; and gathering some leaves of rosemary, of which

there was a great quantity there, he chewed them and mixed them with a

little salt, and applying them to the ear he secured them firmly with a

bandage, assuring him that no other treatment would be required, and so

it proved.

c11e.jpg (37K)

CHAPTER XII.

OF WHAT A GOATHERD RELATED TO THOSE WITH DON QUIXOTE

c12a.jpg (143K)

Full Size

Just then another young man, one of those who fetched their provisions

from the village, came up and said, “Do you know what is going on in

the village, comrades?”

“How could we know it?” replied one of them.

“Well, then, you must know,” continued the young man, “this morning

that famous student-shepherd called Chrysostom died, and it is rumoured

that he died of love for that devil of a village girl the daughter of

Guillermo the Rich, she that wanders about the wolds here in the dress

of a shepherdess.”

“You mean Marcela?” said one.

“Her I mean,” answered the goatherd; “and the best of it is, he has

directed in his will that he is to be buried in the fields like a Moor,

and at the foot of the rock where the Cork-tree spring is, because, as

the story goes (and they say he himself said so), that was the place

where he first saw her. And he has also left other directions which the

clergy of the village say should not and must not be obeyed because

they savour of paganism. To all which his great friend Ambrosio the

student, he who, like him, also went dressed as a shepherd, replies

that everything must be done without any omission according to the

directions left by Chrysostom, and about this the village is all in

commotion; however, report says that, after all, what Ambrosio and all

the shepherds his friends desire will be done, and to-morrow they are

coming to bury him with great ceremony where I said. I am sure it will

be something worth seeing; at least I will not fail to go and see it

even if I knew I should not return to the village to-morrow.”

“We will do the same,” answered the goatherds, “and cast lots to see

who must stay to mind the goats of all.”

“Thou sayest well, Pedro,” said one, “though there will be no need of

taking that trouble, for I will stay behind for all; and don’t suppose

it is virtue or want of curiosity in me; it is that the splinter that

ran into my foot the other day will not let me walk.”

“For all that, we thank thee,” answered Pedro.

Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him who the dead man was and who the

shepherdess, to which Pedro replied that all he knew was that the dead

man was a wealthy gentleman belonging to a village in those mountains,

who had been a student at Salamanca for many years, at the end of which

he returned to his village with the reputation of being very learned

and deeply read. “Above all, they said, he was learned in the science

of the stars and of what went on yonder in the heavens and the sun and

the moon, for he told us of the cris of the sun and moon to exact

time.”

“Eclipse it is called, friend, not cris, the darkening of those two

luminaries,” said Don Quixote; but Pedro, not troubling himself with

trifles, went on with his story, saying, “Also he foretold when the

year was going to be one of abundance or estility.”

“Sterility, you mean,” said Don Quixote.

“Sterility or estility,” answered Pedro, “it is all the same in the

end. And I can tell you that by this his father and friends who

believed him grew very rich because they did as he advised them,

bidding them ‘sow barley this year, not wheat; this year you may sow

pulse and not barley; the next there will be a full oil crop, and the

three following not a drop will be got.’”

“That science is called astrology,” said Don Quixote.

“I do not know what it is called,” replied Pedro, “but I know that he

knew all this and more besides. But, to make an end, not many months

had passed after he returned from Salamanca, when one day he appeared

dressed as a shepherd with his crook and sheepskin, having put off the

long gown he wore as a scholar; and at the same time his great friend,

Ambrosio by name, who had been his companion in his studies, took to

the shepherd’s dress with him. I forgot to say that Chrysostom, who is

dead, was a great man for writing verses, so much so that he made

carols for Christmas Eve, and plays for Corpus Christi, which the young

men of our village acted, and all said they were excellent. When the

villagers saw the two scholars so unexpectedly appearing in shepherd’s

dress, they were lost in wonder, and could not guess what had led them

to make so extraordinary a change. About this time the father of our

Chrysostom died, and he was left heir to a large amount of property in

chattels as well as in land, no small number of cattle and sheep, and a

large sum of money, of all of which the young man was left dissolute

owner, and indeed he was deserving of it all, for he was a very good

comrade, and kind-hearted, and a friend of worthy folk, and had a

countenance like a benediction. Presently it came to be known that he

had changed his dress with no other object than to wander about these

wastes after that shepherdess Marcela our lad mentioned a while ago,

with whom the deceased Chrysostom had fallen in love. And I must tell

you now, for it is well you should know it, who this girl is; perhaps,

and even without any perhaps, you will not have heard anything like it

all the days of your life, though you should live more years than

sarna.”

“Say Sarra,” said Don Quixote, unable to endure the goatherd’s

confusion of words.

“The sarna lives long enough,” answered Pedro; “and if, señor, you must

go finding fault with words at every step, we shall not make an end of

it this twelvemonth.”

“Pardon me, friend,” said Don Quixote; “but, as there is such a

difference between sarna and Sarra, I told you of it; however, you have

answered very rightly, for sarna lives longer than Sarra: so continue

your story, and I will not object any more to anything.”

“I say then, my dear sir,” said the goatherd, “that in our village

there was a farmer even richer than the father of Chrysostom, who was

named Guillermo, and upon whom God bestowed, over and above great

wealth, a daughter at whose birth her mother died, the most respected

woman there was in this neighbourhood; I fancy I can see her now with

that countenance which had the sun on one side and the moon on the

other; and moreover active, and kind to the poor, for which I trust

that at the present moment her soul is in bliss with God in the other

world. Her husband Guillermo died of grief at the death of so good a

wife, leaving his daughter Marcela, a child and rich, to the care of an

uncle of hers, a priest and prebendary in our village. The girl grew up

with such beauty that it reminded us of her mother’s, which was very

great, and yet it was thought that the daughter’s would exceed it; and

so when she reached the age of fourteen to fifteen years nobody beheld

her but blessed God that had made her so beautiful, and the greater

number were in love with her past redemption. Her uncle kept her in

great seclusion and retirement, but for all that the fame of her great

beauty spread so that, as well for it as for her great wealth, her

uncle was asked, solicited, and importuned, to give her in marriage not

only by those of our town but of those many leagues round, and by the

persons of highest quality in them. But he, being a good Christian man,

though he desired to give her in marriage at once, seeing her to be old

enough, was unwilling to do so without her consent, not that he had any

eye to the gain and profit which the custody of the girl’s property

brought him while he put off her marriage; and, faith, this was said in

praise of the good priest in more than one set in the town. For I would

have you know, Sir Errant, that in these little villages everything is

talked about and everything is carped at, and rest assured, as I am,

that the priest must be over and above good who forces his parishioners

to speak well of him, especially in villages.”

“That is the truth,” said Don Quixote; “but go on, for the story is

very good, and you, good Pedro, tell it with very good grace.”

“May that of the Lord not be wanting to me,” said Pedro; “that is the

one to have. To proceed; you must know that though the uncle put before

his niece and described to her the qualities of each one in particular

of the many who had asked her in marriage, begging her to marry and

make a choice according to her own taste, she never gave any other

answer than that she had no desire to marry just yet, and that being so

young she did not think herself fit to bear the burden of matrimony. At

these, to all appearance, reasonable excuses that she made, her uncle

ceased to urge her, and waited till she was somewhat more advanced in

age and could mate herself to her own liking. For, said he—and he said

quite right—parents are not to settle children in life against their

will. But when one least looked for it, lo and behold! one day the

demure Marcela makes her appearance turned shepherdess; and, in spite

of her uncle and all those of the town that strove to dissuade her,

took to going a-field with the other shepherd-lasses of the village,

and tending her own flock. And so, since she appeared in public, and

her beauty came to be seen openly, I could not well tell you how many

rich youths, gentlemen and peasants, have adopted the costume of

Chrysostom, and go about these fields making love to her. One of these,

as has been already said, was our deceased friend, of whom they say

that he did not love but adore her. But you must not suppose, because

Marcela chose a life of such liberty and independence, and of so little

or rather no retirement, that she has given any occasion, or even the

semblance of one, for disparagement of her purity and modesty; on the

contrary, such and so great is the vigilance with which she watches

over her honour, that of all those that court and woo her not one has

boasted, or can with truth boast, that she has given him any hope

however small of obtaining his desire. For although she does not avoid

or shun the society and conversation of the shepherds, and treats them

courteously and kindly, should any one of them come to declare his

intention to her, though it be one as proper and holy as that of

matrimony, she flings him from her like a catapult. And with this kind

of disposition she does more harm in this country than if the plague

had got into it, for her affability and her beauty draw on the hearts

of those that associate with her to love her and to court her, but her

scorn and her frankness bring them to the brink of despair; and so they

know not what to say save to proclaim her aloud cruel and hard-hearted,

and other names of the same sort which well describe the nature of her

character; and if you should remain here any time, señor, you would

hear these hills and valleys resounding with the laments of the

rejected ones who pursue her. Not far from this there is a spot where

there are a couple of dozen of tall beeches, and there is not one of

them but has carved and written on its smooth bark the name of Marcela,

and above some a crown carved on the same tree as though her lover

would say more plainly that Marcela wore and deserved that of all human

beauty. Here one shepherd is sighing, there another is lamenting; there

love songs are heard, here despairing elegies. One will pass all the

hours of the night seated at the foot of some oak or rock, and there,

without having closed his weeping eyes, the sun finds him in the

morning bemused and bereft of sense; and another without relief or

respite to his sighs, stretched on the burning sand in the full heat of

the sultry summer noontide, makes his appeal to the compassionate

heavens, and over one and the other, over these and all, the beautiful

Marcela triumphs free and careless. And all of us that know her are

waiting to see what her pride will come to, and who is to be the happy

man that will succeed in taming a nature so formidable and gaining

possession of a beauty so supreme. All that I have told you being such

well-established truth, I am persuaded that what they say of the cause

of Chrysostom’s death, as our lad told us, is the same. And so I advise

you, señor, fail not to be present to-morrow at his burial, which will

be well worth seeing, for Chrysostom had many friends, and it is not

half a league from this place to where he directed he should be

buried.”

“I will make a point of it,” said Don Quixote, “and I thank you for the

pleasure you have given me by relating so interesting a tale.”

“Oh,” said the goatherd, “I do not know even the half of what has

happened to the lovers of Marcela, but perhaps to-morrow we may fall in

with some shepherd on the road who can tell us; and now it will be well

for you to go and sleep under cover, for the night air may hurt your

wound, though with the remedy I have applied to you there is no fear of

an untoward result.”

Sancho Panza, who was wishing the goatherd’s loquacity at the devil, on

his part begged his master to go into Pedro’s hut to sleep. He did so,

and passed all the rest of the night in thinking of his lady Dulcinea,

in imitation of the lovers of Marcela. Sancho Panza settled himself

between Rocinante and his ass, and slept, not like a lover who had been

discarded, but like a man who had been soundly kicked.

c12e.jpg (42K)

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS ENDED THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS MARCELA, WITH OTHER

INCIDENTS

c13a.jpg (181K)

Full Size

But hardly had day begun to show itself through the balconies of the

east, when five of the six goatherds came to rouse Don Quixote and tell

him that if he was still of a mind to go and see the famous burial of

Chrysostom they would bear him company. Don Quixote, who desired

nothing better, rose and ordered Sancho to saddle and pannel at once,

which he did with all despatch, and with the same they all set out

forthwith. They had not gone a quarter of a league when at the meeting

of two paths they saw coming towards them some six shepherds dressed in

black sheepskins and with their heads crowned with garlands of cypress

and bitter oleander. Each of them carried a stout holly staff in his

hand, and along with them there came two men of quality on horseback in

handsome travelling dress, with three servants on foot accompanying

them. Courteous salutations were exchanged on meeting, and inquiring

one of the other which way each party was going, they learned that all

were bound for the scene of the burial, so they went on all together.

One of those on horseback addressing his companion said to him, “It

seems to me, Señor Vivaldo, that we may reckon as well spent the delay

we shall incur in seeing this remarkable funeral, for remarkable it

cannot but be judging by the strange things these shepherds have told

us, of both the dead shepherd and homicide shepherdess.”

“So I think too,” replied Vivaldo, “and I would delay not to say a day,

but four, for the sake of seeing it.”

Don Quixote asked them what it was they had heard of Marcela and

Chrysostom. The traveller answered that the same morning they had met

these shepherds, and seeing them dressed in this mournful fashion they

had asked them the reason of their appearing in such a guise; which one

of them gave, describing the strange behaviour and beauty of a

shepherdess called Marcela, and the loves of many who courted her,

together with the death of that Chrysostom to whose burial they were

going. In short, he repeated all that Pedro had related to Don Quixote.

This conversation dropped, and another was commenced by him who was

called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what was the reason that led him to

go armed in that fashion in a country so peaceful. To which Don Quixote

replied, “The pursuit of my calling does not allow or permit me to go

in any other fashion; easy life, enjoyment, and repose were invented

for soft courtiers, but toil, unrest, and arms were invented and made

for those alone whom the world calls knights-errant, of whom I, though

unworthy, am the least of all.”

The instant they heard this all set him down as mad, and the better to

settle the point and discover what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo

proceeded to ask him what knights-errant meant.

“Have not your worships,” replied Don Quixote, “read the annals and

histories of England, in which are recorded the famous deeds of King

Arthur, whom we in our popular Castilian invariably call King Artus,

with regard to whom it is an ancient tradition, and commonly received

all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but

was changed by magic art into a raven, and that in process of time he

is to return to reign and recover his kingdom and sceptre; for which

reason it cannot be proved that from that time to this any Englishman

ever killed a raven? Well, then, in the time of this good king that

famous order of chivalry of the Knights of the Round Table was

instituted, and the amour of Don Lancelot of the Lake with the Queen

Guinevere occurred, precisely as is there related, the go-between and

confidante therein being the highly honourable dame Quintañona, whence

came that ballad so well known and widely spread in our Spain—

O never surely was there knight

So served by hand of dame,

As served was he Sir Lancelot hight

When he from Britain came—

with all the sweet and delectable course of his achievements in love

and war. Handed down from that time, then, this order of chivalry went

on extending and spreading itself over many and various parts of the

world; and in it, famous and renowned for their deeds, were the mighty

Amadis of Gaul with all his sons and descendants to the fifth

generation, and the valiant Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never

sufficiently praised Tirante el Blanco, and in our own days almost we

have seen and heard and talked with the invincible knight Don Belianis

of Greece. This, then, sirs, is to be a knight-errant, and what I have

spoken of is the order of his chivalry, of which, as I have already

said, I, though a sinner, have made profession, and what the aforesaid

knights professed that same do I profess, and so I go through these

solitudes and wilds seeking adventures, resolved in soul to oppose my

arm and person to the most perilous that fortune may offer me in aid of

the weak and needy.”

By these words of his the travellers were able to satisfy themselves of

Don Quixote’s being out of his senses and of the form of madness that

overmastered him, at which they felt the same astonishment that all

felt on first becoming acquainted with it; and Vivaldo, who was a

person of great shrewdness and of a lively temperament, in order to

beguile the short journey which they said was required to reach the

mountain, the scene of the burial, sought to give him an opportunity of

going on with his absurdities. So he said to him, “It seems to me,

Señor Knight-errant, that your worship has made choice of one of the

most austere professions in the world, and I imagine even that of the

Carthusian monks is not so austere.”

“As austere it may perhaps be,” replied our Don Quixote, “but so

necessary for the world I am very much inclined to doubt. For, if the

truth is to be told, the soldier who executes what his captain orders

does no less than the captain himself who gives the order. My meaning,

is, that churchmen in peace and quiet pray to Heaven for the welfare of

the world, but we soldiers and knights carry into effect what they pray

for, defending it with the might of our arms and the edge of our

swords, not under shelter but in the open air, a target for the

intolerable rays of the sun in summer and the piercing frosts of

winter. Thus are we God’s ministers on earth and the arms by which his

justice is done therein. And as the business of war and all that

relates and belongs to it cannot be conducted without exceeding great

sweat, toil, and exertion, it follows that those who make it their

profession have undoubtedly more labour than those who in tranquil

peace and quiet are engaged in praying to God to help the weak. I do

not mean to say, nor does it enter into my thoughts, that the

knight-errant’s calling is as good as that of the monk in his cell; I

would merely infer from what I endure myself that it is beyond a doubt

a more laborious and a more belaboured one, a hungrier and thirstier, a

wretcheder, raggeder, and lousier; for there is no reason to doubt that

the knights-errant of yore endured much hardship in the course of their

lives. And if some of them by the might of their arms did rise to be

emperors, in faith it cost them dear in the matter of blood and sweat;

and if those who attained to that rank had not had magicians and sages

to help them they would have been completely baulked in their ambition

and disappointed in their hopes.”

“That is my own opinion,” replied the traveller; “but one thing among

many others seems to me very wrong in knights-errant, and that is that

when they find themselves about to engage in some mighty and perilous

adventure in which there is manifest danger of losing their lives, they

never at the moment of engaging in it think of commending themselves to

God, as is the duty of every good Christian in like peril; instead of

which they commend themselves to their ladies with as much devotion as

if these were their gods, a thing which seems to me to savour somewhat

of heathenism.”

“Sir,” answered Don Quixote, “that cannot be on any account omitted,

and the knight-errant would be disgraced who acted otherwise: for it is

usual and customary in knight-errantry that the knight-errant, who on

engaging in any great feat of arms has his lady before him, should turn

his eyes towards her softly and lovingly, as though with them

entreating her to favour and protect him in the hazardous venture he is

about to undertake, and even though no one hear him, he is bound to say

certain words between his teeth, commending himself to her with all his

heart, and of this we have innumerable instances in the histories. Nor

is it to be supposed from this that they are to omit commending

themselves to God, for there will be time and opportunity for doing so

while they are engaged in their task.”

“For all that,” answered the traveller, “I feel some doubt still,

because often I have read how words will arise between two

knights-errant, and from one thing to another it comes about that their

anger kindles and they wheel their horses round and take a good stretch

of field, and then without any more ado at the top of their speed they

come to the charge, and in mid-career they are wont to commend

themselves to their ladies; and what commonly comes of the encounter is

that one falls over the haunches of his horse pierced through and

through by his antagonist’s lance, and as for the other, it is only by

holding on to the mane of his horse that he can help falling to the

ground; but I know not how the dead man had time to commend himself to

God in the course of such rapid work as this; it would have been better

if those words which he spent in commending himself to his lady in the

midst of his career had been devoted to his duty and obligation as a

Christian. Moreover, it is my belief that all knights-errant have not

ladies to commend themselves to, for they are not all in love.”

“That is impossible,” said Don Quixote: “I say it is impossible that

there could be a knight-errant without a lady, because to such it is as

natural and proper to be in love as to the heavens to have stars: most

certainly no history has been seen in which there is to be found a

knight-errant without an amour, and for the simple reason that without

one he would be held no legitimate knight but a bastard, and one who

had gained entrance into the stronghold of the said knighthood, not by

the door, but over the wall like a thief and a robber.”

“Nevertheless,” said the traveller, “if I remember rightly, I think I

have read that Don Galaor, the brother of the valiant Amadis of Gaul,

never had any special lady to whom he might commend himself, and yet he

was not the less esteemed, and was a very stout and famous knight.”

To which our Don Quixote made answer, “Sir, one solitary swallow does

not make summer; moreover, I know that knight was in secret very deeply

in love; besides which, that way of falling in love with all that took

his fancy was a natural propensity which he could not control. But, in

short, it is very manifest that he had one alone whom he made mistress

of his will, to whom he commended himself very frequently and very

secretly, for he prided himself on being a reticent knight.”

“Then if it be essential that every knight-errant should be in love,”

said the traveller, “it may be fairly supposed that your worship is so,

as you are of the order; and if you do not pride yourself on being as

reticent as Don Galaor, I entreat you as earnestly as I can, in the

name of all this company and in my own, to inform us of the name,

country, rank, and beauty of your lady, for she will esteem herself

fortunate if all the world knows that she is loved and served by such a

knight as your worship seems to be.”

At this Don Quixote heaved a deep sigh and said, “I cannot say

positively whether my sweet enemy is pleased or not that the world

should know I serve her; I can only say in answer to what has been so

courteously asked of me, that her name is Dulcinea, her country El

Toboso, a village of La Mancha, her rank must be at least that of a

princess, since she is my queen and lady, and her beauty superhuman,

since all the impossible and fanciful attributes of beauty which the

poets apply to their ladies are verified in her; for her hairs are

gold, her forehead Elysian fields, her eyebrows rainbows, her eyes

suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, her teeth pearls, her neck

alabaster, her bosom marble, her hands ivory, her fairness snow, and

what modesty conceals from sight such, I think and imagine, as rational

reflection can only extol, not compare.”

“We should like to know her lineage, race, and ancestry,” said Vivaldo.

To which Don Quixote replied, “She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii,

Caii, or Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas or Orsini, nor of the

Moncadas or Requesenes of Catalonia, nor yet of the Rebellas or

Villanovas of Valencia; Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas,

Alagones, Urreas, Foces, or Gurreas of Aragon; Cerdas, Manriques,

Mendozas, or Guzmans of Castile; Alencastros, Pallas, or Meneses of

Portugal; but she is of those of El Toboso of La Mancha, a lineage that

though modern, may furnish a source of gentle blood for the most

illustrious families of the ages that are to come, and this let none

dispute with me save on the condition that Zerbino placed at the foot

of the trophy of Orlando’s arms, saying,

These let none move

Who dareth not his might with Roland prove.”

“Although mine is of the Cachopins of Laredo,” said the traveller, “I

will not venture to compare it with that of El Toboso of La Mancha,

though, to tell the truth, no such surname has until now ever reached

my ears.”

“What!” said Don Quixote, “has that never reached them?”

The rest of the party went along listening with great attention to the

conversation of the pair, and even the very goatherds and shepherds

perceived how exceedingly out of his wits our Don Quixote was. Sancho

Panza alone thought that what his master said was the truth, knowing

who he was and having known him from his birth; and all that he felt

any difficulty in believing was that about the fair Dulcinea del

Toboso, because neither any such name nor any such princess had ever

come to his knowledge though he lived so close to El Toboso. They were

going along conversing in this way, when they saw descending a gap

between two high mountains some twenty shepherds, all clad in

sheepskins of black wool, and crowned with garlands which, as

afterwards appeared, were, some of them of yew, some of cypress. Six of

the number were carrying a bier covered with a great variety of flowers

and branches, on seeing which one of the goatherds said, “Those who

come there are the bearers of Chrysostom’s body, and the foot of that

mountain is the place where he ordered them to bury him.” They

therefore made haste to reach the spot, and did so by the time those

who came had laid the bier upon the ground, and four of them with sharp

pickaxes were digging a grave by the side of a hard rock. They greeted

each other courteously, and then Don Quixote and those who accompanied

him turned to examine the bier, and on it, covered with flowers, they

saw a dead body in the dress of a shepherd, to all appearance of one

thirty years of age, and showing even in death that in life he had been

of comely features and gallant bearing. Around him on the bier itself

were laid some books, and several papers open and folded; and those who

were looking on as well as those who were opening the grave and all the

others who were there preserved a strange silence, until one of those

who had borne the body said to another, “Observe carefully, Ambrosia if

this is the place Chrysostom spoke of, since you are anxious that what

he directed in his will should be so strictly complied with.”

“This is the place,” answered Ambrosia “for in it many a time did my

poor friend tell me the story of his hard fortune. Here it was, he told

me, that he saw for the first time that mortal enemy of the human race,

and here, too, for the first time he declared to her his passion, as

honourable as it was devoted, and here it was that at last Marcela

ended by scorning and rejecting him so as to bring the tragedy of his

wretched life to a close; here, in memory of misfortunes so great, he

desired to be laid in the bowels of eternal oblivion.” Then turning to

Don Quixote and the travellers he went on to say, “That body, sirs, on

which you are looking with compassionate eyes, was the abode of a soul

on which Heaven bestowed a vast share of its riches. That is the body

of Chrysostom, who was unrivalled in wit, unequalled in courtesy,

unapproached in gentle bearing, a phœnix in friendship, generous

without limit, grave without arrogance, gay without vulgarity, and, in

short, first in all that constitutes goodness and second to none in all

that makes up misfortune. He loved deeply, he was hated; he adored, he

was scorned; he wooed a wild beast, he pleaded with marble, he pursued

the wind, he cried to the wilderness, he served ingratitude, and for

reward was made the prey of death in the mid-course of life, cut short

by a shepherdess whom he sought to immortalise in the memory of man, as

these papers which you see could fully prove, had he not commanded me

to consign them to the fire after having consigned his body to the

earth.”

“You would deal with them more harshly and cruelly than their owner

himself,” said Vivaldo, “for it is neither right nor proper to do the

will of one who enjoins what is wholly unreasonable; it would not have

been reasonable in Augustus Cæsar had he permitted the directions left

by the divine Mantuan in his will to be carried into effect. So that,

Señor Ambrosia while you consign your friend’s body to the earth, you

should not consign his writings to oblivion, for if he gave the order

in bitterness of heart, it is not right that you should irrationally

obey it. On the contrary, by granting life to those papers, let the

cruelty of Marcela live for ever, to serve as a warning in ages to come

to all men to shun and avoid falling into like danger; or I and all of

us who have come here know already the story of this your love-stricken

and heart-broken friend, and we know, too, your friendship, and the

cause of his death, and the directions he gave at the close of his

life; from which sad story may be gathered how great was the cruelty of

Marcela, the love of Chrysostom, and the loyalty of your friendship,

together with the end awaiting those who pursue rashly the path that

insane passion opens to their eyes. Last night we learned the death of

Chrysostom and that he was to be buried here, and out of curiosity and

pity we left our direct road and resolved to come and see with our eyes

that which when heard of had so moved our compassion, and in

consideration of that compassion and our desire to prove it if we might

by condolence, we beg of you, excellent Ambrosia, or at least I on my

own account entreat you, that instead of burning those papers you allow

me to carry away some of them.”

And without waiting for the shepherd’s answer, he stretched out his

hand and took up some of those that were nearest to him; seeing which

Ambrosio said, “Out of courtesy, señor, I will grant your request as to

those you have taken, but it is idle to expect me to abstain from

burning the remainder.”

Vivaldo, who was eager to see what the papers contained, opened one of

them at once, and saw that its title was “Lay of Despair.”

Ambrosio hearing it said, “That is the last paper the unhappy man

wrote; and that you may see, señor, to what an end his misfortunes

brought him, read it so that you may be heard, for you will have time

enough for that while we are waiting for the grave to be dug.”

“I will do so very willingly,” said Vivaldo; and as all the bystanders

were equally eager they gathered round him, and he, reading in a loud

voice, found that it ran as follows.

c13e.jpg (15K)

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN ARE INSERTED THE DESPAIRING VERSES OF THE DEAD SHEPHERD,

TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS NOT LOOKED FOR

c14a.jpg (172K)

Full Size

THE LAY OF CHRYSOSTOM

Since thou dost in thy cruelty desire

The ruthless rigour of thy tyranny

From tongue to tongue, from land to land proclaimed,

The very Hell will I constrain to lend

This stricken breast of mine deep notes of woe

To serve my need of fitting utterance.

And as I strive to body forth the tale

Of all I suffer, all that thou hast done,

Forth shall the dread voice roll, and bear along

Shreds from my vitals torn for greater pain.

Then listen, not to dulcet harmony,

But to a discord wrung by mad despair

Out of this bosom’s depths of bitterness,

To ease my heart and plant a sting in thine.

The lion’s roar, the fierce wolf’s savage howl,

The horrid hissing of the scaly snake,

The awesome cries of monsters yet unnamed,

The crow’s ill-boding croak, the hollow moan

Of wild winds wrestling with the restless sea,

The wrathful bellow of the vanquished bull,

The plaintive sobbing of the widowed dove,

The envied owl’s sad note, the wail of woe

That rises from the dreary choir of Hell,

Commingled in one sound, confusing sense,

Let all these come to aid my soul’s complaint,

For pain like mine demands new modes of song.

No echoes of that discord shall be heard

Where Father Tagus rolls, or on the banks

Of olive-bordered Betis; to the rocks

Or in deep caverns shall my plaint be told,

And by a lifeless tongue in living words;

Or in dark valleys or on lonely shores,

Where neither foot of man nor sunbeam falls;

Or in among the poison-breathing swarms

Of monsters nourished by the sluggish Nile.

For, though it be to solitudes remote

The hoarse vague echoes of my sorrows sound

Thy matchless cruelty, my dismal fate

Shall carry them to all the spacious world.

Disdain hath power to kill, and patience dies

Slain by suspicion, be it false or true;

And deadly is the force of jealousy;

Long absence makes of life a dreary void;

No hope of happiness can give repose

To him that ever fears to be forgot;

And death, inevitable, waits in hall.

But I, by some strange miracle, live on

A prey to absence, jealousy, disdain;

Racked by suspicion as by certainty;

Forgotten, left to feed my flame alone.

And while I suffer thus, there comes no ray

Of hope to gladden me athwart the gloom;

Nor do I look for it in my despair;

But rather clinging to a cureless woe,

All hope do I abjure for evermore.

Can there be hope where fear is? Were it well,

When far more certain are the grounds of fear?

Ought I to shut mine eyes to jealousy,

If through a thousand heart-wounds it appears?

Who would not give free access to distrust,

Seeing disdain unveiled, and—bitter change!—

All his suspicions turned to certainties,

And the fair truth transformed into a lie?

Oh, thou fierce tyrant of the realms of love,

Oh, Jealousy! put chains upon these hands,

And bind me with thy strongest cord, Disdain.

But, woe is me! triumphant over all,

My sufferings drown the memory of you.

And now I die, and since there is no hope

Of happiness for me in life or death,

Still to my fantasy I’ll fondly cling.

I’ll say that he is wise who loveth well,

And that the soul most free is that most bound

In thraldom to the ancient tyrant Love.

I’ll say that she who is mine enemy

In that fair body hath as fair a mind,

And that her coldness is but my desert,

And that by virtue of the pain he sends

Love rules his kingdom with a gentle sway.

Thus, self-deluding, and in bondage sore,

And wearing out the wretched shred of life

To which I am reduced by her disdain,

I’ll give this soul and body to the winds,

All hopeless of a crown of bliss in store.

Thou whose injustice hath supplied the cause

That makes me quit the weary life I loathe,

As by this wounded bosom thou canst see

How willingly thy victim I become,

Let not my death, if haply worth a tear,

Cloud the clear heaven that dwells in thy bright eyes;

I would not have thee expiate in aught

The crime of having made my heart thy prey;

But rather let thy laughter gaily ring

And prove my death to be thy festival.

Fool that I am to bid thee! well I know

Thy glory gains by my untimely end.

And now it is the time; from Hell’s abyss

Come thirsting Tantalus, come Sisyphus

Heaving the cruel stone, come Tityus

With vulture, and with wheel Ixion come,

And come the sisters of the ceaseless toil;

And all into this breast transfer their pains,

And (if such tribute to despair be due)

Chant in their deepest tones a doleful dirge

Over a corse unworthy of a shroud.

Let the three-headed guardian of the gate,

And all the monstrous progeny of hell,

The doleful concert join: a lover dead

Methinks can have no fitter obsequies.

Lay of despair, grieve not when thou art gone

Forth from this sorrowing heart: my misery

Brings fortune to the cause that gave thee birth;

Then banish sadness even in the tomb.

The “Lay of Chrysostom” met with the approbation of the listeners,

though the reader said it did not seem to him to agree with what he had

heard of Marcela’s reserve and propriety, for Chrysostom complained in

it of jealousy, suspicion, and absence, all to the prejudice of the

good name and fame of Marcela; to which Ambrosio replied as one who

knew well his friend’s most secret thoughts, “Señor, to remove that

doubt I should tell you that when the unhappy man wrote this lay he was

away from Marcela, from whom he had voluntarily separated himself, to

try if absence would act with him as it is wont; and as everything

distresses and every fear haunts the banished lover, so imaginary

jealousies and suspicions, dreaded as if they were true, tormented

Chrysostom; and thus the truth of what report declares of the virtue of

Marcela remains unshaken, and with her envy itself should not and

cannot find any fault save that of being cruel, somewhat haughty, and

very scornful.”

“That is true,” said Vivaldo; and as he was about to read another paper

of those he had preserved from the fire, he was stopped by a marvellous

vision (for such it seemed) that unexpectedly presented itself to their

eyes; for on the summit of the rock where they were digging the grave

there appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so beautiful that her beauty

exceeded its reputation. Those who had never till then beheld her gazed

upon her in wonder and silence, and those who were accustomed to see

her were not less amazed than those who had never seen her before. But

the instant Ambrosio saw her he addressed her, with manifest

indignation:

“Art thou come, by chance, cruel basilisk of these mountains, to see if

in thy presence blood will flow from the wounds of this wretched being

thy cruelty has robbed of life; or is it to exult over the cruel work

of thy humours that thou art come; or like another pitiless Nero to

look down from that height upon the ruin of his Rome in embers; or in

thy arrogance to trample on this ill-fated corpse, as the ungrateful

daughter trampled on her father Tarquin’s? Tell us quickly for what

thou art come, or what it is thou wouldst have, for, as I know the

thoughts of Chrysostom never failed to obey thee in life, I will make

all these who call themselves his friends obey thee, though he be

dead.”

“I come not, Ambrosia for any of the purposes thou hast named,” replied

Marcela, “but to defend myself and to prove how unreasonable are all

those who blame me for their sorrow and for Chrysostom’s death; and

therefore I ask all of you that are here to give me your attention, for

it will not take much time or many words to bring the truth home to

persons of sense. Heaven has made me, so you say, beautiful, and so

much so that in spite of yourselves my beauty leads you to love me; and

for the love you show me you say, and even urge, that I am bound to

love you. By that natural understanding which God has given me I know

that everything beautiful attracts love, but I cannot see how, by

reason of being loved, that which is loved for its beauty is bound to

love that which loves it; besides, it may happen that the lover of that

which is beautiful may be ugly, and ugliness being detestable, it is

very absurd to say, “I love thee because thou art beautiful, thou must

love me though I be ugly.” But supposing the beauty equal on both

sides, it does not follow that the inclinations must be therefore

alike, for it is not every beauty that excites love, some but pleasing

the eye without winning the affection; and if every sort of beauty

excited love and won the heart, the will would wander vaguely to and

fro unable to make choice of any; for as there is an infinity of

beautiful objects there must be an infinity of inclinations, and true

love, I have heard it said, is indivisible, and must be voluntary and

not compelled. If this be so, as I believe it to be, why do you desire

me to bend my will by force, for no other reason but that you say you

love me? Nay—tell me—had Heaven made me ugly, as it has made me

beautiful, could I with justice complain of you for not loving me?

Moreover, you must remember that the beauty I possess was no choice of

mine, for, be it what it may, Heaven of its bounty gave it me without

my asking or choosing it; and as the viper, though it kills with it,

does not deserve to be blamed for the poison it carries, as it is a

gift of nature, neither do I deserve reproach for being beautiful; for

beauty in a modest woman is like fire at a distance or a sharp sword;

the one does not burn, the other does not cut, those who do not come

too near. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the mind, without

which the body, though it be so, has no right to pass for beautiful;

but if modesty is one of the virtues that specially lend a grace and

charm to mind and body, why should she who is loved for her beauty part

with it to gratify one who for his pleasure alone strives with all his

might and energy to rob her of it? I was born free, and that I might

live in freedom I chose the solitude of the fields; in the trees of the

mountains I find society, the clear waters of the brooks are my

mirrors, and to the trees and waters I make known my thoughts and

charms. I am a fire afar off, a sword laid aside. Those whom I have

inspired with love by letting them see me, I have by words undeceived,

and if their longings live on hope—and I have given none to Chrysostom

or to any other—it cannot justly be said that the death of any is my

doing, for it was rather his own obstinacy than my cruelty that killed

him; and if it be made a charge against me that his wishes were

honourable, and that therefore I was bound to yield to them, I answer

that when on this very spot where now his grave is made he declared to

me his purity of purpose, I told him that mine was to live in perpetual

solitude, and that the earth alone should enjoy the fruits of my

retirement and the spoils of my beauty; and if, after this open avowal,

he chose to persist against hope and steer against the wind, what

wonder is it that he should sink in the depths of his infatuation? If I

had encouraged him, I should be false; if I had gratified him, I should

have acted against my own better resolution and purpose. He was

persistent in spite of warning, he despaired without being hated.

Bethink you now if it be reasonable that his suffering should be laid

to my charge. Let him who has been deceived complain, let him give way

to despair whose encouraged hopes have proved vain, let him flatter

himself whom I shall entice, let him boast whom I shall receive; but

let not him call me cruel or homicide to whom I make no promise, upon

whom I practise no deception, whom I neither entice nor receive. It has

not been so far the will of Heaven that I should love by fate, and to

expect me to love by choice is idle. Let this general declaration serve

for each of my suitors on his own account, and let it be understood

from this time forth that if anyone dies for me it is not of jealousy

or misery he dies, for she who loves no one can give no cause for

jealousy to any, and candour is not to be confounded with scorn. Let

him who calls me wild beast and basilisk, leave me alone as something

noxious and evil; let him who calls me ungrateful, withhold his

service; who calls me wayward, seek not my acquaintance; who calls me

cruel, pursue me not; for this wild beast, this basilisk, this

ungrateful, cruel, wayward being has no kind of desire to seek, serve,

know, or follow them. If Chrysostom’s impatience and violent passion

killed him, why should my modest behaviour and circumspection be

blamed? If I preserve my purity in the society of the trees, why should

he who would have me preserve it among men, seek to rob me of it? I

have, as you know, wealth of my own, and I covet not that of others; my

taste is for freedom, and I have no relish for constraint; I neither

love nor hate anyone; I do not deceive this one or court that, or

trifle with one or play with another. The modest converse of the

shepherd girls of these hamlets and the care of my goats are my

recreations; my desires are bounded by these mountains, and if they

ever wander hence it is to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, steps

by which the soul travels to its primeval abode.”

With these words, and not waiting to hear a reply, she turned and

passed into the thickest part of a wood that was hard by, leaving all

who were there lost in admiration as much of her good sense as of her

beauty. Some—those wounded by the irresistible shafts launched by her

bright eyes—made as though they would follow her, heedless of the frank

declaration they had heard; seeing which, and deeming this a fitting

occasion for the exercise of his chivalry in aid of distressed damsels,

Don Quixote, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword, exclaimed in a

loud and distinct voice:

“Let no one, whatever his rank or condition, dare to follow the

beautiful Marcela, under pain of incurring my fierce indignation. She

has shown by clear and satisfactory arguments that little or no fault

is to be found with her for the death of Chrysostom, and also how far

she is from yielding to the wishes of any of her lovers, for which

reason, instead of being followed and persecuted, she should in justice

be honoured and esteemed by all the good people of the world, for she

shows that she is the only woman in it that holds to such a virtuous

resolution.”

Whether it was because of the threats of Don Quixote, or because

Ambrosio told them to fulfil their duty to their good friend, none of

the shepherds moved or stirred from the spot until, having finished the

grave and burned Chrysostom’s papers, they laid his body in it, not

without many tears from those who stood by. They closed the grave with

a heavy stone until a slab was ready which Ambrosio said he meant to

have prepared, with an epitaph which was to be to this effect:

Beneath the stone before your eyes

The body of a lover lies;

In life he was a shepherd swain,

In death a victim to disdain.

Ungrateful, cruel, coy, and fair,

Was she that drove him to despair,

And Love hath made her his ally

For spreading wide his tyranny.

They then strewed upon the grave a profusion of flowers and branches,

and all expressing their condolence with his friend Ambrosio, took

their leave. Vivaldo and his companion did the same; and Don Quixote

bade farewell to his hosts and to the travellers, who pressed him to

come with them to Seville, as being such a convenient place for finding

adventures, for they presented themselves in every street and round

every corner oftener than anywhere else. Don Quixote thanked them for

their advice and for the disposition they showed to do him a favour,

and said that for the present he would not, and must not go to Seville

until he had cleared all these mountains of highwaymen and robbers, of

whom report said they were full. Seeing his good intention, the

travellers were unwilling to press him further, and once more bidding

him farewell, they left him and pursued their journey, in the course of

which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcela and Chrysostom

as well as the madness of Don Quixote. He, on his part, resolved to go

in quest of the shepherdess Marcela, and make offer to her of all the

service he could render her; but things did not fall out with him as he

expected, according to what is related in the course of this veracious

history, of which the Second Part ends here.

c14e.jpg (31K)

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURE THAT DON QUIXOTE FELL IN

WITH WHEN HE FELL OUT WITH CERTAIN HEARTLESS YANGUESANS

c15a.jpg (81K)

Full Size

The sage Cid Hamete Benengeli relates that as soon as Don Quixote took

leave of his hosts and all who had been present at the burial of

Chrysostom, he and his squire passed into the same wood which they had

seen the shepherdess Marcela enter, and after having wandered for more

than two hours in all directions in search of her without finding her,

they came to a halt in a glade covered with tender grass, beside which

ran a pleasant cool stream that invited and compelled them to pass

there the hours of the noontide heat, which by this time was beginning

to come on oppressively. Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, and turning

Rocinante and the ass loose to feed on the grass that was there in

abundance, they ransacked the alforjas, and without any ceremony very

peacefully and sociably master and man made their repast on what they

found in them.

c15b.jpg (376K)

Full Size

Sancho had not thought it worth while to hobble Rocinante, feeling

sure, from what he knew of his staidness and freedom from incontinence,

that all the mares in the Cordova pastures would not lead him into an

impropriety. Chance, however, and the devil, who is not always asleep,

so ordained it that feeding in this valley there was a drove of

Galician ponies belonging to certain Yanguesan carriers, whose way it

is to take their midday rest with their teams in places and spots where

grass and water abound; and that where Don Quixote chanced to be suited

the Yanguesans’ purpose very well. It so happened, then, that Rocinante

took a fancy to disport himself with their ladyships the ponies, and

abandoning his usual gait and demeanour as he scented them, he, without

asking leave of his master, got up a briskish little trot and hastened

to make known his wishes to them; they, however, it seemed, preferred

their pasture to him, and received him with their heels and teeth to

such effect that they soon broke his girths and left him naked without

a saddle to cover him; but what must have been worse to him was that

the carriers, seeing the violence he was offering to their mares, came

running up armed with stakes, and so belaboured him that they brought

him sorely battered to the ground.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had witnessed the drubbing of

Rocinante, came up panting, and said Don Quixote to Sancho:

“So far as I can see, friend Sancho, these are not knights but base

folk of low birth: I mention it because thou canst lawfully aid me in

taking due vengeance for the insult offered to Rocinante before our

eyes.”

“What the devil vengeance can we take,” answered Sancho, “if they are

more than twenty, and we no more than two, or, indeed, perhaps not more

than one and a half?”

“I count for a hundred,” replied Don Quixote, and without more words he

drew his sword and attacked the Yanguesans and excited and impelled by

the example of his master, Sancho did the same; and to begin with, Don

Quixote delivered a slash at one of them that laid open the leather

jerkin he wore, together with a great portion of his shoulder. The

Yanguesans, seeing themselves assaulted by only two men while they were

so many, betook themselves to their stakes, and driving the two into

the middle they began to lay on with great zeal and energy; in fact, at

the second blow they brought Sancho to the ground, and Don Quixote

fared the same way, all his skill and high mettle availing him nothing,

and fate willed it that he should fall at the feet of Rocinante, who

had not yet risen; whereby it may be seen how furiously stakes can

pound in angry boorish hands.

c15c.jpg (362K)

Full Size

Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the Yanguesans with all the

haste they could loaded their team and pursued their journey, leaving

the two adventurers a sorry sight and in sorrier mood.

Sancho was the first to come to, and finding himself close to his

master he called to him in a weak and doleful voice, “Señor Don

Quixote, ah, Señor Don Quixote!”

“What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?” answered Don Quixote in the same

feeble suffering tone as Sancho.

“I would like, if it were possible,” answered Sancho Panza, “your

worship to give me a couple of sups of that potion of the fiery Blas,

if it be that you have any to hand there; perhaps it will serve for

broken bones as well as for wounds.”

“If I only had it here, wretch that I am, what more should we want?”

said Don Quixote; “but I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a

knight-errant, ere two days are over, unless fortune orders otherwise,

I mean to have it in my possession, or my hand will have lost its

cunning.”

“But in how many does your worship think we shall have the use of our

feet?” answered Sancho Panza.

“For myself I must say I cannot guess how many,” said the battered

knight Don Quixote; “but I take all the blame upon myself, for I had no

business to put hand to sword against men who where not dubbed knights

like myself, and so I believe that in punishment for having

transgressed the laws of chivalry the God of battles has permitted this

chastisement to be administered to me; for which reason, brother

Sancho, it is well thou shouldst receive a hint on the matter which I

am now about to mention to thee, for it is of much importance to the

welfare of both of us. It is at when thou shalt see rabble of this sort

offering us insult thou art not to wait till I draw sword against them,

for I shall not do so at all; but do thou draw sword and chastise them

to thy heart’s content, and if any knights come to their aid and

defence I will take care to defend thee and assail them with all my

might; and thou hast already seen by a thousand signs and proofs what

the might of this strong arm of mine is equal to”—so uplifted had the

poor gentleman become through the victory over the stout Biscayan.

But Sancho did not so fully approve of his master’s admonition as to

let it pass without saying in reply, “Señor, I am a man of peace, meek

and quiet, and I can put up with any affront because I have a wife and

children to support and bring up; so let it be likewise a hint to your

worship, as it cannot be a mandate, that on no account will I draw

sword either against clown or against knight, and that here before God

I forgive the insults that have been offered me, whether they have

been, are, or shall be offered me by high or low, rich or poor, noble

or commoner, not excepting any rank or condition whatsoever.”

To all which his master said in reply, “I wish I had breath enough to

speak somewhat easily, and that the pain I feel on this side would

abate so as to let me explain to thee, Panza, the mistake thou makest.

Come now, sinner, suppose the wind of fortune, hitherto so adverse,

should turn in our favour, filling the sails of our desires so that

safely and without impediment we put into port in some one of those

islands I have promised thee, how would it be with thee if on winning

it I made thee lord of it? Why, thou wilt make it well-nigh impossible

through not being a knight nor having any desire to be one, nor

possessing the courage nor the will to avenge insults or defend thy

lordship; for thou must know that in newly conquered kingdoms and

provinces the minds of the inhabitants are never so quiet nor so well

disposed to the new lord that there is no fear of their making some

move to change matters once more, and try, as they say, what chance may

do for them; so it is essential that the new possessor should have good

sense to enable him to govern, and valour to attack and defend himself,

whatever may befall him.”

“In what has now befallen us,” answered Sancho, “I’d have been well

pleased to have that good sense and that valour your worship speaks of,

but I swear on the faith of a poor man I am more fit for plasters than

for arguments. See if your worship can get up, and let us help

Rocinante, though he does not deserve it, for he was the main cause of

all this thrashing. I never thought it of Rocinante, for I took him to

be a virtuous person and as quiet as myself. After all, they say right

that it takes a long time to come to know people, and that there is

nothing sure in this life. Who would have said that, after such mighty

slashes as your worship gave that unlucky knight-errant, there was

coming, travelling post and at the very heels of them, such a great

storm of sticks as has fallen upon our shoulders?”

“And yet thine, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ought to be used to such

squalls; but mine, reared in soft cloth and fine linen, it is plain

they must feel more keenly the pain of this mishap, and if it were not

that I imagine—why do I say imagine?—know of a certainty that all these

annoyances are very necessary accompaniments of the calling of arms, I

would lay me down here to die of pure vexation.”

To this the squire replied, “Señor, as these mishaps are what one reaps

of chivalry, tell me if they happen very often, or if they have their

own fixed times for coming to pass; because it seems to me that after

two harvests we shall be no good for the third, unless God in his

infinite mercy helps us.”

“Know, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “that the life of

knights-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and reverses, and

neither more nor less is it within immediate possibility for

knights-errant to become kings and emperors, as experience has shown in

the case of many different knights with whose histories I am thoroughly

acquainted; and I could tell thee now, if the pain would let me, of

some who simply by might of arm have risen to the high stations I have

mentioned; and those same, both before and after, experienced divers

misfortunes and miseries; for the valiant Amadis of Gaul found himself

in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the magician, who, it is

positively asserted, holding him captive, gave him more than two

hundred lashes with the reins of his horse while tied to one of the

pillars of a court; and moreover there is a certain recondite author of

no small authority who says that the Knight of Phœbus, being caught in

a certain pitfall, which opened under his feet in a certain castle, on

falling found himself bound hand and foot in a deep pit underground,

where they administered to him one of those things they call clysters,

of sand and snow-water, that well-nigh finished him; and if he had not

been succoured in that sore extremity by a sage, a great friend of his,

it would have gone very hard with the poor knight; so I may well suffer

in company with such worthy folk, for greater were the indignities

which they had to suffer than those which we suffer. For I would have

thee know, Sancho, that wounds caused by any instruments which happen

by chance to be in hand inflict no indignity, and this is laid down in

the law of the duel in express words: if, for instance, the cobbler

strikes another with the last which he has in his hand, though it be in

fact a piece of wood, it cannot be said for that reason that he whom he

struck with it has been cudgelled. I say this lest thou shouldst

imagine that because we have been drubbed in this affray we have

therefore suffered any indignity; for the arms those men carried, with

which they pounded us, were nothing more than their stakes, and not one

of them, so far as I remember, carried rapier, sword, or dagger.”

“They gave me no time to see that much,” answered Sancho, “for hardly

had I laid hand on my tizona when they signed the cross on my shoulders

with their sticks in such style that they took the sight out of my eyes

and the strength out of my feet, stretching me where I now lie, and

where thinking of whether all those stake-strokes were an indignity or

not gives me no uneasiness, which the pain of the blows does, for they

will remain as deeply impressed on my memory as on my shoulders.”

“For all that let me tell thee, brother Panza,” said Don Quixote, “that

there is no recollection which time does not put an end to, and no pain

which death does not remove.”

“And what greater misfortune can there be,” replied Panza, “than the

one that waits for time to put an end to it and death to remove it? If

our mishap were one of those that are cured with a couple of plasters,

it would not be so bad; but I am beginning to think that all the

plasters in a hospital almost won’t be enough to put us right.”

“No more of that: pluck strength out of weakness, Sancho, as I mean to

do,” returned Don Quixote, “and let us see how Rocinante is, for it

seems to me that not the least share of this mishap has fallen to the

lot of the poor beast.”

“There is nothing wonderful in that,” replied Sancho, “since he is a

knight-errant too; what I wonder at is that my beast should have come

off scot-free where we come out scotched.”

“Fortune always leaves a door open in adversity in order to bring

relief to it,” said Don Quixote; “I say so because this little beast

may now supply the want of Rocinante, carrying me hence to some castle

where I may be cured of my wounds. And moreover I shall not hold it any

dishonour to be so mounted, for I remember having read how the good old

Silenus, the tutor and instructor of the gay god of laughter, when he

entered the city of the hundred gates, went very contentedly mounted on

a handsome ass.”

“It may be true that he went mounted as your worship says,” answered

Sancho, “but there is a great difference between going mounted and

going slung like a sack of manure.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “Wounds received in battle confer honour

instead of taking it away; and so, friend Panza, say no more, but, as I

told thee before, get up as well as thou canst and put me on top of thy

beast in whatever fashion pleases thee best, and let us go hence ere

night come on and surprise us in these wilds.”

“And yet I have heard your worship say,” observed Panza, “that it is

very meet for knights-errant to sleep in wastes and deserts, and that

they esteem it very good fortune.”

“That is,” said Don Quixote, “when they cannot help it, or when they

are in love; and so true is this that there have been knights who have

remained two years on rocks, in sunshine and shade and all the

inclemencies of heaven, without their ladies knowing anything of it;

and one of these was Amadis, when, under the name of Beltenebros, he

took up his abode on the Peña Pobre for—I know not if it was eight

years or eight months, for I am not very sure of the reckoning; at any

rate he stayed there doing penance for I know not what pique the

Princess Oriana had against him; but no more of this now, Sancho, and

make haste before a mishap like Rocinante’s befalls the ass.”

“The very devil would be in it in that case,” said Sancho; and letting

off thirty “ohs,” and sixty sighs, and a hundred and twenty

maledictions and execrations on whomsoever it was that had brought him

there, he raised himself, stopping half-way bent like a Turkish bow

without power to bring himself upright, but with all his pains he

saddled his ass, who too had gone astray somewhat, yielding to the

excessive licence of the day; he next raised up Rocinante, and as for

him, had he possessed a tongue to complain with, most assuredly neither

Sancho nor his master would have been behind him.

c15d.jpg (329K)

Full Size

To be brief, Sancho fixed Don Quixote on the ass and secured Rocinante

with a leading rein, and taking the ass by the halter, he proceeded

more or less in the direction in which it seemed to him the high road

might be; and, as chance was conducting their affairs for them from

good to better, he had not gone a short league when the road came in

sight, and on it he perceived an inn, which to his annoyance and to the

delight of Don Quixote must needs be a castle. Sancho insisted that it

was an inn, and his master that it was not one, but a castle, and the

dispute lasted so long that before the point was settled they had time

to reach it, and into it Sancho entered with all his team without any

further controversy.

c15e.jpg (31K)

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN IN THE INN WHICH HE TOOK TO

BE A CASTLE

c16a.jpg (129K)

Full Size

The innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote slung across the ass, asked Sancho

what was amiss with him. Sancho answered that it was nothing, only that

he had fallen down from a rock and had his ribs a little bruised. The

innkeeper had a wife whose disposition was not such as those of her

calling commonly have, for she was by nature kind-hearted and felt for

the sufferings of her neighbours, so she at once set about tending Don

Quixote, and made her young daughter, a very comely girl, help her in

taking care of her guest. There was besides in the inn, as servant, an

Asturian lass with a broad face, flat poll, and snub nose, blind of one

eye and not very sound in the other. The elegance of her shape, to be

sure, made up for all her defects; she did not measure seven palms from

head to foot, and her shoulders, which overweighted her somewhat, made

her contemplate the ground more than she liked. This graceful lass,

then, helped the young girl, and the two made up a very bad bed for Don

Quixote in a garret that showed evident signs of having formerly served

for many years as a straw-loft, in which there was also quartered a

carrier whose bed was placed a little beyond our Don Quixote’s, and,

though only made of the pack-saddles and cloths of his mules, had much

the advantage of it, as Don Quixote’s consisted simply of four rough

boards on two not very even trestles, a mattress, that for thinness

might have passed for a quilt, full of pellets which, were they not

seen through the rents to be wool, would to the touch have seemed

pebbles in hardness, two sheets made of buckler leather, and a coverlet

the threads of which anyone that chose might have counted without

missing one in the reckoning.

On this accursed bed Don Quixote stretched himself, and the hostess and

her daughter soon covered him with plasters from top to toe, while

Maritornes—for that was the name of the Asturian—held the light for

them, and while plastering him, the hostess, observing how full of

wheals Don Quixote was in some places, remarked that this had more the

look of blows than of a fall.

It was not blows, Sancho said, but that the rock had many points and

projections, and that each of them had left its mark. “Pray, señora,”

he added, “manage to save some tow, as there will be no want of someone

to use it, for my loins too are rather sore.”

“Then you must have fallen too,” said the hostess.

“I did not fall,” said Sancho Panza, “but from the shock I got at

seeing my master fall, my body aches so that I feel as if I had had a

thousand thwacks.”

“That may well be,” said the young girl, “for it has many a time

happened to me to dream that I was falling down from a tower and never

coming to the ground, and when I awoke from the dream to find myself as

weak and shaken as if I had really fallen.”

“There is the point, señora,” replied Sancho Panza, “that I without

dreaming at all, but being more awake than I am now, find myself with

scarcely less wheals than my master, Don Quixote.”

“How is the gentleman called?” asked Maritornes the Asturian.

“Don Quixote of La Mancha,” answered Sancho Panza, “and he is a

knight-adventurer, and one of the best and stoutest that have been seen

in the world this long time past.”

“What is a knight-adventurer?” said the lass.

“Are you so new in the world as not to know?” answered Sancho Panza.

“Well, then, you must know, sister, that a knight-adventurer is a thing

that in two words is seen drubbed and emperor, that is to-day the most

miserable and needy being in the world, and to-morrow will have two or

three crowns of kingdoms to give his squire.”

“Then how is it,” said the hostess, “that belonging to so good a master

as this, you have not, to judge by appearances, even so much as a

county?”

“It is too soon yet,” answered Sancho, “for we have only been a month

going in quest of adventures, and so far we have met with nothing that

can be called one, for it will happen that when one thing is looked for

another thing is found; however, if my master Don Quixote gets well of

this wound, or fall, and I am left none the worse of it, I would not

change my hopes for the best title in Spain.”

To all this conversation Don Quixote was listening very attentively,

and sitting up in bed as well as he could, and taking the hostess by

the hand he said to her, “Believe me, fair lady, you may call yourself

fortunate in having in this castle of yours sheltered my person, which

is such that if I do not myself praise it, it is because of what is

commonly said, that self-praise debaseth; but my squire will inform you

who I am. I only tell you that I shall preserve for ever inscribed on

my memory the service you have rendered me in order to tender you my

gratitude while life shall last me; and would to Heaven love held me

not so enthralled and subject to its laws and to the eyes of that fair

ingrate whom I name between my teeth, but that those of this lovely

damsel might be the masters of my liberty.”

The hostess, her daughter, and the worthy Maritornes listened in

bewilderment to the words of the knight-errant; for they understood

about as much of them as if he had been talking Greek, though they

could perceive they were all meant for expressions of good-will and

blandishments; and not being accustomed to this kind of language, they

stared at him and wondered to themselves, for he seemed to them a man

of a different sort from those they were used to, and thanking him in

pothouse phrase for his civility they left him, while the Asturian gave

her attention to Sancho, who needed it no less than his master.

The carrier had made an arrangement with her for recreation that night,

and she had given him her word that when the guests were quiet and the

family asleep she would come in search of him and meet his wishes

unreservedly. And it is said of this good lass that she never made

promises of the kind without fulfilling them, even though she made them

in a forest and without any witness present, for she plumed herself

greatly on being a lady and held it no disgrace to be in such an

employment as servant in an inn, because, she said, misfortunes and

ill-luck had brought her to that position. The hard, narrow, wretched,

rickety bed of Don Quixote stood first in the middle of this star-lit

stable, and close beside it Sancho made his, which merely consisted of

a rush mat and a blanket that looked as if it was of threadbare canvas

rather than of wool. Next to these two beds was that of the carrier,

made up, as has been said, of the pack-saddles and all the trappings of

the two best mules he had, though there were twelve of them, sleek,

plump, and in prime condition, for he was one of the rich carriers of

Arévalo, according to the author of this history, who particularly

mentions this carrier because he knew him very well, and they even say

was in some degree a relation of his; besides which Cid Hamete

Benengeli was a historian of great research and accuracy in all things,

as is very evident since he would not pass over in silence those that

have been already mentioned, however trifling and insignificant they

might be, an example that might be followed by those grave historians

who relate transactions so curtly and briefly that we hardly get a

taste of them, all the substance of the work being left in the inkstand

from carelessness, perverseness, or ignorance. A thousand blessings on

the author of “Tablante de Ricamonte” and that of the other book in

which the deeds of the Conde Tomillas are recounted; with what

minuteness they describe everything!

To proceed, then: after having paid a visit to his team and given them

their second feed, the carrier stretched himself on his pack-saddles

and lay waiting for his conscientious Maritornes. Sancho was by this

time plastered and had lain down, and though he strove to sleep the

pain of his ribs would not let him, while Don Quixote with the pain of

his had his eyes as wide open as a hare’s.

c16b.jpg (333K)

Full Size

The inn was all in silence, and in the whole of it there was no light

except that given by a lantern that hung burning in the middle of the

gateway. This strange stillness, and the thoughts, always present to

our knight’s mind, of the incidents described at every turn in the

books that were the cause of his misfortune, conjured up to his

imagination as extraordinary a delusion as can well be conceived, which

was that he fancied himself to have reached a famous castle (for, as

has been said, all the inns he lodged in were castles to his eyes), and

that the daughter of the innkeeper was daughter of the lord of the

castle, and that she, won by his high-bred bearing, had fallen in love

with him, and had promised to come to his bed for a while that night

without the knowledge of her parents; and holding all this fantasy that

he had constructed as solid fact, he began to feel uneasy and to

consider the perilous risk which his virtue was about to encounter, and

he resolved in his heart to commit no treason to his lady Dulcinea del

Toboso, even though the queen Guinevere herself and the dame Quintañona

should present themselves before him.

While he was taken up with these vagaries, then, the time and the

hour—an unlucky one for him—arrived for the Asturian to come, who in

her smock, with bare feet and her hair gathered into a fustian coif,

with noiseless and cautious steps entered the chamber where the three

were quartered, in quest of the carrier; but scarcely had she gained

the door when Don Quixote perceived her, and sitting up in his bed in

spite of his plasters and the pain of his ribs, he stretched out his

arms to receive his beauteous damsel. The Asturian, who went all

doubled up and in silence with her hands before her feeling for her

lover, encountered the arms of Don Quixote, who grasped her tightly by

the wrist, and drawing her towards him, while she dared not utter a

word, made her sit down on the bed. He then felt her smock, and

although it was of sackcloth it appeared to him to be of the finest and

softest silk: on her wrists she wore some glass beads, but to him they

had the sheen of precious Orient pearls: her hair, which in some

measure resembled a horse’s mane, he rated as threads of the brightest

gold of Araby, whose refulgence dimmed the sun himself: her breath,

which no doubt smelt of yesterday’s stale salad, seemed to him to

diffuse a sweet aromatic fragrance from her mouth; and, in short, he

drew her portrait in his imagination with the same features and in the

same style as that which he had seen in his books of the other

princesses who, smitten by love, came with all the adornments that are

here set down, to see the sorely wounded knight; and so great was the

poor gentleman’s blindness that neither touch, nor smell, nor anything

else about the good lass that would have made any but a carrier vomit,

were enough to undeceive him; on the contrary, he was persuaded he had

the goddess of beauty in his arms, and holding her firmly in his grasp

he went on to say in low, tender voice:

“Would that found myself, lovely and exalted lady, in a position to

repay such a favour as that which you, by the sight of your great

beauty, have granted me; but fortune, which is never weary of

persecuting the good, has chosen to place me upon this bed, where I lie

so bruised and broken that though my inclination would gladly comply

with yours it is impossible; besides, to this impossibility another yet

greater is to be added, which is the faith that I have pledged to the

peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole lady of my most secret thoughts; and

were it not that this stood in the way I should not be so insensible a

knight as to miss the happy opportunity which your great goodness has

offered me.”

Maritornes was fretting and sweating at finding herself held so fast by

Don Quixote, and not understanding or heeding the words he addressed to

her, she strove without speaking to free herself. The worthy carrier,

whose unholy thoughts kept him awake, was aware of his doxy the moment

she entered the door, and was listening attentively to all Don Quixote

said; and jealous that the Asturian should have broken her word with

him for another, drew nearer to Don Quixote’s bed and stood still to

see what would come of this talk which he could not understand; but

when he perceived the wench struggling to get free and Don Quixote

striving to hold her, not relishing the joke he raised his arm and

delivered such a terrible cuff on the lank jaws of the amorous knight

that he bathed all his mouth in blood, and not content with this he

mounted on his ribs and with his feet tramped all over them at a pace

rather smarter than a trot. The bed which was somewhat crazy and not

very firm on its feet, unable to support the additional weight of the

carrier, came to the ground, and at the mighty crash of this the

innkeeper awoke and at once concluded that it must be some brawl of

Maritornes’, because after calling loudly to her he got no answer. With

this suspicion he got up, and lighting a lamp hastened to the quarter

where he had heard the disturbance. The wench, seeing that her master

was coming and knowing that his temper was terrible, frightened and

panic-stricken made for the bed of Sancho Panza, who still slept, and

crouching upon it made a ball of herself.

The innkeeper came in exclaiming, “Where art thou, strumpet? Of course

this is some of thy work.” At this Sancho awoke, and feeling this mass

almost on top of him fancied he had the nightmare and began to

distribute fisticuffs all round, of which a certain share fell upon

Maritornes, who, irritated by the pain and flinging modesty aside, paid

back so many in return to Sancho that she woke him up in spite of

himself. He then, finding himself so handled, by whom he knew not,

raising himself up as well as he could, grappled with Maritornes, and

he and she between them began the bitterest and drollest scrimmage in

the world. The carrier, however, perceiving by the light of the

innkeeper candle how it fared with his ladylove, quitting Don Quixote,

ran to bring her the help she needed; and the innkeeper did the same

but with a different intention, for his was to chastise the lass, as he

believed that beyond a doubt she alone was the cause of all the

harmony. And so, as the saying is, cat to rat, rat to rope, rope to

stick, the carrier pounded Sancho, Sancho the lass, she him, and the

innkeeper her, and all worked away so briskly that they did not give

themselves a moment’s rest; and the best of it was that the innkeeper’s

lamp went out, and as they were left in the dark they all laid on one

upon the other in a mass so unmercifully that there was not a sound

spot left where a hand could light.

It so happened that there was lodging that night in the inn a

caudrillero of what they call the Old Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, who,

also hearing the extraordinary noise of the conflict, seized his staff

and the tin case with his warrants, and made his way in the dark into

the room crying: “Hold! in the name of the Jurisdiction! Hold! in the

name of the Holy Brotherhood!”

The first that he came upon was the pummelled Don Quixote, who lay

stretched senseless on his back upon his broken-down bed, and, his hand

falling on the beard as he felt about, he continued to cry, “Help for

the Jurisdiction!” but perceiving that he whom he had laid hold of did

not move or stir, he concluded that he was dead and that those in the

room were his murderers, and with this suspicion he raised his voice

still higher, calling out, “Shut the inn gate; see that no one goes

out; they have killed a man here!” This cry startled them all, and each

dropped the contest at the point at which the voice reached him. The

innkeeper retreated to his room, the carrier to his pack-saddles, the

lass to her crib; the unlucky Don Quixote and Sancho alone were unable

to move from where they were. The cuadrillero on this let go Don

Quixote’s beard, and went out to look for a light to search for and

apprehend the culprits; but not finding one, as the innkeeper had

purposely extinguished the lantern on retreating to his room, he was

compelled to have recourse to the hearth, where after much time and

trouble he lit another lamp.

c16e.jpg (32K)

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ARE CONTAINED THE INNUMERABLE TROUBLES WHICH THE BRAVE DON

QUIXOTE AND HIS GOOD SQUIRE SANCHO PANZA ENDURED IN THE INN, WHICH TO

HIS MISFORTUNE HE TOOK TO BE A CASTLE

c17a.jpg (87K)

Full Size

By this time Don Quixote had recovered from his swoon; and in the same

tone of voice in which he had called to his squire the day before when

he lay stretched “in the vale of the stakes,” he began calling to him

now, “Sancho, my friend, art thou asleep? sleepest thou, friend

Sancho?”

“How can I sleep, curses on it!” returned Sancho discontentedly and

bitterly, “when it is plain that all the devils have been at me this

night?”

“Thou mayest well believe that,” answered Don Quixote, “because, either

I know little, or this castle is enchanted, for thou must know—but this

that I am now about to tell thee thou must swear to keep secret until

after my death.”

“I swear it,” answered Sancho.

“I say so,” continued Don Quixote, “because I hate taking away anyone’s

good name.”

“I say,” replied Sancho, “that I swear to hold my tongue about it till

the end of your worship’s days, and God grant I may be able to let it

out to-morrow.”

“Do I do thee such injuries, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that thou

wouldst see me dead so soon?”

“It is not for that,” replied Sancho, “but because I hate keeping

things long, and I don’t want them to grow rotten with me from

over-keeping.”

“At any rate,” said Don Quixote, “I have more confidence in thy

affection and good nature; and so I would have thee know that this

night there befell me one of the strangest adventures that I could

describe, and to relate it to thee briefly thou must know that a little

while ago the daughter of the lord of this castle came to me, and that

she is the most elegant and beautiful damsel that could be found in the

wide world. What I could tell thee of the charms of her person! of her

lively wit! of other secret matters which, to preserve the fealty I owe

to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I shall pass over unnoticed and in

silence! I will only tell thee that, either fate being envious of so

great a boon placed in my hands by good fortune, or perhaps (and this

is more probable) this castle being, as I have already said, enchanted,

at the time when I was engaged in the sweetest and most amorous

discourse with her, there came, without my seeing or knowing whence it

came, a hand attached to some arm of some huge giant, that planted such

a cuff on my jaws that I have them all bathed in blood, and then

pummelled me in such a way that I am in a worse plight than yesterday

when the carriers, on account of Rocinante’s misbehaviour, inflicted on

us the injury thou knowest of; whence conjecture that there must be

some enchanted Moor guarding the treasure of this damsel’s beauty, and

that it is not for me.”

“Not for me either,” said Sancho, “for more than four hundred Moors

have so thrashed me that the drubbing of the stakes was cakes and

fancy-bread to it. But tell me, señor, what do you call this excellent

and rare adventure that has left us as we are left now? Though your

worship was not so badly off, having in your arms that incomparable

beauty you spoke of; but I, what did I have, except the heaviest whacks

I think I had in all my life? Unlucky me and the mother that bore me!

for I am not a knight-errant and never expect to be one, and of all the

mishaps, the greater part falls to my share.”

“Then thou hast been thrashed too?” said Don Quixote.

“Didn’t I say so? worse luck to my line!” said Sancho.

“Be not distressed, friend,” said Don Quixote, “for I will now make the

precious balsam with which we shall cure ourselves in the twinkling of

an eye.”

By this time the cuadrillero had succeeded in lighting the lamp, and

came in to see the man that he thought had been killed; and as Sancho

caught sight of him at the door, seeing him coming in his shirt, with a

cloth on his head, and a lamp in his hand, and a very forbidding

countenance, he said to his master, “Señor, can it be that this is the

enchanted Moor coming back to give us more castigation if there be

anything still left in the ink-bottle?”

“It cannot be the Moor,” answered Don Quixote, “for those under

enchantment do not let themselves be seen by anyone.”

“If they don’t let themselves be seen, they let themselves be felt,”

said Sancho; “if not, let my shoulders speak to the point.”

“Mine could speak too,” said Don Quixote, “but that is not a sufficient

reason for believing that what we see is the enchanted Moor.”

The officer came up, and finding them engaged in such a peaceful

conversation, stood amazed; though Don Quixote, to be sure, still lay

on his back unable to move from pure pummelling and plasters. The

officer turned to him and said, “Well, how goes it, good man?”

“I would speak more politely if I were you,” replied Don Quixote; “is

it the way of this country to address knights-errant in that style, you

booby?”

The cuadrillero finding himself so disrespectfully treated by such a

sorry-looking individual, lost his temper, and raising the lamp full of

oil, smote Don Quixote such a blow with it on the head that he gave him

a badly broken pate; then, all being in darkness, he went out, and

Sancho Panza said, “That is certainly the enchanted Moor, Señor, and he

keeps the treasure for others, and for us only the cuffs and

lamp-whacks.”

“That is the truth,” answered Don Quixote, “and there is no use in

troubling oneself about these matters of enchantment or being angry or

vexed at them, for as they are invisible and visionary we shall find no

one on whom to avenge ourselves, do what we may; rise, Sancho, if thou

canst, and call the alcaide of this fortress, and get him to give me a

little oil, wine, salt, and rosemary to make the salutiferous balsam,

for indeed I believe I have great need of it now, because I am losing

much blood from the wound that phantom gave me.”

Sancho got up with pain enough in his bones, and went after the

innkeeper in the dark, and meeting the officer, who was looking to see

what had become of his enemy, he said to him, “Señor, whoever you are,

do us the favour and kindness to give us a little rosemary, oil, salt,

and wine, for it is wanted to cure one of the best knights-errant on

earth, who lies on yonder bed wounded by the hands of the enchanted

Moor that is in this inn.”

When the officer heard him talk in this way, he took him for a man out

of his senses, and as day was now beginning to break, he opened the inn

gate, and calling the host, he told him what this good man wanted. The

host furnished him with what he required, and Sancho brought it to Don

Quixote, who, with his hand to his head, was bewailing the pain of the

blow of the lamp, which had done him no more harm than raising a couple

of rather large lumps, and what he fancied blood was only the sweat

that flowed from him in his sufferings during the late storm. To be

brief, he took the materials, of which he made a compound, mixing them

all and boiling them a good while until it seemed to him they had come

to perfection. He then asked for some vial to pour it into, and as

there was not one in the inn, he decided on putting it into a tin

oil-bottle or flask of which the host made him a free gift; and over

the flask he repeated more than eighty paternosters and as many more

ave-marias, salves, and credos, accompanying each word with a cross by

way of benediction, at all which there were present Sancho, the

innkeeper, and the cuadrillero; for the carrier was now peacefully

engaged in attending to the comfort of his mules.

This being accomplished, he felt anxious to make trial himself, on the

spot, of the virtue of this precious balsam, as he considered it, and

so he drank near a quart of what could not be put into the flask and

remained in the pigskin in which it had been boiled; but scarcely had

he done drinking when he began to vomit in such a way that nothing was

left in his stomach, and with the pangs and spasms of vomiting he broke

into a profuse sweat, on account of which he bade them cover him up and

leave him alone. They did so, and he lay sleeping more than three

hours, at the end of which he awoke and felt very great bodily relief

and so much ease from his bruises that he thought himself quite cured,

and verily believed he had hit upon the balsam of Fierabras; and that

with this remedy he might thenceforward, without any fear, face any

kind of destruction, battle, or combat, however perilous it might be.

Sancho Panza, who also regarded the amendment of his master as

miraculous, begged him to give him what was left in the pigskin, which

was no small quantity. Don Quixote consented, and he, taking it with

both hands, in good faith and with a better will, gulped down and

drained off very little less than his master. But the fact is, that the

stomach of poor Sancho was of necessity not so delicate as that of his

master, and so, before vomiting, he was seized with such gripings and

retchings, and such sweats and faintness, that verily and truly he

believed his last hour had come, and finding himself so racked and

tormented he cursed the balsam and the thief that had given it to him.

Don Quixote seeing him in this state said, “It is my belief, Sancho,

that this mischief comes of thy not being dubbed a knight, for I am

persuaded this liquor cannot be good for those who are not so.”

“If your worship knew that,” returned Sancho—“woe betide me and all my

kindred!—why did you let me taste it?”

At this moment the draught took effect, and the poor squire began to

discharge both ways at such a rate that the rush mat on which he had

thrown himself and the canvas blanket he had covering him were fit for

nothing afterwards. He sweated and perspired with such paroxysms and

convulsions that not only he himself but all present thought his end

had come. This tempest and tribulation lasted about two hours, at the

end of which he was left, not like his master, but so weak and

exhausted that he could not stand. Don Quixote, however, who, as has

been said, felt himself relieved and well, was eager to take his

departure at once in quest of adventures, as it seemed to him that all

the time he loitered there was a fraud upon the world and those in it

who stood in need of his help and protection, all the more when he had

the security and confidence his balsam afforded him; and so, urged by

this impulse, he saddled Rocinante himself and put the pack-saddle on

his squire’s beast, whom likewise he helped to dress and mount the ass;

after which he mounted his horse and turning to a corner of the inn he

laid hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him by way of a lance.

All that were in the inn, who were more than twenty persons, stood

watching him; the innkeeper’s daughter was likewise observing him, and

he too never took his eyes off her, and from time to time fetched a

sigh that he seemed to pluck up from the depths of his bowels; but they

all thought it must be from the pain he felt in his ribs; at any rate

they who had seen him plastered the night before thought so.

As soon as they were both mounted, at the gate of the inn, he called to

the host and said in a very grave and measured voice, “Many and great

are the favours, Señor Alcaide, that I have received in this castle of

yours, and I remain under the deepest obligation to be grateful to you

for them all the days of my life; if I can repay them in avenging you

of any arrogant foe who may have wronged you, know that my calling is

no other than to aid the weak, to avenge those who suffer wrong, and to

chastise perfidy. Search your memory, and if you find anything of this

kind you need only tell me of it, and I promise you by the order of

knighthood which I have received to procure you satisfaction and

reparation to the utmost of your desire.”

The innkeeper replied to him with equal calmness, “Sir Knight, I do not

want your worship to avenge me of any wrong, because when any is done

me I can take what vengeance seems good to me; the only thing I want is

that you pay me the score that you have run up in the inn last night,

as well for the straw and barley for your two beasts, as for supper and

beds.”

c16c.jpg (326K)

Full Size

“Then this is an inn?” said Don Quixote.

“And a very respectable one,” said the innkeeper.

“I have been under a mistake all this time,” answered Don Quixote, “for

in truth I thought it was a castle, and not a bad one; but since it

appears that it is not a castle but an inn, all that can be done now is

that you should excuse the payment, for I cannot contravene the rule of

knights-errant, of whom I know as a fact (and up to the present I have

read nothing to the contrary) that they never paid for lodging or

anything else in the inn where they might be; for any hospitality that

might be offered them is their due by law and right in return for the

insufferable toil they endure in seeking adventures by night and by

day, in summer and in winter, on foot and on horseback, in hunger and

thirst, cold and heat, exposed to all the inclemencies of heaven and

all the hardships of earth.”

“I have little to do with that,” replied the innkeeper; “pay me what

you owe me, and let us have no more talk of chivalry, for all I care

about is to get my money.”

“You are a stupid, scurvy innkeeper,” said Don Quixote, and putting

spurs to Rocinante and bringing his pike to the slope he rode out of

the inn before anyone could stop him, and pushed on some distance

without looking to see if his squire was following him.

The innkeeper when he saw him go without paying him ran to get payment

of Sancho, who said that as his master would not pay neither would he,

because, being as he was squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and

reason held good for him as for his master with regard to not paying

anything in inns and hostelries. At this the innkeeper waxed very

wroth, and threatened if he did not pay to compel him in a way that he

would not like. To which Sancho made answer that by the law of chivalry

his master had received he would not pay a rap, though it cost him his

life; for the excellent and ancient usage of knights-errant was not

going to be violated by him, nor should the squires of such as were yet

to come into the world ever complain of him or reproach him with

breaking so just a privilege.

The ill-luck of the unfortunate Sancho so ordered it that among the

company in the inn there were four woolcarders from Segovia, three

needle-makers from the Colt of Cordova, and two lodgers from the Fair

of Seville, lively fellows, tender-hearted, fond of a joke, and

playful, who, almost as if instigated and moved by a common impulse,

made up to Sancho and dismounted him from his ass, while one of them

went in for the blanket of the host’s bed; but on flinging him into it

they looked up, and seeing that the ceiling was somewhat lower than

what they required for their work, they decided upon going out into the

yard, which was bounded by the sky, and there, putting Sancho in the

middle of the blanket, they began to raise him high, making sport with

him as they would with a dog at Shrovetide.

c16d.jpg (285K)

Full Size

The cries of the poor blanketed wretch were so loud that they reached

the ears of his master, who, halting to listen attentively, was

persuaded that some new adventure was coming, until he clearly

perceived that it was his squire who uttered them. Wheeling about he

came up to the inn with a laborious gallop, and finding it shut went

round it to see if he could find some way of getting in; but as soon as

he came to the wall of the yard, which was not very high, he discovered

the game that was being played with his squire. He saw him rising and

falling in the air with such grace and nimbleness that, had his rage

allowed him, it is my belief he would have laughed. He tried to climb

from his horse on to the top of the wall, but he was so bruised and

battered that he could not even dismount; and so from the back of his

horse he began to utter such maledictions and objurgations against

those who were blanketing Sancho as it would be impossible to write

down accurately: they, however, did not stay their laughter or their

work for this, nor did the flying Sancho cease his lamentations,

mingled now with threats, now with entreaties but all to little

purpose, or none at all, until from pure weariness they left off. They

then brought him his ass, and mounting him on top of it they put his

jacket round him; and the compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so

exhausted, thought fit to refresh him with a jug of water, and that it

might be all the cooler she fetched it from the well. Sancho took it,

and as he was raising it to his mouth he was stopped by the cries of

his master exclaiming, “Sancho, my son, drink not water; drink it not,

my son, for it will kill thee; see, here I have the blessed balsam (and

he held up the flask of liquor), and with drinking two drops of it thou

wilt certainly be restored.”

At these words Sancho turned his eyes asquint, and in a still louder

voice said, “Can it be your worship has forgotten that I am not a

knight, or do you want me to end by vomiting up what bowels I have left

after last night? Keep your liquor in the name of all the devils, and

leave me to myself!” and at one and the same instant he left off

talking and began drinking; but as at the first sup he perceived it was

water he did not care to go on with it, and begged Maritornes to fetch

him some wine, which she did with right good will, and paid for it with

her own money; for indeed they say of her that, though she was in that

line of life, there was some faint and distant resemblance to a

Christian about her. When Sancho had done drinking he dug his heels

into his ass, and the gate of the inn being thrown open he passed out

very well pleased at having paid nothing and carried his point, though

it had been at the expense of his usual sureties, his shoulders. It is

true that the innkeeper detained his alforjas in payment of what was

owing to him, but Sancho took his departure in such a flurry that he

never missed them. The innkeeper, as soon as he saw him off, wanted to

bar the gate close, but the blanketers would not agree to it, for they

were fellows who would not have cared two farthings for Don Quixote,

even had he been really one of the knights-errant of the Round Table.

c17e.jpg (47K)

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE DISCOURSE SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH HIS MASTER,

DON QUIXOTE, AND OTHER ADVENTURES WORTH RELATING

c18a.jpg (79K)

Full Size

Sancho reached his master so limp and faint that he could not urge on

his beast. When Don Quixote saw the state he was in he said, “I have

now come to the conclusion, good Sancho, that this castle or inn is

beyond a doubt enchanted, because those who have so atrociously

diverted themselves with thee, what can they be but phantoms or beings

of another world? and I hold this confirmed by having noticed that when

I was by the wall of the yard witnessing the acts of thy sad tragedy,

it was out of my power to mount upon it, nor could I even dismount from

Rocinante, because they no doubt had me enchanted; for I swear to thee

by the faith of what I am that if I had been able to climb up or

dismount, I would have avenged thee in such a way that those braggart

thieves would have remembered their freak for ever, even though in so

doing I knew that I contravened the laws of chivalry, which, as I have

often told thee, do not permit a knight to lay hands on him who is not

one, save in case of urgent and great necessity in defence of his own

life and person.”

“I would have avenged myself too if I could,” said Sancho, “whether I

had been dubbed knight or not, but I could not; though for my part I am

persuaded those who amused themselves with me were not phantoms or

enchanted men, as your worship says, but men of flesh and bone like

ourselves; and they all had their names, for I heard them name them

when they were tossing me, and one was called Pedro Martinez, and

another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper, I heard, was called Juan

Palomeque the Left-handed; so that, señor, your not being able to leap

over the wall of the yard or dismount from your horse came of something

else besides enchantments; and what I make out clearly from all this

is, that these adventures we go seeking will in the end lead us into

such misadventures that we shall not know which is our right foot; and

that the best and wisest thing, according to my small wits, would be

for us to return home, now that it is harvest-time, and attend to our

business, and give over wandering from Zeca to Mecca and from pail to

bucket, as the saying is.”

“How little thou knowest about chivalry, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote;

“hold thy peace and have patience; the day will come when thou shalt

see with thine own eyes what an honourable thing it is to wander in the

pursuit of this calling; nay, tell me, what greater pleasure can there

be in the world, or what delight can equal that of winning a battle,

and triumphing over one’s enemy? None, beyond all doubt.”

“Very likely,” answered Sancho, “though I do not know it; all I know is

that since we have been knights-errant, or since your worship has been

one (for I have no right to reckon myself one of so honourable a

number) we have never won any battle except the one with the Biscayan,

and even out of that your worship came with half an ear and half a

helmet the less; and from that till now it has been all cudgellings and

more cudgellings, cuffs and more cuffs, I getting the blanketing over

and above, and falling in with enchanted persons on whom I cannot

avenge myself so as to know what the delight, as your worship calls it,

of conquering an enemy is like.”

“That is what vexes me, and what ought to vex thee, Sancho,” replied

Don Quixote; “but henceforward I will endeavour to have at hand some

sword made by such craft that no kind of enchantments can take effect

upon him who carries it, and it is even possible that fortune may

procure for me that which belonged to Amadis when he was called ‘The

Knight of the Burning Sword,’ which was one of the best swords that

ever knight in the world possessed, for, besides having the said

virtue, it cut like a razor, and there was no armour, however strong

and enchanted it might be, that could resist it.”

“Such is my luck,” said Sancho, “that even if that happened and your

worship found some such sword, it would, like the balsam, turn out

serviceable and good for dubbed knights only, and as for the squires,

they might sup sorrow.”

“Fear not that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote: “Heaven will deal better by

thee.”

Thus talking, Don Quixote and his squire were going along, when, on the

road they were following, Don Quixote perceived approaching them a

large and thick cloud of dust, on seeing which he turned to Sancho and

said:

“This is the day, Sancho, on which will be seen the boon my fortune is

reserving for me; this, I say, is the day on which as much as on any

other shall be displayed the might of my arm, and on which I shall do

deeds that shall remain written in the book of fame for all ages to

come. Seest thou that cloud of dust which rises yonder? Well, then, all

that is churned up by a vast army composed of various and countless

nations that comes marching there.”

“According to that there must be two,” said Sancho, “for on this

opposite side also there rises just such another cloud of dust.”

Don Quixote turned to look and found that it was true, and rejoicing

exceedingly, he concluded that they were two armies about to engage and

encounter in the midst of that broad plain; for at all times and

seasons his fancy was full of the battles, enchantments, adventures,

crazy feats, loves, and defiances that are recorded in the books of

chivalry, and everything he said, thought, or did had reference to such

things. Now the cloud of dust he had seen was raised by two great

droves of sheep coming along the same road in opposite directions,

which, because of the dust, did not become visible until they drew

near, but Don Quixote asserted so positively that they were armies that

Sancho was led to believe it and say, “Well, and what are we to do,

señor?”

c17b.jpg (339K)

Full Size

“What?” said Don Quixote: “give aid and assistance to the weak and

those who need it; and thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes

opposite to us is conducted and led by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron,

lord of the great isle of Trapobana; this other that marches behind me

is that of his enemy the king of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the Bare

Arm, for he always goes into battle with his right arm bare.”

“But why are these two lords such enemies?”

“They are at enmity,” replied Don Quixote, “because this Alifanfaron is

a furious pagan and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolin, who is

a very beautiful and moreover gracious lady, and a Christian, and her

father is unwilling to bestow her upon the pagan king unless he first

abandons the religion of his false prophet Mahomet, and adopts his

own.”

“By my beard,” said Sancho, “but Pentapolin does quite right, and I

will help him as much as I can.”

“In that thou wilt do what is thy duty, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for

to engage in battles of this sort it is not requisite to be a dubbed

knight.”

“That I can well understand,” answered Sancho; “but where shall we put

this ass where we may be sure to find him after the fray is over? for I

believe it has not been the custom so far to go into battle on a beast

of this kind.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote, “and what you had best do with him is

to leave him to take his chance whether he be lost or not, for the

horses we shall have when we come out victors will be so many that even

Rocinante will run a risk of being changed for another. But attend to

me and observe, for I wish to give thee some account of the chief

knights who accompany these two armies; and that thou mayest the better

see and mark, let us withdraw to that hillock which rises yonder,

whence both armies may be seen.”

They did so, and placed themselves on a rising ground from which the

two droves that Don Quixote made armies of might have been plainly seen

if the clouds of dust they raised had not obscured them and blinded the

sight; nevertheless, seeing in his imagination what he did not see and

what did not exist, he began thus in a loud voice:

“That knight whom thou seest yonder in yellow armour, who bears upon

his shield a lion crowned crouching at the feet of a damsel, is the

valiant Laurcalco, lord of the Silver Bridge; that one in armour with

flowers of gold, who bears on his shield three crowns argent on an

azure field, is the dreaded Micocolembo, grand duke of Quirocia; that

other of gigantic frame, on his right hand, is the ever dauntless

Brandabarbaran de Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, who for armour

wears that serpent skin, and has for shield a gate which, according to

tradition, is one of those of the temple that Samson brought to the

ground when by his death he revenged himself upon his enemies. But turn

thine eyes to the other side, and thou shalt see in front and in the

van of this other army the ever victorious and never vanquished Timonel

of Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, who comes in armour with arms

quartered azure, vert, white, and yellow, and bears on his shield a cat

or on a field tawny with a motto which says \_Miau\_, which is the

beginning of the name of his lady, who according to report is the

peerless Miaulina, daughter of the duke Alfeniquen of the Algarve; the

other, who burdens and presses the loins of that powerful charger and

bears arms white as snow and a shield blank and without any device, is

a novice knight, a Frenchman by birth, Pierres Papin by name, lord of

the baronies of Utrique; that other, who with iron-shod heels strikes

the flanks of that nimble parti-coloured zebra, and for arms bears

azure vair, is the mighty duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo del Bosque,

who bears for device on his shield an asparagus plant with a motto in

Castilian that says, \_‘Rastrea mi suerte’\_.” And so he went on naming a

number of knights of one squadron or the other out of his imagination,

and to all he assigned off-hand their arms, colours, devices, and

mottoes, carried away by the illusions of his unheard-of craze; and

without a pause, he continued, “People of divers nations compose this

squadron in front; here are those that drink of the sweet waters of the

famous Xanthus, those that scour the woody Massilian plains, those that

sift the pure fine gold of Arabia Felix, those that enjoy the famed

cool banks of the crystal Thermodon, those that in many and various

ways divert the streams of the golden Pactolus, the Numidians,

faithless in their promises, the Persians renowned in archery, the

Parthians and the Medes that fight as they fly, the Arabs that ever

shift their dwellings, the Scythians as cruel as they are fair, the

Ethiopians with pierced lips, and an infinity of other nations whose

features I recognise and descry, though I cannot recall their names. In

this other squadron there come those that drink of the crystal streams

of the olive-bearing Betis, those that make smooth their countenances

with the water of the ever rich and golden Tagus, those that rejoice in

the fertilising flow of the divine Genil, those that roam the Tartesian

plains abounding in pasture, those that take their pleasure in the

Elysian meadows of Jerez, the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears

of corn, the wearers of iron, old relics of the Gothic race, those that

bathe in the Pisuerga renowned for its gentle current, those that feed

their herds along the spreading pastures of the winding Guadiana famed

for its hidden course, those that tremble with the cold of the pineclad

Pyrenees or the dazzling snows of the lofty Apennine; in a word, as

many as all Europe includes and contains.”

Good God! what a number of countries and nations he named! giving to

each its proper attributes with marvellous readiness; brimful and

saturated with what he had read in his lying books! Sancho Panza hung

upon his words without speaking, and from time to time turned to try if

he could see the knights and giants his master was describing, and as

he could not make out one of them he said to him:

“Señor, devil take it if there’s a sign of any man you talk of, knight

or giant, in the whole thing; maybe it’s all enchantment, like the

phantoms last night.”

“How canst thou say that!” answered Don Quixote; “dost thou not hear

the neighing of the steeds, the braying of the trumpets, the roll of

the drums?”

“I hear nothing but a great bleating of ewes and sheep,” said Sancho;

which was true, for by this time the two flocks had come close.

“The fear thou art in, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “prevents thee from

seeing or hearing correctly, for one of the effects of fear is to

derange the senses and make things appear different from what they are;

if thou art in such fear, withdraw to one side and leave me to myself,

for alone I suffice to bring victory to that side to which I shall give

my aid;” and so saying he gave Rocinante the spur, and putting the

lance in rest, shot down the slope like a thunderbolt. Sancho shouted

after him, crying, “Come back, Señor Don Quixote; I vow to God they are

sheep and ewes you are charging! Come back! Unlucky the father that

begot me! what madness is this! Look, there is no giant, nor knight,

nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole, nor vair azure or

bedevilled. What are you about? Sinner that I am before God!” But not

for all these entreaties did Don Quixote turn back; on the contrary he

went on shouting out, “Ho, knights, ye who follow and fight under the

banners of the valiant emperor Pentapolin of the Bare Arm, follow me

all; ye shall see how easily I shall give him his revenge over his

enemy Alifanfaron of the Trapobana.”

So saying, he dashed into the midst of the squadron of ewes, and began

spearing them with as much spirit and intrepidity as if he were

transfixing mortal enemies in earnest. The shepherds and drovers

accompanying the flock shouted to him to desist; seeing it was no use,

they ungirt their slings and began to salute his ears with stones as

big as one’s fist. Don Quixote gave no heed to the stones, but, letting

drive right and left kept saying:

“Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? Come before me; I am a single

knight who would fain prove thy prowess hand to hand, and make thee

yield thy life a penalty for the wrong thou dost to the valiant

Pentapolin Garamanta.” Here came a sugar-plum from the brook that

struck him on the side and buried a couple of ribs in his body. Feeling

himself so smitten, he imagined himself slain or badly wounded for

certain, and recollecting his liquor he drew out his flask, and putting

it to his mouth began to pour the contents into his stomach; but ere he

had succeeded in swallowing what seemed to him enough, there came

another almond which struck him on the hand and on the flask so fairly

that it smashed it to pieces, knocking three or four teeth and grinders

out of his mouth in its course, and sorely crushing two fingers of his

hand. Such was the force of the first blow and of the second, that the

poor knight in spite of himself came down backwards off his horse. The

shepherds came up, and felt sure they had killed him; so in all haste

they collected their flock together, took up the dead beasts, of which

there were more than seven, and made off without waiting to ascertain

anything further.

All this time Sancho stood on the hill watching the crazy feats his

master was performing, and tearing his beard and cursing the hour and

the occasion when fortune had made him acquainted with him. Seeing him,

then, brought to the ground, and that the shepherds had taken

themselves off, he ran to him and found him in very bad case, though

not unconscious; and said he:

“Did I not tell you to come back, Señor Don Quixote; and that what you

were going to attack were not armies but droves of sheep?”

“That’s how that thief of a sage, my enemy, can alter and falsify

things,” answered Don Quixote; “thou must know, Sancho, that it is a

very easy matter for those of his sort to make us believe what they

choose; and this malignant being who persecutes me, envious of the

glory he knew I was to win in this battle, has turned the squadrons of

the enemy into droves of sheep. At any rate, do this much, I beg of

thee, Sancho, to undeceive thyself, and see that what I say is true;

mount thy ass and follow them quietly, and thou shalt see that when

they have gone some little distance from this they will return to their

original shape and, ceasing to be sheep, become men in all respects as

I described them to thee at first. But go not just yet, for I want thy

help and assistance; come hither, and see how many of my teeth and

grinders are missing, for I feel as if there was not one left in my

mouth.”

Sancho came so close that he almost put his eyes into his mouth; now

just at that moment the balsam had acted on the stomach of Don Quixote,

so, at the very instant when Sancho came to examine his mouth, he

discharged all its contents with more force than a musket, and full

into the beard of the compassionate squire.

“Holy Mary!” cried Sancho, “what is this that has happened me? Clearly

this sinner is mortally wounded, as he vomits blood from the mouth;”

but considering the matter a little more closely he perceived by the

colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood but the balsam from the

flask which he had seen him drink; and he was taken with such a

loathing that his stomach turned, and he vomited up his inside over his

very master, and both were left in a precious state. Sancho ran to his

ass to get something wherewith to clean himself, and relieve his

master, out of his alforjas; but not finding them, he well-nigh took

leave of his senses, and cursed himself anew, and in his heart resolved

to quit his master and return home, even though he forfeited the wages

of his service and all hopes of the promised island.

Don Quixote now rose, and putting his left hand to his mouth to keep

his teeth from falling out altogether, with the other he laid hold of

the bridle of Rocinante, who had never stirred from his master’s

side—so loyal and well-behaved was he—and betook himself to where the

squire stood leaning over his ass with his hand to his cheek, like one

in deep dejection. Seeing him in this mood, looking so sad, Don Quixote

said to him:

“Bear in mind, Sancho, that one man is no more than another, unless he

does more than another; all these tempests that fall upon us are signs

that fair weather is coming shortly, and that things will go well with

us, for it is impossible for good or evil to last for ever; and hence

it follows that the evil having lasted long, the good must be now nigh

at hand; so thou must not distress thyself at the misfortunes which

happen to me, since thou hast no share in them.”

“How have I not?” replied Sancho; “was he whom they blanketed yesterday

perchance any other than my father’s son? and the alforjas that are

missing to-day with all my treasures, did they belong to any other but

myself?”

“What! are the alforjas missing, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“Yes, they are missing,” answered Sancho.

“In that case we have nothing to eat to-day,” replied Don Quixote.

“It would be so,” answered Sancho, “if there were none of the herbs

your worship says you know in these meadows, those with which

knights-errant as unlucky as your worship are wont to supply such-like

shortcomings.”

“For all that,” answered Don Quixote, “I would rather have just now a

quarter of bread, or a loaf and a couple of pilchards’ heads, than all

the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with Doctor Laguna’s notes.

Nevertheless, Sancho the Good, mount thy beast and come along with me,

for God, who provides for all things, will not fail us (more especially

when we are so active in his service as we are), since he fails not the

midges of the air, nor the grubs of the earth, nor the tadpoles of the

water, and is so merciful that he maketh his sun to rise on the good

and on the evil, and sendeth rain on the unjust and on the just.”

“Your worship would make a better preacher than knight-errant,” said

Sancho.

“Knights-errant knew and ought to know everything, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote; “for there were knights-errant in former times as well

qualified to deliver a sermon or discourse in the middle of an

encampment, as if they had graduated in the University of Paris;

whereby we may see that the lance has never blunted the pen, nor the

pen the lance.”

“Well, be it as your worship says,” replied Sancho; “let us be off now

and find some place of shelter for the night, and God grant it may be

somewhere where there are no blankets, nor blanketeers, nor phantoms,

nor enchanted Moors; for if there are, may the devil take the whole

concern.”

“Ask that of God, my son,” said Don Quixote; and do thou lead on where

thou wilt, for this time I leave our lodging to thy choice; but reach

me here thy hand, and feel with thy finger, and find out how many of my

teeth and grinders are missing from this right side of the upper jaw,

for it is there I feel the pain.”

Sancho put in his fingers, and feeling about asked him, “How many

grinders used your worship have on this side?”

“Four,” replied Don Quixote, “besides the back-tooth, all whole and

quite sound.”

“Mind what you are saying, señor.”

“I say four, if not five,” answered Don Quixote, “for never in my life

have I had tooth or grinder drawn, nor has any fallen out or been

destroyed by any decay or rheum.”

“Well, then,” said Sancho, “in this lower side your worship has no more

than two grinders and a half, and in the upper neither a half nor any

at all, for it is all as smooth as the palm of my hand.”

“Luckless that I am!” said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire

gave him; “I had rather they despoiled me of an arm, so it were not the

sword-arm; for I tell thee, Sancho, a mouth without teeth is like a

mill without a millstone, and a tooth is much more to be prized than a

diamond; but we who profess the austere order of chivalry are liable to

all this. Mount, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow thee at

whatever pace thou wilt.”

Sancho did as he bade him, and proceeded in the direction in which he

thought he might find refuge without quitting the high road, which was

there very much frequented. As they went along, then, at a slow

pace—for the pain in Don Quixote’s jaws kept him uneasy and

ill-disposed for speed—Sancho thought it well to amuse and divert him

by talk of some kind, and among the things he said to him was that

which will be told in the following chapter.

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CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE SHREWD DISCOURSE WHICH SANCHO HELD WITH HIS MASTER, AND OF THE

ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL HIM WITH A DEAD BODY, TOGETHER WITH OTHER NOTABLE

OCCURRENCES

“It seems to me, señor, that all these mishaps that have befallen us of

late have been without any doubt a punishment for the offence committed

by your worship against the order of chivalry in not keeping the oath

you made not to eat bread off a tablecloth or embrace the queen, and

all the rest of it that your worship swore to observe until you had

taken that helmet of Malandrino’s, or whatever the Moor is called, for

I do not very well remember.”

“Thou art very right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “but to tell the

truth, it had escaped my memory; and likewise thou mayest rely upon it

that the affair of the blanket happened to thee because of thy fault in

not reminding me of it in time; but I will make amends, for there are

ways of compounding for everything in the order of chivalry.”

“Why! have I taken an oath of some sort, then?” said Sancho.

“It makes no matter that thou hast not taken an oath,” said Don

Quixote; “suffice it that I see thou art not quite clear of complicity;

and whether or no, it will not be ill done to provide ourselves with a

remedy.”

“In that case,” said Sancho, “mind that your worship does not forget

this as you did the oath; perhaps the phantoms may take it into their

heads to amuse themselves once more with me; or even with your worship

if they see you so obstinate.”

While engaged in this and other talk, night overtook them on the road

before they had reached or discovered any place of shelter; and what

made it still worse was that they were dying of hunger, for with the

loss of the alforjas they had lost their entire larder and

commissariat; and to complete the misfortune they met with an adventure

which without any invention had really the appearance of one. It so

happened that the night closed in somewhat darkly, but for all that

they pushed on, Sancho feeling sure that as the road was the king’s

highway they might reasonably expect to find some inn within a league

or two. Going along, then, in this way, the night dark, the squire

hungry, the master sharp-set, they saw coming towards them on the road

they were travelling a great number of lights which looked exactly like

stars in motion. Sancho was taken aback at the sight of them, nor did

Don Quixote altogether relish them: the one pulled up his ass by the

halter, the other his hack by the bridle, and they stood still,

watching anxiously to see what all this would turn out to be, and found

that the lights were approaching them, and the nearer they came the

greater they seemed, at which spectacle Sancho began to shake like a

man dosed with mercury, and Don Quixote’s hair stood on end; he,

however, plucking up spirit a little, said:

“This, no doubt, Sancho, will be a most mighty and perilous adventure,

in which it will be needful for me to put forth all my valour and

resolution.”

“Unlucky me!” answered Sancho; “if this adventure happens to be one of

phantoms, as I am beginning to think it is, where shall I find the ribs

to bear it?”

“Be they phantoms ever so much,” said Don Quixote, “I will not permit

them to touch a thread of thy garments; for if they played tricks with

thee the time before, it was because I was unable to leap the walls of

the yard; but now we are on a wide plain, where I shall be able to

wield my sword as I please.”

“And if they enchant and cripple you as they did the last time,” said

Sancho, “what difference will it make being on the open plain or not?”

“For all that,” replied Don Quixote, “I entreat thee, Sancho, to keep a

good heart, for experience will tell thee what mine is.”

“I will, please God,” answered Sancho, and the two retiring to one side

of the road set themselves to observe closely what all these moving

lights might be; and very soon afterwards they made out some twenty

encamisados, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands, the

awe-inspiring aspect of whom completely extinguished the courage of

Sancho, who began to chatter with his teeth like one in the cold fit of

an ague; and his heart sank and his teeth chattered still more when

they perceived distinctly that behind them there came a litter covered

over with black and followed by six more mounted figures in mourning

down to the very feet of their mules—for they could perceive plainly

they were not horses by the easy pace at which they went. And as the

encamisados came along they muttered to themselves in a low plaintive

tone. This strange spectacle at such an hour and in such a solitary

place was quite enough to strike terror into Sancho’s heart, and even

into his master’s; and (save in Don Quixote’s case) did so, for all

Sancho’s resolution had now broken down. It was just the opposite with

his master, whose imagination immediately conjured up all this to him

vividly as one of the adventures of his books.

He took it into his head that the litter was a bier on which was borne

some sorely wounded or slain knight, to avenge whom was a task reserved

for him alone; and without any further reasoning he laid his lance in

rest, fixed himself firmly in his saddle, and with gallant spirit and

bearing took up his position in the middle of the road where the

encamisados must of necessity pass; and as soon as he saw them near at

hand he raised his voice and said:

“Halt, knights, or whosoever ye may be, and render me account of who ye

are, whence ye come, where ye go, what it is ye carry upon that bier,

for, to judge by appearances, either ye have done some wrong or some

wrong has been done to you, and it is fitting and necessary that I

should know, either that I may chastise you for the evil ye have done,

or else that I may avenge you for the injury that has been inflicted

upon you.”

“We are in haste,” answered one of the encamisados, “and the inn is far

off, and we cannot stop to render you such an account as you demand;”

and spurring his mule he moved on.

Don Quixote was mightily provoked by this answer, and seizing the mule

by the bridle he said, “Halt, and be more mannerly, and render an

account of what I have asked of you; else, take my defiance to combat,

all of you.”

The mule was shy, and was so frightened at her bridle being seized that

rearing up she flung her rider to the ground over her haunches. An

attendant who was on foot, seeing the encamisado fall, began to abuse

Don Quixote, who now moved to anger, without any more ado, laying his

lance in rest charged one of the men in mourning and brought him badly

wounded to the ground, and as he wheeled round upon the others the

agility with which he attacked and routed them was a sight to see, for

it seemed just as if wings had that instant grown upon Rocinante, so

lightly and proudly did he bear himself. The encamisados were all timid

folk and unarmed, so they speedily made their escape from the fray and

set off at a run across the plain with their lighted torches, looking

exactly like maskers running on some gala or festival night. The

mourners, too, enveloped and swathed in their skirts and gowns, were

unable to bestir themselves, and so with entire safety to himself Don

Quixote belaboured them all and drove them off against their will, for

they all thought it was no man but a devil from hell come to carry away

the dead body they had in the litter.

Sancho beheld all this in astonishment at the intrepidity of his lord,

and said to himself, “Clearly this master of mine is as bold and

valiant as he says he is.”

A burning torch lay on the ground near the first man whom the mule had

thrown, by the light of which Don Quixote perceived him, and coming up

to him he presented the point of the lance to his face, calling on him

to yield himself prisoner, or else he would kill him; to which the

prostrate man replied, “I am prisoner enough as it is; I cannot stir,

for one of my legs is broken: I entreat you, if you be a Christian

gentleman, not to kill me, which will be committing grave sacrilege,

for I am a licentiate and I hold first orders.”

“Then what the devil brought you here, being a churchman?” said Don

Quixote.

“What, señor?” said the other. “My bad luck.”

“Then still worse awaits you,” said Don Quixote, “if you do not satisfy

me as to all I asked you at first.”

“You shall be soon satisfied,” said the licentiate; “you must know,

then, that though just now I said I was a licentiate, I am only a

bachelor, and my name is Alonzo Lopez; I am a native of Alcobendas, I

come from the city of Baeza with eleven others, priests, the same who

fled with the torches, and we are going to the city of Segovia

accompanying a dead body which is in that litter, and is that of a

gentleman who died in Baeza, where he was interred; and now, as I said,

we are taking his bones to their burial-place, which is in Segovia,

where he was born.”

“And who killed him?” asked Don Quixote.

“God, by means of a malignant fever that took him,” answered the

bachelor.

“In that case,” said Don Quixote, “the Lord has relieved me of the task

of avenging his death had any other slain him; but, he who slew him

having slain him, there is nothing for it but to be silent, and shrug

one’s shoulders; I should do the same were he to slay myself; and I

would have your reverence know that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don

Quixote by name, and it is my business and calling to roam the world

righting wrongs and redressing injuries.”

“I do not know how that about righting wrongs can be,” said the

bachelor, “for from straight you have made me crooked, leaving me with

a broken leg that will never see itself straight again all the days of

its life; and the injury you have redressed in my case has been to

leave me injured in such a way that I shall remain injured for ever;

and the height of misadventure it was to fall in with you who go in

search of adventures.”

“Things do not all happen in the same way,” answered Don Quixote; “it

all came, Sir Bachelor Alonzo Lopez, of your going, as you did, by

night, dressed in those surplices, with lighted torches, praying,

covered with mourning, so that naturally you looked like something evil

and of the other world; and so I could not avoid doing my duty in

attacking you, and I should have attacked you even had I known

positively that you were the very devils of hell, for such I certainly

believed and took you to be.”

“As my fate has so willed it,” said the bachelor, “I entreat you, sir

knight-errant, whose errand has been such an evil one for me, to help

me to get from under this mule that holds one of my legs caught between

the stirrup and the saddle.”

“I would have talked on till to-morrow,” said Don Quixote; “how long

were you going to wait before telling me of your distress?”

He at once called to Sancho, who, however, had no mind to come, as he

was just then engaged in unloading a sumpter mule, well laden with

provender, which these worthy gentlemen had brought with them. Sancho

made a bag of his coat, and, getting together as much as he could, and

as the bag would hold, he loaded his beast, and then hastened to obey

his master’s call, and helped him to remove the bachelor from under the

mule; then putting him on her back he gave him the torch, and Don

Quixote bade him follow the track of his companions, and beg pardon of

them on his part for the wrong which he could not help doing them.

And said Sancho, “If by chance these gentlemen should want to know who

was the hero that served them so, your worship may tell them that he is

the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the

Rueful Countenance.”

The bachelor then took his departure.

I forgot to mention that before he did so he said to Don Quixote,

“Remember that you stand excommunicated for having laid violent hands

on a holy thing, \_juxta illud, si quis, suadente diabolo\_.”

“I do not understand that Latin,” answered Don Quixote, “but I know

well I did not lay hands, only this pike; besides, I did not think I

was committing an assault upon priests or things of the Church, which,

like a Catholic and faithful Christian as I am, I respect and revere,

but upon phantoms and spectres of the other world; but even so, I

remember how it fared with Cid Ruy Diaz when he broke the chair of the

ambassador of that king before his Holiness the Pope, who

excommunicated him for the same; and yet the good Roderick of Vivar

bore himself that day like a very noble and valiant knight.”

On hearing this the bachelor took his departure, as has been said,

without making any reply; and Don Quixote asked Sancho what had induced

him to call him the “Knight of the Rueful Countenance” more then than

at any other time.

“I will tell you,” answered Sancho; “it was because I have been looking

at you for some time by the light of the torch held by that

unfortunate, and verily your worship has got of late the most

ill-favoured countenance I ever saw: it must be either owing to the

fatigue of this combat, or else to the want of teeth and grinders.”

“It is not that,” replied Don Quixote, “but because the sage whose duty

it will be to write the history of my achievements must have thought it

proper that I should take some distinctive name as all knights of yore

did; one being ‘He of the Burning Sword,’ another ‘He of the Unicorn,’

this one ‘He of the Damsels,’ that ‘He of the Phœnix,’ another ‘The

Knight of the Griffin,’ and another ‘He of the Death,’ and by these

names and designations they were known all the world round; and so I

say that the sage aforesaid must have put it into your mouth and mind

just now to call me ‘The Knight of the Rueful Countenance,’ as I intend

to call myself from this day forward; and that the said name may fit me

better, I mean, when the opportunity offers, to have a very rueful

countenance painted on my shield.”

“There is no occasion, señor, for wasting time or money on making that

countenance,” said Sancho; “for all that need be done is for your

worship to show your own, face to face, to those who look at you, and

without anything more, either image or shield, they will call you ‘Him

of the Rueful Countenance’ and believe me I am telling you the truth,

for I assure you, señor (and in good part be it said), hunger and the

loss of your grinders have given you such an ill-favoured face that, as

I say, the rueful picture may be very well spared.”

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho’s pleasantry; nevertheless he resolved to

call himself by that name, and have his shield or buckler painted as he

had devised.

Don Quixote would have looked to see whether the body in the litter

were bones or not, but Sancho would not have it, saying:

“Señor, you have ended this perilous adventure more safely for yourself

than any of those I have seen: perhaps these people, though beaten and

routed, may bethink themselves that it is a single man that has beaten

them, and feeling sore and ashamed of it may take heart and come in

search of us and give us trouble enough. The ass is in proper trim, the

mountains are near at hand, hunger presses, we have nothing more to do

but make good our retreat, and, as the saying is, the dead to the grave

and the living to the loaf.”

And driving his ass before him he begged his master to follow, who,

feeling that Sancho was right, did so without replying; and after

proceeding some little distance between two hills they found themselves

in a wide and retired valley, where they alighted, and Sancho unloaded

his beast, and stretched upon the green grass, with hunger for sauce,

they breakfasted, dined, lunched, and supped all at once, satisfying

their appetites with more than one store of cold meat which the dead

man’s clerical gentlemen (who seldom put themselves on short allowance)

had brought with them on their sumpter mule. But another piece of

ill-luck befell them, which Sancho held the worst of all, and that was

that they had no wine to drink, nor even water to moisten their lips;

and as thirst tormented them, Sancho, observing that the meadow where

they were was full of green and tender grass, said what will be told in

the following chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

OF THE UNEXAMPLED AND UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURE WHICH WAS ACHIEVED BY THE

VALIANT DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA WITH LESS PERIL THAN ANY EVER ACHIEVED

BY ANY FAMOUS KNIGHT IN THE WORLD

c19a.jpg (147K)

Full Size

“It cannot be, señor, but that this grass is a proof that there must be

hard by some spring or brook to give it moisture, so it would be well

to move a little farther on, that we may find some place where we may

quench this terrible thirst that plagues us, which beyond a doubt is

more distressing than hunger.”

The advice seemed good to Don Quixote, and, he leading Rocinante by the

bridle and Sancho the ass by the halter, after he had packed away upon

him the remains of the supper, they advanced the meadow feeling their

way, for the darkness of the night made it impossible to see anything;

but they had not gone two hundred paces when a loud noise of water, as

if falling from great rocks, struck their ears. The sound cheered them

greatly; but halting to make out by listening from what quarter it came

they heard unseasonably another noise which spoiled the satisfaction

the sound of the water gave them, especially for Sancho, who was by

nature timid and faint-hearted. They heard, I say, strokes falling with

a measured beat, and a certain rattling of iron and chains that,

together with the furious din of the water, would have struck terror

into any heart but Don Quixote’s. The night was, as has been said,

dark, and they had happened to reach a spot in among some tall trees,

whose leaves stirred by a gentle breeze made a low ominous sound; so

that, what with the solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the

water, and the rustling of the leaves, everything inspired awe and

dread; more especially as they perceived that the strokes did not

cease, nor the wind lull, nor morning approach; to all which might be

added their ignorance as to where they were.

c19b.jpg (204K)

Full Size

But Don Quixote, supported by his intrepid heart, leaped on Rocinante,

and bracing his buckler on his arm, brought his pike to the slope, and

said, “Friend Sancho, know that I by Heaven’s will have been born in

this our iron age to revive in it the age of gold, or the golden as it

is called; I am he for whom perils, mighty achievements, and valiant

deeds are reserved; I am, I say again, he who is to revive the Knights

of the Round Table, the Twelve of France and the Nine Worthies; and he

who is to consign to oblivion the Platirs, the Tablantes, the Olivantes

and Tirantes, the Phœbuses and Belianises, with the whole herd of

famous knights-errant of days gone by, performing in these in which I

live such exploits, marvels, and feats of arms as shall obscure their

brightest deeds. Thou dost mark well, faithful and trusty squire, the

gloom of this night, its strange silence, the dull confused murmur of

those trees, the awful sound of that water in quest of which we came,

that seems as though it were precipitating and dashing itself down from

the lofty mountains of the Moon, and that incessant hammering that

wounds and pains our ears; which things all together and each of itself

are enough to instil fear, dread, and dismay into the breast of Mars

himself, much more into one not used to hazards and adventures of the

kind. Well, then, all this that I put before thee is but an incentive

and stimulant to my spirit, making my heart burst in my bosom through

eagerness to engage in this adventure, arduous as it promises to be;

therefore tighten Rocinante’s girths a little, and God be with thee;

wait for me here three days and no more, and if in that time I come not

back, thou canst return to our village, and thence, to do me a favour

and a service, thou wilt go to El Toboso, where thou shalt say to my

incomparable lady Dulcinea that her captive knight hath died in

attempting things that might make him worthy of being called hers.”

When Sancho heard his master’s words he began to weep in the most

pathetic way, saying:

“Señor, I know not why your worship wants to attempt this so dreadful

adventure; it is night now, no one sees us here, we can easily turn

about and take ourselves out of danger, even if we don’t drink for

three days to come; and as there is no one to see us, all the less will

there be anyone to set us down as cowards; besides, I have many a time

heard the curate of our village, whom your worship knows well, preach

that he who seeks danger perishes in it; so it is not right to tempt

God by trying so tremendous a feat from which there can be no escape

save by a miracle, and Heaven has performed enough of them for your

worship in delivering you from being blanketed as I was, and bringing

you out victorious and safe and sound from among all those enemies that

were with the dead man; and if all this does not move or soften that

hard heart, let this thought and reflection move it, that you will have

hardly quitted this spot when from pure fear I shall yield my soul up

to anyone that will take it. I left home and wife and children to come

and serve your worship, trusting to do better and not worse; but as

covetousness bursts the bag, it has rent my hopes asunder, for just as

I had them highest about getting that wretched unlucky island your

worship has so often promised me, I see that instead and in lieu of it

you mean to desert me now in a place so far from human reach: for God’s

sake, master mine, deal not so unjustly by me, and if your worship will

not entirely give up attempting this feat, at least put it off till

morning, for by what the lore I learned when I was a shepherd tells me

it cannot want three hours of dawn now, because the mouth of the Horn

is overhead and makes midnight in the line of the left arm.”

“How canst thou see, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “where it makes that

line, or where this mouth or this occiput is that thou talkest of, when

the night is so dark that there is not a star to be seen in the whole

heaven?”

“That’s true,” said Sancho, “but fear has sharp eyes, and sees things

underground, much more above in heavens; besides, there is good reason

to show that it now wants but little of day.”

“Let it want what it may,” replied Don Quixote, “it shall not be said

of me now or at any time that tears or entreaties turned me aside from

doing what was in accordance with knightly usage; and so I beg of thee,

Sancho, to hold thy peace, for God, who has put it into my heart to

undertake now this so unexampled and terrible adventure, will take care

to watch over my safety and console thy sorrow; what thou hast to do is

to tighten Rocinante’s girths well, and wait here, for I shall come

back shortly, alive or dead.”

Sancho perceiving it his master’s final resolve, and how little his

tears, counsels, and entreaties prevailed with him, determined to have

recourse to his own ingenuity and compel him, if he could, to wait till

daylight; and so, while tightening the girths of the horse, he quietly

and without being felt, with his ass’ halter tied both Rocinante’s

legs, so that when Don Quixote strove to go he was unable as the horse

could only move by jumps. Seeing the success of his trick, Sancho Panza

said:

“See there, señor! Heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has so

ordered it that Rocinante cannot stir; and if you will be obstinate,

and spur and strike him, you will only provoke fortune, and kick, as

they say, against the pricks.”

Don Quixote at this grew desperate, but the more he drove his heels

into the horse, the less he stirred him; and not having any suspicion

of the tying, he was fain to resign himself and wait till daybreak or

until Rocinante could move, firmly persuaded that all this came of

something other than Sancho’s ingenuity. So he said to him, “As it is

so, Sancho, and as Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait till

dawn smiles upon us, even though I weep while it delays its coming.”

“There is no need to weep,” answered Sancho, “for I will amuse your

worship by telling stories from this till daylight, unless indeed you

like to dismount and lie down to sleep a little on the green grass

after the fashion of knights-errant, so as to be fresher when day comes

and the moment arrives for attempting this extraordinary adventure you

are looking forward to.”

“What art thou talking about dismounting or sleeping for?” said Don

Quixote. “Am I, thinkest thou, one of those knights that take their

rest in the presence of danger? Sleep thou who art born to sleep, or do

as thou wilt, for I will act as I think most consistent with my

character.”

“Be not angry, master mine,” replied Sancho, “I did not mean to say

that;” and coming close to him he laid one hand on the pommel of the

saddle and the other on the cantle so that he held his master’s left

thigh in his embrace, not daring to separate a finger’s width from him;

so much afraid was he of the strokes which still resounded with a

regular beat. Don Quixote bade him tell some story to amuse him as he

had proposed, to which Sancho replied that he would if his dread of

what he heard would let him; “Still,” said he, “I will strive to tell a

story which, if I can manage to relate it, and nobody interferes with

the telling, is the best of stories, and let your worship give me your

attention, for here I begin. What was, was; and may the good that is to

come be for all, and the evil for him who goes to look for it—your

worship must know that the beginning the old folk used to put to their

tales was not just as each one pleased; it was a maxim of Cato

Zonzorino the Roman, that says ‘the evil for him that goes to look for

it,’ and it comes as pat to the purpose now as ring to finger, to show

that your worship should keep quiet and not go looking for evil in any

quarter, and that we should go back by some other road, since nobody

forces us to follow this in which so many terrors affright us.”

“Go on with thy story, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and leave the choice

of our road to my care.”

“I say then,” continued Sancho, “that in a village of Estremadura there

was a goat-shepherd—that is to say, one who tended goats—which shepherd

or goatherd, as my story goes, was called Lope Ruiz, and this Lope Ruiz

was in love with a shepherdess called Torralva, which shepherdess

called Torralva was the daughter of a rich grazier, and this rich

grazier—”

“If that is the way thou tellest thy tale, Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“repeating twice all thou hast to say, thou wilt not have done these

two days; go straight on with it, and tell it like a reasonable man, or

else say nothing.”

“Tales are always told in my country in the very way I am telling

this,” answered Sancho, “and I cannot tell it in any other, nor is it

right of your worship to ask me to make new customs.”

“Tell it as thou wilt,” replied Don Quixote; “and as fate will have it

that I cannot help listening to thee, go on.”

“And so, lord of my soul,” continued Sancho, as I have said, this

shepherd was in love with Torralva the shepherdess, who was a wild

buxom lass with something of the look of a man about her, for she had

little moustaches; I fancy I see her now.”

“Then you knew her?” said Don Quixote.

“I did not know her,” said Sancho, “but he who told me the story said

it was so true and certain that when I told it to another I might

safely declare and swear I had seen it all myself. And so in course of

time, the devil, who never sleeps and puts everything in confusion,

contrived that the love the shepherd bore the shepherdess turned into

hatred and ill-will, and the reason, according to evil tongues, was

some little jealousy she caused him that crossed the line and

trespassed on forbidden ground; and so much did the shepherd hate her

from that time forward that, in order to escape from her, he determined

to quit the country and go where he should never set eyes on her again.

Torralva, when she found herself spurned by Lope, was immediately

smitten with love for him, though she had never loved him before.”

“That is the natural way of women,” said Don Quixote, “to scorn the one

that loves them, and love the one that hates them: go on, Sancho.”

“It came to pass,” said Sancho, “that the shepherd carried out his

intention, and driving his goats before him took his way across the

plains of Estremadura to pass over into the Kingdom of Portugal.

Torralva, who knew of it, went after him, and on foot and barefoot

followed him at a distance, with a pilgrim’s staff in her hand and a

scrip round her neck, in which she carried, it is said, a bit of

looking-glass and a piece of a comb and some little pot or other of

paint for her face; but let her carry what she did, I am not going to

trouble myself to prove it; all I say is, that the shepherd, they say,

came with his flock to cross over the river Guadiana, which was at that

time swollen and almost overflowing its banks, and at the spot he came

to there was neither ferry nor boat nor anyone to carry him or his

flock to the other side, at which he was much vexed, for he perceived

that Torralva was approaching and would give him great annoyance with

her tears and entreaties; however, he went looking about so closely

that he discovered a fisherman who had alongside of him a boat so small

that it could only hold one person and one goat; but for all that he

spoke to him and agreed with him to carry himself and his three hundred

goats across. The fisherman got into the boat and carried one goat

over; he came back and carried another over; he came back again, and

again brought over another—let your worship keep count of the goats the

fisherman is taking across, for if one escapes the memory there will be

an end of the story, and it will be impossible to tell another word of

it. To proceed, I must tell you the landing place on the other side was

miry and slippery, and the fisherman lost a great deal of time in going

and coming; still he returned for another goat, and another, and

another.”

“Take it for granted he brought them all across,” said Don Quixote,

“and don’t keep going and coming in this way, or thou wilt not make an

end of bringing them over this twelvemonth.”

“How many have gone across so far?” said Sancho.

“How the devil do I know?” replied Don Quixote.

“There it is,” said Sancho, “what I told you, that you must keep a good

count; well then, by God, there is an end of the story, for there is no

going any farther.”

“How can that be?” said Don Quixote; “is it so essential to the story

to know to a nicety the goats that have crossed over, that if there be

a mistake of one in the reckoning, thou canst not go on with it?”

“No, señor, not a bit,” replied Sancho; “for when I asked your worship

to tell me how many goats had crossed, and you answered you did not

know, at that very instant all I had to say passed away out of my

memory, and, faith, there was much virtue in it, and entertainment.”

“So, then,” said Don Quixote, “the story has come to an end?”

“As much as my mother has,” said Sancho.

“In truth,” said Don Quixote, “thou hast told one of the rarest

stories, tales, or histories, that anyone in the world could have

imagined, and such a way of telling it and ending it was never seen nor

will be in a lifetime; though I expected nothing else from thy

excellent understanding. But I do not wonder, for perhaps those

ceaseless strokes may have confused thy wits.”

“All that may be,” replied Sancho, “but I know that as to my story, all

that can be said is that it ends there where the mistake in the count

of the passage of the goats begins.”

“Let it end where it will, well and good,” said Don Quixote, “and let

us see if Rocinante can go;” and again he spurred him, and again

Rocinante made jumps and remained where he was, so well tied was he.

Just then, whether it was the cold of the morning that was now

approaching, or that he had eaten something laxative at supper, or that

it was only natural (as is most likely), Sancho felt a desire to do

what no one could do for him; but so great was the fear that had

penetrated his heart, he dared not separate himself from his master by

as much as the black of his nail; to escape doing what he wanted was,

however, also impossible; so what he did for peace’s sake was to remove

his right hand, which held the back of the saddle, and with it to untie

gently and silently the running string which alone held up his

breeches, so that on loosening it they at once fell down round his feet

like fetters; he then raised his shirt as well as he could and bared

his hind quarters, no slim ones. But, this accomplished, which he

fancied was all he had to do to get out of this terrible strait and

embarrassment, another still greater difficulty presented itself, for

it seemed to him impossible to relieve himself without making some

noise, and he ground his teeth and squeezed his shoulders together,

holding his breath as much as he could; but in spite of his precautions

he was unlucky enough after all to make a little noise, very different

from that which was causing him so much fear.

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Full Size

Don Quixote, hearing it, said, “What noise is that, Sancho?”

“I don’t know, señor,” said he; “it must be something new, for

adventures and misadventures never begin with a trifle.” Once more he

tried his luck, and succeeded so well, that without any further noise

or disturbance he found himself relieved of the burden that had given

him so much discomfort. But as Don Quixote’s sense of smell was as

acute as his hearing, and as Sancho was so closely linked with him that

the fumes rose almost in a straight line, it could not be but that some

should reach his nose, and as soon as they did he came to its relief by

compressing it between his fingers, saying in a rather snuffing tone,

“Sancho, it strikes me thou art in great fear.”

“I am,” answered Sancho; “but how does your worship perceive it now

more than ever?”

“Because just now thou smellest stronger than ever, and not of

ambergris,” answered Don Quixote.

“Very likely,” said Sancho, “but that’s not my fault, but your

worship’s, for leading me about at unseasonable hours and at such

unwonted paces.”

“Then go back three or four, my friend,” said Don Quixote, all the time

with his fingers to his nose; “and for the future pay more attention to

thy person and to what thou owest to mine; for it is my great

familiarity with thee that has bred this contempt.”

“I’ll bet,” replied Sancho, “that your worship thinks I have done

something I ought not with my person.”

“It makes it worse to stir it, friend Sancho,” returned Don Quixote.

With this and other talk of the same sort master and man passed the

night, till Sancho, perceiving that daybreak was coming on apace, very

cautiously untied Rocinante and tied up his breeches. As soon as

Rocinante found himself free, though by nature he was not at all

mettlesome, he seemed to feel lively and began pawing—for as to

capering, begging his pardon, he knew not what it meant. Don Quixote,

then, observing that Rocinante could move, took it as a good sign and a

signal that he should attempt the dread adventure. By this time day had

fully broken and everything showed distinctly, and Don Quixote saw that

he was among some tall trees, chestnuts, which cast a very deep shade;

he perceived likewise that the sound of the strokes did not cease, but

could not discover what caused it, and so without any further delay he

let Rocinante feel the spur, and once more taking leave of Sancho, he

told him to wait for him there three days at most, as he had said

before, and if he should not have returned by that time, he might feel

sure it had been God’s will that he should end his days in that

perilous adventure. He again repeated the message and commission with

which he was to go on his behalf to his lady Dulcinea, and said he was

not to be uneasy as to the payment of his services, for before leaving

home he had made his will, in which he would find himself fully

recompensed in the matter of wages in due proportion to the time he had

served; but if God delivered him safe, sound, and unhurt out of that

danger, he might look upon the promised island as much more than

certain. Sancho began to weep afresh on again hearing the affecting

words of his good master, and resolved to stay with him until the final

issue and end of the business. From these tears and this honourable

resolve of Sancho Panza’s the author of this history infers that he

must have been of good birth and at least an old Christian; and the

feeling he displayed touched his but not so much as to make him show

any weakness; on the contrary, hiding what he felt as well as he could,

he began to move towards that quarter whence the sound of the water and

of the strokes seemed to come.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading by the halter, as his custom was,

his ass, his constant comrade in prosperity or adversity; and advancing

some distance through the shady chestnut trees they came upon a little

meadow at the foot of some high rocks, down which a mighty rush of

water flung itself. At the foot of the rocks were some rudely

constructed houses looking more like ruins than houses, from among

which came, they perceived, the din and clatter of blows, which still

continued without intermission. Rocinante took fright at the noise of

the water and of the blows, but quieting him Don Quixote advanced step

by step towards the houses, commending himself with all his heart to

his lady, imploring her support in that dread pass and enterprise, and

on the way commending himself to God, too, not to forget him. Sancho

who never quitted his side, stretched his neck as far as he could and

peered between the legs of Rocinante to see if he could now discover

what it was that caused him such fear and apprehension. They went it

might be a hundred paces farther, when on turning a corner the true

cause, beyond the possibility of any mistake, of that dread-sounding

and to them awe-inspiring noise that had kept them all the night in

such fear and perplexity, appeared plain and obvious; and it was (if,

reader, thou art not disgusted and disappointed) six fulling hammers

which by their alternate strokes made all the din.

When Don Quixote perceived what it was, he was struck dumb and rigid

from head to foot. Sancho glanced at him and saw him with his head bent

down upon his breast in manifest mortification; and Don Quixote glanced

at Sancho and saw him with his cheeks puffed out and his mouth full of

laughter, and evidently ready to explode with it, and in spite of his

vexation he could not help laughing at the sight of him; and when

Sancho saw his master begin he let go so heartily that he had to hold

his sides with both hands to keep himself from bursting with laughter.

Four times he stopped, and as many times did his laughter break out

afresh with the same violence as at first, whereat Don Quixote grew

furious, above all when he heard him say mockingly, “Thou must know,

friend Sancho, that of Heaven’s will I was born in this our iron age to

revive in it the golden or age of gold; I am he for whom are reserved

perils, mighty achievements, valiant deeds;” and here he went on

repeating the words that Don Quixote uttered the first time they heard

the awful strokes.

Don Quixote, then, seeing that Sancho was turning him into ridicule,

was so mortified and vexed that he lifted up his pike and smote him two

such blows that if, instead of catching them on his shoulders, he had

caught them on his head there would have been no wages to pay, unless

indeed to his heirs. Sancho seeing that he was getting an awkward

return in earnest for his jest, and fearing his master might carry it

still further, said to him very humbly, “Calm yourself, sir, for by God

I am only joking.”

“Well, then, if you are joking I am not,” replied Don Quixote. “Look

here, my lively gentleman, if these, instead of being fulling hammers,

had been some perilous adventure, have I not, think you, shown the

courage required for the attempt and achievement? Am I, perchance,

being, as I am, a gentleman, bound to know and distinguish sounds and

tell whether they come from fulling mills or not; and that, when

perhaps, as is the case, I have never in my life seen any as you have,

low boor as you are, that have been born and bred among them? But turn

me these six hammers into six giants, and bring them to beard me, one

by one or all together, and if I do not knock them head over heels,

then make what mockery you like of me.”

“No more of that, señor,” returned Sancho; “I own I went a little too

far with the joke. But tell me, your worship, now that peace is made

between us (and may God bring you out of all the adventures that may

befall you as safe and sound as he has brought you out of this one),

was it not a thing to laugh at, and is it not a good story, the great

fear we were in?—at least that I was in; for as to your worship I see

now that you neither know nor understand what either fear or dismay

is.”

“I do not deny,” said Don Quixote, “that what happened to us may be

worth laughing at, but it is not worth making a story about, for it is

not everyone that is shrewd enough to hit the right point of a thing.”

“At any rate,” said Sancho, “your worship knew how to hit the right

point with your pike, aiming at my head and hitting me on the

shoulders, thanks be to God and my own smartness in dodging it. But let

that pass; all will come out in the scouring; for I have heard say ‘he

loves thee well that makes thee weep;’ and moreover that it is the way

with great lords after any hard words they give a servant to give him a

pair of breeches; though I do not know what they give after blows,

unless it be that knights-errant after blows give islands, or kingdoms

on the mainland.”

“It may be on the dice,” said Don Quixote, “that all thou sayest will

come true; overlook the past, for thou art shrewd enough to know that

our first movements are not in our own control; and one thing for the

future bear in mind, that thou curb and restrain thy loquacity in my

company; for in all the books of chivalry that I have read, and they

are innumerable, I never met with a squire who talked so much to his

lord as thou dost to thine; and in fact I feel it to be a great fault

of thine and of mine: of thine, that thou hast so little respect for

me; of mine, that I do not make myself more respected. There was

Gandalin, the squire of Amadis of Gaul, that was Count of the Insula

Firme, and we read of him that he always addressed his lord with his

cap in his hand, his head bowed down and his body bent double, more

turquesco. And then, what shall we say of Gasabal, the squire of

Galaor, who was so silent that in order to indicate to us the greatness

of his marvellous taciturnity his name is only once mentioned in the

whole of that history, as long as it is truthful? From all I have said

thou wilt gather, Sancho, that there must be a difference between

master and man, between lord and lackey, between knight and squire: so

that from this day forward in our intercourse we must observe more

respect and take less liberties, for in whatever way I may be provoked

with you it will be bad for the pitcher. The favours and benefits that

I have promised you will come in due time, and if they do not your

wages at least will not be lost, as I have already told you.”

“All that your worship says is very well,” said Sancho, “but I should

like to know (in case the time of favours should not come, and it might

be necessary to fall back upon wages) how much did the squire of a

knight-errant get in those days, and did they agree by the month, or by

the day like bricklayers?”

“I do not believe,” replied Don Quixote, “that such squires were ever

on wages, but were dependent on favour; and if I have now mentioned

thine in the sealed will I have left at home, it was with a view to

what may happen; for as yet I know not how chivalry will turn out in

these wretched times of ours, and I do not wish my soul to suffer for

trifles in the other world; for I would have thee know, Sancho, that in

this there is no condition more hazardous than that of adventurers.”

“That is true,” said Sancho, “since the mere noise of the hammers of a

fulling mill can disturb and disquiet the heart of such a valiant

errant adventurer as your worship; but you may be sure I will not open

my lips henceforward to make light of anything of your worship’s, but

only to honour you as my master and natural lord.”

“By so doing,” replied Don Quixote, “shalt thou live long on the face

of the earth; for next to parents, masters are to be respected as

though they were parents.”

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CHAPTER XXI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE EXALTED ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO’S

HELMET, TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO OUR INVINCIBLE

KNIGHT

c20a.jpg (73K)

Full Size

It now began to rain a little, and Sancho was for going into the

fulling mills, but Don Quixote had taken such an abhorrence to them on

account of the late joke that he would not enter them on any account;

so turning aside to right they came upon another road, different from

that which they had taken the night before. Shortly afterwards Don

Quixote perceived a man on horseback who wore on his head something

that shone like gold, and the moment he saw him he turned to Sancho and

said:

“I think, Sancho, there is no proverb that is not true, all being

maxims drawn from experience itself, the mother of all the sciences,

especially that one that says, ‘Where one door shuts, another opens.’ I

say so because if last night fortune shut the door of the adventure we

were looking for against us, cheating us with the fulling mills, it now

opens wide another one for another better and more certain adventure,

and if I do not contrive to enter it, it will be my own fault, and I

cannot lay it to my ignorance of fulling mills, or the darkness of the

night. I say this because, if I mistake not, there comes towards us one

who wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, concerning which I took

the oath thou rememberest.”

“Mind what you say, your worship, and still more what you do,” said

Sancho, “for I don’t want any more fulling mills to finish off fulling

and knocking our senses out.”

“The devil take thee, man,” said Don Quixote; “what has a helmet to do

with fulling mills?”

“I don’t know,” replied Sancho, “but, faith, if I might speak as I

used, perhaps I could give such reasons that your worship would see you

were mistaken in what you say.”

“How can I be mistaken in what I say, unbelieving traitor?” returned

Don Quixote; “tell me, seest thou not yonder knight coming towards us

on a dappled grey steed, who has upon his head a helmet of gold?”

“What I see and make out,” answered Sancho, “is only a man on a grey

ass like my own, who has something that shines on his head.”

“Well, that is the helmet of Mambrino,” said Don Quixote; “stand to one

side and leave me alone with him; thou shalt see how, without saying a

word, to save time, I shall bring this adventure to an issue and

possess myself of the helmet I have so longed for.”

“I will take care to stand aside,” said Sancho; “but God grant, I say

once more, that it may be marjoram and not fulling mills.”

“I have told thee, brother, on no account to mention those fulling

mills to me again,” said Don Quixote, “or I vow—and I say no more—I’ll

full the soul out of you.”

Sancho held his peace in dread lest his master should carry out the vow

he had hurled like a bowl at him.

The fact of the matter as regards the helmet, steed, and knight that

Don Quixote saw, was this. In that neighbourhood there were two

villages, one of them so small that it had neither apothecary’s shop

nor barber, which the other that was close to it had, so the barber of

the larger served the smaller, and in it there was a sick man who

required to be bled and another man who wanted to be shaved, and on

this errand the barber was going, carrying with him a brass basin; but

as luck would have it, as he was on the way it began to rain, and not

to spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he put the basin on his

head, and being clean it glittered at half a league’s distance. He rode

upon a grey ass, as Sancho said, and this was what made it seem to Don

Quixote to be a dapple-grey steed and a knight and a golden helmet; for

everything he saw he made to fall in with his crazy chivalry and

ill-errant notions; and when he saw the poor knight draw near, without

entering into any parley with him, at Rocinante’s top speed he bore

down upon him with the pike pointed low, fully determined to run him

through and through, and as he reached him, without checking the fury

of his charge, he cried to him:

“Defend thyself, miserable being, or yield me of thine own accord that

which is so reasonably my due.”

The barber, who without any expectation or apprehension of it saw this

apparition coming down upon him, had no other way of saving himself

from the stroke of the lance but to let himself fall off his ass; and

no sooner had he touched the ground than he sprang up more nimbly than

a deer and sped away across the plain faster than the wind.

He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote contented

himself, saying that the pagan had shown his discretion and imitated

the beaver, which finding itself pressed by the hunters bites and cuts

off with its teeth that for which, by its natural instinct, it knows it

is pursued.

He told Sancho to pick up the helmet, and he taking it in his hands

said:

“By God the basin is a good one, and worth a real of eight if it is

worth a maravedis,” and handed it to his master, who immediately put it

on his head, turning it round, now this way, now that, in search of

fitment, and not finding it he said, “Clearly the pagan to whose

measure this famous head-piece was first forged must have had a very

large head; but the worst of it is half of it is wanting.”

When Sancho heard him call the basin a headpiece he was unable to

restrain his laughter, but remembering his master’s wrath he checked

himself in the midst of it.

“What art thou laughing at, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“I am laughing,” said he, “to think of the great head the pagan must

have had who owned this helmet, for it looks exactly like a regular

barber’s basin.”

“Dost thou know what I suspect, Sancho?” said Don Quixote; “that this

wonderful piece of this enchanted helmet must by some strange accident

have come into the hands of someone who was unable to recognise or

realise its value, and who, not knowing what he did, and seeing it to

be of the purest gold, must have melted down one half for the sake of

what it might be worth, and of the other made this which is like a

barber’s basin as thou sayest; but be it as it may, to me who recognise

it, its transformation makes no difference, for I will set it to rights

at the first village where there is a blacksmith, and in such style

that that helmet the god of smithies forged for the god of battles

shall not surpass it or even come up to it; and in the meantime I will

wear it as well as I can, for something is better than nothing; all the

more as it will be quite enough to protect me from any chance blow of a

stone.”

“That is,” said Sancho, “if it is not shot with a sling as they were in

the battle of the two armies, when they signed the cross on your

worship’s grinders and smashed the flask with that blessed draught that

made me vomit my bowels up.”

“It does not grieve me much to have lost it,” said Don Quixote, “for

thou knowest, Sancho, that I have the receipt in my memory.”

“So have I,” answered Sancho, “but if ever I make it, or try it again

as long as I live, may this be my last hour; moreover, I have no

intention of putting myself in the way of wanting it, for I mean, with

all my five senses, to keep myself from being wounded or from wounding

anyone: as to being blanketed again I say nothing, for it is hard to

prevent mishaps of that sort, and if they come there is nothing for it

but to squeeze our shoulders together, hold our breath, shut our eyes,

and let ourselves go where luck and the blanket may send us.”

“Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,” said Don Quixote on hearing this,

“for once an injury has been done thee thou never forgettest it: but

know that it is the part of noble and generous hearts not to attach

importance to trifles. What lame leg hast thou got by it, what broken

rib, what cracked head, that thou canst not forget that jest? For jest

and sport it was, properly regarded, and had I not seen it in that

light I would have returned and done more mischief in revenging thee

than the Greeks did for the rape of Helen, who, if she were alive now,

or if my Dulcinea had lived then, might depend upon it she would not be

so famous for her beauty as she is;” and here he heaved a sigh and sent

it aloft; and said Sancho, “Let it pass for a jest as it cannot be

revenged in earnest, but I know what sort of jest and earnest it was,

and I know it will never be rubbed out of my memory any more than off

my shoulders. But putting that aside, will your worship tell me what

are we to do with this dapple-grey steed that looks like a grey ass,

which that Martino that your worship overthrew has left deserted here?

for, from the way he took to his heels and bolted, he is not likely

ever to come back for it; and by my beard but the grey is a good one.”

“I have never been in the habit,” said Don Quixote, “of taking spoil of

those whom I vanquish, nor is it the practice of chivalry to take away

their horses and leave them to go on foot, unless indeed it be that the

victor have lost his own in the combat, in which case it is lawful to

take that of the vanquished as a thing won in lawful war; therefore,

Sancho, leave this horse, or ass, or whatever thou wilt have it to be;

for when its owner sees us gone hence he will come back for it.”

“God knows I should like to take it,” returned Sancho, “or at least to

change it for my own, which does not seem to me as good a one: verily

the laws of chivalry are strict, since they cannot be stretched to let

one ass be changed for another; I should like to know if I might at

least change trappings.”

“On that head I am not quite certain,” answered Don Quixote, “and the

matter being doubtful, pending better information, I say thou mayest

change them, if so be thou hast urgent need of them.”

“So urgent is it,” answered Sancho, “that if they were for my own

person I could not want them more;” and forthwith, fortified by this

licence, he effected the \_mutatio capparum\_, and rigged out his beast

to the ninety-nines and making quite another thing of it. This done,

they broke their fast on the remains of the spoils of war plundered

from the sumpter mule, and drank of the brook that flowed from the

fulling mills, without casting a look in that direction, in such

loathing did they hold them for the alarm they had caused them; and,

all anger and gloom removed, they mounted and, without taking any fixed

road (not to fix upon any being the proper thing for true

knights-errant), they set out, guided by Rocinante’s will, which

carried along with it that of his master, not to say that of the ass,

which always followed him wherever he led, lovingly and sociably;

nevertheless they returned to the high road, and pursued it at a

venture without any other aim.

As they went along, then, in this way Sancho said to his master,

“Señor, would your worship give me leave to speak a little to you? For

since you laid that hard injunction of silence on me several things

have gone to rot in my stomach, and I have now just one on the tip of

my tongue that I don’t want to be spoiled.”

“Say, on, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and be brief in thy discourse,

for there is no pleasure in one that is long.”

“Well then, señor,” returned Sancho, “I say that for some days past I

have been considering how little is got or gained by going in search of

these adventures that your worship seeks in these wilds and

cross-roads, where, even if the most perilous are victoriously

achieved, there is no one to see or know of them, and so they must be

left untold for ever, to the loss of your worship’s object and the

credit they deserve; therefore it seems to me it would be better

(saving your worship’s better judgment) if we were to go and serve some

emperor or other great prince who may have some war on hand, in whose

service your worship may prove the worth of your person, your great

might, and greater understanding, on perceiving which the lord in whose

service we may be will perforce have to reward us, each according to

his merits; and there you will not be at a loss for someone to set down

your achievements in writing so as to preserve their memory for ever.

Of my own I say nothing, as they will not go beyond squirely limits,

though I make bold to say that, if it be the practice in chivalry to

write the achievements of squires, I think mine must not be left out.”

“Thou speakest not amiss, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “but before

that point is reached it is requisite to roam the world, as it were on

probation, seeking adventures, in order that, by achieving some, name

and fame may be acquired, such that when he betakes himself to the

court of some great monarch the knight may be already known by his

deeds, and that the boys, the instant they see him enter the gate of

the city, may all follow him and surround him, crying, ‘This is the

Knight of the Sun’—or the Serpent, or any other title under which he

may have achieved great deeds. ‘This,’ they will say, ‘is he who

vanquished in single combat the gigantic Brocabruno of mighty strength;

he who delivered the great Mameluke of Persia out of the long

enchantment under which he had been for almost nine hundred years.’ So

from one to another they will go proclaiming his achievements; and

presently at the tumult of the boys and the others the king of that

kingdom will appear at the windows of his royal palace, and as soon as

he beholds the knight, recognising him by his arms and the device on

his shield, he will as a matter of course say, ‘What ho! Forth all ye,

the knights of my court, to receive the flower of chivalry who cometh

hither!’ At which command all will issue forth, and he himself,

advancing half-way down the stairs, will embrace him closely, and

salute him, kissing him on the cheek, and will then lead him to the

queen’s chamber, where the knight will find her with the princess her

daughter, who will be one of the most beautiful and accomplished

damsels that could with the utmost pains be discovered anywhere in the

known world. Straightway it will come to pass that she will fix her

eyes upon the knight and he his upon her, and each will seem to the

other something more divine than human, and, without knowing how or why

they will be taken and entangled in the inextricable toils of love, and

sorely distressed in their hearts not to see any way of making their

pains and sufferings known by speech. Thence they will lead him, no

doubt, to some richly adorned chamber of the palace, where, having

removed his armour, they will bring him a rich mantle of scarlet

wherewith to robe himself, and if he looked noble in his armour he will

look still more so in a doublet. When night comes he will sup with the

king, queen, and princess; and all the time he will never take his eyes

off her, stealing stealthy glances, unnoticed by those present, and she

will do the same, and with equal cautiousness, being, as I have said, a

damsel of great discretion. The tables being removed, suddenly through

the door of the hall there will enter a hideous and diminutive dwarf

followed by a fair dame, between two giants, who comes with a certain

adventure, the work of an ancient sage; and he who shall achieve it

shall be deemed the best knight in the world.

“The king will then command all those present to essay it, and none

will bring it to an end and conclusion save the stranger knight, to the

great enhancement of his fame, whereat the princess will be overjoyed

and will esteem herself happy and fortunate in having fixed and placed

her thoughts so high. And the best of it is that this king, or prince,

or whatever he is, is engaged in a very bitter war with another as

powerful as himself, and the stranger knight, after having been some

days at his court, requests leave from him to go and serve him in the

said war. The king will grant it very readily, and the knight will

courteously kiss his hands for the favour done to him; and that night

he will take leave of his lady the princess at the grating of the

chamber where she sleeps, which looks upon a garden, and at which he

has already many times conversed with her, the go-between and

confidante in the matter being a damsel much trusted by the princess.

He will sigh, she will swoon, the damsel will fetch water, much

distressed because morning approaches, and for the honour of her lady

he would not that they were discovered; at last the princess will come

to herself and will present her white hands through the grating to the

knight, who will kiss them a thousand and a thousand times, bathing

them with his tears. It will be arranged between them how they are to

inform each other of their good or evil fortunes, and the princess will

entreat him to make his absence as short as possible, which he will

promise to do with many oaths; once more he kisses her hands, and takes

his leave in such grief that he is well-nigh ready to die. He betakes

him thence to his chamber, flings himself on his bed, cannot sleep for

sorrow at parting, rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of

the king, queen, and princess, and, as he takes his leave of the pair,

it is told him that the princess is indisposed and cannot receive a

visit; the knight thinks it is from grief at his departure, his heart

is pierced, and he is hardly able to keep from showing his pain. The

confidante is present, observes all, goes to tell her mistress, who

listens with tears and says that one of her greatest distresses is not

knowing who this knight is, and whether he is of kingly lineage or not;

the damsel assures her that so much courtesy, gentleness, and gallantry

of bearing as her knight possesses could not exist in any save one who

was royal and illustrious; her anxiety is thus relieved, and she

strives to be of good cheer lest she should excite suspicion in her

parents, and at the end of two days she appears in public. Meanwhile

the knight has taken his departure; he fights in the war, conquers the

king’s enemy, wins many cities, triumphs in many battles, returns to

the court, sees his lady where he was wont to see her, and it is agreed

that he shall demand her in marriage of her parents as the reward of

his services; the king is unwilling to give her, as he knows not who he

is, but nevertheless, whether carried off or in whatever other way it

may be, the princess comes to be his bride, and her father comes to

regard it as very good fortune; for it so happens that this knight is

proved to be the son of a valiant king of some kingdom, I know not

what, for I fancy it is not likely to be on the map. The father dies,

the princess inherits, and in two words the knight becomes king. And

here comes in at once the bestowal of rewards upon his squire and all

who have aided him in rising to so exalted a rank. He marries his

squire to a damsel of the princess’s, who will be, no doubt, the one

who was confidante in their amour, and is daughter of a very great

duke.”

“That’s what I want, and no mistake about it!” said Sancho. “That’s

what I’m waiting for; for all this, word for word, is in store for your

worship under the title of the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.”

“Thou needst not doubt it, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “for in the

same manner, and by the same steps as I have described here,

knights-errant rise and have risen to be kings and emperors; all we

want now is to find out what king, Christian or pagan, is at war and

has a beautiful daughter; but there will be time enough to think of

that, for, as I have told thee, fame must be won in other quarters

before repairing to the court. There is another thing, too, that is

wanting; for supposing we find a king who is at war and has a beautiful

daughter, and that I have won incredible fame throughout the universe,

I know not how it can be made out that I am of royal lineage, or even

second cousin to an emperor; for the king will not be willing to give

me his daughter in marriage unless he is first thoroughly satisfied on

this point, however much my famous deeds may deserve it; so that by

this deficiency I fear I shall lose what my arm has fairly earned. True

it is I am a gentleman of known house, of estate and property, and

entitled to the five hundred sueldos mulet; and it may be that the sage

who shall write my history will so clear up my ancestry and pedigree

that I may find myself fifth or sixth in descent from a king; for I

would have thee know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineages in

the world; some there be tracing and deriving their descent from kings

and princes, whom time has reduced little by little until they end in a

point like a pyramid upside down; and others who spring from the common

herd and go on rising step by step until they come to be great lords;

so that the difference is that the one were what they no longer are,

and the others are what they formerly were not. And I may be of such

that after investigation my origin may prove great and famous, with

which the king, my father-in-law that is to be, ought to be satisfied;

and should he not be, the princess will so love me that even though she

well knew me to be the son of a water-carrier, she will take me for her

lord and husband in spite of her father; if not, then it comes to

seizing her and carrying her off where I please; for time or death will

put an end to the wrath of her parents.”

“It comes to this, too,” said Sancho, “what some naughty people say,

‘Never ask as a favour what thou canst take by force;’ though it would

fit better to say, ‘A clear escape is better than good men’s prayers.’

I say so because if my lord the king, your worship’s father-in-law,

will not condescend to give you my lady the princess, there is nothing

for it but, as your worship says, to seize her and transport her. But

the mischief is that until peace is made and you come into the peaceful

enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor squire is famishing as far as

rewards go, unless it be that the confidante damsel that is to be his

wife comes with the princess, and that with her he tides over his bad

luck until Heaven otherwise orders things; for his master, I suppose,

may as well give her to him at once for a lawful wife.”

“Nobody can object to that,” said Don Quixote.

“Then since that may be,” said Sancho, “there is nothing for it but to

commend ourselves to God, and let fortune take what course it will.”

“God guide it according to my wishes and thy wants,” said Don Quixote,

“and mean be he who thinks himself mean.”

“In God’s name let him be so,” said Sancho: “I am an old Christian, and

to fit me for a count that’s enough.”

“And more than enough for thee,” said Don Quixote; “and even wert thou

not, it would make no difference, because I being the king can easily

give thee nobility without purchase or service rendered by thee, for

when I make thee a count, then thou art at once a gentleman; and they

may say what they will, but by my faith they will have to call thee

‘your lordship,’ whether they like it or not.”

“Not a doubt of it; and I’ll know how to support the tittle,” said

Sancho.

“Title thou shouldst say, not tittle,” said his master.

“So be it,” answered Sancho. “I say I will know how to behave, for once

in my life I was beadle of a brotherhood, and the beadle’s gown sat so

well on me that all said I looked as if I was to be steward of the same

brotherhood. What will it be, then, when I put a duke’s robe on my

back, or dress myself in gold and pearls like a count? I believe

they’ll come a hundred leagues to see me.”

“Thou wilt look well,” said Don Quixote, “but thou must shave thy beard

often, for thou hast it so thick and rough and unkempt, that if thou

dost not shave it every second day at least, they will see what thou

art at the distance of a musket shot.”

“What more will it be,” said Sancho, “than having a barber, and keeping

him at wages in the house? and even if it be necessary, I will make him

go behind me like a nobleman’s equerry.”

“Why, how dost thou know that noblemen have equerries behind them?”

asked Don Quixote.

“I will tell you,” answered Sancho. “Years ago I was for a month at the

capital and there I saw taking the air a very small gentleman who they

said was a very great man, and a man following him on horseback in

every turn he took, just as if he was his tail. I asked why this man

did not join the other man, instead of always going behind him; they

answered me that he was his equerry, and that it was the custom with

nobles to have such persons behind them, and ever since then I know it,

for I have never forgotten it.”

“Thou art right,” said Don Quixote, “and in the same way thou mayest

carry thy barber with thee, for customs did not come into use all

together, nor were they all invented at once, and thou mayest be the

first count to have a barber to follow him; and, indeed, shaving one’s

beard is a greater trust than saddling one’s horse.”

“Let the barber business be my look-out,” said Sancho; “and your

worship’s be it to strive to become a king, and make me a count.”

“So it shall be,” answered Don Quixote, and raising his eyes he saw

what will be told in the following chapter.

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CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE FREEDOM DON QUIXOTE CONFERRED ON SEVERAL UNFORTUNATES WHO

AGAINST THEIR WILL WERE BEING CARRIED WHERE THEY HAD NO WISH TO GO

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Full Size

Cid Hamete Benengeli, the Arab and Manchegan author, relates in this

most grave, high-sounding, minute, delightful, and original history

that after the discussion between the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha

and his squire Sancho Panza which is set down at the end of chapter

twenty-one, Don Quixote raised his eyes and saw coming along the road

he was following some dozen men on foot strung together by the neck,

like beads, on a great iron chain, and all with manacles on their

hands. With them there came also two men on horseback and two on foot;

those on horseback with wheel-lock muskets, those on foot with javelins

and swords, and as soon as Sancho saw them he said:

“That is a chain of galley slaves, on the way to the galleys by force

of the king’s orders.”

“How by force?” asked Don Quixote; “is it possible that the king uses

force against anyone?”

“I do not say that,” answered Sancho, “but that these are people

condemned for their crimes to serve by force in the king’s galleys.”

“In fact,” replied Don Quixote, “however it may be, these people are

going where they are taking them by force, and not of their own will.”

“Just so,” said Sancho.

“Then if so,” said Don Quixote, “here is a case for the exercise of my

office, to put down force and to succour and help the wretched.”

“Recollect, your worship,” said Sancho, “Justice, which is the king

himself, is not using force or doing wrong to such persons, but

punishing them for their crimes.”

The chain of galley slaves had by this time come up, and Don Quixote in

very courteous language asked those who were in custody of it to be

good enough to tell him the reason or reasons for which they were

conducting these people in this manner. One of the guards on horseback

answered that they were galley slaves belonging to his majesty, that

they were going to the galleys, and that was all that was to be said

and all he had any business to know.

c22b.jpg (298K)

Full Size

“Nevertheless,” replied Don Quixote, “I should like to know from each

of them separately the reason of his misfortune;” to this he added more

to the same effect to induce them to tell him what he wanted so civilly

that the other mounted guard said to him:

“Though we have here the register and certificate of the sentence of

every one of these wretches, this is no time to take them out or read

them; come and ask themselves; they can tell if they choose, and they

will, for these fellows take a pleasure in doing and talking about

rascalities.”

With this permission, which Don Quixote would have taken even had they

not granted it, he approached the chain and asked the first for what

offences he was now in such a sorry case.

He made answer that it was for being a lover.

“For that only?” replied Don Quixote; “why, if for being lovers they

send people to the galleys I might have been rowing in them long ago.”

“The love is not the sort your worship is thinking of,” said the galley

slave; “mine was that I loved a washerwoman’s basket of clean linen so

well, and held it so close in my embrace, that if the arm of the law

had not forced it from me, I should never have let it go of my own will

to this moment; I was caught in the act, there was no occasion for

torture, the case was settled, they treated me to a hundred lashes on

the back, and three years of gurapas besides, and that was the end of

it.”

“What are gurapas?” asked Don Quixote.

“Gurapas are galleys,” answered the galley slave, who was a young man

of about four-and-twenty, and said he was a native of Piedrahita.

Don Quixote asked the same question of the second, who made no reply,

so downcast and melancholy was he; but the first answered for him, and

said, “He, sir, goes as a canary, I mean as a musician and a singer.”

“What!” said Don Quixote, “for being musicians and singers are people

sent to the galleys too?”

“Yes, sir,” answered the galley slave, “for there is nothing worse than

singing under suffering.”

“On the contrary, I have heard say,” said Don Quixote, “that he who

sings scares away his woes.”

“Here it is the reverse,” said the galley slave; “for he who sings once

weeps all his life.”

“I do not understand it,” said Don Quixote; but one of the guards said

to him, “Sir, to sing under suffering means with the \_non sancta\_

fraternity to confess under torture; they put this sinner to the

torture and he confessed his crime, which was being a cuatrero, that is

a cattle-stealer, and on his confession they sentenced him to six years

in the galleys, besides two hundred lashes that he has already had on

the back; and he is always dejected and downcast because the other

thieves that were left behind and that march here ill-treat, and snub,

and jeer, and despise him for confessing and not having spirit enough

to say nay; for, say they, ‘nay’ has no more letters in it than ‘yea,’

and a culprit is well off when life or death with him depends on his

own tongue and not on that of witnesses or evidence; and to my thinking

they are not very far out.”

“And I think so too,” answered Don Quixote; then passing on to the

third he asked him what he had asked the others, and the man answered

very readily and unconcernedly, “I am going for five years to their

ladyships the gurapas for the want of ten ducats.”

“I will give twenty with pleasure to get you out of that trouble,” said

Don Quixote.

“That,” said the galley slave, “is like a man having money at sea when

he is dying of hunger and has no way of buying what he wants; I say so

because if at the right time I had had those twenty ducats that your

worship now offers me, I would have greased the notary’s pen and

freshened up the attorney’s wit with them, so that to-day I should be

in the middle of the plaza of the Zocodover at Toledo, and not on this

road coupled like a greyhound. But God is great; patience—there, that’s

enough of it.”

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, a man of venerable aspect with a

white beard falling below his breast, who on hearing himself asked the

reason of his being there began to weep without answering a word, but

the fifth acted as his tongue and said, “This worthy man is going to

the galleys for four years, after having gone the rounds in ceremony

and on horseback.”

“That means,” said Sancho Panza, “as I take it, to have been exposed to

shame in public.”

“Just so,” replied the galley slave, “and the offence for which they

gave him that punishment was having been an ear-broker, nay

body-broker; I mean, in short, that this gentleman goes as a pimp, and

for having besides a certain touch of the sorcerer about him.”

“If that touch had not been thrown in,” said Don Quixote, “he would not

deserve, for mere pimping, to row in the galleys, but rather to command

and be admiral of them; for the office of pimp is no ordinary one,

being the office of persons of discretion, one very necessary in a

well-ordered state, and only to be exercised by persons of good birth;

nay, there ought to be an inspector and overseer of them, as in other

offices, and recognised number, as with the brokers on change; in this

way many of the evils would be avoided which are caused by this office

and calling being in the hands of stupid and ignorant people, such as

women more or less silly, and pages and jesters of little standing and

experience, who on the most urgent occasions, and when ingenuity of

contrivance is needed, let the crumbs freeze on the way to their

mouths, and know not which is their right hand. I should like to go

farther, and give reasons to show that it is advisable to choose those

who are to hold so necessary an office in the state, but this is not

the fit place for it; some day I will expound the matter to someone

able to see to and rectify it; all I say now is, that the additional

fact of his being a sorcerer has removed the sorrow it gave me to see

these white hairs and this venerable countenance in so painful a

position on account of his being a pimp; though I know well there are

no sorceries in the world that can move or compel the will as some

simple folk fancy, for our will is free, nor is there herb or charm

that can force it. All that certain silly women and quacks do is to

turn men mad with potions and poisons, pretending that they have power

to cause love, for, as I say, it is an impossibility to compel the

will.”

“It is true,” said the good old man, “and indeed, sir, as far as the

charge of sorcery goes I was not guilty; as to that of being a pimp I

cannot deny it; but I never thought I was doing any harm by it, for my

only object was that all the world should enjoy itself and live in

peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles; but my good intentions

were unavailing to save me from going where I never expect to come back

from, with this weight of years upon me and a urinary ailment that

never gives me a moment’s ease;” and again he fell to weeping as

before, and such compassion did Sancho feel for him that he took out a

real of four from his bosom and gave it to him in alms.

Don Quixote went on and asked another what his crime was, and the man

answered with no less but rather much more sprightliness than the last

one.

“I am here because I carried the joke too far with a couple of cousins

of mine, and with a couple of other cousins who were none of mine; in

short, I carried the joke so far with them all that it ended in such a

complicated increase of kindred that no accountant could make it clear:

it was all proved against me, I got no favour, I had no money, I was

near having my neck stretched, they sentenced me to the galleys for six

years, I accepted my fate, it is the punishment of my fault; I am a

young man; let life only last, and with that all will come right. If

you, sir, have anything wherewith to help the poor, God will repay it

to you in heaven, and we on earth will take care in our petitions to

him to pray for the life and health of your worship, that they may be

as long and as good as your amiable appearance deserves.”

This one was in the dress of a student, and one of the guards said he

was a great talker and a very elegant Latin scholar.

Behind all these there came a man of thirty, a very personable fellow,

except that when he looked, his eyes turned in a little one towards the

other. He was bound differently from the rest, for he had to his leg a

chain so long that it was wound all round his body, and two rings on

his neck, one attached to the chain, the other to what they call a

“keep-friend” or “friend’s foot,” from which hung two irons reaching to

his waist with two manacles fixed to them in which his hands were

secured by a big padlock, so that he could neither raise his hands to

his mouth nor lower his head to his hands. Don Quixote asked why this

man carried so many more chains than the others. The guard replied that

it was because he alone had committed more crimes than all the rest put

together, and was so daring and such a villain, that though they

marched him in that fashion they did not feel sure of him, but were in

dread of his making his escape.

“What crimes can he have committed,” said Don Quixote, “if they have

not deserved a heavier punishment than being sent to the galleys?”

“He goes for ten years,” replied the guard, “which is the same thing as

civil death, and all that need be said is that this good fellow is the

famous Gines de Pasamonte, otherwise called Ginesillo de Parapilla.”

“Gently, señor commissary,” said the galley slave at this, “let us have

no fixing of names or surnames; my name is Gines, not Ginesillo, and my

family name is Pasamonte, not Parapilla as you say; let each one mind

his own business, and he will be doing enough.”

“Speak with less impertinence, master thief of extra measure,” replied

the commissary, “if you don’t want me to make you hold your tongue in

spite of your teeth.”

“It is easy to see,” returned the galley slave, “that man goes as God

pleases, but someone shall know some day whether I am called Ginesillo

de Parapilla or not.”

“Don’t they call you so, you liar?” said the guard.

“They do,” returned Gines, “but I will make them give over calling me

so, or I will be shaved, where, I only say behind my teeth. If you,

sir, have anything to give us, give it to us at once, and God speed

you, for you are becoming tiresome with all this inquisitiveness about

the lives of others; if you want to know about mine, let me tell you I

am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these fingers.”

“He says true,” said the commissary, “for he has himself written his

story as grand as you please, and has left the book in the prison in

pawn for two hundred reals.”

“And I mean to take it out of pawn,” said Gines, “though it were in for

two hundred ducats.”

“Is it so good?” said Don Quixote.

“So good is it,” replied Gines, “that a fig for ‘Lazarillo de Tormes,’

and all of that kind that have been written, or shall be written

compared with it: all I will say about it is that it deals with facts,

and facts so neat and diverting that no lies could match them.”

“And how is the book entitled?” asked Don Quixote.

“The ‘Life of Gines de Pasamonte,’” replied the subject of it.

“And is it finished?” asked Don Quixote.

“How can it be finished,” said the other, “when my life is not yet

finished? All that is written is from my birth down to the point when

they sent me to the galleys this last time.”

“Then you have been there before?” said Don Quixote.

“In the service of God and the king I have been there for four years

before now, and I know by this time what the biscuit and courbash are

like,” replied Gines; “and it is no great grievance to me to go back to

them, for there I shall have time to finish my book; I have still many

things left to say, and in the galleys of Spain there is more than

enough leisure; though I do not want much for what I have to write, for

I have it by heart.”

“You seem a clever fellow,” said Don Quixote.

“And an unfortunate one,” replied Gines, “for misfortune always

persecutes good wit.”

“It persecutes rogues,” said the commissary.

“I told you already to go gently, master commissary,” said Pasamonte;

“their lordships yonder never gave you that staff to ill-treat us

wretches here, but to conduct and take us where his majesty orders you;

if not, by the life of-never mind—; it may be that some day the stains

made in the inn will come out in the scouring; let everyone hold his

tongue and behave well and speak better; and now let us march on, for

we have had quite enough of this entertainment.”

The commissary lifted his staff to strike Pasamonte in return for his

threats, but Don Quixote came between them, and begged him not to

ill-use him, as it was not too much to allow one who had his hands tied

to have his tongue a trifle free; and turning to the whole chain of

them he said:

“From all you have told me, dear brethren, make out clearly that though

they have punished you for your faults, the punishments you are about

to endure do not give you much pleasure, and that you go to them very

much against the grain and against your will, and that perhaps this

one’s want of courage under torture, that one’s want of money, the

other’s want of advocacy, and lastly the perverted judgment of the

judge may have been the cause of your ruin and of your failure to

obtain the justice you had on your side. All which presents itself now

to my mind, urging, persuading, and even compelling me to demonstrate

in your case the purpose for which Heaven sent me into the world and

caused me to make profession of the order of chivalry to which I

belong, and the vow I took therein to give aid to those in need and

under the oppression of the strong. But as I know that it is a mark of

prudence not to do by foul means what may be done by fair, I will ask

these gentlemen, the guards and commissary, to be so good as to release

you and let you go in peace, as there will be no lack of others to

serve the king under more favourable circumstances; for it seems to me

a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature have made free.

Moreover, sirs of the guard,” added Don Quixote, “these poor fellows

have done nothing to you; let each answer for his own sins yonder;

there is a God in Heaven who will not forget to punish the wicked or

reward the good; and it is not fitting that honest men should be the

instruments of punishment to others, they being therein no way

concerned. This request I make thus gently and quietly, that, if you

comply with it, I may have reason for thanking you; and, if you will

not voluntarily, this lance and sword together with the might of my arm

shall compel you to comply with it by force.”

“Nice nonsense!” said the commissary; “a fine piece of pleasantry he

has come out with at last! He wants us to let the king’s prisoners go,

as if we had any authority to release them, or he to order us to do so!

Go your way, sir, and good luck to you; put that basin straight that

you’ve got on your head, and don’t go looking for three feet on a cat.”

“’Tis you that are the cat, rat, and rascal,” replied Don Quixote, and

acting on the word he fell upon him so suddenly that without giving him

time to defend himself he brought him to the ground sorely wounded with

a lance-thrust; and lucky it was for him that it was the one that had

the musket. The other guards stood thunderstruck and amazed at this

unexpected event, but recovering presence of mind, those on horseback

seized their swords, and those on foot their javelins, and attacked Don

Quixote, who was waiting for them with great calmness; and no doubt it

would have gone badly with him if the galley slaves, seeing the chance

before them of liberating themselves, had not effected it by contriving

to break the chain on which they were strung. Such was the confusion,

that the guards, now rushing at the galley slaves who were breaking

loose, now to attack Don Quixote who was waiting for them, did nothing

at all that was of any use. Sancho, on his part, gave a helping hand to

release Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first to leap forth upon the

plain free and unfettered, and who, attacking the prostrate commissary,

took from him his sword and the musket, with which, aiming at one and

levelling at another, he, without ever discharging it, drove every one

of the guards off the field, for they took to flight, as well to escape

Pasamonte’s musket, as the showers of stones the now released galley

slaves were raining upon them. Sancho was greatly grieved at the

affair, because he anticipated that those who had fled would report the

matter to the Holy Brotherhood, who at the summons of the alarm-bell

would at once sally forth in quest of the offenders; and he said so to

his master, and entreated him to leave the place at once, and go into

hiding in the sierra that was close by.

“That is all very well,” said Don Quixote, “but I know what must be

done now;” and calling together all the galley slaves, who were now

running riot, and had stripped the commissary to the skin, he collected

them round him to hear what he had to say, and addressed them as

follows: “To be grateful for benefits received is the part of persons

of good birth, and one of the sins most offensive to God is

ingratitude; I say so because, sirs, ye have already seen by manifest

proof the benefit ye have received of me; in return for which I desire,

and it is my good pleasure that, laden with that chain which I have

taken off your necks, ye at once set out and proceed to the city of El

Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del

Toboso, and say to her that her knight, he of the Rueful Countenance,

sends to commend himself to her; and that ye recount to her in full

detail all the particulars of this notable adventure, up to the

recovery of your longed-for liberty; and this done ye may go where ye

will, and good fortune attend you.”

Gines de Pasamonte made answer for all, saying, “That which you, sir,

our deliverer, demand of us, is of all impossibilities the most

impossible to comply with, because we cannot go together along the

roads, but only singly and separate, and each one his own way,

endeavouring to hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth to escape the

Holy Brotherhood, which, no doubt, will come out in search of us. What

your worship may do, and fairly do, is to change this service and

tribute as regards the lady Dulcinea del Toboso for a certain quantity

of ave-marias and credos which we will say for your worship’s

intention, and this is a condition that can be complied with by night

as by day, running or resting, in peace or in war; but to imagine that

we are going now to return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean to take

up our chain and set out for El Toboso, is to imagine that it is now

night, though it is not yet ten in the morning, and to ask this of us

is like asking pears of the elm tree.”

“Then by all that’s good,” said Don Quixote (now stirred to wrath),

“Don son of a bitch, Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or whatever your name

is, you will have to go yourself alone, with your tail between your

legs and the whole chain on your back.”

Pasamonte, who was anything but meek (being by this time thoroughly

convinced that Don Quixote was not quite right in his head as he had

committed such a vagary as to set them free), finding himself abused in

this fashion, gave the wink to his companions, and falling back they

began to shower stones on Don Quixote at such a rate that he was quite

unable to protect himself with his buckler, and poor Rocinante no more

heeded the spur than if he had been made of brass. Sancho planted

himself behind his ass, and with him sheltered himself from the

hailstorm that poured on both of them. Don Quixote was unable to shield

himself so well but that more pebbles than I could count struck him

full on the body with such force that they brought him to the ground;

and the instant he fell the student pounced upon him, snatched the

basin from his head, and with it struck three or four blows on his

shoulders, and as many more on the ground, knocking it almost to

pieces. They then stripped him of a jacket that he wore over his

armour, and they would have stripped off his stockings if his greaves

had not prevented them. From Sancho they took his coat, leaving him in

his shirt-sleeves; and dividing among themselves the remaining spoils

of the battle, they went each one his own way, more solicitous about

keeping clear of the Holy Brotherhood they dreaded, than about

burdening themselves with the chain, or going to present themselves

before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. The ass and Rocinante, Sancho and

Don Quixote, were all that were left upon the spot; the ass with

drooping head, serious, shaking his ears from time to time as if he

thought the storm of stones that assailed them was not yet over;

Rocinante stretched beside his master, for he too had been brought to

the ground by a stone; Sancho stripped, and trembling with fear of the

Holy Brotherhood; and Don Quixote fuming to find himself so served by

the very persons for whom he had done so much.

c22e.jpg (44K)

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE SIERRA MORENA, WHICH WAS ONE OF THE

RAREST ADVENTURES RELATED IN THIS VERACIOUS HISTORY

c23a.jpg (148K)

Full Size

Seeing himself served in this way, Don Quixote said to his squire, “I

have always heard it said, Sancho, that to do good to boors is to throw

water into the sea. If I had believed thy words, I should have avoided

this trouble; but it is done now, it is only to have patience and take

warning for the future.”

c23b.jpg (318K)

Full Size

“Your worship will take warning as much as I am a Turk,” returned

Sancho; “but, as you say this mischief might have been avoided if you

had believed me, believe me now, and a still greater one will be

avoided; for I tell you chivalry is of no account with the Holy

Brotherhood, and they don’t care two maravedis for all the

knights-errant in the world; and I can tell you I fancy I hear their

arrows whistling past my ears this minute.”

“Thou art a coward by nature, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “but lest thou

shouldst say I am obstinate, and that I never do as thou dost advise,

this once I will take thy advice, and withdraw out of reach of that

fury thou so dreadest; but it must be on one condition, that never, in

life or in death, thou art to say to anyone that I retired or withdrew

from this danger out of fear, but only in compliance with thy

entreaties; for if thou sayest otherwise thou wilt lie therein, and

from this time to that, and from that to this, I give thee lie, and say

thou liest and wilt lie every time thou thinkest or sayest it; and

answer me not again; for at the mere thought that I am withdrawing or

retiring from any danger, above all from this, which does seem to carry

some little shadow of fear with it, I am ready to take my stand here

and await alone, not only that Holy Brotherhood you talk of and dread,

but the brothers of the twelve tribes of Israel, and the Seven

Maccabees, and Castor and Pollux, and all the brothers and brotherhoods

in the world.”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “to retire is not to flee, and there is no

wisdom in waiting when danger outweighs hope, and it is the part of

wise men to preserve themselves to-day for to-morrow, and not risk all

in one day; and let me tell you, though I am a clown and a boor, I have

got some notion of what they call safe conduct; so repent not of having

taken my advice, but mount Rocinante if you can, and if not I will help

you; and follow me, for my mother-wit tells me we have more need of

legs than hands just now.”

Don Quixote mounted without replying, and, Sancho leading the way on

his ass, they entered the side of the Sierra Morena, which was close

by, as it was Sancho’s design to cross it entirely and come out again

at El Viso or Almodóvar del Campo, and hide for some days among its

crags so as to escape the search of the Brotherhood should they come to

look for them. He was encouraged in this by perceiving that the stock

of provisions carried by the ass had come safe out of the fray with the

galley slaves, a circumstance that he regarded as a miracle, seeing how

they pillaged and ransacked.

c23c.jpg (297K)

Full Size

That night they reached the very heart of the Sierra Morena, where it

seemed prudent to Sancho to pass the night and even some days, at least

as many as the stores he carried might last, and so they encamped

between two rocks and among some cork trees; but fatal destiny, which,

according to the opinion of those who have not the light of the true

faith, directs, arranges, and settles everything in its own way, so

ordered it that Gines de Pasamonte, the famous knave and thief who by

the virtue and madness of Don Quixote had been released from the chain,

driven by fear of the Holy Brotherhood, which he had good reason to

dread, resolved to take hiding in the mountains; and his fate and fear

led him to the same spot to which Don Quixote and Sancho Panza had been

led by theirs, just in time to recognise them and leave them to fall

asleep: and as the wicked are always ungrateful, and necessity leads to

evildoing, and immediate advantage overcomes all considerations of the

future, Gines, who was neither grateful nor well-principled, made up

his mind to steal Sancho Panza’s ass, not troubling himself about

Rocinante, as being a prize that was no good either to pledge or sell.

While Sancho slept he stole his ass, and before day dawned he was far

out of reach.

c23d.jpg (256K)

Full Size

Aurora made her appearance bringing gladness to the earth but sadness

to Sancho Panza, for he found that his Dapple was missing, and seeing

himself bereft of him he began the saddest and most doleful lament in

the world, so loud that Don Quixote awoke at his exclamations and heard

him saying, “O son of my bowels, born in my very house, my children’s

plaything, my wife’s joy, the envy of my neighbours, relief of my

burdens, and lastly, half supporter of myself, for with the

six-and-twenty maravedis thou didst earn me daily I met half my

charges.”

Don Quixote, when he heard the lament and learned the cause, consoled

Sancho with the best arguments he could, entreating him to be patient,

and promising to give him a letter of exchange ordering three out of

five ass-colts that he had at home to be given to him. Sancho took

comfort at this, dried his tears, suppressed his sobs, and returned

thanks for the kindness shown him by Don Quixote. He on his part was

rejoiced to the heart on entering the mountains, as they seemed to him

to be just the place for the adventures he was in quest of. They

brought back to his memory the marvellous adventures that had befallen

knights-errant in like solitudes and wilds, and he went along

reflecting on these things, so absorbed and carried away by them that

he had no thought for anything else.

c23e.jpg (280K)

Full Size

Nor had Sancho any other care (now that he fancied he was travelling in

a safe quarter) than to satisfy his appetite with such remains as were

left of the clerical spoils, and so he marched behind his master laden

with what Dapple used to carry, emptying the sack and packing his

paunch, and so long as he could go that way, he would not have given a

farthing to meet with another adventure.

While so engaged he raised his eyes and saw that his master had halted,

and was trying with the point of his pike to lift some bulky object

that lay upon the ground, on which he hastened to join him and help him

if it were needful, and reached him just as with the point of the pike

he was raising a saddle-pad with a valise attached to it, half or

rather wholly rotten and torn; but so heavy were they that Sancho had

to help to take them up, and his master directed him to see what the

valise contained. Sancho did so with great alacrity, and though the

valise was secured by a chain and padlock, from its torn and rotten

condition he was able to see its contents, which were four shirts of

fine holland, and other articles of linen no less curious than clean;

and in a handkerchief he found a good lot of gold crowns, and as soon

as he saw them he exclaimed:

“Blessed be all Heaven for sending us an adventure that is good for

something!”

Searching further he found a little memorandum book richly bound; this

Don Quixote asked of him, telling him to take the money and keep it for

himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favour, and cleared the valise

of its linen, which he stowed away in the provision sack. Considering

the whole matter, Don Quixote observed:

“It seems to me, Sancho—and it is impossible it can be otherwise—that

some strayed traveller must have crossed this sierra and been attacked

and slain by footpads, who brought him to this remote spot to bury

him.”

“That cannot be,” answered Sancho, “because if they had been robbers

they would not have left this money.”

“Thou art right,” said Don Quixote, “and I cannot guess or explain what

this may mean; but stay; let us see if in this memorandum book there is

anything written by which we may be able to trace out or discover what

we want to know.”

He opened it, and the first thing he found in it, written roughly but

in a very good hand, was a sonnet, and reading it aloud that Sancho

might hear it, he found that it ran as follows:

SONNET

Or Love is lacking in intelligence,

Or to the height of cruelty attains,

Or else it is my doom to suffer pains

Beyond the measure due to my offence.

But if Love be a God, it follows thence

That he knows all, and certain it remains

No God loves cruelty; then who ordains

This penance that enthrals while it torments?

It were a falsehood, Chloe, thee to name;

Such evil with such goodness cannot live;

And against Heaven I dare not charge the blame,

I only know it is my fate to die.

To him who knows not whence his malady

A miracle alone a cure can give.

c23f.jpg (344K)

Full Size

“There is nothing to be learned from that rhyme,” said Sancho, “unless

by that clue there’s in it, one may draw out the ball of the whole

matter.”

“What clue is there?” said Don Quixote.

“I thought your worship spoke of a clue in it,” said Sancho.

“I only said Chloe,” replied Don Quixote; “and that no doubt, is the

name of the lady of whom the author of the sonnet complains; and,

faith, he must be a tolerable poet, or I know little of the craft.”

“Then your worship understands rhyming too?”

“And better than thou thinkest,” replied Don Quixote, “as thou shalt

see when thou carriest a letter written in verse from beginning to end

to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for I would have thee know, Sancho,

that all or most of the knights-errant in days of yore were great

troubadours and great musicians, for both of these accomplishments, or

more properly speaking gifts, are the peculiar property of

lovers-errant: true it is that the verses of the knights of old have

more spirit than neatness in them.”

“Read more, your worship,” said Sancho, “and you will find something

that will enlighten us.”

Don Quixote turned the page and said, “This is prose and seems to be a

letter.”

“A correspondence letter, señor?”

“From the beginning it seems to be a love letter,” replied Don Quixote.

“Then let your worship read it aloud,” said Sancho, “for I am very fond

of love matters.”

“With all my heart,” said Don Quixote, and reading it aloud as Sancho

had requested him, he found it ran thus:

Thy false promise and my sure misfortune carry me to a place whence the

news of my death will reach thy ears before the words of my complaint.

Ungrateful one, thou hast rejected me for one more wealthy, but not

more worthy; but if virtue were esteemed wealth I should neither envy

the fortunes of others nor weep for misfortunes of my own. What thy

beauty raised up thy deeds have laid low; by it I believed thee to be

an angel, by them I know thou art a woman. Peace be with thee who hast

sent war to me, and Heaven grant that the deceit of thy husband be ever

hidden from thee, so that thou repent not of what thou hast done, and I

reap not a revenge I would not have.

When he had finished the letter, Don Quixote said, “There is less to be

gathered from this than from the verses, except that he who wrote it is

some rejected lover;” and turning over nearly all the pages of the book

he found more verses and letters, some of which he could read, while

others he could not; but they were all made up of complaints, laments,

misgivings, desires and aversions, favours and rejections, some

rapturous, some doleful. While Don Quixote examined the book, Sancho

examined the valise, not leaving a corner in the whole of it or in the

pad that he did not search, peer into, and explore, or seam that he did

not rip, or tuft of wool that he did not pick to pieces, lest anything

should escape for want of care and pains; so keen was the covetousness

excited in him by the discovery of the crowns, which amounted to near a

hundred; and though he found no more booty, he held the blanket

flights, balsam vomits, stake benedictions, carriers’ fisticuffs,

missing alforjas, stolen coat, and all the hunger, thirst, and

weariness he had endured in the service of his good master, cheap at

the price; as he considered himself more than fully indemnified for all

by the payment he received in the gift of the treasure-trove.

The Knight of the Rueful Countenance was still very anxious to find out

who the owner of the valise could be, conjecturing from the sonnet and

letter, from the money in gold, and from the fineness of the shirts,

that he must be some lover of distinction whom the scorn and cruelty of

his lady had driven to some desperate course; but as in that

uninhabited and rugged spot there was no one to be seen of whom he

could inquire, he saw nothing else for it but to push on, taking

whatever road Rocinante chose—which was where he could make his

way—firmly persuaded that among these wilds he could not fail to meet

some rare adventure. As he went along, then, occupied with these

thoughts, he perceived on the summit of a height that rose before their

eyes a man who went springing from rock to rock and from tussock to

tussock with marvellous agility. As well as he could make out he was

unclad, with a thick black beard, long tangled hair, and bare legs and

feet, his thighs were covered by breeches apparently of tawny velvet

but so ragged that they showed his skin in several places.

c23g.jpg (360K)

Full Size

He was bareheaded, and notwithstanding the swiftness with which he

passed as has been described, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance

observed and noted all these trifles, and though he made the attempt,

he was unable to follow him, for it was not granted to the feebleness

of Rocinante to make way over such rough ground, he being, moreover,

slow-paced and sluggish by nature. Don Quixote at once came to the

conclusion that this was the owner of the saddle-pad and of the valise,

and made up his mind to go in search of him, even though he should have

to wander a year in those mountains before he found him, and so he

directed Sancho to take a short cut over one side of the mountain,

while he himself went by the other, and perhaps by this means they

might light upon this man who had passed so quickly out of their sight.

“I could not do that,” said Sancho, “for when I separate from your

worship fear at once lays hold of me, and assails me with all sorts of

panics and fancies; and let what I now say be a notice that from this

time forth I am not going to stir a finger’s width from your presence.”

“It shall be so,” said he of the Rueful Countenance, “and I am very

glad that thou art willing to rely on my courage, which will never fail

thee, even though the soul in thy body fail thee; so come on now behind

me slowly as well as thou canst, and make lanterns of thine eyes; let

us make the circuit of this ridge; perhaps we shall light upon this man

that we saw, who no doubt is no other than the owner of what we found.”

To which Sancho made answer, “Far better would it be not to look for

him, for, if we find him, and he happens to be the owner of the money,

it is plain I must restore it; it would be better, therefore, that

without taking this needless trouble, I should keep possession of it

until in some other less meddlesome and officious way the real owner

may be discovered; and perhaps that will be when I shall have spent it,

and then the king will hold me harmless.”

“Thou art wrong there, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for now that we have

a suspicion who the owner is, and have him almost before us, we are

bound to seek him and make restitution; and if we do not see him, the

strong suspicion we have as to his being the owner makes us as guilty

as if he were so; and so, friend Sancho, let not our search for him

give thee any uneasiness, for if we find him it will relieve mine.”

And so saying he gave Rocinante the spur, and Sancho followed him on

foot and loaded, and after having partly made the circuit of the

mountain they found lying in a ravine, dead and half devoured by dogs

and pecked by jackdaws, a mule saddled and bridled, all which still

further strengthened their suspicion that he who had fled was the owner

of the mule and the saddle-pad.

c23h.jpg (381K)

Full Size

As they stood looking at it they heard a whistle like that of a

shepherd watching his flock, and suddenly on their left there appeared

a great number of goats and behind them on the summit of the mountain

the goatherd in charge of them, a man advanced in years. Don Quixote

called aloud to him and begged him to come down to where they stood. He

shouted in return, asking what had brought them to that spot, seldom or

never trodden except by the feet of goats, or of the wolves and other

wild beasts that roamed around. Sancho in return bade him come down,

and they would explain all to him.

The goatherd descended, and reaching the place where Don Quixote stood,

he said, “I will wager you are looking at that hack mule that lies dead

in the hollow there, and, faith, it has been lying there now these six

months; tell me, have you come upon its master about here?”

“We have come upon nobody,” answered Don Quixote, “nor on anything

except a saddle-pad and a little valise that we found not far from

this.”

“I found it too,” said the goatherd, “but I would not lift it nor go

near it for fear of some ill-luck or being charged with theft, for the

devil is crafty, and things rise up under one’s feet to make one fall

without knowing why or wherefore.”

“That’s exactly what I say,” said Sancho; “I found it too, and I would

not go within a stone’s throw of it; there I left it, and there it lies

just as it was, for I don’t want a dog with a bell.”

“Tell me, good man,” said Don Quixote, “do you know who is the owner of

this property?”

“All I can tell you,” said the goatherd, “is that about six months ago,

more or less, there arrived at a shepherd’s hut three leagues, perhaps,

away from this, a youth of well-bred appearance and manners, mounted on

that same mule which lies dead here, and with the same saddle-pad and

valise which you say you found and did not touch. He asked us what part

of this sierra was the most rugged and retired; we told him that it was

where we now are; and so in truth it is, for if you push on half a

league farther, perhaps you will not be able to find your way out; and

I am wondering how you have managed to come here, for there is no road

or path that leads to this spot. I say, then, that on hearing our

answer the youth turned about and made for the place we pointed out to

him, leaving us all charmed with his good looks, and wondering at his

question and the haste with which we saw him depart in the direction of

the sierra; and after that we saw him no more, until some days

afterwards he crossed the path of one of our shepherds, and without

saying a word to him, came up to him and gave him several cuffs and

kicks, and then turned to the ass with our provisions and took all the

bread and cheese it carried, and having done this made off back again

into the sierra with extraordinary swiftness. When some of us goatherds

learned this we went in search of him for about two days through the

most remote portion of this sierra, at the end of which we found him

lodged in the hollow of a large thick cork tree. He came out to meet us

with great gentleness, with his dress now torn and his face so

disfigured and burned by the sun, that we hardly recognised him but

that his clothes, though torn, convinced us, from the recollection we

had of them, that he was the person we were looking for. He saluted us

courteously, and in a few well-spoken words he told us not to wonder at

seeing him going about in this guise, as it was binding upon him in

order that he might work out a penance which for his many sins had been

imposed upon him. We asked him to tell us who he was, but we were never

able to find out from him: we begged of him too, when he was in want of

food, which he could not do without, to tell us where we should find

him, as we would bring it to him with all good-will and readiness; or

if this were not to his taste, at least to come and ask it of us and

not take it by force from the shepherds. He thanked us for the offer,

begged pardon for the late assault, and promised for the future to ask

it in God’s name without offering violence to anybody. As for fixed

abode, he said he had no other than that which chance offered wherever

night might overtake him; and his words ended in an outburst of weeping

so bitter that we who listened to him must have been very stones had we

not joined him in it, comparing what we saw of him the first time with

what we saw now; for, as I said, he was a graceful and gracious youth,

and in his courteous and polished language showed himself to be of good

birth and courtly breeding, and rustics as we were that listened to

him, even to our rusticity his gentle bearing sufficed to make it

plain.

“But in the midst of his conversation he stopped and became silent,

keeping his eyes fixed upon the ground for some time, during which we

stood still waiting anxiously to see what would come of this

abstraction; and with no little pity, for from his behaviour, now

staring at the ground with fixed gaze and eyes wide open without moving

an eyelid, again closing them, compressing his lips and raising his

eyebrows, we could perceive plainly that a fit of madness of some kind

had come upon him; and before long he showed that what we imagined was

the truth, for he arose in a fury from the ground where he had thrown

himself, and attacked the first he found near him with such rage and

fierceness that if we had not dragged him off him, he would have beaten

or bitten him to death, all the while exclaiming, ‘Oh faithless

Fernando, here, here shalt thou pay the penalty of the wrong thou hast

done me; these hands shall tear out that heart of thine, abode and

dwelling of all iniquity, but of deceit and fraud above all; and to

these he added other words all in effect upbraiding this Fernando and

charging him with treachery and faithlessness.

“We forced him to release his hold with no little difficulty, and

without another word he left us, and rushing off plunged in among these

brakes and brambles, so as to make it impossible for us to follow him;

from this we suppose that madness comes upon him from time to time, and

that someone called Fernando must have done him a wrong of a grievous

nature such as the condition to which it had brought him seemed to

show. All this has been since then confirmed on those occasions, and

they have been many, on which he has crossed our path, at one time to

beg the shepherds to give him some of the food they carry, at another

to take it from them by force; for when there is a fit of madness upon

him, even though the shepherds offer it freely, he will not accept it

but snatches it from them by dint of blows; but when he is in his

senses he begs it for the love of God, courteously and civilly, and

receives it with many thanks and not a few tears. And to tell you the

truth, sirs,” continued the goatherd, “it was yesterday that we

resolved, I and four of the lads, two of them our servants, and the

other two friends of mine, to go in search of him until we find him,

and when we do to take him, whether by force or of his own consent, to

the town of Almodóvar, which is eight leagues from this, and there

strive to cure him (if indeed his malady admits of a cure), or learn

when he is in his senses who he is, and if he has relatives to whom we

may give notice of his misfortune. This, sirs, is all I can say in

answer to what you have asked me; and be sure that the owner of the

articles you found is he whom you saw pass by with such nimbleness and

so naked.”

For Don Quixote had already described how he had seen the man go

bounding along the mountainside, and he was now filled with amazement

at what he heard from the goatherd, and more eager than ever to

discover who the unhappy madman was; and in his heart he resolved, as

he had done before, to search for him all over the mountain, not

leaving a corner or cave unexamined until he had found him. But chance

arranged matters better than he expected or hoped, for at that very

moment, in a gorge on the mountain that opened where they stood, the

youth he wished to find made his appearance, coming along talking to

himself in a way that would have been unintelligible near at hand, much

more at a distance. His garb was what has been described, save that as

he drew near, Don Quixote perceived that a tattered doublet which he

wore was amber-tanned, from which he concluded that one who wore such

garments could not be of very low rank.

Approaching them, the youth greeted them in a harsh and hoarse voice

but with great courtesy. Don Quixote returned his salutation with equal

politeness, and dismounting from Rocinante advanced with well-bred

bearing and grace to embrace him, and held him for some time close in

his arms as if he had known him for a long time. The other, whom we may

call the Ragged One of the Sorry Countenance, as Don Quixote was of the

Rueful, after submitting to the embrace pushed him back a little and,

placing his hands on Don Quixote’s shoulders, stood gazing at him as if

seeking to see whether he knew him, not less amazed, perhaps, at the

sight of the face, figure, and armour of Don Quixote than Don Quixote

was at the sight of him. To be brief, the first to speak after

embracing was the Ragged One, and he said what will be told farther on.

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Full Size

CHAPTER XXIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SIERRA MORENA

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Full Size

The history relates that it was with the greatest attention Don Quixote

listened to the ragged knight of the Sierra, who began by saying:

“Of a surety, señor, whoever you are, for I know you not, I thank you

for the proofs of kindness and courtesy you have shown me, and would I

were in a condition to requite with something more than good-will that

which you have displayed towards me in the cordial reception you have

given me; but my fate does not afford me any other means of returning

kindnesses done me save the hearty desire to repay them.”

“Mine,” replied Don Quixote, “is to be of service to you, so much so

that I had resolved not to quit these mountains until I had found you,

and learned of you whether there is any kind of relief to be found for

that sorrow under which from the strangeness of your life you seem to

labour; and to search for you with all possible diligence, if search

had been necessary. And if your misfortune should prove to be one of

those that refuse admission to any sort of consolation, it was my

purpose to join you in lamenting and mourning over it, so far as I

could; for it is still some comfort in misfortune to find one who can

feel for it. And if my good intentions deserve to be acknowledged with

any kind of courtesy, I entreat you, señor, by that which I perceive

you possess in so high a degree, and likewise conjure you by whatever

you love or have loved best in life, to tell me who you are and the

cause that has brought you to live or die in these solitudes like a

brute beast, dwelling among them in a manner so foreign to your

condition as your garb and appearance show. And I swear,” added Don

Quixote, “by the order of knighthood which I have received, and by my

vocation of knight-errant, if you gratify me in this, to serve you with

all the zeal my calling demands of me, either in relieving your

misfortune if it admits of relief, or in joining you in lamenting it as

I promised to do.”

The Knight of the Thicket, hearing him of the Rueful Countenance talk

in this strain, did nothing but stare at him, and stare at him again,

and again survey him from head to foot; and when he had thoroughly

examined him, he said to him:

“If you have anything to give me to eat, for God’s sake give it me, and

after I have eaten I will do all you ask in acknowledgment of the

goodwill you have displayed towards me.”

Sancho from his sack, and the goatherd from his pouch, furnished the

Ragged One with the means of appeasing his hunger, and what they gave

him he ate like a half-witted being, so hastily that he took no time

between mouthfuls, gorging rather than swallowing; and while he ate

neither he nor they who observed him uttered a word. As soon as he had

done he made signs to them to follow him, which they did, and he led

them to a green plot which lay a little farther off round the corner of

a rock. On reaching it he stretched himself upon the grass, and the

others did the same, all keeping silence, until the Ragged One,

settling himself in his place, said:

“If it is your wish, sirs, that I should disclose in a few words the

surpassing extent of my misfortunes, you must promise not to break the

thread of my sad story with any question or other interruption, for the

instant you do so the tale I tell will come to an end.”

These words of the Ragged One reminded Don Quixote of the tale his

squire had told him, when he failed to keep count of the goats that had

crossed the river and the story remained unfinished; but to return to

the Ragged One, he went on to say:

“I give you this warning because I wish to pass briefly over the story

of my misfortunes, for recalling them to memory only serves to add

fresh ones, and the less you question me the sooner shall I make an end

of the recital, though I shall not omit to relate anything of

importance in order fully to satisfy your curiosity.”

Don Quixote gave the promise for himself and the others, and with this

assurance he began as follows:

“My name is Cardenio, my birthplace one of the best cities of this

Andalusia, my family noble, my parents rich, my misfortune so great

that my parents must have wept and my family grieved over it without

being able by their wealth to lighten it; for the gifts of fortune can

do little to relieve reverses sent by Heaven. In that same country

there was a heaven in which love had placed all the glory I could

desire; such was the beauty of Luscinda, a damsel as noble and as rich

as I, but of happier fortunes, and of less firmness than was due to so

worthy a passion as mine. This Luscinda I loved, worshipped, and adored

from my earliest and tenderest years, and she loved me in all the

innocence and sincerity of childhood. Our parents were aware of our

feelings, and were not sorry to perceive them, for they saw clearly

that as they ripened they must lead at last to a marriage between us, a

thing that seemed almost prearranged by the equality of our families

and wealth. We grew up, and with our growth grew the love between us,

so that the father of Luscinda felt bound for propriety’s sake to

refuse me admission to his house, in this perhaps imitating the parents

of that Thisbe so celebrated by the poets, and this refusal but added

love to love and flame to flame; for though they enforced silence upon

our tongues they could not impose it upon our pens, which can make

known the heart’s secrets to a loved one more freely than tongues; for

many a time the presence of the object of love shakes the firmest will

and strikes dumb the boldest tongue. Ah heavens! how many letters did I

write her, and how many dainty modest replies did I receive! how many

ditties and love-songs did I compose in which my heart declared and

made known its feelings, described its ardent longings, revelled in its

recollections and dallied with its desires! At length growing impatient

and feeling my heart languishing with longing to see her, I resolved to

put into execution and carry out what seemed to me the best mode of

winning my desired and merited reward, to ask her of her father for my

lawful wife, which I did. To this his answer was that he thanked me for

the disposition I showed to do honour to him and to regard myself as

honoured by the bestowal of his treasure; but that as my father was

alive it was his by right to make this demand, for if it were not in

accordance with his full will and pleasure, Luscinda was not to be

taken or given by stealth. I thanked him for his kindness, reflecting

that there was reason in what he said, and that my father would assent

to it as soon as I should tell him, and with that view I went the very

same instant to let him know what my desires were. When I entered the

room where he was I found him with an open letter in his hand, which,

before I could utter a word, he gave me, saying, ‘By this letter thou

wilt see, Cardenio, the disposition the Duke Ricardo has to serve

thee.’ This Duke Ricardo, as you, sirs, probably know already, is a

grandee of Spain who has his seat in the best part of this Andalusia. I

took and read the letter, which was couched in terms so flattering that

even I myself felt it would be wrong in my father not to comply with

the request the duke made in it, which was that he would send me

immediately to him, as he wished me to become the companion, not

servant, of his eldest son, and would take upon himself the charge of

placing me in a position corresponding to the esteem in which he held

me. On reading the letter my voice failed me, and still more when I

heard my father say, ‘Two days hence thou wilt depart, Cardenio, in

accordance with the duke’s wish, and give thanks to God who is opening

a road to thee by which thou mayest attain what I know thou dost

deserve; and to these words he added others of fatherly counsel. The

time for my departure arrived; I spoke one night to Luscinda, I told

her all that had occurred, as I did also to her father, entreating him

to allow some delay, and to defer the disposal of her hand until I

should see what the Duke Ricardo sought of me: he gave me the promise,

and she confirmed it with vows and swoonings unnumbered. Finally, I

presented myself to the duke, and was received and treated by him so

kindly that very soon envy began to do its work, the old servants

growing envious of me, and regarding the duke’s inclination to show me

favour as an injury to themselves. But the one to whom my arrival gave

the greatest pleasure was the duke’s second son, Fernando by name, a

gallant youth, of noble, generous, and amorous disposition, who very

soon made so intimate a friend of me that it was remarked by everybody;

for though the elder was attached to me, and showed me kindness, he did

not carry his affectionate treatment to the same length as Don

Fernando. It so happened, then, that as between friends no secret

remains unshared, and as the favour I enjoyed with Don Fernando had

grown into friendship, he made all his thoughts known to me, and in

particular a love affair which troubled his mind a little. He was

deeply in love with a peasant girl, a vassal of his father’s, the

daughter of wealthy parents, and herself so beautiful, modest,

discreet, and virtuous, that no one who knew her was able to decide in

which of these respects she was most highly gifted or most excelled.

The attractions of the fair peasant raised the passion of Don Fernando

to such a point that, in order to gain his object and overcome her

virtuous resolutions, he determined to pledge his word to her to become

her husband, for to attempt it in any other way was to attempt an

impossibility. Bound to him as I was by friendship, I strove by the

best arguments and the most forcible examples I could think of to

restrain and dissuade him from such a course; but perceiving I produced

no effect I resolved to make the Duke Ricardo, his father, acquainted

with the matter; but Don Fernando, being sharp-witted and shrewd,

foresaw and apprehended this, perceiving that by my duty as a good

servant I was bound not to keep concealed a thing so much opposed to

the honour of my lord the duke; and so, to mislead and deceive me, he

told me he could find no better way of effacing from his mind the

beauty that so enslaved him than by absenting himself for some months,

and that he wished the absence to be effected by our going, both of us,

to my father’s house under the pretence, which he would make to the

duke, of going to see and buy some fine horses that there were in my

city, which produces the best in the world. When I heard him say so,

even if his resolution had not been so good a one I should have hailed

it as one of the happiest that could be imagined, prompted by my

affection, seeing what a favourable chance and opportunity it offered

me of returning to see my Luscinda. With this thought and wish I

commended his idea and encouraged his design, advising him to put it

into execution as quickly as possible, as, in truth, absence produced

its effect in spite of the most deeply rooted feelings. But, as

afterwards appeared, when he said this to me he had already enjoyed the

peasant girl under the title of husband, and was waiting for an

opportunity of making it known with safety to himself, being in dread

of what his father the duke would do when he came to know of his folly.

It happened, then, that as with young men love is for the most part

nothing more than appetite, which, as its final object is enjoyment,

comes to an end on obtaining it, and that which seemed to be love takes

to flight, as it cannot pass the limit fixed by nature, which fixes no

limit to true love—what I mean is that after Don Fernando had enjoyed

this peasant girl his passion subsided and his eagerness cooled, and if

at first he feigned a wish to absent himself in order to cure his love,

he was now in reality anxious to go to avoid keeping his promise.

“The duke gave him permission, and ordered me to accompany him; we

arrived at my city, and my father gave him the reception due to his

rank; I saw Luscinda without delay, and, though it had not been dead or

deadened, my love gathered fresh life. To my sorrow I told the story of

it to Don Fernando, for I thought that in virtue of the great

friendship he bore me I was bound to conceal nothing from him. I

extolled her beauty, her gaiety, her wit, so warmly, that my praises

excited in him a desire to see a damsel adorned by such attractions. To

my misfortune I yielded to it, showing her to him one night by the

light of a taper at a window where we used to talk to one another. As

she appeared to him in her dressing-gown, she drove all the beauties he

had seen until then out of his recollection; speech failed him, his

head turned, he was spell-bound, and in the end love-smitten, as you

will see in the course of the story of my misfortune; and to inflame

still further his passion, which he hid from me and revealed to Heaven

alone, it so happened that one day he found a note of hers entreating

me to demand her of her father in marriage, so delicate, so modest, and

so tender, that on reading it he told me that in Luscinda alone were

combined all the charms of beauty and understanding that were

distributed among all the other women in the world. It is true, and I

own it now, that though I knew what good cause Don Fernando had to

praise Luscinda, it gave me uneasiness to hear these praises from his

mouth, and I began to fear, and with reason to feel distrust of him,

for there was no moment when he was not ready to talk of Luscinda, and

he would start the subject himself even though he dragged it in

unseasonably, a circumstance that aroused in me a certain amount of

jealousy; not that I feared any change in the constancy or faith of

Luscinda; but still my fate led me to forebode what she assured me

against. Don Fernando contrived always to read the letters I sent to

Luscinda and her answers to me, under the pretence that he enjoyed the

wit and sense of both. It so happened, then, that Luscinda having

begged of me a book of chivalry to read, one that she was very fond of,

Amadis of Gaul—”

Don Quixote no sooner heard a book of chivalry mentioned, than he said:

“Had your worship told me at the beginning of your story that the Lady

Luscinda was fond of books of chivalry, no other laudation would have

been requisite to impress upon me the superiority of her understanding,

for it could not have been of the excellence you describe had a taste

for such delightful reading been wanting; so, as far as I am concerned,

you need waste no more words in describing her beauty, worth, and

intelligence; for, on merely hearing what her taste was, I declare her

to be the most beautiful and the most intelligent woman in the world;

and I wish your worship had, along with Amadis of Gaul, sent her the

worthy Don Rugel of Greece, for I know the Lady Luscinda would greatly

relish Daraida and Garaya, and the shrewd sayings of the shepherd

Darinel, and the admirable verses of his bucolics, sung and delivered

by him with such sprightliness, wit, and ease; but a time may come when

this omission can be remedied, and to rectify it nothing more is needed

than for your worship to be so good as to come with me to my village,

for there I can give you more than three hundred books which are the

delight of my soul and the entertainment of my life;—though it occurs

to me that I have not got one of them now, thanks to the spite of

wicked and envious enchanters;—but pardon me for having broken the

promise we made not to interrupt your discourse; for when I hear

chivalry or knights-errant mentioned, I can no more help talking about

them than the rays of the sun can help giving heat, or those of the

moon moisture; pardon me, therefore, and proceed, for that is more to

the purpose now.”

While Don Quixote was saying this, Cardenio allowed his head to fall

upon his breast, and seemed plunged in deep thought; and though twice

Don Quixote bade him go on with his story, he neither looked up nor

uttered a word in reply; but after some time he raised his head and

said, “I cannot get rid of the idea, nor will anyone in the world

remove it, or make me think otherwise—and he would be a blockhead who

would hold or believe anything else than that that arrant knave Master

Elisabad made free with Queen Madasima.”

“That is not true, by all that’s good,” said Don Quixote in high wrath,

turning upon him angrily, as his way was; “and it is a very great

slander, or rather villainy. Queen Madasima was a very illustrious

lady, and it is not to be supposed that so exalted a princess would

have made free with a quack; and whoever maintains the contrary lies

like a great scoundrel, and I will give him to know it, on foot or on

horseback, armed or unarmed, by night or by day, or as he likes best.”

Cardenio was looking at him steadily, and his mad fit having now come

upon him, he had no disposition to go on with his story, nor would Don

Quixote have listened to it, so much had what he had heard about

Madasima disgusted him. Strange to say, he stood up for her as if she

were in earnest his veritable born lady; to such a pass had his unholy

books brought him. Cardenio, then, being, as I said, now mad, when he

heard himself given the lie, and called a scoundrel and other insulting

names, not relishing the jest, snatched up a stone that he found near

him, and with it delivered such a blow on Don Quixote’s breast that he

laid him on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in this

fashion, attacked the madman with his closed fist; but the Ragged One

received him in such a way that with a blow of his fist he stretched

him at his feet, and then mounting upon him crushed his ribs to his own

satisfaction; the goatherd, who came to the rescue, shared the same

fate; and having beaten and pummelled them all he left them and quietly

withdrew to his hiding-place on the mountain. Sancho rose, and with the

rage he felt at finding himself so belaboured without deserving it, ran

to take vengeance on the goatherd, accusing him of not giving them

warning that this man was at times taken with a mad fit, for if they

had known it they would have been on their guard to protect themselves.

The goatherd replied that he had said so, and that if he had not heard

him, that was no fault of his. Sancho retorted, and the goatherd

rejoined, and the altercation ended in their seizing each other by the

beard, and exchanging such fisticuffs that if Don Quixote had not made

peace between them, they would have knocked one another to pieces.

“Leave me alone, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance,” said Sancho,

grappling with the goatherd, “for of this fellow, who is a clown like

myself, and no dubbed knight, I can safely take satisfaction for the

affront he has offered me, fighting with him hand to hand like an

honest man.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote, “but I know that he is not to blame

for what has happened.”

With this he pacified them, and again asked the goatherd if it would be

possible to find Cardenio, as he felt the greatest anxiety to know the

end of his story. The goatherd told him, as he had told him before,

that there was no knowing of a certainty where his lair was; but that

if he wandered about much in that neighbourhood he could not fail to

fall in with him either in or out of his senses.

c24e.jpg (69K)

Full Size

CHAPTER XXV.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO THE STOUT KNIGHT OF

LA MANCHA IN THE SIERRA MORENA, AND OF HIS IMITATION OF THE PENANCE OF

BELTENEBROS

c25a.jpg (168K)

Full Size

Don Quixote took leave of the goatherd, and once more mounting

Rocinante bade Sancho follow him, which he having no ass, did very

discontentedly. They proceeded slowly, making their way into the most

rugged part of the mountain, Sancho all the while dying to have a talk

with his master, and longing for him to begin, so that there should be

no breach of the injunction laid upon him; but unable to keep silence

so long he said to him:

“Señor Don Quixote, give me your worship’s blessing and dismissal, for

I’d like to go home at once to my wife and children with whom I can at

any rate talk and converse as much as I like; for to want me to go

through these solitudes day and night and not speak to you when I have

a mind is burying me alive. If luck would have it that animals spoke as

they did in the days of Guisopete, it would not be so bad, because I

could talk to Rocinante about whatever came into my head, and so put up

with my ill-fortune; but it is a hard case, and not to be borne with

patience, to go seeking adventures all one’s life and get nothing but

kicks and blanketings, brickbats and punches, and with all this to have

to sew up one’s mouth without daring to say what is in one’s heart,

just as if one were dumb.”

“I understand thee, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “thou art dying to

have the interdict I placed upon thy tongue removed; consider it

removed, and say what thou wilt while we are wandering in these

mountains.”

“So be it,” said Sancho; “let me speak now, for God knows what will

happen by-and-by; and to take advantage of the permit at once, I ask,

what made your worship stand up so for that Queen Majimasa, or whatever

her name is, or what did it matter whether that abbot was a friend of

hers or not? for if your worship had let that pass—and you were not a

judge in the matter—it is my belief the madman would have gone on with

his story, and the blow of the stone, and the kicks, and more than half

a dozen cuffs would have been escaped.”

“In faith, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “if thou knewest as I do what

an honourable and illustrious lady Queen Madasima was, I know thou

wouldst say I had great patience that I did not break in pieces the

mouth that uttered such blasphemies, for a very great blasphemy it is

to say or imagine that a queen has made free with a surgeon. The truth

of the story is that that Master Elisabad whom the madman mentioned was

a man of great prudence and sound judgment, and served as governor and

physician to the queen, but to suppose that she was his mistress is

nonsense deserving very severe punishment; and as a proof that Cardenio

did not know what he was saying, remember when he said it he was out of

his wits.”

“That is what I say,” said Sancho; “there was no occasion for minding

the words of a madman; for if good luck had not helped your worship,

and he had sent that stone at your head instead of at your breast, a

fine way we should have been in for standing up for my lady yonder, God

confound her! And then, would not Cardenio have gone free as a madman?”

“Against men in their senses or against madmen,” said Don Quixote,

“every knight-errant is bound to stand up for the honour of women,

whoever they may be, much more for queens of such high degree and

dignity as Queen Madasima, for whom I have a particular regard on

account of her amiable qualities; for, besides being extremely

beautiful, she was very wise, and very patient under her misfortunes,

of which she had many; and the counsel and society of the Master

Elisabad were a great help and support to her in enduring her

afflictions with wisdom and resignation; hence the ignorant and

ill-disposed vulgar took occasion to say and think that she was his

mistress; and they lie, I say it once more, and will lie two hundred

times more, all who think and say so.”

“I neither say nor think so,” said Sancho; “let them look to it; with

their bread let them eat it; they have rendered account to God whether

they misbehaved or not; I come from my vineyard, I know nothing; I am

not fond of prying into other men’s lives; he who buys and lies feels

it in his purse; moreover, naked was I born, naked I find myself, I

neither lose nor gain; but if they did, what is that to me? many think

there are flitches where there are no hooks; but who can put gates to

the open plain? moreover they said of God—”

“God bless me,” said Don Quixote, “what a set of absurdities thou art

stringing together! What has what we are talking about got to do with

the proverbs thou art threading one after the other? for God’s sake

hold thy tongue, Sancho, and henceforward keep to prodding thy ass and

don’t meddle in what does not concern thee; and understand with all thy

five senses that everything I have done, am doing, or shall do, is well

founded on reason and in conformity with the rules of chivalry, for I

understand them better than all the world that profess them.”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “is it a good rule of chivalry that we should

go astray through these mountains without path or road, looking for a

madman who when he is found will perhaps take a fancy to finish what he

began, not his story, but your worship’s head and my ribs, and end by

breaking them altogether for us?”

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“Peace, I say again, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for let me tell thee

it is not so much the desire of finding that madman that leads me into

these regions as that which I have of performing among them an

achievement wherewith I shall win eternal name and fame throughout the

known world; and it shall be such that I shall thereby set the seal on

all that can make a knight-errant perfect and famous.”

“And is it very perilous, this achievement?”

“No,” replied he of the Rueful Countenance; “though it may be in the

dice that we may throw deuce-ace instead of sixes; but all will depend

on thy diligence.”

“On my diligence!” said Sancho.

“Yes,” said Don Quixote, “for if thou dost return soon from the place

where I mean to send thee, my penance will be soon over, and my glory

will soon begin. But as it is not right to keep thee any longer in

suspense, waiting to see what comes of my words, I would have thee

know, Sancho, that the famous Amadis of Gaul was one of the most

perfect knights-errant—I am wrong to say he was one; he stood alone,

the first, the only one, the lord of all that were in the world in his

time. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all who say he equalled him in

any respect, for, my oath upon it, they are deceiving themselves! I

say, too, that when a painter desires to become famous in his art he

endeavours to copy the originals of the rarest painters that he knows;

and the same rule holds good for all the most important crafts and

callings that serve to adorn a state; thus must he who would be

esteemed prudent and patient imitate Ulysses, in whose person and

labours Homer presents to us a lively picture of prudence and patience;

as Virgil, too, shows us in the person of Æneas the virtue of a pious

son and the sagacity of a brave and skilful captain; not representing

or describing them as they were, but as they ought to be, so as to

leave the example of their virtues to posterity. In the same way Amadis

was the polestar, day-star, sun of valiant and devoted knights, whom

all we who fight under the banner of love and chivalry are bound to

imitate. This, then, being so, I consider, friend Sancho, that the

knight-errant who shall imitate him most closely will come nearest to

reaching the perfection of chivalry. Now one of the instances in which

this knight most conspicuously showed his prudence, worth, valour,

endurance, fortitude, and love, was when he withdrew, rejected by the

Lady Oriana, to do penance upon the Peña Pobre, changing his name into

that of Beltenebros, a name assuredly significant and appropriate to

the life which he had voluntarily adopted. So, as it is easier for me

to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants asunder, cutting off

serpents’ heads, slaying dragons, routing armies, destroying fleets,

and breaking enchantments, and as this place is so well suited for a

similar purpose, I must not allow the opportunity to escape which now

so conveniently offers me its forelock.”

“What is it in reality,” said Sancho, “that your worship means to do in

such an out-of-the-way place as this?”

“Have I not told thee,” answered Don Quixote, “that I mean to imitate

Amadis here, playing the victim of despair, the madman, the maniac, so

as at the same time to imitate the valiant Don Roland, when at the

fountain he had evidence of the fair Angelica having disgraced herself

with Medoro and through grief thereat went mad, and plucked up trees,

troubled the waters of the clear springs, slew destroyed flocks, burned

down huts, levelled houses, dragged mares after him, and perpetrated a

hundred thousand other outrages worthy of everlasting renown and

record? And though I have no intention of imitating Roland, or Orlando,

or Rotolando (for he went by all these names), step by step in all the

mad things he did, said, and thought, I will make a rough copy to the

best of my power of all that seems to me most essential; but perhaps I

shall content myself with the simple imitation of Amadis, who without

giving way to any mischievous madness but merely to tears and sorrow,

gained as much fame as the most famous.”

“It seems to me,” said Sancho, “that the knights who behaved in this

way had provocation and cause for those follies and penances; but what

cause has your worship for going mad? What lady has rejected you, or

what evidence have you found to prove that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso

has been trifling with Moor or Christian?”

“There is the point,” replied Don Quixote, “and that is the beauty of

this business of mine; no thanks to a knight-errant for going mad when

he has cause; the thing is to turn crazy without any provocation, and

let my lady know, if I do this in the dry, what I would do in the

moist; moreover I have abundant cause in the long separation I have

endured from my lady till death, Dulcinea del Toboso; for as thou didst

hear that shepherd Ambrosio say the other day, in absence all ills are

felt and feared; and so, friend Sancho, waste no time in advising me

against so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation; mad I am,

and mad I must be until thou returnest with the answer to a letter that

I mean to send by thee to my lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as my

constancy deserves, my insanity and penance will come to an end; and if

it be to the opposite effect, I shall become mad in earnest, and, being

so, I shall suffer no more; thus in whatever way she may answer I shall

escape from the struggle and affliction in which thou wilt leave me,

enjoying in my senses the boon thou bearest me, or as a madman not

feeling the evil thou bringest me. But tell me, Sancho, hast thou got

Mambrino’s helmet safe? for I saw thee take it up from the ground when

that ungrateful wretch tried to break it in pieces but could not, by

which the fineness of its temper may be seen.”

To which Sancho made answer, “By the living God, Sir Knight of the

Rueful Countenance, I cannot endure or bear with patience some of the

things that your worship says; and from them I begin to suspect that

all you tell me about chivalry, and winning kingdoms and empires, and

giving islands, and bestowing other rewards and dignities after the

custom of knights-errant, must be all made up of wind and lies, and all

pigments or figments, or whatever we may call them; for what would

anyone think that heard your worship calling a barber’s basin

Mambrino’s helmet without ever seeing the mistake all this time, but

that one who says and maintains such things must have his brains

addled? I have the basin in my sack all dinted, and I am taking it home

to have it mended, to trim my beard in it, if, by God’s grace, I am

allowed to see my wife and children some day or other.”

“Look here, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “by him thou didst swear by just

now I swear thou hast the most limited understanding that any squire in

the world has or ever had. Is it possible that all this time thou hast

been going about with me thou hast never found out that all things

belonging to knights-errant seem to be illusions and nonsense and

ravings, and to go always by contraries? And not because it really is

so, but because there is always a swarm of enchanters in attendance

upon us that change and alter everything with us, and turn things as

they please, and according as they are disposed to aid or destroy us;

thus what seems to thee a barber’s basin seems to me Mambrino’s helmet,

and to another it will seem something else; and rare foresight it was

in the sage who is on my side to make what is really and truly

Mambrino’s helmet seem a basin to everybody, for, being held in such

estimation as it is, all the world would pursue me to rob me of it; but

when they see it is only a barber’s basin they do not take the trouble

to obtain it; as was plainly shown by him who tried to break it, and

left it on the ground without taking it, for, by my faith, had he known

it he would never have left it behind. Keep it safe, my friend, for

just now I have no need of it; indeed, I shall have to take off all

this armour and remain as naked as I was born, if I have a mind to

follow Roland rather than Amadis in my penance.”

Thus talking they reached the foot of a high mountain which stood like

an isolated peak among the others that surrounded it. Past its base

there flowed a gentle brook, all around it spread a meadow so green and

luxuriant that it was a delight to the eyes to look upon it, and forest

trees in abundance, and shrubs and flowers, added to the charms of the

spot. Upon this place the Knight of the Rueful Countenance fixed his

choice for the performance of his penance, and as he beheld it

exclaimed in a loud voice as though he were out of his senses:

“This is the place, oh, ye heavens, that I select and choose for

bewailing the misfortune in which ye yourselves have plunged me: this

is the spot where the overflowings of mine eyes shall swell the waters

of yon little brook, and my deep and endless sighs shall stir

unceasingly the leaves of these mountain trees, in testimony and token

of the pain my persecuted heart is suffering. Oh, ye rural deities,

whoever ye be that haunt this lone spot, give ear to the complaint of a

wretched lover whom long absence and brooding jealousy have driven to

bewail his fate among these wilds and complain of the hard heart of

that fair and ungrateful one, the end and limit of all human beauty!

Oh, ye wood nymphs and dryads, that dwell in the thickets of the

forest, so may the nimble wanton satyrs by whom ye are vainly wooed

never disturb your sweet repose, help me to lament my hard fate or at

least weary not at listening to it! Oh, Dulcinea del Toboso, day of my

night, glory of my pain, guide of my path, star of my fortune, so may

Heaven grant thee in full all thou seekest of it, bethink thee of the

place and condition to which absence from thee has brought me, and make

that return in kindness that is due to my fidelity! Oh, lonely trees,

that from this day forward shall bear me company in my solitude, give

me some sign by the gentle movement of your boughs that my presence is

not distasteful to you! Oh, thou, my squire, pleasant companion in my

prosperous and adverse fortunes, fix well in thy memory what thou shalt

see me do here, so that thou mayest relate and report it to the sole

cause of all,” and so saying he dismounted from Rocinante, and in an

instant relieved him of saddle and bridle, and giving him a slap on the

croup, said, “He gives thee freedom who is bereft of it himself, oh

steed as excellent in deed as thou art unfortunate in thy lot; begone

where thou wilt, for thou bearest written on thy forehead that neither

Astolfo’s hippogriff, nor the famed Frontino that cost Bradamante so

dear, could equal thee in speed.”

Seeing this Sancho said, “Good luck to him who has saved us the trouble

of stripping the pack-saddle off Dapple! By my faith he would not have

gone without a slap on the croup and something said in his praise;

though if he were here I would not let anyone strip him, for there

would be no occasion, as he had nothing of the lover or victim of

despair about him, inasmuch as his master, which I was while it was

God’s pleasure, was nothing of the sort; and indeed, Sir Knight of the

Rueful Countenance, if my departure and your worship’s madness are to

come off in earnest, it will be as well to saddle Rocinante again in

order that he may supply the want of Dapple, because it will save me

time in going and returning: for if I go on foot I don’t know when I

shall get there or when I shall get back, as I am, in truth, a bad

walker.”

“I declare, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “it shall be as thou wilt,

for thy plan does not seem to me a bad one, and three days hence thou

wilt depart, for I wish thee to observe in the meantime what I do and

say for her sake, that thou mayest be able to tell it.”

“But what more have I to see besides what I have seen?” said Sancho.

“Much thou knowest about it!” said Don Quixote. “I have now got to tear

up my garments, to scatter about my armour, knock my head against these

rocks, and more of the same sort of thing, which thou must witness.”

“For the love of God,” said Sancho, “be careful, your worship, how you

give yourself those knocks on the head, for you may come across such a

rock, and in such a way, that the very first may put an end to the

whole contrivance of this penance; and I should think, if indeed knocks

on the head seem necessary to you, and this business cannot be done

without them, you might be content—as the whole thing is feigned, and

counterfeit, and in joke—you might be content, I say, with giving them

to yourself in the water, or against something soft, like cotton; and

leave it all to me; for I’ll tell my lady that your worship knocked

your head against a point of rock harder than a diamond.”

“I thank thee for thy good intentions, friend Sancho,” answered Don

Quixote, “but I would have thee know that all these things I am doing

are not in joke, but very much in earnest, for anything else would be a

transgression of the ordinances of chivalry, which forbid us to tell

any lie whatever under the penalties due to apostasy; and to do one

thing instead of another is just the same as lying; so my knocks on the

head must be real, solid, and valid, without anything sophisticated or

fanciful about them, and it will be needful to leave me some lint to

dress my wounds, since fortune has compelled us to do without the

balsam we lost.”

“It was worse losing the ass,” replied Sancho, “for with him lint and

all were lost; but I beg of your worship not to remind me again of that

accursed liquor, for my soul, not to say my stomach, turns at hearing

the very name of it; and I beg of you, too, to reckon as past the three

days you allowed me for seeing the mad things you do, for I take them

as seen already and pronounced upon, and I will tell wonderful stories

to my lady; so write the letter and send me off at once, for I long to

return and take your worship out of this purgatory where I am leaving

you.”

“Purgatory dost thou call it, Sancho?” said Don Quixote, “rather call

it hell, or even worse if there be anything worse.”

“For one who is in hell,” said Sancho, “\_nulla est retentio\_, as I have

heard say.”

“I do not understand what \_retentio\_ means,” said Don Quixote.

“\_Retentio\_,” answered Sancho, “means that whoever is in hell never

comes nor can come out of it, which will be the opposite case with your

worship or my legs will be idle, that is if I have spurs to enliven

Rocinante: let me once get to El Toboso and into the presence of my

lady Dulcinea, and I will tell her such things of the follies and

madnesses (for it is all one) that your worship has done and is still

doing, that I will manage to make her softer than a glove though I find

her harder than a cork tree; and with her sweet and honeyed answer I

will come back through the air like a witch, and take your worship out

of this purgatory that seems to be hell but is not, as there is hope of

getting out of it; which, as I have said, those in hell have not, and I

believe your worship will not say anything to the contrary.”

“That is true,” said he of the Rueful Countenance, “but how shall we

manage to write the letter?”

“And the ass-colt order too,” added Sancho.

“All shall be included,” said Don Quixote; “and as there is no paper,

it would be well done to write it on the leaves of trees, as the

ancients did, or on tablets of wax; though that would be as hard to

find just now as paper. But it has just occurred to me how it may be

conveniently and even more than conveniently written, and that is in

the notebook that belonged to Cardenio, and thou wilt take care to have

it copied on paper, in a good hand, at the first village thou comest to

where there is a schoolmaster, or if not, any sacristan will copy it;

but see thou give it not to any notary to copy, for they write a law

hand that Satan could not make out.”

“But what is to be done about the signature?” said Sancho.

“The letters of Amadis were never signed,” said Don Quixote.

“That is all very well,” said Sancho, “but the order must needs be

signed, and if it is copied they will say the signature is false, and I

shall be left without ass-colts.”

“The order shall go signed in the same book,” said Don Quixote, “and on

seeing it my niece will make no difficulty about obeying it; as to the

loveletter thou canst put by way of signature, ‘\_Yours till death, the

Knight of the Rueful Countenance.\_’ And it will be no great matter if

it is in some other person’s hand, for as well as I recollect Dulcinea

can neither read nor write, nor in the whole course of her life has she

seen handwriting or letter of mine, for my love and hers have been

always platonic, not going beyond a modest look, and even that so

seldom that I can safely swear I have not seen her four times in all

these twelve years I have been loving her more than the light of these

eyes that the earth will one day devour; and perhaps even of those four

times she has not once perceived that I was looking at her: such is the

retirement and seclusion in which her father Lorenzo Corchuelo and her

mother Aldonza Nogales have brought her up.”

“So, so!” said Sancho; “Lorenzo Corchuelo’s daughter is the lady

Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?”

“She it is,” said Don Quixote, “and she it is that is worthy to be lady

of the whole universe.”

“I know her well,” said Sancho, “and let me tell you she can fling a

crowbar as well as the lustiest lad in all the town. Giver of all good!

but she is a brave lass, and a right and stout one, and fit to be

helpmate to any knight-errant that is or is to be, who may make her his

lady: the whoreson wench, what sting she has and what a voice! I can

tell you one day she posted herself on the top of the belfry of the

village to call some labourers of theirs that were in a ploughed field

of her father’s, and though they were better than half a league off

they heard her as well as if they were at the foot of the tower; and

the best of her is that she is not a bit prudish, for she has plenty of

affability, and jokes with everybody, and has a grin and a jest for

everything. So, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, I say you not

only may and ought to do mad freaks for her sake, but you have a good

right to give way to despair and hang yourself; and no one who knows of

it but will say you did well, though the devil should take you; and I

wish I were on my road already, simply to see her, for it is many a day

since I saw her, and she must be altered by this time, for going about

the fields always, and the sun and the air spoil women’s looks greatly.

But I must own the truth to your worship, Señor Don Quixote; until now

I have been under a great mistake, for I believed truly and honestly

that the lady Dulcinea must be some princess your worship was in love

with, or some person great enough to deserve the rich presents you have

sent her, such as the Biscayan and the galley slaves, and many more no

doubt, for your worship must have won many victories in the time when I

was not yet your squire. But all things considered, what good can it do

the lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, to have

the vanquished your worship sends or will send coming to her and going

down on their knees before her? Because maybe when they came she’d be

hackling flax or threshing on the threshing floor, and they’d be

ashamed to see her, and she’d laugh, or resent the present.”

“I have before now told thee many times, Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“that thou art a mighty great chatterer, and that with a blunt wit thou

art always striving at sharpness; but to show thee what a fool thou art

and how rational I am, I would have thee listen to a short story. Thou

must know that a certain widow, fair, young, independent, and rich, and

above all free and easy, fell in love with a sturdy strapping young

lay-brother; his superior came to know of it, and one day said to the

worthy widow by way of brotherly remonstrance, ‘I am surprised, señora,

and not without good reason, that a woman of such high standing, so

fair, and so rich as you are, should have fallen in love with such a

mean, low, stupid fellow as So-and-so, when in this house there are so

many masters, graduates, and divinity students from among whom you

might choose as if they were a lot of pears, saying, ‘This one I’ll

take, that I won’t take;’ but she replied to him with great

sprightliness and candour, ‘My dear sir, you are very much mistaken,

and your ideas are very old-fashioned, if you think that I have made a

bad choice in So-and-so, fool as he seems; because for all I want with

him he knows as much and more philosophy than Aristotle.’ In the same

way, Sancho, for all I want with Dulcinea del Toboso she is just as

good as the most exalted princess on earth. It is not to be supposed

that all those poets who sang the praises of ladies under the fancy

names they give them, had any such mistresses. Thinkest thou that the

Amarillises, the Phillises, the Sylvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the

Fílidas, and all the rest of them, that the books, the ballads, the

barber’s shops, the theatres are full of, were really and truly ladies

of flesh and blood, and mistresses of those that glorify and have

glorified them? Nothing of the kind; they only invent them for the most

part to furnish a subject for their verses, and that they may pass for

lovers, or for men valiant enough to be so; and so it suffices me to

think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is fair and virtuous;

and as to her pedigree it is very little matter, for no one will

examine into it for the purpose of conferring any order upon her, and

I, for my part, reckon her the most exalted princess in the world. For

thou shouldst know, Sancho, if thou dost not know, that two things

alone beyond all others are incentives to love, and these are great

beauty and a good name, and these two things are to be found in

Dulcinea in the highest degree, for in beauty no one equals her and in

good name few approach her; and to put the whole thing in a nutshell, I

persuade myself that all I say is as I say, neither more nor less, and

I picture her in my imagination as I would have her to be, as well in

beauty as in condition; Helen approaches her not nor does Lucretia come

up to her, nor any other of the famous women of times past, Greek,

Barbarian, or Latin; and let each say what he will, for if in this I am

taken to task by the ignorant, I shall not be censured by the

critical.”

“I say that your worship is entirely right,” said Sancho, “and that I

am an ass. But I know not how the name of ass came into my mouth, for a

rope is not to be mentioned in the house of him who has been hanged;

but now for the letter, and then, God be with you, I am off.”

Don Quixote took out the notebook, and, retiring to one side, very

deliberately began to write the letter, and when he had finished it he

called to Sancho, saying he wished to read it to him, so that he might

commit it to memory, in case of losing it on the road; for with evil

fortune like his anything might be apprehended. To which Sancho

replied, “Write it two or three times there in the book and give it to

me, and I will carry it very carefully, because to expect me to keep it

in my memory is all nonsense, for I have such a bad one that I often

forget my own name; but for all that repeat it to me, as I shall like

to hear it, for surely it will run as if it was in print.”

“Listen,” said Don Quixote, “this is what it says:

\_“Don Quixote’s Letter to Dulcinea del Toboso\_

“Sovereign and exalted Lady,—The pierced by the point of absence, the

wounded to the heart’s core, sends thee, sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso,

the health that he himself enjoys not. If thy beauty despises me, if

thy worth is not for me, if thy scorn is my affliction, though I be

sufficiently long-suffering, hardly shall I endure this anxiety, which,

besides being oppressive, is protracted. My good squire Sancho will

relate to thee in full, fair ingrate, dear enemy, the condition to

which I am reduced on thy account: if it be thy pleasure to give me

relief, I am thine; if not, do as may be pleasing to thee; for by

ending my life I shall satisfy thy cruelty and my desire.

“Thine till death,

“The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.”

“By the life of my father,” said Sancho, when he heard the letter, “it

is the loftiest thing I ever heard. Body of me! how your worship says

everything as you like in it! And how well you fit in ‘The Knight of

the Rueful Countenance’ into the signature. I declare your worship is

indeed the very devil, and there is nothing you don’t know.”

“Everything is needed for the calling I follow,” said Don Quixote.

“Now then,” said Sancho, “let your worship put the order for the three

ass-colts on the other side, and sign it very plainly, that they may

recognise it at first sight.”

“With all my heart,” said Don Quixote, and as he had written it he read

it to this effect:

“Mistress Niece,—By this first of ass-colts please pay to Sancho Panza,

my squire, three of the five I left at home in your charge: said three

ass-colts to be paid and delivered for the same number received here in

hand, which upon this and upon his receipt shall be duly paid. Done in

the heart of the Sierra Morena, the twenty-seventh of August of this

present year.”

“That will do,” said Sancho; “now let your worship sign it.”

“There is no need to sign it,” said Don Quixote, “but merely to put my

flourish, which is the same as a signature, and enough for three asses,

or even three hundred.”

“I can trust your worship,” returned Sancho; “let me go and saddle

Rocinante, and be ready to give me your blessing, for I mean to go at

once without seeing the fooleries your worship is going to do; I’ll say

I saw you do so many that she will not want any more.”

“At any rate, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “I should like—and there is

reason for it—I should like thee, I say, to see me stripped to the skin

and performing a dozen or two of insanities, which I can get done in

less than half an hour; for having seen them with thine own eyes, thou

canst then safely swear to the rest that thou wouldst add; and I

promise thee thou wilt not tell of as many as I mean to perform.”

“For the love of God, master mine,” said Sancho, “let me not see your

worship stripped, for it will sorely grieve me, and I shall not be able

to keep from tears, and my head aches so with all I shed last night for

Dapple, that I am not fit to begin any fresh weeping; but if it is your

worship’s pleasure that I should see some insanities, do them in your

clothes, short ones, and such as come readiest to hand; for I myself

want nothing of the sort, and, as I have said, it will be a saving of

time for my return, which will be with the news your worship desires

and deserves. If not, let the lady Dulcinea look to it; if she does not

answer reasonably, I swear as solemnly as I can that I will fetch a

fair answer out of her stomach with kicks and cuffs; for why should it

be borne that a knight-errant as famous as your worship should go mad

without rhyme or reason for a—? Her ladyship had best not drive me to

say it, for by God I will speak out and let off everything cheap, even

if it doesn’t sell: I am pretty good at that! she little knows me;

faith, if she knew me she’d be in awe of me.”

“In faith, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “to all appearance thou art no

sounder in thy wits than I.”

“I am not so mad,” answered Sancho, “but I am more peppery; but apart

from all this, what has your worship to eat until I come back? Will you

sally out on the road like Cardenio to force it from the shepherds?”

“Let not that anxiety trouble thee,” replied Don Quixote, “for even if

I had it I should not eat anything but the herbs and the fruits which

this meadow and these trees may yield me; the beauty of this business

of mine lies in not eating, and in performing other mortifications.”

“Do you know what I am afraid of?” said Sancho upon this; “that I shall

not be able to find my way back to this spot where I am leaving you, it

is such an out-of-the-way place.”

“Observe the landmarks well,” said Don Quixote, “for I will try not to

go far from this neighbourhood, and I will even take care to mount the

highest of these rocks to see if I can discover thee returning;

however, not to miss me and lose thyself, the best plan will be to cut

some branches of the broom that is so abundant about here, and as thou

goest to lay them at intervals until thou hast come out upon the plain;

these will serve thee, after the fashion of the clue in the labyrinth

of Theseus, as marks and signs for finding me on thy return.”

“So I will,” said Sancho Panza, and having cut some, he asked his

master’s blessing, and not without many tears on both sides, took his

leave of him, and mounting Rocinante, of whom Don Quixote charged him

earnestly to have as much care as of his own person, he set out for the

plain, strewing at intervals the branches of broom as his master had

recommended him; and so he went his way, though Don Quixote still

entreated him to see him do were it only a couple of mad acts. He had

not gone a hundred paces, however, when he returned and said:

“I must say, señor, your worship said quite right, that in order to be

able to swear without a weight on my conscience that I had seen you do

mad things, it would be well for me to see if it were only one; though

in your worship’s remaining here I have seen a very great one.”

c25c.jpg (261K)

Full Size

“Did I not tell thee so?” said Don Quixote. “Wait, Sancho, and I will

do them in the saying of a credo,” and pulling off his breeches in all

haste he stripped himself to his skin and his shirt, and then, without

more ado, he cut a couple of gambados in the air, and a couple of

somersaults, heels over head, making such a display that, not to see it

a second time, Sancho wheeled Rocinante round, and felt easy, and

satisfied in his mind that he could swear he had left his master mad;

and so we will leave him to follow his road until his return, which was

a quick one.

c25e.jpg (20K)

CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE REFINEMENTS WHEREWITH DON QUIXOTE PLAYED THE

PART OF A LOVER IN THE SIERRA MORENA

c26a.jpg (111K)

Full Size

Returning to the proceedings of him of the Rueful Countenance when he

found himself alone, the history says that when Don Quixote had

completed the performance of the somersaults or capers, naked from the

waist down and clothed from the waist up, and saw that Sancho had gone

off without waiting to see any more crazy feats, he climbed up to the

top of a high rock, and there set himself to consider what he had

several times before considered without ever coming to any conclusion

on the point, namely whether it would be better and more to his purpose

to imitate the outrageous madness of Roland, or the melancholy madness

of Amadis; and communing with himself he said:

“What wonder is it if Roland was so good a knight and so valiant as

everyone says he was, when, after all, he was enchanted, and nobody

could kill him save by thrusting a corking pin into the sole of his

foot, and he always wore shoes with seven iron soles? Though cunning

devices did not avail him against Bernardo del Carpio, who knew all

about them, and strangled him in his arms at Roncesvalles. But putting

the question of his valour aside, let us come to his losing his wits,

for certain it is that he did lose them in consequence of the proofs he

discovered at the fountain, and the intelligence the shepherd gave him

of Angelica having slept more than two siestas with Medoro, a little

curly-headed Moor, and page to Agramante. If he was persuaded that this

was true, and that his lady had wronged him, it is no wonder that he

should have gone mad; but I, how am I to imitate him in his madness,

unless I can imitate him in the cause of it? For my Dulcinea, I will

venture to swear, never saw a Moor in her life, as he is, in his proper

costume, and she is this day as the mother that bore her, and I should

plainly be doing her a wrong if, fancying anything else, I were to go

mad with the same kind of madness as Roland the Furious. On the other

hand, I see that Amadis of Gaul, without losing his senses and without

doing anything mad, acquired as a lover as much fame as the most

famous; for, according to his history, on finding himself rejected by

his lady Oriana, who had ordered him not to appear in her presence

until it should be her pleasure, all he did was to retire to the Peña

Pobre in company with a hermit, and there he took his fill of weeping

until Heaven sent him relief in the midst of his great grief and need.

And if this be true, as it is, why should I now take the trouble to

strip stark naked, or do mischief to these trees which have done me no

harm, or why am I to disturb the clear waters of these brooks which

will give me to drink whenever I have a mind? Long live the memory of

Amadis and let him be imitated so far as is possible by Don Quixote of

La Mancha, of whom it will be said, as was said of the other, that if

he did not achieve great things, he died in attempting them; and if I

am not repulsed or rejected by my Dulcinea, it is enough for me, as I

have said, to be absent from her. And so, now to business; come to my

memory ye deeds of Amadis, and show me how I am to begin to imitate

you. I know already that what he chiefly did was to pray and commend

himself to God; but what am I to do for a rosary, for I have not got

one?”

And then it occurred to him how he might make one, and that was by

tearing a great strip off the tail of his shirt which hung down, and

making eleven knots on it, one bigger than the rest, and this served

him for a rosary all the time he was there, during which he repeated

countless ave-marias. But what distressed him greatly was not having

another hermit there to confess him and receive consolation from; and

so he solaced himself with pacing up and down the little meadow, and

writing and carving on the bark of the trees and on the fine sand a

multitude of verses all in harmony with his sadness, and some in praise

of Dulcinea; but, when he was found there afterwards, the only ones

completely legible that could be discovered were those that follow

here:

Ye on the mountainside that grow,

Ye green things all, trees, shrubs, and bushes,

Are ye aweary of the woe

That this poor aching bosom crushes?

If it disturb you, and I owe

Some reparation, it may be a

Defence for me to let you know

Don Quixote’s tears are on the flow,

And all for distant Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

The lealest lover time can show,

Doomed for a lady-love to languish,

Among these solitudes doth go,

A prey to every kind of anguish.

Why Love should like a spiteful foe

Thus use him, he hath no idea,

But hogsheads full—this doth he know—

Don Quixote’s tears are on the flow,

And all for distant Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

Adventure-seeking doth he go

Up rugged heights, down rocky valleys,

But hill or dale, or high or low,

Mishap attendeth all his sallies:

Love still pursues him to and fro,

And plies his cruel scourge—ah me! a

Relentless fate, an endless woe;

Don Quixote’s tears are on the flow,

And all for distant Dulcinea

Del Toboso.

The addition of “Del Toboso” to Dulcinea’s name gave rise to no little

laughter among those who found the above lines, for they suspected Don

Quixote must have fancied that unless he added “del Toboso” when he

introduced the name of Dulcinea the verse would be unintelligible;

which was indeed the fact, as he himself afterwards admitted. He wrote

many more, but, as has been said, these three verses were all that

could be plainly and perfectly deciphered. In this way, and in sighing

and calling on the fauns and satyrs of the woods and the nymphs of the

streams, and Echo, moist and mournful, to answer, console, and hear

him, as well as in looking for herbs to sustain him, he passed his time

until Sancho’s return; and had that been delayed three weeks, as it was

three days, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance would have worn such

an altered countenance that the mother that bore him would not have

known him: and here it will be well to leave him, wrapped up in sighs

and verses, to relate how Sancho Panza fared on his mission.

As for him, coming out upon the high road, he made for El Toboso, and

the next day reached the inn where the mishap of the blanket had

befallen him. As soon as he recognised it he felt as if he were once

more living through the air, and he could not bring himself to enter it

though it was an hour when he might well have done so, for it was

dinner-time, and he longed to taste something hot as it had been all

cold fare with him for many days past. This craving drove him to draw

near to the inn, still undecided whether to go in or not, and as he was

hesitating there came out two persons who at once recognised him, and

said one to the other:

“Señor licentiate, is not he on the horse there Sancho Panza who, our

adventurer’s housekeeper told us, went off with her master as esquire?”

“So it is,” said the licentiate, “and that is our friend Don Quixote’s

horse;” and if they knew him so well it was because they were the

curate and the barber of his own village, the same who had carried out

the scrutiny and sentence upon the books; and as soon as they

recognised Sancho Panza and Rocinante, being anxious to hear of Don

Quixote, they approached, and calling him by his name the curate said,

“Friend Sancho Panza, where is your master?”

Sancho recognised them at once, and determined to keep secret the place

and circumstances where and under which he had left his master, so he

replied that his master was engaged in a certain quarter on a certain

matter of great importance to him which he could not disclose for the

eyes in his head.

“Nay, nay,” said the barber, “if you don’t tell us where he is, Sancho

Panza, we will suspect as we suspect already, that you have murdered

and robbed him, for here you are mounted on his horse; in fact, you

must produce the master of the hack, or else take the consequences.”

“There is no need of threats with me,” said Sancho, “for I am not a man

to rob or murder anybody; let his own fate, or God who made him, kill

each one; my master is engaged very much to his taste doing penance in

the midst of these mountains;” and then, offhand and without stopping,

he told them how he had left him, what adventures had befallen him, and

how he was carrying a letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, the

daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom he was over head and ears in

love. They were both amazed at what Sancho Panza told them; for though

they were aware of Don Quixote’s madness and the nature of it, each

time they heard of it they were filled with fresh wonder. They then

asked Sancho Panza to show them the letter he was carrying to the lady

Dulcinea del Toboso. He said it was written in a notebook, and that his

master’s directions were that he should have it copied on paper at the

first village he came to. On this the curate said if he showed it to

him, he himself would make a fair copy of it. Sancho put his hand into

his bosom in search of the notebook but could not find it, nor, if he

had been searching until now, could he have found it, for Don Quixote

had kept it, and had never given it to him, nor had he himself thought

of asking for it. When Sancho discovered he could not find the book his

face grew deadly pale, and in great haste he again felt his body all

over, and seeing plainly it was not to be found, without more ado he

seized his beard with both hands and plucked away half of it, and then,

as quick as he could and without stopping, gave himself half a dozen

cuffs on the face and nose till they were bathed in blood.

Seeing this, the curate and the barber asked him what had happened him

that he gave himself such rough treatment.

“What should happen to me?” replied Sancho, “but to have lost from one

hand to the other, in a moment, three ass-colts, each of them like a

castle?”

“How is that?” said the barber.

“I have lost the notebook,” said Sancho, “that contained the letter to

Dulcinea, and an order signed by my master in which he directed his

niece to give me three ass-colts out of four or five he had at home;”

and he then told them about the loss of Dapple.

The curate consoled him, telling him that when his master was found he

would get him to renew the order, and make a fresh draft on paper, as

was usual and customary; for those made in notebooks were never

accepted or honoured.

Sancho comforted himself with this, and said if that were so the loss

of Dulcinea’s letter did not trouble him much, for he had it almost by

heart, and it could be taken down from him wherever and whenever they

liked.

“Repeat it then, Sancho,” said the barber, “and we will write it down

afterwards.”

Sancho Panza stopped to scratch his head to bring back the letter to

his memory, and balanced himself now on one foot, now the other, one

moment staring at the ground, the next at the sky, and after having

half gnawed off the end of a finger and kept them in suspense waiting

for him to begin, he said, after a long pause, “By God, señor

licentiate, devil a thing can I recollect of the letter; but it said at

the beginning, ‘Exalted and scrubbing Lady.’”

“It cannot have said ‘scrubbing,’” said the barber, “but ‘superhuman’

or ‘sovereign.’”

“That is it,” said Sancho; “then, as well as I remember, it went on,

‘The wounded, and wanting of sleep, and the pierced, kisses your

worship’s hands, ungrateful and very unrecognised fair one; and it said

something or other about health and sickness that he was sending her;

and from that it went tailing off until it ended with ‘Yours till

death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.’”

It gave them no little amusement, both of them, to see what a good

memory Sancho had, and they complimented him greatly upon it, and

begged him to repeat the letter a couple of times more, so that they

too might get it by heart to write it out by-and-by. Sancho repeated it

three times, and as he did, uttered three thousand more absurdities;

then he told them more about his master but he never said a word about

the blanketing that had befallen himself in that inn, into which he

refused to enter. He told them, moreover, how his lord, if he brought

him a favourable answer from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to put

himself in the way of endeavouring to become an emperor, or at least a

monarch; for it had been so settled between them, and with his personal

worth and the might of his arm it was an easy matter to come to be one:

and how on becoming one his lord was to make a marriage for him (for he

would be a widower by that time, as a matter of course) and was to give

him as a wife one of the damsels of the empress, the heiress of some

rich and grand state on the mainland, having nothing to do with islands

of any sort, for he did not care for them now. All this Sancho

delivered with so much composure—wiping his nose from time to time—and

with so little common-sense that his two hearers were again filled with

wonder at the force of Don Quixote’s madness that could run away with

this poor man’s reason. They did not care to take the trouble of

disabusing him of his error, as they considered that since it did not

in any way hurt his conscience it would be better to leave him in it,

and they would have all the more amusement in listening to his

simplicities; and so they bade him pray to God for his lord’s health,

as it was a very likely and a very feasible thing for him in course of

time to come to be an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop or

some other dignitary of equal rank.

To which Sancho made answer, “If fortune, sirs, should bring things

about in such a way that my master should have a mind, instead of being

an emperor, to be an archbishop, I should like to know what

archbishops-errant commonly give their squires?”

“They commonly give them,” said the curate, some simple benefice or

cure, or some place as sacristan which brings them a good fixed income,

not counting the altar fees, which may be reckoned at as much more.”

“But for that,” said Sancho, “the squire must be unmarried, and must

know, at any rate, how to help at mass, and if that be so, woe is me,

for I am married already and I don’t know the first letter of the A B

C. What will become of me if my master takes a fancy to be an

archbishop and not an emperor, as is usual and customary with

knights-errant?”

“Be not uneasy, friend Sancho,” said the barber, “for we will entreat

your master, and advise him, even urging it upon him as a case of

conscience, to become an emperor and not an archbishop, because it will

be easier for him as he is more valiant than lettered.”

“So I have thought,” said Sancho; “though I can tell you he is fit for

anything: what I mean to do for my part is to pray to our Lord to place

him where it may be best for him, and where he may be able to bestow

most favours upon me.”

“You speak like a man of sense,” said the curate, “and you will be

acting like a good Christian; but what must now be done is to take

steps to coax your master out of that useless penance you say he is

performing; and we had best turn into this inn to consider what plan to

adopt, and also to dine, for it is now time.”

Sancho said they might go in, but that he would wait there outside, and

that he would tell them afterwards the reason why he was unwilling, and

why it did not suit him to enter it; but he begged them to bring him

out something to eat, and to let it be hot, and also to bring barley

for Rocinante. They left him and went in, and presently the barber

brought him out something to eat. By-and-by, after they had between

them carefully thought over what they should do to carry out their

object, the curate hit upon an idea very well adapted to humour Don

Quixote, and effect their purpose; and his notion, which he explained

to the barber, was that he himself should assume the disguise of a

wandering damsel, while the other should try as best he could to pass

for a squire, and that they should thus proceed to where Don Quixote

was, and he, pretending to be an aggrieved and distressed damsel,

should ask a favour of him, which as a valiant knight-errant he could

not refuse to grant; and the favour he meant to ask him was that he

should accompany her whither she would conduct him, in order to redress

a wrong which a wicked knight had done her, while at the same time she

should entreat him not to require her to remove her mask, nor ask her

any question touching her circumstances until he had righted her with

the wicked knight. And he had no doubt that Don Quixote would comply

with any request made in these terms, and that in this way they might

remove him and take him to his own village, where they would endeavour

to find out if his extraordinary madness admitted of any kind of

remedy.

c26e.jpg (48K)

CHAPTER XXVII.

OF HOW THE CURATE AND THE BARBER PROCEEDED WITH THEIR SCHEME; TOGETHER

WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF RECORD IN THIS GREAT HISTORY

c27a.jpg (169K)

Full Size

The curate’s plan did not seem a bad one to the barber, but on the

contrary so good that they immediately set about putting it in

execution. They begged a petticoat and hood of the landlady, leaving

her in pledge a new cassock of the curate’s; and the barber made a

beard out of a grey-brown or red ox-tail in which the landlord used to

stick his comb. The landlady asked them what they wanted these things

for, and the curate told her in a few words about the madness of Don

Quixote, and how this disguise was intended to get him away from the

mountain where he then was. The landlord and landlady immediately came

to the conclusion that the madman was their guest, the balsam man and

master of the blanketed squire, and they told the curate all that had

passed between him and them, not omitting what Sancho had been so

silent about. Finally the landlady dressed up the curate in a style

that left nothing to be desired; she put on him a cloth petticoat with

black velvet stripes a palm broad, all slashed, and a bodice of green

velvet set off by a binding of white satin, which as well as the

petticoat must have been made in the time of king Wamba. The curate

would not let them hood him, but put on his head a little quilted linen

cap which he used for a night-cap, and bound his forehead with a strip

of black silk, while with another he made a mask with which he

concealed his beard and face very well. He then put on his hat, which

was broad enough to serve him for an umbrella, and enveloping himself

in his cloak seated himself woman-fashion on his mule, while the barber

mounted his with a beard down to the waist of mingled red and white,

for it was, as has been said, the tail of a clay-red ox.

They took leave of all, and of the good Maritornes, who, sinner as she

was, promised to pray a rosary of prayers that God might grant them

success in such an arduous and Christian undertaking as that they had

in hand. But hardly had he sallied forth from the inn when it struck

the curate that he was doing wrong in rigging himself out in that

fashion, as it was an indecorous thing for a priest to dress himself

that way even though much might depend upon it; and saying so to the

barber he begged him to change dresses, as it was fitter he should be

the distressed damsel, while he himself would play the squire’s part,

which would be less derogatory to his dignity; otherwise he was

resolved to have nothing more to do with the matter, and let the devil

take Don Quixote. Just at this moment Sancho came up, and on seeing the

pair in such a costume he was unable to restrain his laughter; the

barber, however, agreed to do as the curate wished, and, altering their

plan, the curate went on to instruct him how to play his part and what

to say to Don Quixote to induce and compel him to come with them and

give up his fancy for the place he had chosen for his idle penance. The

barber told him he could manage it properly without any instruction,

and as he did not care to dress himself up until they were near where

Don Quixote was, he folded up the garments, and the curate adjusted his

beard, and they set out under the guidance of Sancho Panza, who went

along telling them of the encounter with the madman they met in the

Sierra, saying nothing, however, about the finding of the valise and

its contents; for with all his simplicity the lad was a trifle

covetous.

The next day they reached the place where Sancho had laid the

broom-branches as marks to direct him to where he had left his master,

and recognising it he told them that here was the entrance, and that

they would do well to dress themselves, if that was required to deliver

his master; for they had already told him that going in this guise and

dressing in this way were of the highest importance in order to rescue

his master from the pernicious life he had adopted; and they charged

him strictly not to tell his master who they were, or that he knew

them, and should he ask, as ask he would, if he had given the letter to

Dulcinea, to say that he had, and that, as she did not know how to

read, she had given an answer by word of mouth, saying that she

commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to come and see her at once;

and it was a very important matter for himself, because in this way and

with what they meant to say to him they felt sure of bringing him back

to a better mode of life and inducing him to take immediate steps to

become an emperor or monarch, for there was no fear of his becoming an

archbishop. All this Sancho listened to and fixed it well in his

memory, and thanked them heartily for intending to recommend his master

to be an emperor instead of an archbishop, for he felt sure that in the

way of bestowing rewards on their squires emperors could do more than

archbishops-errant. He said, too, that it would be as well for him to

go on before them to find him, and give him his lady’s answer; for that

perhaps might be enough to bring him away from the place without

putting them to all this trouble. They approved of what Sancho

proposed, and resolved to wait for him until he brought back word of

having found his master.

Sancho pushed on into the glens of the Sierra, leaving them in one

through which there flowed a little gentle rivulet, and where the rocks

and trees afforded a cool and grateful shade. It was an August day with

all the heat of one, and the heat in those parts is intense, and the

hour was three in the afternoon, all which made the spot the more

inviting and tempted them to wait there for Sancho’s return, which they

did. They were reposing, then, in the shade, when a voice unaccompanied

by the notes of any instrument, but sweet and pleasing in its tone,

reached their ears, at which they were not a little astonished, as the

place did not seem to them likely quarters for one who sang so well;

for though it is often said that shepherds of rare voice are to be

found in the woods and fields, this is rather a flight of the poet’s

fancy than the truth. And still more surprised were they when they

perceived that what they heard sung were the verses not of rustic

shepherds, but of the polished wits of the city; and so it proved, for

the verses they heard were these:

What makes my quest of happiness seem vain?

Disdain.

What bids me to abandon hope of ease?

Jealousies.

What holds my heart in anguish of suspense?

Absence.

If that be so, then for my grief

Where shall I turn to seek relief,

When hope on every side lies slain

By Absence, Jealousies, Disdain?

What the prime cause of all my woe doth prove?

Love.

What at my glory ever looks askance?

Chance.

Whence is permission to afflict me given?

Heaven.

If that be so, I but await

The stroke of a resistless fate,

Since, working for my woe, these three,

Love, Chance and Heaven, in league I see.

What must I do to find a remedy?

Die.

What is the lure for love when coy and strange?

Change.

What, if all fail, will cure the heart of sadness?

Madness.

If that be so, it is but folly

To seek a cure for melancholy:

Ask where it lies; the answer saith

In Change, in Madness, or in Death.

The hour, the summer season, the solitary place, the voice and skill of

the singer, all contributed to the wonder and delight of the two

listeners, who remained still waiting to hear something more; finding,

however, that the silence continued some little time, they resolved to

go in search of the musician who sang with so fine a voice; but just as

they were about to do so they were checked by the same voice, which

once more fell upon their ears, singing this

SONNET

When heavenward, holy Friendship, thou didst go

Soaring to seek thy home beyond the sky,

And take thy seat among the saints on high,

It was thy will to leave on earth below

Thy semblance, and upon it to bestow

Thy veil, wherewith at times hypocrisy,

Parading in thy shape, deceives the eye,

And makes its vileness bright as virtue show.

Friendship, return to us, or force the cheat

That wears it now, thy livery to restore,

By aid whereof sincerity is slain.

If thou wilt not unmask thy counterfeit,

This earth will be the prey of strife once more,

As when primæval discord held its reign.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and again the listeners remained

waiting attentively for the singer to resume; but perceiving that the

music had now turned to sobs and heart-rending moans they determined to

find out who the unhappy being could be whose voice was as rare as his

sighs were piteous, and they had not proceeded far when on turning the

corner of a rock they discovered a man of the same aspect and

appearance as Sancho had described to them when he told them the story

of Cardenio. He, showing no astonishment when he saw them, stood still

with his head bent down upon his breast like one in deep thought,

without raising his eyes to look at them after the first glance when

they suddenly came upon him. The curate, who was aware of his

misfortune and recognised him by the description, being a man of good

address, approached him and in a few sensible words entreated and urged

him to quit a life of such misery, lest he should end it there, which

would be the greatest of all misfortunes. Cardenio was then in his

right mind, free from any attack of that madness which so frequently

carried him away, and seeing them dressed in a fashion so unusual among

the frequenters of those wilds, could not help showing some surprise,

especially when he heard them speak of his case as if it were a

well-known matter (for the curate’s words gave him to understand as

much) so he replied to them thus:

“I see plainly, sirs, whoever you may be, that Heaven, whose care it is

to succour the good, and even the wicked very often, here, in this

remote spot, cut off from human intercourse, sends me, though I deserve

it not, those who seek to draw me away from this to some better

retreat, showing me by many and forcible arguments how unreasonably I

act in leading the life I do; but as they know, that if I escape from

this evil I shall fall into another still greater, perhaps they will

set me down as a weak-minded man, or, what is worse, one devoid of

reason; nor would it be any wonder, for I myself can perceive that the

effect of the recollection of my misfortunes is so great and works so

powerfully to my ruin, that in spite of myself I become at times like a

stone, without feeling or consciousness; and I come to feel the truth

of it when they tell me and show me proofs of the things I have done

when the terrible fit overmasters me; and all I can do is bewail my lot

in vain, and idly curse my destiny, and plead for my madness by telling

how it was caused, to any that care to hear it; for no reasonable

beings on learning the cause will wonder at the effects; and if they

cannot help me at least they will not blame me, and the repugnance they

feel at my wild ways will turn into pity for my woes. If it be, sirs,

that you are here with the same design as others have come with, before

you proceed with your wise arguments, I entreat you to hear the story

of my countless misfortunes, for perhaps when you have heard it you

will spare yourselves the trouble you would take in offering

consolation to grief that is beyond the reach of it.”

As they, both of them, desired nothing more than to hear from his own

lips the cause of his suffering, they entreated him to tell it,

promising not to do anything for his relief or comfort that he did not

wish; and thereupon the unhappy gentleman began his sad story in nearly

the same words and manner in which he had related it to Don Quixote and

the goatherd a few days before, when, through Master Elisabad, and Don

Quixote’s scrupulous observance of what was due to chivalry, the tale

was left unfinished, as this history has already recorded; but now

fortunately the mad fit kept off, allowed him to tell it to the end;

and so, coming to the incident of the note which Don Fernando had found

in the volume of “Amadis of Gaul,” Cardenio said that he remembered it

perfectly and that it was in these words:

“\_Luscinda to Cardenio.\_

“Every day I discover merits in you that oblige and compel me to hold

you in higher estimation; so if you desire to relieve me of this

obligation without cost to my honour, you may easily do so. I have a

father who knows you and loves me dearly, who without putting any

constraint on my inclination will grant what will be reasonable for you

to have, if it be that you value me as you say and as I believe you

do.”

“By this letter I was induced, as I told you, to demand Luscinda for my

wife, and it was through it that Luscinda came to be regarded by Don

Fernando as one of the most discreet and prudent women of the day, and

this letter it was that suggested his design of ruining me before mine

could be carried into effect. I told Don Fernando that all Luscinda’s

father was waiting for was that mine should ask her of him, which I did

not dare to suggest to him, fearing that he would not consent to do so;

not because he did not know perfectly well the rank, goodness, virtue,

and beauty of Luscinda, and that she had qualities that would do honour

to any family in Spain, but because I was aware that he did not wish me

to marry so soon, before seeing what the Duke Ricardo would do for me.

In short, I told him I did not venture to mention it to my father, as

well on account of that difficulty, as of many others that discouraged

me though I knew not well what they were, only that it seemed to me

that what I desired was never to come to pass. To all this Don Fernando

answered that he would take it upon himself to speak to my father, and

persuade him to speak to Luscinda’s father. O, ambitious Marius! O,

cruel Catiline! O, wicked Sylla! O, perfidious Ganelon! O, treacherous

Vellido! O, vindictive Julian! O, covetous Judas! Traitor, cruel,

vindictive, and perfidious, wherein had this poor wretch failed in his

fidelity, who with such frankness showed thee the secrets and the joys

of his heart? What offence did I commit? What words did I utter, or

what counsels did I give that had not the furtherance of thy honour and

welfare for their aim? But, woe is me, wherefore do I complain? for

sure it is that when misfortunes spring from the stars, descending from

on high they fall upon us with such fury and violence that no power on

earth can check their course nor human device stay their coming. Who

could have thought that Don Fernando, a highborn gentleman,

intelligent, bound to me by gratitude for my services, one that could

win the object of his love wherever he might set his affections, could

have become so obdurate, as they say, as to rob me of my one ewe lamb

that was not even yet in my possession? But laying aside these useless

and unavailing reflections, let us take up the broken thread of my

unhappy story.

“To proceed, then: Don Fernando finding my presence an obstacle to the

execution of his treacherous and wicked design, resolved to send me to

his elder brother under the pretext of asking money from him to pay for

six horses which, purposely, and with the sole object of sending me

away that he might the better carry out his infernal scheme, he had

purchased the very day he offered to speak to my father, and the price

of which he now desired me to fetch. Could I have anticipated this

treachery? Could I by any chance have suspected it? Nay; so far from

that, I offered with the greatest pleasure to go at once, in my

satisfaction at the good bargain that had been made. That night I spoke

with Luscinda, and told her what had been agreed upon with Don

Fernando, and how I had strong hopes of our fair and reasonable wishes

being realised. She, as unsuspicious as I was of the treachery of Don

Fernando, bade me try to return speedily, as she believed the

fulfilment of our desires would be delayed only so long as my father

put off speaking to hers. I know not why it was that on saying this to

me her eyes filled with tears, and there came a lump in her throat that

prevented her from uttering a word of many more that it seemed to me

she was striving to say to me. I was astonished at this unusual turn,

which I never before observed in her. for we always conversed, whenever

good fortune and my ingenuity gave us the chance, with the greatest

gaiety and cheerfulness, mingling tears, sighs, jealousies, doubts, or

fears with our words; it was all on my part a eulogy of my good fortune

that Heaven should have given her to me for my mistress; I glorified

her beauty, I extolled her worth and her understanding; and she paid me

back by praising in me what in her love for me she thought worthy of

praise; and besides we had a hundred thousand trifles and doings of our

neighbours and acquaintances to talk about, and the utmost extent of my

boldness was to take, almost by force, one of her fair white hands and

carry it to my lips, as well as the closeness of the low grating that

separated us allowed me. But the night before the unhappy day of my

departure she wept, she moaned, she sighed, and she withdrew leaving me

filled with perplexity and amazement, overwhelmed at the sight of such

strange and affecting signs of grief and sorrow in Luscinda; but not to

dash my hopes I ascribed it all to the depth of her love for me and the

pain that separation gives those who love tenderly. At last I took my

departure, sad and dejected, my heart filled with fancies and

suspicions, but not knowing well what it was I suspected or fancied;

plain omens pointing to the sad event and misfortune that was awaiting

me.

“I reached the place whither I had been sent, gave the letter to Don

Fernando’s brother, and was kindly received but not promptly dismissed,

for he desired me to wait, very much against my will, eight days in

some place where the duke his father was not likely to see me, as his

brother wrote that the money was to be sent without his knowledge; all

of which was a scheme of the treacherous Don Fernando, for his brother

had no want of money to enable him to despatch me at once.

“The command was one that exposed me to the temptation of disobeying

it, as it seemed to me impossible to endure life for so many days

separated from Luscinda, especially after leaving her in the sorrowful

mood I have described to you; nevertheless as a dutiful servant I

obeyed, though I felt it would be at the cost of my well-being. But

four days later there came a man in quest of me with a letter which he

gave me, and which by the address I perceived to be from Luscinda, as

the writing was hers. I opened it with fear and trepidation, persuaded

that it must be something serious that had impelled her to write to me

when at a distance, as she seldom did so when I was near. Before

reading it I asked the man who it was that had given it to him, and how

long he had been upon the road; he told me that as he happened to be

passing through one of the streets of the city at the hour of noon, a

very beautiful lady called to him from a window, and with tears in her

eyes said to him hurriedly, ‘Brother, if you are, as you seem to be, a

Christian, for the love of God I entreat you to have this letter

despatched without a moment’s delay to the place and person named in

the address, all which is well known, and by this you will render a

great service to our Lord; and that you may be at no inconvenience in

doing so take what is in this handkerchief;’ and said he, ‘with this

she threw me a handkerchief out of the window in which were tied up a

hundred reals and this gold ring which I bring here together with the

letter I have given you. And then without waiting for any answer she

left the window, though not before she saw me take the letter and the

handkerchief, and I had by signs let her know that I would do as she

bade me; and so, seeing myself so well paid for the trouble I would

have in bringing it to you, and knowing by the address that it was to

you it was sent (for, señor, I know you very well), and also unable to

resist that beautiful lady’s tears, I resolved to trust no one else,

but to come myself and give it to you, and in sixteen hours from the

time when it was given me I have made the journey, which, as you know,

is eighteen leagues.’

“All the while the good-natured improvised courier was telling me this,

I hung upon his words, my legs trembling under me so that I could

scarcely stand. However, I opened the letter and read these words:

The promise Don Fernando gave you to urge your father to speak to mine,

he has fulfilled much more to his own satisfaction than to your

advantage. I have to tell you, señor, that he has demanded me for a

wife, and my father, led away by what he considers Don Fernando’s

superiority over you, has favoured his suit so cordially, that in two

days hence the betrothal is to take place with such secrecy and so

privately that the only witnesses are to be the Heavens above and a few

of the household. Picture to yourself the state I am in; judge if it be

urgent for you to come; the issue of the affair will show you whether I

love you or not. God grant this may come to your hand before mine shall

be forced to link itself with his who keeps so ill the faith that he

has pledged.

“Such, in brief, were the words of the letter, words that made me set

out at once without waiting any longer for reply or money; for I now

saw clearly that it was not the purchase of horses but of his own

pleasure that had made Don Fernando send me to his brother. The

exasperation I felt against Don Fernando, joined with the fear of

losing the prize I had won by so many years of love and devotion, lent

me wings; so that almost flying I reached home the same day, by the

hour which served for speaking with Luscinda. I arrived unobserved, and

left the mule on which I had come at the house of the worthy man who

had brought me the letter, and fortune was pleased to be for once so

kind that I found Luscinda at the grating that was the witness of our

loves. She recognised me at once, and I her, but not as she ought to

have recognised me, or I her. But who is there in the world that can

boast of having fathomed or understood the wavering mind and unstable

nature of a woman? Of a truth no one. To proceed: as soon as Luscinda

saw me she said, ‘Cardenio, I am in my bridal dress, and the

treacherous Don Fernando and my covetous father are waiting for me in

the hall with the other witnesses, who shall be the witnesses of my

death before they witness my betrothal. Be not distressed, my friend,

but contrive to be present at this sacrifice, and if that cannot be

prevented by my words, I have a dagger concealed which will prevent

more deliberate violence, putting an end to my life and giving thee a

first proof of the love I have borne and bear thee.’ I replied to her

distractedly and hastily, in fear lest I should not have time to reply,

‘May thy words be verified by thy deeds, lady; and if thou hast a

dagger to save thy honour, I have a sword to defend thee or kill myself

if fortune be against us.’

“I think she could not have heard all these words, for I perceived that

they called her away in haste, as the bridegroom was waiting. Now the

night of my sorrow set in, the sun of my happiness went down, I felt my

eyes bereft of sight, my mind of reason. I could not enter the house,

nor was I capable of any movement; but reflecting how important it was

that I should be present at what might take place on the occasion, I

nerved myself as best I could and went in, for I well knew all the

entrances and outlets; and besides, with the confusion that in secret

pervaded the house no one took notice of me, so, without being seen, I

found an opportunity of placing myself in the recess formed by a window

of the hall itself, and concealed by the ends and borders of two

tapestries, from between which I could, without being seen, see all

that took place in the room. Who could describe the agitation of heart

I suffered as I stood there—the thoughts that came to me—the

reflections that passed through my mind? They were such as cannot be,

nor were it well they should be, told. Suffice it to say that the

bridegroom entered the hall in his usual dress, without ornament of any

kind; as groomsman he had with him a cousin of Luscinda’s and except

the servants of the house there was no one else in the chamber. Soon

afterwards Luscinda came out from an antechamber, attended by her

mother and two of her damsels, arrayed and adorned as became her rank

and beauty, and in full festival and ceremonial attire. My anxiety and

distraction did not allow me to observe or notice particularly what she

wore; I could only perceive the colours, which were crimson and white,

and the glitter of the gems and jewels on her head dress and apparel,

surpassed by the rare beauty of her lovely auburn hair that vying with

the precious stones and the light of the four torches that stood in the

hall shone with a brighter gleam than all. Oh memory, mortal foe of my

peace! why bring before me now the incomparable beauty of that adored

enemy of mine? Were it not better, cruel memory, to remind me and

recall what she then did, that stirred by a wrong so glaring I may

seek, if not vengeance now, at least to rid myself of life? Be not

weary, sirs, of listening to these digressions; my sorrow is not one of

those that can or should be told tersely and briefly, for to me each

incident seems to call for many words.”

To this the curate replied that not only were they not weary of

listening to him, but that the details he mentioned interested them

greatly, being of a kind by no means to be omitted and deserving of the

same attention as the main story.

“To proceed, then,” continued Cardenio: “all being assembled in the

hall, the priest of the parish came in and as he took the pair by the

hand to perform the requisite ceremony, at the words, ‘Will you, Señora

Luscinda, take Señor Don Fernando, here present, for your lawful

husband, as the holy Mother Church ordains?’ I thrust my head and neck

out from between the tapestries, and with eager ears and throbbing

heart set myself to listen to Luscinda’s answer, awaiting in her reply

the sentence of death or the grant of life. Oh, that I had but dared at

that moment to rush forward crying aloud, ‘Luscinda, Luscinda! have a

care what thou dost; remember what thou owest me; bethink thee thou art

mine and canst not be another’s; reflect that thy utterance of “Yes”

and the end of my life will come at the same instant. O, treacherous

Don Fernando! robber of my glory, death of my life! What seekest thou?

Remember that thou canst not as a Christian attain the object of thy

wishes, for Luscinda is my bride, and I am her husband!’ Fool that I

am! now that I am far away, and out of danger, I say I should have done

what I did not do: now that I have allowed my precious treasure to be

robbed from me, I curse the robber, on whom I might have taken

vengeance had I as much heart for it as I have for bewailing my fate;

in short, as I was then a coward and a fool, little wonder is it if I

am now dying shame-stricken, remorseful, and mad.

“The priest stood waiting for the answer of Luscinda, who for a long

time withheld it; and just as I thought she was taking out the dagger

to save her honour, or struggling for words to make some declaration of

the truth on my behalf, I heard her say in a faint and feeble voice, ‘I

will:’ Don Fernando said the same, and giving her the ring they stood

linked by a knot that could never be loosed. The bridegroom then

approached to embrace his bride; and she, pressing her hand upon her

heart, fell fainting in her mother’s arms. It only remains now for me

to tell you the state I was in when in that consent that I heard I saw

all my hopes mocked, the words and promises of Luscinda proved

falsehoods, and the recovery of the prize I had that instant lost

rendered impossible for ever. I stood stupefied, wholly abandoned, it

seemed, by Heaven, declared the enemy of the earth that bore me, the

air refusing me breath for my sighs, the water moisture for my tears;

it was only the fire that gathered strength so that my whole frame

glowed with rage and jealousy. They were all thrown into confusion by

Luscinda’s fainting, and as her mother was unlacing her to give her air

a sealed paper was discovered in her bosom which Don Fernando seized at

once and began to read by the light of one of the torches. As soon as

he had read it he seated himself in a chair, leaning his cheek on his

hand in the attitude of one deep in thought, without taking any part in

the efforts that were being made to recover his bride from her fainting

fit.

“Seeing all the household in confusion, I ventured to come out

regardless whether I were seen or not, and determined, if I were, to do

some frenzied deed that would prove to all the world the righteous

indignation of my breast in the punishment of the treacherous Don

Fernando, and even in that of the fickle fainting traitress. But my

fate, doubtless reserving me for greater sorrows, if such there be, so

ordered it that just then I had enough and to spare of that reason

which has since been wanting to me; and so, without seeking to take

vengeance on my greatest enemies (which might have been easily taken,

as all thought of me was so far from their minds), I resolved to take

it upon myself, and on myself to inflict the pain they deserved,

perhaps with even greater severity than I should have dealt out to them

had I then slain them; for sudden pain is soon over, but that which is

protracted by tortures is ever slaying without ending life. In a word,

I quitted the house and reached that of the man with whom I had left my

mule; I made him saddle it for me, mounted without bidding him

farewell, and rode out of the city, like another Lot, not daring to

turn my head to look back upon it; and when I found myself alone in the

open country, screened by the darkness of the night, and tempted by the

stillness to give vent to my grief without apprehension or fear of

being heard or seen, then I broke silence and lifted up my voice in

maledictions upon Luscinda and Don Fernando, as if I could thus avenge

the wrong they had done me. I called her cruel, ungrateful, false,

thankless, but above all covetous, since the wealth of my enemy had

blinded the eyes of her affection, and turned it from me to transfer it

to one to whom fortune had been more generous and liberal. And yet, in

the midst of this outburst of execration and upbraiding, I found

excuses for her, saying it was no wonder that a young girl in the

seclusion of her parents’ house, trained and schooled to obey them

always, should have been ready to yield to their wishes when they

offered her for a husband a gentleman of such distinction, wealth, and

noble birth, that if she had refused to accept him she would have been

thought out of her senses, or to have set her affection elsewhere, a

suspicion injurious to her fair name and fame. But then again, I said,

had she declared I was her husband, they would have seen that in

choosing me she had not chosen so ill but that they might excuse her,

for before Don Fernando had made his offer, they themselves could not

have desired, if their desires had been ruled by reason, a more

eligible husband for their daughter than I was; and she, before taking

the last fatal step of giving her hand, might easily have said that I

had already given her mine, for I should have come forward to support

any assertion of hers to that effect. In short, I came to the

conclusion that feeble love, little reflection, great ambition, and a

craving for rank, had made her forget the words with which she had

deceived me, encouraged and supported by my firm hopes and honourable

passion.

“Thus soliloquising and agitated, I journeyed onward for the remainder

of the night, and by daybreak I reached one of the passes of these

mountains, among which I wandered for three days more without taking

any path or road, until I came to some meadows lying on I know not

which side of the mountains, and there I inquired of some herdsmen in

what direction the most rugged part of the range lay. They told me that

it was in this quarter, and I at once directed my course hither,

intending to end my life here; but as I was making my way among these

crags, my mule dropped dead through fatigue and hunger, or, as I think

more likely, in order to have done with such a worthless burden as it

bore in me. I was left on foot, worn out, famishing, without anyone to

help me or any thought of seeking help: and so thus I lay stretched on

the ground, how long I know not, after which I rose up free from

hunger, and found beside me some goatherds, who no doubt were the

persons who had relieved me in my need, for they told me how they had

found me, and how I had been uttering ravings that showed plainly I had

lost my reason; and since then I am conscious that I am not always in

full possession of it, but at times so deranged and crazed that I do a

thousand mad things, tearing my clothes, crying aloud in these

solitudes, cursing my fate, and idly calling on the dear name of her

who is my enemy, and only seeking to end my life in lamentation; and

when I recover my senses I find myself so exhausted and weary that I

can scarcely move. Most commonly my dwelling is the hollow of a cork

tree large enough to shelter this miserable body; the herdsmen and

goatherds who frequent these mountains, moved by compassion, furnish me

with food, leaving it by the wayside or on the rocks, where they think

I may perhaps pass and find it; and so, even though I may be then out

of my senses, the wants of nature teach me what is required to sustain

me, and make me crave it and eager to take it. At other times, so they

tell me when they find me in a rational mood, I sally out upon the

road, and though they would gladly give it me, I snatch food by force

from the shepherds bringing it from the village to their huts. Thus do

pass the wretched life that remains to me, until it be Heaven’s will to

bring it to a close, or so to order my memory that I no longer

recollect the beauty and treachery of Luscinda, or the wrong done me by

Don Fernando; for if it will do this without depriving me of life, I

will turn my thoughts into some better channel; if not, I can only

implore it to have full mercy on my soul, for in myself I feel no power

or strength to release my body from this strait in which I have of my

own accord chosen to place it.

“Such, sirs, is the dismal story of my misfortune: say if it be one

that can be told with less emotion than you have seen in me; and do not

trouble yourselves with urging or pressing upon me what reason suggests

as likely to serve for my relief, for it will avail me as much as the

medicine prescribed by a wise physician avails the sick man who will

not take it. I have no wish for health without Luscinda; and since it

is her pleasure to be another’s, when she is or should be mine, let it

be mine to be a prey to misery when I might have enjoyed happiness. She

by her fickleness strove to make my ruin irretrievable; I will strive

to gratify her wishes by seeking destruction; and it will show

generations to come that I alone was deprived of that of which all

others in misfortune have a superabundance, for to them the

impossibility of being consoled is itself a consolation, while to me it

is the cause of greater sorrows and sufferings, for I think that even

in death there will not be an end of them.”

Here Cardenio brought to a close his long discourse and story, as full

of misfortune as it was of love; but just as the curate was going to

address some words of comfort to him, he was stopped by a voice that

reached his ear, saying in melancholy tones what will be told in the

Fourth Part of this narrative; for at this point the sage and sagacious

historian, Cid Hamete Benengeli, brought the Third to a conclusion.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE STRANGE AND DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL THE

CURATE AND THE BARBER IN THE SAME SIERRA

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Full Size

Happy and fortunate were the times when that most daring knight Don

Quixote of La Mancha was sent into the world; for by reason of his

having formed a resolution so honourable as that of seeking to revive

and restore to the world the long-lost and almost defunct order of

knight-errantry, we now enjoy in this age of ours, so poor in light

entertainment, not only the charm of his veracious history, but also of

the tales and episodes contained in it which are, in a measure, no less

pleasing, ingenious, and truthful, than the history itself; which,

resuming its thread, carded, spun, and wound, relates that just as the

curate was going to offer consolation to Cardenio, he was interrupted

by a voice that fell upon his ear saying in plaintive tones:

“O God! is it possible I have found a place that may serve as a secret

grave for the weary load of this body that I support so unwillingly? If

the solitude these mountains promise deceives me not, it is so; ah! woe

is me! how much more grateful to my mind will be the society of these

rocks and brakes that permit me to complain of my misfortune to Heaven,

than that of any human being, for there is none on earth to look to for

counsel in doubt, comfort in sorrow, or relief in distress!”

All this was heard distinctly by the curate and those with him, and as

it seemed to them to be uttered close by, as indeed it was, they got up

to look for the speaker, and before they had gone twenty paces they

discovered behind a rock, seated at the foot of an ash tree, a youth in

the dress of a peasant, whose face they were unable at the moment to

see as he was leaning forward, bathing his feet in the brook that

flowed past. They approached so silently that he did not perceive them,

being fully occupied in bathing his feet, which were so fair that they

looked like two pieces of shining crystal brought forth among the other

stones of the brook. The whiteness and beauty of these feet struck them

with surprise, for they did not seem to have been made to crush clods

or to follow the plough and the oxen as their owner’s dress suggested;

and so, finding they had not been noticed, the curate, who was in

front, made a sign to the other two to conceal themselves behind some

fragments of rock that lay there; which they did, observing closely

what the youth was about. He had on a loose double-skirted dark brown

jacket bound tight to his body with a white cloth; he wore besides

breeches and gaiters of brown cloth, and on his head a brown montera;

and he had the gaiters turned up as far as the middle of the leg, which

verily seemed to be of pure alabaster.

c28b.jpg (339K)

Full Size

As soon as he had done bathing his beautiful feet, he wiped them with a

towel he took from under the montera, on taking off which he raised his

face, and those who were watching him had an opportunity of seeing a

beauty so exquisite that Cardenio said to the curate in a whisper:

“As this is not Luscinda, it is no human creature but a divine being.”

The youth then took off the montera, and shaking his head from side to

side there broke loose and spread out a mass of hair that the beams of

the sun might have envied; by this they knew that what had seemed a

peasant was a lovely woman, nay the most beautiful the eyes of two of

them had ever beheld, or even Cardenio’s if they had not seen and known

Luscinda, for he afterwards declared that only the beauty of Luscinda

could compare with this. The long auburn tresses not only covered her

shoulders, but such was their length and abundance, concealed her all

round beneath their masses, so that except the feet nothing of her form

was visible. She now used her hands as a comb, and if her feet had

seemed like bits of crystal in the water, her hands looked like pieces

of driven snow among her locks; all which increased not only the

admiration of the three beholders, but their anxiety to learn who she

was. With this object they resolved to show themselves, and at the stir

they made in getting upon their feet the fair damsel raised her head,

and parting her hair from before her eyes with both hands, she looked

to see who had made the noise, and the instant she perceived them she

started to her feet, and without waiting to put on her shoes or gather

up her hair, hastily snatched up a bundle as though of clothes that she

had beside her, and, scared and alarmed, endeavoured to take flight;

but before she had gone six paces she fell to the ground, her delicate

feet being unable to bear the roughness of the stones; seeing which,

the three hastened towards her, and the curate addressing her first

said:

“Stay, señora, whoever you may be, for those whom you see here only

desire to be of service to you; you have no need to attempt a flight so

heedless, for neither can your feet bear it, nor we allow it.”

Taken by surprise and bewildered, she made no reply to these words.

They, however, came towards her, and the curate taking her hand went on

to say:

“What your dress would hide, señora, is made known to us by your hair;

a clear proof that it can be no trifling cause that has disguised your

beauty in a garb so unworthy of it, and sent it into solitudes like

these where we have had the good fortune to find you, if not to relieve

your distress, at least to offer you comfort; for no distress, so long

as life lasts, can be so oppressive or reach such a height as to make

the sufferer refuse to listen to comfort offered with good intention.

And so, señora, or señor, or whatever you prefer to be, dismiss the

fears that our appearance has caused you and make us acquainted with

your good or evil fortunes, for from all of us together, or from each

one of us, you will receive sympathy in your trouble.”

While the curate was speaking, the disguised damsel stood as if

spell-bound, looking at them without opening her lips or uttering a

word, just like a village rustic to whom something strange that he has

never seen before has been suddenly shown; but on the curate addressing

some further words to the same effect to her, sighing deeply she broke

silence and said:

“Since the solitude of these mountains has been unable to conceal me,

and the escape of my dishevelled tresses will not allow my tongue to

deal in falsehoods, it would be idle for me now to make any further

pretence of what, if you were to believe me, you would believe more out

of courtesy than for any other reason. This being so, I say I thank

you, sirs, for the offer you have made me, which places me under the

obligation of complying with the request you have made of me; though I

fear the account I shall give you of my misfortunes will excite in you

as much concern as compassion, for you will be unable to suggest

anything to remedy them or any consolation to alleviate them. However,

that my honour may not be left a matter of doubt in your minds, now

that you have discovered me to be a woman, and see that I am young,

alone, and in this dress, things that taken together or separately

would be enough to destroy any good name, I feel bound to tell what I

would willingly keep secret if I could.”

All this she who was now seen to be a lovely woman delivered without

any hesitation, with so much ease and in so sweet a voice that they

were not less charmed by her intelligence than by her beauty, and as

they again repeated their offers and entreaties to her to fulfil her

promise, she without further pressing, first modestly covering her feet

and gathering up her hair, seated herself on a stone with the three

placed around her, and, after an effort to restrain some tears that

came to her eyes, in a clear and steady voice began her story thus:

“In this Andalusia there is a town from which a duke takes a title

which makes him one of those that are called Grandees of Spain. This

nobleman has two sons, the elder heir to his dignity and apparently to

his good qualities; the younger heir to I know not what, unless it be

the treachery of Vellido and the falsehood of Ganelon. My parents are

this lord’s vassals, lowly in origin, but so wealthy that if birth had

conferred as much on them as fortune, they would have had nothing left

to desire, nor should I have had reason to fear trouble like that in

which I find myself now; for it may be that my ill fortune came of

theirs in not having been nobly born. It is true they are not so low

that they have any reason to be ashamed of their condition, but neither

are they so high as to remove from my mind the impression that my

mishap comes of their humble birth. They are, in short, peasants, plain

homely people, without any taint of disreputable blood, and, as the

saying is, old rusty Christians, but so rich that by their wealth and

free-handed way of life they are coming by degrees to be considered

gentlefolk by birth, and even by position; though the wealth and

nobility they thought most of was having me for their daughter; and as

they have no other child to make their heir, and are affectionate

parents, I was one of the most indulged daughters that ever parents

indulged.

“I was the mirror in which they beheld themselves, the staff of their

old age, and the object in which, with submission to Heaven, all their

wishes centred, and mine were in accordance with theirs, for I knew

their worth; and as I was mistress of their hearts, so was I also of

their possessions. Through me they engaged or dismissed their servants;

through my hands passed the accounts and returns of what was sown and

reaped; the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the count of the flocks and

herds, the beehives, all in short that a rich farmer like my father has

or can have, I had under my care, and I acted as steward and mistress

with an assiduity on my part and satisfaction on theirs that I cannot

well describe to you. The leisure hours left to me after I had given

the requisite orders to the head-shepherds, overseers, and other

labourers, I passed in such employments as are not only allowable but

necessary for young girls, those that the needle, embroidery cushion,

and spinning wheel usually afford, and if to refresh my mind I quitted

them for a while, I found recreation in reading some devotional book or

playing the harp, for experience taught me that music soothes the

troubled mind and relieves weariness of spirit. Such was the life I led

in my parents’ house and if I have depicted it thus minutely, it is not

out of ostentation, or to let you know that I am rich, but that you may

see how, without any fault of mine, I have fallen from the happy

condition I have described, to the misery I am in at present. The truth

is, that while I was leading this busy life, in a retirement that might

compare with that of a monastery, and unseen as I thought by any except

the servants of the house (for when I went to Mass it was so early in

the morning, and I was so closely attended by my mother and the women

of the household, and so thickly veiled and so shy, that my eyes

scarcely saw more ground than I trod on), in spite of all this, the

eyes of love, or idleness, more properly speaking, that the lynx’s

cannot rival, discovered me, with the help of the assiduity of Don

Fernando; for that is the name of the younger son of the duke I told

of.”

The moment the speaker mentioned the name of Don Fernando, Cardenio

changed colour and broke into a sweat, with such signs of emotion that

the curate and the barber, who observed it, feared that one of the mad

fits which they heard attacked him sometimes was coming upon him; but

Cardenio showed no further agitation and remained quiet, regarding the

peasant girl with fixed attention, for he began to suspect who she was.

She, however, without noticing the excitement of Cardenio, continuing

her story, went on to say:

“And they had hardly discovered me, when, as he owned afterwards, he

was smitten with a violent love for me, as the manner in which it

displayed itself plainly showed. But to shorten the long recital of my

woes, I will pass over in silence all the artifices employed by Don

Fernando for declaring his passion for me. He bribed all the household,

he gave and offered gifts and presents to my parents; every day was

like a holiday or a merry-making in our street; by night no one could

sleep for the music; the love letters that used to come to my hand, no

one knew how, were innumerable, full of tender pleadings and pledges,

containing more promises and oaths than there were letters in them; all

which not only did not soften me, but hardened my heart against him, as

if he had been my mortal enemy, and as if everything he did to make me

yield were done with the opposite intention. Not that the high-bred

bearing of Don Fernando was disagreeable to me, or that I found his

importunities wearisome; for it gave me a certain sort of satisfaction

to find myself so sought and prized by a gentleman of such distinction,

and I was not displeased at seeing my praises in his letters (for

however ugly we women may be, it seems to me it always pleases us to

hear ourselves called beautiful) but that my own sense of right was

opposed to all this, as well as the repeated advice of my parents, who

now very plainly perceived Don Fernando’s purpose, for he cared very

little if all the world knew it. They told me they trusted and confided

their honour and good name to my virtue and rectitude alone, and bade

me consider the disparity between Don Fernando and myself, from which I

might conclude that his intentions, whatever he might say to the

contrary, had for their aim his own pleasure rather than my advantage;

and if I were at all desirous of opposing an obstacle to his

unreasonable suit, they were ready, they said, to marry me at once to

anyone I preferred, either among the leading people of our own town, or

of any of those in the neighbourhood; for with their wealth and my good

name, a match might be looked for in any quarter. This offer, and their

sound advice strengthened my resolution, and I never gave Don Fernando

a word in reply that could hold out to him any hope of success, however

remote.

c28c.jpg (279K)

Full Size

“All this caution of mine, which he must have taken for coyness, had

apparently the effect of increasing his wanton appetite—for that is the

name I give to his passion for me; had it been what he declared it to

be, you would not know of it now, because there would have been no

occasion to tell you of it. At length he learned that my parents were

contemplating marriage for me in order to put an end to his hopes of

obtaining possession of me, or at least to secure additional protectors

to watch over me, and this intelligence or suspicion made him act as

you shall hear. One night, as I was in my chamber with no other

companion than a damsel who waited on me, with the doors carefully

locked lest my honour should be imperilled through any carelessness, I

know not nor can conceive how it happened, but, with all this seclusion

and these precautions, and in the solitude and silence of my

retirement, I found him standing before me, a vision that so astounded

me that it deprived my eyes of sight, and my tongue of speech. I had no

power to utter a cry, nor, I think, did he give me time to utter one,

as he immediately approached me, and taking me in his arms (for,

overwhelmed as I was, I was powerless, I say, to help myself), he began

to make such professions to me that I know not how falsehood could have

had the power of dressing them up to seem so like truth; and the

traitor contrived that his tears should vouch for his words, and his

sighs for his sincerity.

“I, a poor young creature alone, ill versed among my people in cases

such as this, began, I know not how, to think all these lying

protestations true, though without being moved by his sighs and tears

to anything more than pure compassion; and so, as the first feeling of

bewilderment passed away, and I began in some degree to recover myself,

I said to him with more courage than I thought I could have possessed,

‘If, as I am now in your arms, señor, I were in the claws of a fierce

lion, and my deliverance could be procured by doing or saying anything

to the prejudice of my honour, it would no more be in my power to do it

or say it, than it would be possible that what was should not have

been; so then, if you hold my body clasped in your arms, I hold my soul

secured by virtuous intentions, very different from yours, as you will

see if you attempt to carry them into effect by force. I am your

vassal, but I am not your slave; your nobility neither has nor should

have any right to dishonour or degrade my humble birth; and low-born

peasant as I am, I have my self-respect as much as you, a lord and

gentleman: with me your violence will be to no purpose, your wealth

will have no weight, your words will have no power to deceive me, nor

your sighs or tears to soften me: were I to see any of the things I

speak of in him whom my parents gave me as a husband, his will should

be mine, and mine should be bounded by his; and my honour being

preserved even though my inclinations were not would willingly yield

him what you, señor, would now obtain by force; and this I say lest you

should suppose that any but my lawful husband shall ever win anything

of me.’ ‘If that,’ said this disloyal gentleman, ‘be the only scruple

you feel, fairest Dorothea’ (for that is the name of this unhappy

being), ‘see here I give you my hand to be yours, and let Heaven, from

which nothing is hid, and this image of Our Lady you have here, be

witnesses of this pledge.’”

c28d.jpg (289K)

Full Size

When Cardenio heard her say she was called Dorothea, he showed fresh

agitation and felt convinced of the truth of his former suspicion, but

he was unwilling to interrupt the story, and wished to hear the end of

what he already all but knew, so he merely said:

“What! is Dorothea your name, señora? I have heard of another of the

same name who can perhaps match your misfortunes. But proceed;

by-and-by I may tell you something that will astonish you as much as it

will excite your compassion.”

Dorothea was struck by Cardenio’s words as well as by his strange and

miserable attire, and begged him if he knew anything concerning her to

tell it to her at once, for if fortune had left her any blessing it was

courage to bear whatever calamity might fall upon her, as she felt sure

that none could reach her capable of increasing in any degree what she

endured already.

“I would not let the occasion pass, señora,” replied Cardenio, “of

telling you what I think, if what I suspect were the truth, but so far

there has been no opportunity, nor is it of any importance to you to

know it.”

“Be it as it may,” replied Dorothea, “what happened in my story was

that Don Fernando, taking an image that stood in the chamber, placed it

as a witness of our betrothal, and with the most binding words and

extravagant oaths gave me his promise to become my husband; though

before he had made an end of pledging himself I bade him consider well

what he was doing, and think of the anger his father would feel at

seeing him married to a peasant girl and one of his vassals; I told him

not to let my beauty, such as it was, blind him, for that was not

enough to furnish an excuse for his transgression; and if in the love

he bore me he wished to do me any kindness, it would be to leave my lot

to follow its course at the level my condition required; for marriages

so unequal never brought happiness, nor did they continue long to

afford the enjoyment they began with.

“All this that I have now repeated I said to him, and much more which I

cannot recollect; but it had no effect in inducing him to forego his

purpose; he who has no intention of paying does not trouble himself

about difficulties when he is striking the bargain. At the same time I

argued the matter briefly in my own mind, saying to myself, ‘I shall

not be the first who has risen through marriage from a lowly to a lofty

station, nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty or, as is more

likely, a blind attachment, has led to mate himself below his rank.

Then, since I am introducing no new usage or practice, I may as well

avail myself of the honour that chance offers me, for even though his

inclination for me should not outlast the attainment of his wishes, I

shall be, after all, his wife before God. And if I strive to repel him

by scorn, I can see that, fair means failing, he is in a mood to use

force, and I shall be left dishonoured and without any means of proving

my innocence to those who cannot know how innocently I have come to be

in this position; for what arguments would persuade my parents that

this gentleman entered my chamber without my consent?’

“All these questions and answers passed through my mind in a moment;

but the oaths of Don Fernando, the witnesses he appealed to, the tears

he shed, and lastly the charms of his person and his high-bred grace,

which, accompanied by such signs of genuine love, might well have

conquered a heart even more free and coy than mine—these were the

things that more than all began to influence me and lead me unawares to

my ruin. I called my waiting-maid to me, that there might be a witness

on earth besides those in Heaven, and again Don Fernando renewed and

repeated his oaths, invoked as witnesses fresh saints in addition to

the former ones, called down upon himself a thousand curses hereafter

should he fail to keep his promise, shed more tears, redoubled his

sighs and pressed me closer in his arms, from which he had never

allowed me to escape; and so I was left by my maid, and ceased to be

one, and he became a traitor and a perjured man.

“The day which followed the night of my misfortune did not come so

quickly, I imagine, as Don Fernando wished, for when desire has

attained its object, the greatest pleasure is to fly from the scene of

pleasure. I say so because Don Fernando made all haste to leave me, and

by the adroitness of my maid, who was indeed the one who had admitted

him, gained the street before daybreak; but on taking leave of me he

told me, though not with as much earnestness and fervour as when he

came, that I might rest assured of his faith and of the sanctity and

sincerity of his oaths; and to confirm his words he drew a rich ring

off his finger and placed it upon mine. He then took his departure and

I was left, I know not whether sorrowful or happy; all I can say is, I

was left agitated and troubled in mind and almost bewildered by what

had taken place, and I had not the spirit, or else it did not occur to

me, to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in

concealing Don Fernando in my chamber; for as yet I was unable to make

up my mind whether what had befallen me was for good or evil. I told

Don Fernando at parting, that as I was now his, he might see me on

other nights in the same way, until it should be his pleasure to let

the matter become known; but, except the following night, he came no

more, nor for more than a month could I catch a glimpse of him in the

street or in church, while I wearied myself with watching for one;

although I knew he was in the town, and almost every day went out

hunting, a pastime he was very fond of. I remember well how sad and

dreary those days and hours were to me; I remember well how I began to

doubt as they went by, and even to lose confidence in the faith of Don

Fernando; and I remember, too, how my maid heard those words in reproof

of her audacity that she had not heard before, and how I was forced to

put a constraint on my tears and on the expression of my countenance,

not to give my parents cause to ask me why I was so melancholy, and

drive me to invent falsehoods in reply. But all this was suddenly

brought to an end, for the time came when all such considerations were

disregarded, and there was no further question of honour, when my

patience gave way and the secret of my heart became known abroad. The

reason was, that a few days later it was reported in the town that Don

Fernando had been married in a neighbouring city to a maiden of rare

beauty, the daughter of parents of distinguished position, though not

so rich that her portion would entitle her to look for so brilliant a

match; it was said, too, that her name was Luscinda, and that at the

betrothal some strange things had happened.”

Cardenio heard the name of Luscinda, but he only shrugged his

shoulders, bit his lips, bent his brows, and before long two streams of

tears escaped from his eyes. Dorothea, however, did not interrupt her

story, but went on in these words:

“This sad intelligence reached my ears, and, instead of being struck

with a chill, with such wrath and fury did my heart burn that I

scarcely restrained myself from rushing out into the streets, crying

aloud and proclaiming openly the perfidy and treachery of which I was

the victim; but this transport of rage was for the time checked by a

resolution I formed, to be carried out the same night, and that was to

assume this dress, which I got from a servant of my father’s, one of

the zagals, as they are called in farmhouses, to whom I confided the

whole of my misfortune, and whom I entreated to accompany me to the

city where I heard my enemy was. He, though he remonstrated with me for

my boldness, and condemned my resolution, when he saw me bent upon my

purpose, offered to bear me company, as he said, to the end of the

world. I at once packed up in a linen pillow-case a woman’s dress, and

some jewels and money to provide for emergencies, and in the silence of

the night, without letting my treacherous maid know, I sallied forth

from the house, accompanied by my servant and abundant anxieties, and

on foot set out for the city, but borne as it were on wings by my

eagerness to reach it, if not to prevent what I presumed to be already

done, at least to call upon Don Fernando to tell me with what

conscience he had done it. I reached my destination in two days and a

half, and on entering the city inquired for the house of Luscinda’s

parents. The first person I asked gave me more in reply than I sought

to know; he showed me the house, and told me all that had occurred at

the betrothal of the daughter of the family, an affair of such

notoriety in the city that it was the talk of every knot of idlers in

the street. He said that on the night of Don Fernando’s betrothal with

Luscinda, as soon as she had consented to be his bride by saying ‘Yes,’

she was taken with a sudden fainting fit, and that on the bridegroom

approaching to unlace the bosom of her dress to give her air, he found

a paper in her own handwriting, in which she said and declared that she

could not be Don Fernando’s bride, because she was already Cardenio’s,

who, according to the man’s account, was a gentleman of distinction of

the same city; and that if she had accepted Don Fernando, it was only

in obedience to her parents. In short, he said, the words of the paper

made it clear she meant to kill herself on the completion of the

betrothal, and gave her reasons for putting an end to herself all which

was confirmed, it was said, by a dagger they found somewhere in her

clothes. On seeing this, Don Fernando, persuaded that Luscinda had

befooled, slighted, and trifled with him, assailed her before she had

recovered from her swoon, and tried to stab her with the dagger that

had been found, and would have succeeded had not her parents and those

who were present prevented him. It was said, moreover, that Don

Fernando went away at once, and that Luscinda did not recover from her

prostration until the next day, when she told her parents how she was

really the bride of that Cardenio I have mentioned. I learned besides

that Cardenio, according to report, had been present at the betrothal;

and that upon seeing her betrothed contrary to his expectation, he had

quitted the city in despair, leaving behind him a letter declaring the

wrong Luscinda had done him, and his intention of going where no one

should ever see him again. All this was a matter of notoriety in the

city, and everyone spoke of it; especially when it became known that

Luscinda was missing from her father’s house and from the city, for she

was not to be found anywhere, to the distraction of her parents, who

knew not what steps to take to recover her. What I learned revived my

hopes, and I was better pleased not to have found Don Fernando than to

find him married, for it seemed to me that the door was not yet

entirely shut upon relief in my case, and I thought that perhaps Heaven

had put this impediment in the way of the second marriage, to lead him

to recognise his obligations under the former one, and reflect that as

a Christian he was bound to consider his soul above all human objects.

All this passed through my mind, and I strove to comfort myself without

comfort, indulging in faint and distant hopes of cherishing that life

that I now abhor.

“But while I was in the city, uncertain what to do, as I could not find

Don Fernando, I heard notice given by the public crier offering a great

reward to anyone who should find me, and giving the particulars of my

age and of the very dress I wore; and I heard it said that the lad who

came with me had taken me away from my father’s house; a thing that cut

me to the heart, showing how low my good name had fallen, since it was

not enough that I should lose it by my flight, but they must add with

whom I had fled, and that one so much beneath me and so unworthy of my

consideration. The instant I heard the notice I quitted the city with

my servant, who now began to show signs of wavering in his fidelity to

me, and the same night, for fear of discovery, we entered the most

thickly wooded part of these mountains. But, as is commonly said, one

evil calls up another and the end of one misfortune is apt to be the

beginning of one still greater, and so it proved in my case; for my

worthy servant, until then so faithful and trusty when he found me in

this lonely spot, moved more by his own villainy than by my beauty,

sought to take advantage of the opportunity which these solitudes

seemed to present him, and with little shame and less fear of God and

respect for me, began to make overtures to me; and finding that I

replied to the effrontery of his proposals with justly severe language,

he laid aside the entreaties which he had employed at first, and began

to use violence.

c28e.jpg (324K)

Full Size

“But just Heaven, that seldom fails to watch over and aid good

intentions, so aided mine that with my slight strength and with little

exertion I pushed him over a precipice, where I left him, whether dead

or alive I know not; and then, with greater speed than seemed possible

in my terror and fatigue, I made my way into the mountains, without any

other thought or purpose save that of hiding myself among them, and

escaping my father and those despatched in search of me by his orders.

It is now I know not how many months since with this object I came

here, where I met a herdsman who engaged me as his servant at a place

in the heart of this Sierra, and all this time I have been serving him

as herd, striving to keep always afield to hide these locks which have

now unexpectedly betrayed me. But all my care and pains were

unavailing, for my master made the discovery that I was not a man, and

harboured the same base designs as my servant; and as fortune does not

always supply a remedy in cases of difficulty, and I had no precipice

or ravine at hand down which to fling the master and cure his passion,

as I had in the servant’s case, I thought it a lesser evil to leave him

and again conceal myself among these crags, than make trial of my

strength and argument with him. So, as I say, once more I went into

hiding to seek for some place where I might with sighs and tears

implore Heaven to have pity on my misery, and grant me help and

strength to escape from it, or let me die among the solitudes, leaving

no trace of an unhappy being who, by no fault of hers, has furnished

matter for talk and scandal at home and abroad.”

c28f.jpg (42K)

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHICH TREATS OF THE DROLL DEVICE AND METHOD ADOPTED TO EXTRICATE OUR

LOVE-STRICKEN KNIGHT FROM THE SEVERE PENANCE HE HAD IMPOSED UPON

HIMSELF

c29a.jpg (99K)

Full Size

“Such, sirs, is the true story of my sad adventures; judge for

yourselves now whether the sighs and lamentations you heard, and the

tears that flowed from my eyes, had not sufficient cause even if I had

indulged in them more freely; and if you consider the nature of my

misfortune you will see that consolation is idle, as there is no

possible remedy for it. All I ask of you is, what you may easily and

reasonably do, to show me where I may pass my life unharassed by the

fear and dread of discovery by those who are in search of me; for

though the great love my parents bear me makes me feel sure of being

kindly received by them, so great is my feeling of shame at the mere

thought that I cannot present myself before them as they expect, that I

had rather banish myself from their sight for ever than look them in

the face with the reflection that they beheld mine stripped of that

purity they had a right to expect in me.”

With these words she became silent, and the colour that overspread her

face showed plainly the pain and shame she was suffering at heart. In

theirs the listeners felt as much pity as wonder at her misfortunes;

but as the curate was just about to offer her some consolation and

advice Cardenio forestalled him, saying, “So then, señora, you are the

fair Dorothea, the only daughter of the rich Clenardo?” Dorothea was

astonished at hearing her father’s name, and at the miserable

appearance of him who mentioned it, for it has been already said how

wretchedly clad Cardenio was; so she said to him:

“And who may you be, brother, who seem to know my father’s name so

well? For so far, if I remember rightly, I have not mentioned it in the

whole story of my misfortunes.”

“I am that unhappy being, señora,” replied Cardenio, “whom, as you have

said, Luscinda declared to be her husband; I am the unfortunate

Cardenio, whom the wrong-doing of him who has brought you to your

present condition has reduced to the state you see me in, bare, ragged,

bereft of all human comfort, and what is worse, of reason, for I only

possess it when Heaven is pleased for some short space to restore it to

me. I, Dorothea, am he who witnessed the wrong done by Don Fernando,

and waited to hear the ‘Yes’ uttered by which Luscinda owned herself

his betrothed: I am he who had not courage enough to see how her

fainting fit ended, or what came of the paper that was found in her

bosom, because my heart had not the fortitude to endure so many strokes

of ill-fortune at once; and so losing patience I quitted the house, and

leaving a letter with my host, which I entreated him to place in

Luscinda’s hands, I betook myself to these solitudes, resolved to end

here the life I hated as if it were my mortal enemy. But fate would not

rid me of it, contenting itself with robbing me of my reason, perhaps

to preserve me for the good fortune I have had in meeting you; for if

that which you have just told us be true, as I believe it to be, it may

be that Heaven has yet in store for both of us a happier termination to

our misfortunes than we look for; because seeing that Luscinda cannot

marry Don Fernando, being mine, as she has herself so openly declared,

and that Don Fernando cannot marry her as he is yours, we may

reasonably hope that Heaven will restore to us what is ours, as it is

still in existence and not yet alienated or destroyed. And as we have

this consolation springing from no very visionary hope or wild fancy, I

entreat you, señora, to form new resolutions in your better mind, as I

mean to do in mine, preparing yourself to look forward to happier

fortunes; for I swear to you by the faith of a gentleman and a

Christian not to desert you until I see you in possession of Don

Fernando, and if I cannot by words induce him to recognise his

obligation to you, in that case to avail myself of the right which my

rank as a gentleman gives me, and with just cause challenge him on

account of the injury he has done you, not regarding my own wrongs,

which I shall leave to Heaven to avenge, while I on earth devote myself

to yours.”

Cardenio’s words completed the astonishment of Dorothea, and not

knowing how to return thanks for such an offer, she attempted to kiss

his feet; but Cardenio would not permit it, and the licentiate replied

for both, commended the sound reasoning of Cardenio, and lastly,

begged, advised, and urged them to come with him to his village, where

they might furnish themselves with what they needed, and take measures

to discover Don Fernando, or restore Dorothea to her parents, or do

what seemed to them most advisable. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him,

and accepted the kind offer he made them; and the barber, who had been

listening to all attentively and in silence, on his part some kindly

words also, and with no less good-will than the curate offered his

services in any way that might be of use to them. He also explained to

them in a few words the object that had brought them there, and the

strange nature of Don Quixote’s madness, and how they were waiting for

his squire, who had gone in search of him. Like the recollection of a

dream, the quarrel he had had with Don Quixote came back to Cardenio’s

memory, and he described it to the others; but he was unable to say

what the dispute was about.

c29b.jpg (351K)

Full Size

At this moment they heard a shout, and recognised it as coming from

Sancho Panza, who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling

aloud to them. They went to meet him, and in answer to their inquiries

about Don Quixote, he told them how he had found him stripped to his

shirt, lank, yellow, half dead with hunger, and sighing for his lady

Dulcinea; and although he had told him that she commanded him to quit

that place and come to El Toboso, where she was expecting him, he had

answered that he was determined not to appear in the presence of her

beauty until he had done deeds to make him worthy of her favour; and if

this went on, Sancho said, he ran the risk of not becoming an emperor

as in duty bound, or even an archbishop, which was the least he could

be; for which reason they ought to consider what was to be done to get

him away from there. The licentiate in reply told him not to be uneasy,

for they would fetch him away in spite of himself. He then told

Cardenio and Dorothea what they had proposed to do to cure Don Quixote,

or at any rate take him home; upon which Dorothea said that she could

play the distressed damsel better than the barber; especially as she

had there the dress in which to do it to the life, and that they might

trust to her acting the part in every particular requisite for carrying

out their scheme, for she had read a great many books of chivalry, and

knew exactly the style in which afflicted damsels begged boons of

knights-errant.

“In that case,” said the curate, “there is nothing more required than

to set about it at once, for beyond a doubt fortune is declaring itself

in our favour, since it has so unexpectedly begun to open a door for

your relief, and smoothed the way for us to our object.”

Dorothea then took out of her pillow-case a complete petticoat of some

rich stuff, and a green mantle of some other fine material, and a

necklace and other ornaments out of a little box, and with these in an

instant she so arrayed herself that she looked like a great and rich

lady. All this, and more, she said, she had taken from home in case of

need, but that until then she had had no occasion to make use of it.

They were all highly delighted with her grace, air, and beauty, and

declared Don Fernando to be a man of very little taste when he rejected

such charms. But the one who admired her most was Sancho Panza, for it

seemed to him (what indeed was true) that in all the days of his life

he had never seen such a lovely creature; and he asked the curate with

great eagerness who this beautiful lady was, and what she wanted in

these out-of-the-way quarters.

“This fair lady, brother Sancho,” replied the curate, “is no less a

personage than the heiress in the direct male line of the great kingdom

of Micomicon, who has come in search of your master to beg a boon of

him, which is that he redress a wrong or injury that a wicked giant has

done her; and from the fame as a good knight which your master has

acquired far and wide, this princess has come from Guinea to seek him.”

“A lucky seeking and a lucky finding!” said Sancho Panza at this;

“especially if my master has the good fortune to redress that injury,

and right that wrong, and kill that son of a bitch of a giant your

worship speaks of; as kill him he will if he meets him, unless, indeed,

he happens to be a phantom; for my master has no power at all against

phantoms. But one thing among others I would beg of you, señor

licentiate, which is, that, to prevent my master taking a fancy to be

an archbishop, for that is what I’m afraid of, your worship would

recommend him to marry this princess at once; for in this way he will

be disabled from taking archbishop’s orders, and will easily come into

his empire, and I to the end of my desires; I have been thinking over

the matter carefully, and by what I can make out I find it will not do

for me that my master should become an archbishop, because I am no good

for the Church, as I am married; and for me now, having as I have a

wife and children, to set about obtaining dispensations to enable me to

hold a place of profit under the Church, would be endless work; so

that, señor, it all turns on my master marrying this lady at once—for

as yet I do not know her grace, and so I cannot call her by her name.”

“She is called the Princess Micomicona,” said the curate; “for as her

kingdom is Micomicon, it is clear that must be her name.”

“There’s no doubt of that,” replied Sancho, “for I have known many to

take their name and title from the place where they were born and call

themselves Pedro of Alcalá, Juan of Úbeda, and Diego of Valladolid; and

it may be that over there in Guinea queens have the same way of taking

the names of their kingdoms.”

“So it may,” said the curate; “and as for your master’s marrying, I

will do all in my power towards it:” with which Sancho was as much

pleased as the curate was amazed at his simplicity and at seeing what a

hold the absurdities of his master had taken of his fancy, for he had

evidently persuaded himself that he was going to be an emperor.

By this time Dorothea had seated herself upon the curate’s mule, and

the barber had fitted the ox-tail beard to his face, and they now told

Sancho to conduct them to where Don Quixote was, warning him not to say

that he knew either the licentiate or the barber, as his master’s

becoming an emperor entirely depended on his not recognising them;

neither the curate nor Cardenio, however, thought fit to go with them;

Cardenio lest he should remind Don Quixote of the quarrel he had with

him, and the curate as there was no necessity for his presence just

yet, so they allowed the others to go on before them, while they

themselves followed slowly on foot. The curate did not forget to

instruct Dorothea how to act, but she said they might make their minds

easy, as everything would be done exactly as the books of chivalry

required and described.

c29c.jpg (286K)

Full Size

They had gone about three-quarters of a league when they discovered Don

Quixote in a wilderness of rocks, by this time clothed, but without his

armour; and as soon as Dorothea saw him and was told by Sancho that

that was Don Quixote, she whipped her palfrey, the well-bearded barber

following her, and on coming up to him her squire sprang from his mule

and came forward to receive her in his arms, and she dismounting with

great ease of manner advanced to kneel before the feet of Don Quixote;

and though he strove to raise her up, she without rising addressed him

in this fashion:

“From this spot I will not rise, valiant and doughty knight, until your

goodness and courtesy grant me a boon, which will redound to the honour

and renown of your person and render a service to the most disconsolate

and afflicted damsel the sun has seen; and if the might of your strong

arm corresponds to the repute of your immortal fame, you are bound to

aid the helpless being who, led by the savour of your renowned name,

hath come from far distant lands to seek your aid in her misfortunes.”

“I will not answer a word, beauteous lady,” replied Don Quixote, “nor

will I listen to anything further concerning you, until you rise from

the earth.”

“I will not rise, señor,” answered the afflicted damsel, “unless of

your courtesy the boon I ask is first granted me.”

“I grant and accord it,” said Don Quixote, “provided without detriment

or prejudice to my king, my country, or her who holds the key of my

heart and freedom, it may be complied with.”

“It will not be to the detriment or prejudice of any of them, my worthy

lord,” said the afflicted damsel; and here Sancho Panza drew close to

his master’s ear and said to him very softly, “Your worship may very

safely grant the boon she asks; it’s nothing at all; only to kill a big

giant; and she who asks it is the exalted Princess Micomicona, queen of

the great kingdom of Micomicon of Ethiopia.”

“Let her be who she may,” replied Don Quixote, “I will do what is my

bounden duty, and what my conscience bids me, in conformity with what I

have professed;” and turning to the damsel he said, “Let your great

beauty rise, for I grant the boon which you would ask of me.”

“Then what I ask,” said the damsel, “is that your magnanimous person

accompany me at once whither I will conduct you, and that you promise

not to engage in any other adventure or quest until you have avenged me

of a traitor who against all human and divine law, has usurped my

kingdom.”

“I repeat that I grant it,” replied Don Quixote; “and so, lady, you may

from this day forth lay aside the melancholy that distresses you, and

let your failing hopes gather new life and strength, for with the help

of God and of my arm you will soon see yourself restored to your

kingdom, and seated upon the throne of your ancient and mighty realm,

notwithstanding and despite of the felons who would gainsay it; and now

hands to the work, for in delay there is apt to be danger.”

The distressed damsel strove with much pertinacity to kiss his hands;

but Don Quixote, who was in all things a polished and courteous knight,

would by no means allow it, but made her rise and embraced her with

great courtesy and politeness, and ordered Sancho to look to

Rocinante’s girths, and to arm him without a moment’s delay. Sancho

took down the armour, which was hung up on a tree like a trophy, and

having seen to the girths armed his master in a trice, who as soon as

he found himself in his armour exclaimed:

“Let us be gone in the name of God to bring aid to this great lady.”

The barber was all this time on his knees at great pains to hide his

laughter and not let his beard fall, for had it fallen maybe their fine

scheme would have come to nothing; but now seeing the boon granted, and

the promptitude with which Don Quixote prepared to set out in

compliance with it, he rose and took his lady’s hand, and between them

they placed her upon the mule. Don Quixote then mounted Rocinante, and

the barber settled himself on his beast, Sancho being left to go on

foot, which made him feel anew the loss of his Dapple, finding the want

of him now. But he bore all with cheerfulness, being persuaded that his

master had now fairly started and was just on the point of becoming an

emperor; for he felt no doubt at all that he would marry this princess,

and be king of Micomicon at least. The only thing that troubled him was

the reflection that this kingdom was in the land of the blacks, and

that the people they would give him for vassals would be all black; but

for this he soon found a remedy in his fancy, and said he to himself,

“What is it to me if my vassals are blacks? What more have I to do than

make a cargo of them and carry them to Spain, where I can sell them and

get ready money for them, and with it buy some title or some office in

which to live at ease all the days of my life? Not unless you go to

sleep and haven’t the wit or skill to turn things to account and sell

three, six, or ten thousand vassals while you would be talking about

it! By God I will stir them up, big and little, or as best I can, and

let them be ever so black I’ll turn them into white or yellow. Come,

come, what a fool I am!” And so he jogged on, so occupied with his

thoughts and easy in his mind that he forgot all about the hardship of

travelling on foot.

Cardenio and the curate were watching all this from among some bushes,

not knowing how to join company with the others; but the curate, who

was very fertile in devices, soon hit upon a way of effecting their

purpose, and with a pair of scissors he had in a case he quickly cut

off Cardenio’s beard, and putting on him a grey jerkin of his own he

gave him a black cloak, leaving himself in his breeches and doublet,

while Cardenio’s appearance was so different from what it had been that

he would not have known himself had he seen himself in a mirror. Having

effected this, although the others had gone on ahead while they were

disguising themselves, they easily came out on the high road before

them, for the brambles and awkward places they encountered did not

allow those on horseback to go as fast as those on foot. They then

posted themselves on the level ground at the outlet of the Sierra, and

as soon as Don Quixote and his companions emerged from it the curate

began to examine him very deliberately, as though he were striving to

recognise him, and after having stared at him for some time he hastened

towards him with open arms exclaiming, “A happy meeting with the mirror

of chivalry, my worthy compatriot Don Quixote of La Mancha, the flower

and cream of high breeding, the protection and relief of the

distressed, the quintessence of knights-errant!” And so saying he

clasped in his arms the knee of Don Quixote’s left leg. He, astonished

at the stranger’s words and behaviour, looked at him attentively, and

at length recognised him, very much surprised to see him there, and

made great efforts to dismount. This, however, the curate would not

allow, on which Don Quixote said, “Permit me, señor licentiate, for it

is not fitting that I should be on horseback and so reverend a person

as your worship on foot.”

“On no account will I allow it,” said the curate; “your mightiness must

remain on horseback, for it is on horseback you achieve the greatest

deeds and adventures that have been beheld in our age; as for me, an

unworthy priest, it will serve me well enough to mount on the haunches

of one of the mules of these gentlefolk who accompany your worship, if

they have no objection, and I will fancy I am mounted on the steed

Pegasus, or on the zebra or charger that bore the famous Moor,

Muzaraque, who to this day lies enchanted in the great hill of Zulema,

a little distance from the great Complutum.”

“Nor even that will I consent to, señor licentiate,” answered Don

Quixote, “and I know it will be the good pleasure of my lady the

princess, out of love for me, to order her squire to give up the saddle

of his mule to your worship, and he can sit behind if the beast will

bear it.”

“It will, I am sure,” said the princess, “and I am sure, too, that I

need not order my squire, for he is too courteous and considerate to

allow a Churchman to go on foot when he might be mounted.”

“That he is,” said the barber, and at once alighting, he offered his

saddle to the curate, who accepted it without much entreaty; but

unfortunately as the barber was mounting behind, the mule, being as it

happened a hired one, which is the same thing as saying

ill-conditioned, lifted its hind hoofs and let fly a couple of kicks in

the air, which would have made Master Nicholas wish his expedition in

quest of Don Quixote at the devil had they caught him on the breast or

head. As it was, they so took him by surprise that he came to the

ground, giving so little heed to his beard that it fell off, and all he

could do when he found himself without it was to cover his face hastily

with both his hands and moan that his teeth were knocked out. Don

Quixote when he saw all that bundle of beard detached, without jaws or

blood, from the face of the fallen squire, exclaimed:

“By the living God, but this is a great miracle! it has knocked off and

plucked away the beard from his face as if it had been shaved off

designedly.”

The curate, seeing the danger of discovery that threatened his scheme,

at once pounced upon the beard and hastened with it to where Master

Nicholas lay, still uttering moans, and drawing his head to his breast

had it on in an instant, muttering over him some words which he said

were a certain special charm for sticking on beards, as they would see;

and as soon as he had it fixed he left him, and the squire appeared

well bearded and whole as before, whereat Don Quixote was beyond

measure astonished, and begged the curate to teach him that charm when

he had an opportunity, as he was persuaded its virtue must extend

beyond the sticking on of beards, for it was clear that where the beard

had been stripped off the flesh must have remained torn and lacerated,

and when it could heal all that it must be good for more than beards.

“And so it is,” said the curate, and he promised to teach it to him on

the first opportunity. They then agreed that for the present the curate

should mount, and that the three should ride by turns until they

reached the inn, which might be about six leagues from where they were.

Three then being mounted, that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess,

and the curate, and three on foot, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho

Panza, Don Quixote said to the damsel:

“Let your highness, lady, lead on whithersoever is most pleasing to

you;” but before she could answer the licentiate said:

c29d.jpg (345K)

Full Size

“Towards what kingdom would your ladyship direct our course? Is it

perchance towards that of Micomicon? It must be, or else I know little

about kingdoms.”

She, being ready on all points, understood that she was to answer

“Yes,” so she said “Yes, señor, my way lies towards that kingdom.”

“In that case,” said the curate, “we must pass right through my

village, and there your worship will take the road to Cartagena, where

you will be able to embark, fortune favouring; and if the wind be fair

and the sea smooth and tranquil, in somewhat less than nine years you

may come in sight of the great lake Meona, I mean Meotides, which is

little more than a hundred days’ journey this side of your highness’s

kingdom.”

c29e.jpg (318K)

Full Size

“Your worship is mistaken, señor,” said she; “for it is not two years

since I set out from it, and though I never had good weather,

nevertheless I am here to behold what I so longed for, and that is my

lord Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose fame came to my ears as soon as I

set foot in Spain and impelled me to go in search of him, to commend

myself to his courtesy, and entrust the justice of my cause to the

might of his invincible arm.”

“Enough; no more praise,” said Don Quixote at this, “for I hate all

flattery; and though this may not be so, still language of the kind is

offensive to my chaste ears. I will only say, señora, that whether it

has might or not, that which it may or may not have shall be devoted to

your service even to death; and now, leaving this to its proper season,

I would ask the señor licentiate to tell me what it is that has brought

him into these parts, alone, unattended, and so lightly clad that I am

filled with amazement.”

“I will answer that briefly,” replied the curate; “you must know then,

Señor Don Quixote, that Master Nicholas, our friend and barber, and I

were going to Seville to receive some money that a relative of mine who

went to the Indies many years ago had sent me, and not such a small sum

but that it was over sixty thousand pieces of eight, full weight, which

is something; and passing by this place yesterday we were attacked by

four footpads, who stripped us even to our beards, and them they

stripped off so that the barber found it necessary to put on a false

one, and even this young man here”—pointing to Cardenio—“they

completely transformed. But the best of it is, the story goes in the

neighbourhood that those who attacked us belong to a number of galley

slaves who, they say, were set free almost on the very same spot by a

man of such valour that, in spite of the commissary and of the guards,

he released the whole of them; and beyond all doubt he must have been

out of his senses, or he must be as great a scoundrel as they, or some

man without heart or conscience to let the wolf loose among the sheep,

the fox among the hens, the fly among the honey. He has defrauded

justice, and opposed his king and lawful master, for he opposed his

just commands; he has, I say, robbed the galleys of their feet, stirred

up the Holy Brotherhood which for many years past has been quiet, and,

lastly, has done a deed by which his soul may be lost without any gain

to his body.” Sancho had told the curate and the barber of the

adventure of the galley slaves, which, so much to his glory, his master

had achieved, and hence the curate in alluding to it made the most of

it to see what would be said or done by Don Quixote; who changed colour

at every word, not daring to say that it was he who had been the

liberator of those worthy people. “These, then,” said the curate, “were

they who robbed us; and God in his mercy pardon him who would not let

them go to the punishment they deserved.”

c29f.jpg (53K)

Full Size

CHAPTER XXX.

WHICH TREATS OF ADDRESS DISPLAYED BY THE FAIR DOROTHEA, WITH OTHER

MATTERS PLEASANT AND AMUSING

c30a.jpg (147K)

Full Size

The curate had hardly ceased speaking, when Sancho said, “In faith,

then, señor licentiate, he who did that deed was my master; and it was

not for want of my telling him beforehand and warning him to mind what

he was about, and that it was a sin to set them at liberty, as they

were all on the march there because they were special scoundrels.”

“Blockhead!” said Don Quixote at this, “it is no business or concern of

knights-errant to inquire whether any persons in affliction, in chains,

or oppressed that they may meet on the high roads go that way and

suffer as they do because of their faults or because of their

misfortunes. It only concerns them to aid them as persons in need of

help, having regard to their sufferings and not to their rascalities. I

encountered a chaplet or string of miserable and unfortunate people,

and did for them what my sense of duty demands of me, and as for the

rest be that as it may; and whoever takes objection to it, saving the

sacred dignity of the señor licentiate and his honoured person, I say

he knows little about chivalry and lies like a whoreson villain, and

this I will give him to know to the fullest extent with my sword;” and

so saying he settled himself in his stirrups and pressed down his

morion; for the barber’s basin, which according to him was Mambrino’s

helmet, he carried hanging at the saddle-bow until he could repair the

damage done to it by the galley slaves.

Dorothea, who was shrewd and sprightly, and by this time thoroughly

understood Don Quixote’s crazy turn, and that all except Sancho Panza

were making game of him, not to be behind the rest said to him, on

observing his irritation, “Sir Knight, remember the boon you have

promised me, and that in accordance with it you must not engage in any

other adventure, be it ever so pressing; calm yourself, for if the

licentiate had known that the galley slaves had been set free by that

unconquered arm he would have stopped his mouth thrice over, or even

bitten his tongue three times before he would have said a word that

tended towards disrespect of your worship.”

“That I swear heartily,” said the curate, “and I would have even

plucked off a moustache.”

“I will hold my peace, señora,” said Don Quixote, “and I will curb the

natural anger that had arisen in my breast, and will proceed in peace

and quietness until I have fulfilled my promise; but in return for this

consideration I entreat you to tell me, if you have no objection to do

so, what is the nature of your trouble, and how many, who, and what are

the persons of whom I am to require due satisfaction, and on whom I am

to take vengeance on your behalf?”

“That I will do with all my heart,” replied Dorothea, “if it will not

be wearisome to you to hear of miseries and misfortunes.”

“It will not be wearisome, señora,” said Don Quixote; to which Dorothea

replied, “Well, if that be so, give me your attention.” As soon as she

said this, Cardenio and the barber drew close to her side, eager to

hear what sort of story the quick-witted Dorothea would invent for

herself; and Sancho did the same, for he was as much taken in by her as

his master; and she having settled herself comfortably in the saddle,

and with the help of coughing and other preliminaries taken time to

think, began with great sprightliness of manner in this fashion.

“First of all, I would have you know, sirs, that my name is—” and here

she stopped for a moment, for she forgot the name the curate had given

her; but he came to her relief, seeing what her difficulty was, and

said, “It is no wonder, señora, that your highness should be confused

and embarrassed in telling the tale of your misfortunes; for such

afflictions often have the effect of depriving the sufferers of memory,

so that they do not even remember their own names, as is the case now

with your ladyship, who has forgotten that she is called the Princess

Micomicona, lawful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon; and with

this cue your highness may now recall to your sorrowful recollection

all you may wish to tell us.”

“That is the truth,” said the damsel; “but I think from this on I shall

have no need of any prompting, and I shall bring my true story safe

into port, and here it is. The king my father, who was called Tinacrio

the Sapient, was very learned in what they call magic arts, and became

aware by his craft that my mother, who was called Queen Jaramilla, was

to die before he did, and that soon after he too was to depart this

life, and I was to be left an orphan without father or mother. But all

this, he declared, did not so much grieve or distress him as his

certain knowledge that a prodigious giant, the lord of a great island

close to our kingdom, Pandafilando of the Scowl by name—for it is

averred that, though his eyes are properly placed and straight, he

always looks askew as if he squinted, and this he does out of

malignity, to strike fear and terror into those he looks at—that he

knew, I say, that this giant on becoming aware of my orphan condition

would overrun my kingdom with a mighty force and strip me of all, not

leaving me even a small village to shelter me; but that I could avoid

all this ruin and misfortune if I were willing to marry him; however,

as far as he could see, he never expected that I would consent to a

marriage so unequal; and he said no more than the truth in this, for it

has never entered my mind to marry that giant, or any other, let him be

ever so great or enormous. My father said, too, that when he was dead,

and I saw Pandafilando about to invade my kingdom, I was not to wait

and attempt to defend myself, for that would be destructive to me, but

that I should leave the kingdom entirely open to him if I wished to

avoid the death and total destruction of my good and loyal vassals, for

there would be no possibility of defending myself against the giant’s

devilish power; and that I should at once with some of my followers set

out for Spain, where I should obtain relief in my distress on finding a

certain knight-errant whose fame by that time would extend over the

whole kingdom, and who would be called, if I remember rightly, Don

Azote or Don Gigote.”

“‘Don Quixote,’ he must have said, señora,” observed Sancho at this,

“otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.”

“That is it,” said Dorothea; “he said, moreover, that he would be tall

of stature and lank featured; and that on his right side under the left

shoulder, or thereabouts, he would have a grey mole with hairs like

bristles.”

On hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire, “Here, Sancho my son,

bear a hand and help me to strip, for I want to see if I am the knight

that sage king foretold.”

“What does your worship want to strip for?” said Dorothea.

“To see if I have that mole your father spoke of,” answered Don

Quixote.

“There is no occasion to strip,” said Sancho; “for I know your worship

has just such a mole on the middle of your backbone, which is the mark

of a strong man.”

“That is enough,” said Dorothea, “for with friends we must not look too

closely into trifles; and whether it be on the shoulder or on the

backbone matters little; it is enough if there is a mole, be it where

it may, for it is all the same flesh; no doubt my good father hit the

truth in every particular, and I have made a lucky hit in commending

myself to Don Quixote; for he is the one my father spoke of, as the

features of his countenance correspond with those assigned to this

knight by that wide fame he has acquired not only in Spain but in all

La Mancha; for I had scarcely landed at Osuna when I heard such

accounts of his achievements, that at once my heart told me he was the

very one I had come in search of.”

“But how did you land at Osuna, señora,” asked Don Quixote, “when it is

not a seaport?”

But before Dorothea could reply the curate anticipated her, saying,

“The princess meant to say that after she had landed at Malaga the

first place where she heard of your worship was Osuna.”

“That is what I meant to say,” said Dorothea.

“And that would be only natural,” said the curate. “Will your majesty

please proceed?”

“There is no more to add,” said Dorothea, “save that in finding Don

Quixote I have had such good fortune, that I already reckon and regard

myself queen and mistress of my entire dominions, since of his courtesy

and magnanimity he has granted me the boon of accompanying me

whithersoever I may conduct him, which will be only to bring him face

to face with Pandafilando of the Scowl, that he may slay him and

restore to me what has been unjustly usurped by him: for all this must

come to pass satisfactorily since my good father Tinacrio the Sapient

foretold it, who likewise left it declared in writing in Chaldee or

Greek characters (for I cannot read them), that if this predicted

knight, after having cut the giant’s throat, should be disposed to

marry me I was to offer myself at once without demur as his lawful

wife, and yield him possession of my kingdom together with my person.”

“What thinkest thou now, friend Sancho?” said Don Quixote at this.

“Hearest thou that? Did I not tell thee so? See how we have already got

a kingdom to govern and a queen to marry!”

“On my oath it is so,” said Sancho; “and foul fortune to him who won’t

marry after slitting Señor Pandahilado’s windpipe! And then, how

illfavoured the queen is! I wish the fleas in my bed were that sort!”

And so saying he cut a couple of capers in the air with every sign of

extreme satisfaction, and then ran to seize the bridle of Dorothea’s

mule, and checking it fell on his knees before her, begging her to give

him her hand to kiss in token of his acknowledgment of her as his queen

and mistress. Which of the bystanders could have helped laughing to see

the madness of the master and the simplicity of the servant? Dorothea

therefore gave her hand, and promised to make him a great lord in her

kingdom, when Heaven should be so good as to permit her to recover and

enjoy it, for which Sancho returned thanks in words that set them all

laughing again.

“This, sirs,” continued Dorothea, “is my story; it only remains to tell

you that of all the attendants I took with me from my kingdom I have

none left except this well-bearded squire, for all were drowned in a

great tempest we encountered when in sight of port; and he and I came

to land on a couple of planks as if by a miracle; and indeed the whole

course of my life is a miracle and a mystery as you may have observed;

and if I have been over minute in any respect or not as precise as I

ought, let it be accounted for by what the licentiate said at the

beginning of my tale, that constant and excessive troubles deprive the

sufferers of their memory.”

“They shall not deprive me of mine, exalted and worthy princess,” said

Don Quixote, “however great and unexampled those which I shall endure

in your service may be; and here I confirm anew the boon I have

promised you, and I swear to go with you to the end of the world until

I find myself in the presence of your fierce enemy, whose haughty head

I trust by the aid of my arm to cut off with the edge of this—I will

not say good sword, thanks to Gines de Pasamonte who carried away

mine”—(this he said between his teeth, and then continued), “and when

it has been cut off and you have been put in peaceful possession of

your realm it shall be left to your own decision to dispose of your

person as may be most pleasing to you; for so long as my memory is

occupied, my will enslaved, and my understanding enthralled by her—I

say no more—it is impossible for me for a moment to contemplate

marriage, even with a Phœnix.”

The last words of his master about not wanting to marry were so

disagreeable to Sancho that raising his voice he exclaimed with great

irritation:

“By my oath, Señor Don Quixote, you are not in your right senses; for

how can your worship possibly object to marrying such an exalted

princess as this? Do you think Fortune will offer you behind every

stone such a piece of luck as is offered you now? Is my lady Dulcinea

fairer, perchance? Not she; nor half as fair; and I will even go so far

as to say she does not come up to the shoe of this one here. A poor

chance I have of getting that county I am waiting for if your worship

goes looking for dainties in the bottom of the sea. In the devil’s

name, marry, marry, and take this kingdom that comes to hand without

any trouble, and when you are king make me a marquis or governor of a

province, and for the rest let the devil take it all.”

Don Quixote, when he heard such blasphemies uttered against his lady

Dulcinea, could not endure it, and lifting his pike, without saying

anything to Sancho or uttering a word, he gave him two such thwacks

that he brought him to the ground; and had it not been that Dorothea

cried out to him to spare him he would have no doubt taken his life on

the spot.

“Do you think,” he said to him after a pause, “you scurvy clown, that

you are to be always interfering with me, and that you are to be always

offending and I always pardoning? Don’t fancy it, impious scoundrel,

for that beyond a doubt thou art, since thou hast set thy tongue going

against the peerless Dulcinea. Know you not, lout, vagabond, beggar,

that were it not for the might that she infuses into my arm I should

not have strength enough to kill a flea? Say, scoffer with a viper’s

tongue, what think you has won this kingdom and cut off this giant’s

head and made you a marquis (for all this I count as already

accomplished and decided), but the might of Dulcinea, employing my arm

as the instrument of her achievements? She fights in me and conquers in

me, and I live and breathe in her, and owe my life and being to her. O

whoreson scoundrel, how ungrateful you are, you see yourself raised

from the dust of the earth to be a titled lord, and the return you make

for so great a benefit is to speak evil of her who has conferred it

upon you!”

Sancho was not so stunned but that he heard all his master said, and

rising with some degree of nimbleness he ran to place himself behind

Dorothea’s palfrey, and from that position he said to his master:

“Tell me, señor; if your worship is resolved not to marry this great

princess, it is plain the kingdom will not be yours; and not being so,

how can you bestow favours upon me? That is what I complain of. Let

your worship at any rate marry this queen, now that we have got her

here as if showered down from heaven, and afterwards you may go back to

my lady Dulcinea; for there must have been kings in the world who kept

mistresses. As to beauty, I have nothing to do with it; and if the

truth is to be told, I like them both; though I have never seen the

lady Dulcinea.”

“How! never seen her, blasphemous traitor!” exclaimed Don Quixote;

“hast thou not just now brought me a message from her?”

“I mean,” said Sancho, “that I did not see her so much at my leisure

that I could take particular notice of her beauty, or of her charms

piecemeal; but taken in the lump I like her.”

“Now I forgive thee,” said Don Quixote; “and do thou forgive me the

injury I have done thee; for our first impulses are not in our

control.”

“That I see,” replied Sancho, “and with me the wish to speak is always

the first impulse, and I cannot help saying, once at any rate, what I

have on the tip of my tongue.”

“For all that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “take heed of what thou

sayest, for the pitcher goes so often to the well—I need say no more to

thee.”

“Well, well,” said Sancho, “God is in heaven, and sees all tricks, and

will judge who does most harm, I in not speaking right, or your worship

in not doing it.”

“That is enough,” said Dorothea; “run, Sancho, and kiss your lord’s

hand and beg his pardon, and henceforward be more circumspect with your

praise and abuse; and say nothing in disparagement of that lady Toboso,

of whom I know nothing save that I am her servant; and put your trust

in God, for you will not fail to obtain some dignity so as to live like

a prince.”

Sancho advanced hanging his head and begged his master’s hand, which

Don Quixote with dignity presented to him, giving him his blessing as

soon as he had kissed it; he then bade him go on ahead a little, as he

had questions to ask him and matters of great importance to discuss

with him. Sancho obeyed, and when the two had gone some distance in

advance Don Quixote said to him, “Since thy return I have had no

opportunity or time to ask thee many particulars touching thy mission

and the answer thou hast brought back, and now that chance has granted

us the time and opportunity, deny me not the happiness thou canst give

me by such good news.”

“Let your worship ask what you will,” answered Sancho, “for I shall

find a way out of all as I found a way in; but I implore you, señor,

not to be so revengeful in future.”

“Why dost thou say that, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“I say it,” he returned, “because those blows just now were more

because of the quarrel the devil stirred up between us both the other

night, than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and

reverence as I would a relic—though there is nothing of that about

her—merely as something belonging to your worship.”

“Say no more on that subject for thy life, Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“for it is displeasing to me; I have already pardoned thee for that,

and thou knowest the common saying, ‘for a fresh sin a fresh penance.’”

While this was going on they saw coming along the road they were

following a man mounted on an ass, who when he came close seemed to be

a gipsy; but Sancho Panza, whose eyes and heart were there wherever he

saw asses, no sooner beheld the man than he knew him to be Gines de

Pasamonte; and by the thread of the gipsy he got at the ball, his ass,

for it was, in fact, Dapple that carried Pasamonte, who to escape

recognition and to sell the ass had disguised himself as a gipsy, being

able to speak the gipsy language, and many more, as well as if they

were his own. Sancho saw him and recognised him, and the instant he did

so he shouted to him, “Ginesillo, you thief, give up my treasure,

release my life, embarrass thyself not with my repose, quit my ass,

leave my delight, be off, rip, get thee gone, thief, and give up what

is not thine.”

There was no necessity for so many words or objurgations, for at the

first one Gines jumped down, and at a like racing speed made off and

got clear of them all. Sancho hastened to his Dapple, and embracing him

he said, “How hast thou fared, my blessing, Dapple of my eyes, my

comrade?” all the while kissing him and caressing him as if he were a

human being. The ass held his peace, and let himself be kissed and

caressed by Sancho without answering a single word. They all came up

and congratulated him on having found Dapple, Don Quixote especially,

who told him that notwithstanding this he would not cancel the order

for the three ass-colts, for which Sancho thanked him.

While the two had been going along conversing in this fashion, the

curate observed to Dorothea that she had shown great cleverness, as

well in the story itself as in its conciseness, and the resemblance it

bore to those of the books of chivalry. She said that she had many

times amused herself reading them; but that she did not know the

situation of the provinces or seaports, and so she had said at

haphazard that she had landed at Osuna.

“So I saw,” said the curate, “and for that reason I made haste to say

what I did, by which it was all set right. But is it not a strange

thing to see how readily this unhappy gentleman believes all these

figments and lies, simply because they are in the style and manner of

the absurdities of his books?”

“So it is,” said Cardenio; “and so uncommon and unexampled, that were

one to attempt to invent and concoct it in fiction, I doubt if there be

any wit keen enough to imagine it.”

“But another strange thing about it,” said the curate, “is that, apart

from the silly things which this worthy gentleman says in connection

with his craze, when other subjects are dealt with, he can discuss them

in a perfectly rational manner, showing that his mind is quite clear

and composed; so that, provided his chivalry is not touched upon, no

one would take him to be anything but a man of thoroughly sound

understanding.”

While they were holding this conversation Don Quixote continued his

with Sancho, saying:

“Friend Panza, let us forgive and forget as to our quarrels, and tell

me now, dismissing anger and irritation, where, how, and when didst

thou find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What didst thou say to her?

What did she answer? How did she look when she was reading my letter?

Who copied it out for thee? and everything in the matter that seems to

thee worth knowing, asking, and learning; neither adding nor falsifying

to give me pleasure, nor yet curtailing lest you should deprive me of

it.”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “if the truth is to be told, nobody copied out

the letter for me, for I carried no letter at all.”

“It is as thou sayest,” said Don Quixote, “for the notebook in which I

wrote it I found in my own possession two days after thy departure,

which gave me very great vexation, as I knew not what thou wouldst do

on finding thyself without any letter; and I made sure thou wouldst

return from the place where thou didst first miss it.”

“So I should have done,” said Sancho, “if I had not got it by heart

when your worship read it to me, so that I repeated it to a sacristan,

who copied it out for me from hearing it, so exactly that he said in

all the days of his life, though he had read many a letter of

excommunication, he had never seen or read so pretty a letter as that.”

“And hast thou got it still in thy memory, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“No, señor,” replied Sancho, “for as soon as I had repeated it, seeing

there was no further use for it, I set about forgetting it; and if I

recollect any of it, it is that about ‘Scrubbing,’ I mean to say

‘Sovereign Lady,’ and the end ‘Yours till death, the Knight of the

Rueful Countenance;’ and between these two I put into it more than

three hundred ‘my souls’ and ‘my life’s’ and ‘my eyes.”

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CHAPTER XXXI.

OF THE DELECTABLE DISCUSSION BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA, HIS

SQUIRE, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

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“All that is not unsatisfactory to me,” said Don Quixote. “Go on; thou

didst reach her; and what was that queen of beauty doing? Surely thou

didst find her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device in gold

thread for this her enslaved knight.”

“I did not,” said Sancho, “but I found her winnowing two bushels of

wheat in the yard of her house.”

“Then depend upon it,” said Don Quixote, “the grains of that wheat were

pearls when touched by her hands; and didst thou look, friend? was it

white wheat or brown?”

“It was neither, but red,” said Sancho.

“Then I promise thee,” said Don Quixote, “that, winnowed by her hands,

beyond a doubt the bread it made was of the whitest; but go on; when

thou gavest her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she place it on her

head? Did she perform any ceremony befitting it, or what did she do?”

“When I went to give it to her,” replied Sancho, “she was hard at it

swaying from side to side with a lot of wheat she had in the sieve, and

she said to me, ‘Lay the letter, friend, on the top of that sack, for I

cannot read it until I have done sifting all this.”

“Discreet lady!” said Don Quixote; “that was in order to read it at her

leisure and enjoy it; proceed, Sancho; while she was engaged in her

occupation what converse did she hold with thee? What did she ask about

me, and what answer didst thou give? Make haste; tell me all, and let

not an atom be left behind in the ink-bottle.”

“She asked me nothing,” said Sancho; “but I told her how your worship

was left doing penance in her service, naked from the waist up, in

among these mountains like a savage, sleeping on the ground, not eating

bread off a tablecloth nor combing your beard, weeping and cursing your

fortune.”

“In saying I cursed my fortune thou saidst wrong,” said Don Quixote;

“for rather do I bless it and shall bless it all the days of my life

for having made me worthy of aspiring to love so lofty a lady as

Dulcinea del Toboso.”

“And so lofty she is,” said Sancho, “that she overtops me by more than

a hand’s-breadth.”

“What! Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “didst thou measure with her?”

“I measured in this way,” said Sancho; “going to help her to put a sack

of wheat on the back of an ass, we came so close together that I could

see she stood more than a good palm over me.”

“Well!” said Don Quixote, “and doth she not of a truth accompany and

adorn this greatness with a thousand million charms of mind! But one

thing thou wilt not deny, Sancho; when thou camest close to her didst

thou not perceive a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, a, I know not

what, delicious, that I cannot find a name for; I mean a redolence, an

exhalation, as if thou wert in the shop of some dainty glover?”

“All I can say is,” said Sancho, “that I did perceive a little odour,

something goaty; it must have been that she was all in a sweat with

hard work.”

“It could not be that,” said Don Quixote, “but thou must have been

suffering from cold in the head, or must have smelt thyself; for I know

well what would be the scent of that rose among thorns, that lily of

the field, that dissolved amber.”

“Maybe so,” replied Sancho; “there often comes from myself that same

odour which then seemed to me to come from her grace the lady Dulcinea;

but that’s no wonder, for one devil is like another.”

“Well then,” continued Don Quixote, “now she has done sifting the corn

and sent it to the mill; what did she do when she read the letter?”

“As for the letter,” said Sancho, “she did not read it, for she said

she could neither read nor write; instead of that she tore it up into

small pieces, saying that she did not want to let anyone read it lest

her secrets should become known in the village, and that what I had

told her by word of mouth about the love your worship bore her, and the

extraordinary penance you were doing for her sake, was enough; and, to

make an end of it, she told me to tell your worship that she kissed

your hands, and that she had a greater desire to see you than to write

to you; and that therefore she entreated and commanded you, on sight of

this present, to come out of these thickets, and to have done with

carrying on absurdities, and to set out at once for El Toboso, unless

something else of greater importance should happen, for she had a great

desire to see your worship. She laughed greatly when I told her how

your worship was called The Knight of the Rueful Countenance; I asked

her if that Biscayan the other day had been there; and she told me he

had, and that he was an honest fellow; I asked her too about the galley

slaves, but she said she had not seen any as yet.”

“So far all goes well,” said Don Quixote; “but tell me what jewel was

it that she gave thee on taking thy leave, in return for thy tidings of

me? For it is a usual and ancient custom with knights and ladies errant

to give the squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring tidings of their

ladies to the knights, or of their knights to the ladies, some rich

jewel as a guerdon for good news, and acknowledgment of the message.”

“That is very likely,” said Sancho, “and a good custom it was, to my

mind; but that must have been in days gone by, for now it would seem to

be the custom only to give a piece of bread and cheese; because that

was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the top of the yard-wall when I

took leave of her; and more by token it was sheep’s-milk cheese.”

“She is generous in the extreme,” said Don Quixote, “and if she did not

give thee a jewel of gold, no doubt it must have been because she had

not one to hand there to give thee; but sleeves are good after Easter;

I shall see her and all shall be made right. But knowest thou what

amazes me, Sancho? It seems to me thou must have gone and come through

the air, for thou hast taken but little more than three days to go to

El Toboso and return, though it is more than thirty leagues from here

to there. From which I am inclined to think that the sage magician who

is my friend, and watches over my interests (for of necessity there is

and must be one, or else I should not be a right knight-errant), that

this same, I say, must have helped thee to travel without thy

knowledge; for some of these sages will catch up a knight-errant

sleeping in his bed, and without his knowing how or in what way it

happened, he wakes up the next day more than a thousand leagues away

from the place where he went to sleep. And if it were not for this,

knights-errant would not be able to give aid to one another in peril,

as they do at every turn. For a knight, maybe, is fighting in the

mountains of Armenia with some dragon, or fierce serpent, or another

knight, and gets the worst of the battle, and is at the point of death;

but when he least looks for it, there appears over against him on a

cloud, or chariot of fire, another knight, a friend of his, who just

before had been in England, and who takes his part, and delivers him

from death; and at night he finds himself in his own quarters supping

very much to his satisfaction; and yet from one place to the other will

have been two or three thousand leagues. And all this is done by the

craft and skill of the sage enchanters who take care of those valiant

knights; so that, friend Sancho, I find no difficulty in believing that

thou mayest have gone from this place to El Toboso and returned in such

a short time, since, as I have said, some friendly sage must have

carried thee through the air without thee perceiving it.”

“That must have been it,” said Sancho, “for indeed Rocinante went like

a gipsy’s ass with quicksilver in his ears.”

“Quicksilver!” said Don Quixote, “aye and what is more, a legion of

devils, folk that can travel and make others travel without being

weary, exactly as the whim seizes them. But putting this aside, what

thinkest thou I ought to do about my lady’s command to go and see her?

For though I feel that I am bound to obey her mandate, I feel too that

I am debarred by the boon I have accorded to the princess that

accompanies us, and the law of chivalry compels me to have regard for

my word in preference to my inclination; on the one hand the desire to

see my lady pursues and harasses me, on the other my solemn promise and

the glory I shall win in this enterprise urge and call me; but what I

think I shall do is to travel with all speed and reach quickly the

place where this giant is, and on my arrival I shall cut off his head,

and establish the princess peacefully in her realm, and forthwith I

shall return to behold the light that lightens my senses, to whom I

shall make such excuses that she will be led to approve of my delay,

for she will see that it entirely tends to increase her glory and fame;

for all that I have won, am winning, or shall win by arms in this life,

comes to me of the favour she extends to me, and because I am hers.”

“Ah! what a sad state your worship’s brains are in!” said Sancho. “Tell

me, señor, do you mean to travel all that way for nothing, and to let

slip and lose so rich and great a match as this where they give as a

portion a kingdom that in sober truth I have heard say is more than

twenty thousand leagues round about, and abounds with all things

necessary to support human life, and is bigger than Portugal and

Castile put together? Peace, for the love of God! Blush for what you

have said, and take my advice, and forgive me, and marry at once in the

first village where there is a curate; if not, here is our licentiate

who will do the business beautifully; remember, I am old enough to give

advice, and this I am giving comes pat to the purpose; for a sparrow in

the hand is better than a vulture on the wing, and he who has the good

to his hand and chooses the bad, that the good he complains of may not

come to him.”

“Look here, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “If thou art advising me to

marry, in order that immediately on slaying the giant I may become

king, and be able to confer favours on thee, and give thee what I have

promised, let me tell thee I shall be able very easily to satisfy thy

desires without marrying; for before going into battle I will make it a

stipulation that, if I come out of it victorious, even I do not marry,

they shall give me a portion of the kingdom, that I may bestow it upon

whomsoever I choose, and when they give it to me upon whom wouldst thou

have me bestow it but upon thee?”

“That is plain speaking,” said Sancho; “but let your worship take care

to choose it on the seacoast, so that if I don’t like the life, I may

be able to ship off my black vassals and deal with them as I have said;

don’t mind going to see my lady Dulcinea now, but go and kill this

giant and let us finish off this business; for by God it strikes me it

will be one of great honour and great profit.”

“I hold thou art in the right of it, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and I

will take thy advice as to accompanying the princess before going to

see Dulcinea; but I counsel thee not to say anything to anyone, or to

those who are with us, about what we have considered and discussed, for

as Dulcinea is so decorous that she does not wish her thoughts to be

known it is not right that I or anyone for me should disclose them.”

“Well then, if that be so,” said Sancho, “how is it that your worship

makes all those you overcome by your arm go to present themselves

before my lady Dulcinea, this being the same thing as signing your name

to it that you love her and are her lover? And as those who go must

perforce kneel before her and say they come from your worship to submit

themselves to her, how can the thoughts of both of you be hid?”

“O, how silly and simple thou art!” said Don Quixote; “seest thou not,

Sancho, that this tends to her greater exaltation? For thou must know

that according to our way of thinking in chivalry, it is a high honour

to a lady to have many knights-errant in her service, whose thoughts

never go beyond serving her for her own sake, and who look for no other

reward for their great and true devotion than that she should be

willing to accept them as her knights.”

“It is with that kind of love,” said Sancho, “I have heard preachers

say we ought to love our Lord, for himself alone, without being moved

by the hope of glory or the fear of punishment; though for my part, I

would rather love and serve him for what he could do.”

“The devil take thee for a clown!” said Don Quixote, “and what shrewd

things thou sayest at times! One would think thou hadst studied.”

“In faith, then, I cannot even read.”

Master Nicholas here called out to them to wait a while, as they wanted

to halt and drink at a little spring there was there. Don Quixote drew

up, not a little to the satisfaction of Sancho, for he was by this time

weary of telling so many lies, and in dread of his master catching him

tripping, for though he knew that Dulcinea was a peasant girl of El

Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. Cardenio had now put on

the clothes which Dorothea was wearing when they found her, and though

they were not very good, they were far better than those he put off.

They dismounted together by the side of the spring, and with what the

curate had provided himself with at the inn they appeased, though not

very well, the keen appetite they all of them brought with them.

While they were so employed there happened to come by a youth passing

on his way, who stopping to examine the party at the spring, the next

moment ran to Don Quixote and clasping him round the legs, began to

weep freely, saying, “O, señor, do you not know me? Look at me well; I

am that lad Andres that your worship released from the oak-tree where I

was tied.”

Don Quixote recognised him, and taking his hand he turned to those

present and said: “That your worships may see how important it is to

have knights-errant to redress the wrongs and injuries done by

tyrannical and wicked men in this world, I may tell you that some days

ago passing through a wood, I heard cries and piteous complaints as of

a person in pain and distress; I immediately hastened, impelled by my

bounden duty, to the quarter whence the plaintive accents seemed to me

to proceed, and I found tied to an oak this lad who now stands before

you, which in my heart I rejoice at, for his testimony will not permit

me to depart from the truth in any particular. He was, I say, tied to

an oak, naked from the waist up, and a clown, whom I afterwards found

to be his master, was scarifying him by lashes with the reins of his

mare. As soon as I saw him I asked the reason of so cruel a

flagellation. The boor replied that he was flogging him because he was

his servant and because of carelessness that proceeded rather from

dishonesty than stupidity; on which this boy said, ‘Señor, he flogs me

only because I ask for my wages.’ The master made I know not what

speeches and explanations, which, though I listened to them, I did not

accept. In short, I compelled the clown to unbind him, and to swear he

would take him with him, and pay him real by real, and perfumed into

the bargain. Is not all this true, Andres my son? Didst thou not mark

with what authority I commanded him, and with what humility he promised

to do all I enjoined, specified, and required of him? Answer without

hesitation; tell these gentlemen what took place, that they may see

that it is as great an advantage as I say to have knights-errant

abroad.”

“All that your worship has said is quite true,” answered the lad; “but

the end of the business turned out just the opposite of what your

worship supposes.”

“How! the opposite?” said Don Quixote; “did not the clown pay thee

then?”

“Not only did he not pay me,” replied the lad, “but as soon as your

worship had passed out of the wood and we were alone, he tied me up

again to the same oak and gave me a fresh flogging, that left me like a

flayed Saint Bartholomew; and every stroke he gave me he followed up

with some jest or gibe about having made a fool of your worship, and

but for the pain I was suffering I should have laughed at the things he

said. In short he left me in such a condition that I have been until

now in a hospital getting cured of the injuries which that rascally

clown inflicted on me then; for all which your worship is to blame; for

if you had gone your own way and not come where there was no call for

you, nor meddled in other people’s affairs, my master would have been

content with giving me one or two dozen lashes, and would have then

loosed me and paid me what he owed me; but when your worship abused him

so out of measure, and gave him so many hard words, his anger was

kindled; and as he could not revenge himself on you, as soon as he saw

you had left him the storm burst upon me in such a way, that I feel as

if I should never be a man again.”

“The mischief,” said Don Quixote, “lay in my going away; for I should

not have gone until I had seen thee paid; because I ought to have known

well by long experience that there is no clown who will keep his word

if he finds it will not suit him to keep it; but thou rememberest,

Andres, that I swore if he did not pay thee I would go and seek him,

and find him though he were to hide himself in the whale’s belly.”

“That is true,” said Andres; “but it was of no use.”

“Thou shalt see now whether it is of use or not,” said Don Quixote; and

so saying, he got up hastily and bade Sancho bridle Rocinante, who was

browsing while they were eating. Dorothea asked him what he meant to

do. He replied that he meant to go in search of this clown and chastise

him for such iniquitous conduct, and see Andres paid to the last

maravedi, despite and in the teeth of all the clowns in the world. To

which she replied that he must remember that in accordance with his

promise he could not engage in any enterprise until he had concluded

hers; and that as he knew this better than anyone, he should restrain

his ardour until his return from her kingdom.

“That is true,” said Don Quixote, “and Andres must have patience until

my return as you say, señora; but I once more swear and promise not to

stop until I have seen him avenged and paid.”

“I have no faith in those oaths,” said Andres; “I would rather have now

something to help me to get to Seville than all the revenges in the

world; if you have here anything to eat that I can take with me, give

it me, and God be with your worship and all knights-errant; and may

their errands turn out as well for themselves as they have for me.”

Sancho took out from his store a piece of bread and another of cheese,

and giving them to the lad he said, “Here, take this, brother Andres,

for we have all of us a share in your misfortune.”

“Why, what share have you got?”

“This share of bread and cheese I am giving you,” answered Sancho; “and

God knows whether I shall feel the want of it myself or not; for I

would have you know, friend, that we squires to knights-errant have to

bear a great deal of hunger and hard fortune, and even other things

more easily felt than told.”

Andres seized his bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody gave him

anything more, bent his head, and took hold of the road, as the saying

is. However, before leaving he said, “For the love of God, sir

knight-errant, if you ever meet me again, though you may see them

cutting me to pieces, give me no aid or succour, but leave me to my

misfortune, which will not be so great but that a greater will come to

me by being helped by your worship, on whom and all the knights-errant

that have ever been born God send his curse.”

Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him, but he took to his heels at

such a pace that no one attempted to follow him; and mightily

chapfallen was Don Quixote at Andres’ story, and the others had to take

great care to restrain their laughter so as not to put him entirely out

of countenance.

c31e.jpg (32K)

CHAPTER XXXII.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE’S PARTY AT THE INN

c32a.jpg (132K)

Full Size

Their dainty repast being finished, they saddled at once, and without

any adventure worth mentioning they reached next day the inn, the

object of Sancho Panza’s fear and dread; but though he would have

rather not entered it, there was no help for it. The landlady, the

landlord, their daughter, and Maritornes, when they saw Don Quixote and

Sancho coming, went out to welcome them with signs of hearty

satisfaction, which Don Quixote received with dignity and gravity, and

bade them make up a better bed for him than the last time: to which the

landlady replied that if he paid better than he did the last time she

would give him one fit for a prince. Don Quixote said he would, so they

made up a tolerable one for him in the same garret as before; and he

lay down at once, being sorely shaken and in want of sleep.

No sooner was the door shut upon him than the landlady made at the

barber, and seizing him by the beard, said:

“By my faith you are not going to make a beard of my tail any longer;

you must give me back my tail, for it is a shame the way that thing of

my husband’s goes tossing about on the floor; I mean the comb that I

used to stick in my good tail.”

But for all she tugged at it the barber would not give it up until the

licentiate told him to let her have it, as there was now no further

occasion for that stratagem, because he might declare himself and

appear in his own character, and tell Don Quixote that he had fled to

this inn when those thieves the galley slaves robbed him; and should he

ask for the princess’s squire, they could tell him that she had sent

him on before her to give notice to the people of her kingdom that she

was coming, and bringing with her the deliverer of them all. On this

the barber cheerfully restored the tail to the landlady, and at the

same time they returned all the accessories they had borrowed to effect

Don Quixote’s deliverance. All the people of the inn were struck with

astonishment at the beauty of Dorothea, and even at the comely figure

of the shepherd Cardenio. The curate made them get ready such fare as

there was in the inn, and the landlord, in hope of better payment,

served them up a tolerably good dinner. All this time Don Quixote was

asleep, and they thought it best not to waken him, as sleeping would

now do him more good than eating.

While at dinner, the company consisting of the landlord, his wife,

their daughter, Maritornes, and all the travellers, they discussed the

strange craze of Don Quixote and the manner in which he had been found;

and the landlady told them what had taken place between him and the

carrier; and then, looking round to see if Sancho was there, when she

saw he was not, she gave them the whole story of his blanketing, which

they received with no little amusement. But on the curate observing

that it was the books of chivalry which Don Quixote had read that had

turned his brain, the landlord said:

“I cannot understand how that can be, for in truth to my mind there is

no better reading in the world, and I have here two or three of them,

with other writings that are the very life, not only of myself but of

plenty more; for when it is harvest-time, the reapers flock here on

holidays, and there is always one among them who can read and who takes

up one of these books, and we gather round him, thirty or more of us,

and stay listening to him with a delight that makes our grey hairs grow

young again. At least I can say for myself that when I hear of what

furious and terrible blows the knights deliver, I am seized with the

longing to do the same, and I would like to be hearing about them night

and day.”

“And I just as much,” said the landlady, “because I never have a quiet

moment in my house except when you are listening to someone reading;

for then you are so taken up that for the time being you forget to

scold.”

“That is true,” said Maritornes; “and, faith, I relish hearing these

things greatly too, for they are very pretty; especially when they

describe some lady or another in the arms of her knight under the

orange trees, and the duenna who is keeping watch for them half dead

with envy and fright; all this I say is as good as honey.”

“And you, what do you think, young lady?” said the curate turning to

the landlord’s daughter.

“I don’t know indeed, señor,” said she; “I listen too, and to tell the

truth, though I do not understand it, I like hearing it; but it is not

the blows that my father likes that I like, but the laments the knights

utter when they are separated from their ladies; and indeed they

sometimes make me weep with the pity I feel for them.”

“Then you would console them if it was for you they wept, young lady?”

said Dorothea.

“I don’t know what I should do,” said the girl; “I only know that there

are some of those ladies so cruel that they call their knights tigers

and lions and a thousand other foul names: and Jesus! I don’t know what

sort of folk they can be, so unfeeling and heartless, that rather than

bestow a glance upon a worthy man they leave him to die or go mad. I

don’t know what is the good of such prudery; if it is for honour’s

sake, why not marry them? That’s all they want.”

“Hush, child,” said the landlady; “it seems to me thou knowest a great

deal about these things, and it is not fit for girls to know or talk so

much.”

“As the gentleman asked me, I could not help answering him,” said the

girl.

“Well then,” said the curate, “bring me these books, señor landlord,

for I should like to see them.”

“With all my heart,” said he, and going into his own room he brought

out an old valise secured with a little chain, on opening which the

curate found in it three large books and some manuscripts written in a

very good hand. The first that he opened he found to be “Don Cirongilio

of Thrace,” and the second “Don Felixmarte of Hircania,” and the other

the “History of the Great Captain Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordova, with

the Life of Diego García de Paredes.”

When the curate read the two first titles he looked over at the barber

and said, “We want my friend’s housekeeper and niece here now.”

“Nay,” said the barber, “I can do just as well to carry them to the

yard or to the hearth, and there is a very good fire there.”

“What! your worship would burn my books!” said the landlord.

“Only these two,” said the curate, “Don Cirongilio, and Felixmarte.”

“Are my books, then, heretics or phlegmatics that you want to burn

them?” said the landlord.

“Schismatics you mean, friend,” said the barber, “not phlegmatics.”

“That’s it,” said the landlord; “but if you want to burn any, let it be

that about the Great Captain and that Diego García; for I would rather

have a child of mine burnt than either of the others.”

“Brother,” said the curate, “those two books are made up of lies, and

are full of folly and nonsense; but this of the Great Captain is a true

history, and contains the deeds of Gonzalo Hernandez of Cordova, who by

his many and great achievements earned the title all over the world of

the Great Captain, a famous and illustrious name, and deserved by him

alone; and this Diego García de Paredes was a distinguished knight of

the city of Trujillo in Estremadura, a most gallant soldier, and of

such bodily strength that with one finger he stopped a mill-wheel in

full motion; and posted with a two-handed sword at the foot of a bridge

he kept the whole of an immense army from passing over it, and achieved

such other exploits that if, instead of his relating them himself with

the modesty of a knight and of one writing his own history, some free

and unbiased writer had recorded them, they would have thrown into the

shade all the deeds of the Hectors, Achilleses, and Rolands.”

c32b.jpg (395K)

Full Size

“Tell that to my father,” said the landlord. “There’s a thing to be

astonished at! Stopping a mill-wheel! By God your worship should read

what I have read of Felixmarte of Hircania, how with one single

backstroke he cleft five giants asunder through the middle as if they

had been made of bean-pods like the little friars the children make;

and another time he attacked a very great and powerful army, in which

there were more than a million six hundred thousand soldiers, all armed

from head to foot, and he routed them all as if they had been flocks of

sheep.”

c32c.jpg (341K)

Full Size

“And then, what do you say to the good Cirongilio of Thrace, that was

so stout and bold; as may be seen in the book, where it is related that

as he was sailing along a river there came up out of the midst of the

water against him a fiery serpent, and he, as soon as he saw it, flung

himself upon it and got astride of its scaly shoulders, and squeezed

its throat with both hands with such force that the serpent, finding he

was throttling it, had nothing for it but to let itself sink to the

bottom of the river, carrying with it the knight who would not let go

his hold; and when they got down there he found himself among palaces

and gardens so pretty that it was a wonder to see; and then the serpent

changed itself into an old ancient man, who told him such things as

were never heard. Hold your peace, señor; for if you were to hear this

you would go mad with delight. A couple of figs for your Great Captain

and your Diego García!”

Hearing this Dorothea said in a whisper to Cardenio, “Our landlord is

almost fit to play a second part to Don Quixote.”

“I think so,” said Cardenio, “for, as he shows, he accepts it as a

certainty that everything those books relate took place exactly as it

is written down; and the barefooted friars themselves would not

persuade him to the contrary.”

“But consider, brother,” said the curate once more, “there never was

any Felixmarte of Hircania in the world, nor any Cirongilio of Thrace,

or any of the other knights of the same sort, that the books of

chivalry talk of; the whole thing is the fabrication and invention of

idle wits, devised by them for the purpose you describe of beguiling

the time, as your reapers do when they read; for I swear to you in all

seriousness there never were any such knights in the world, and no such

exploits or nonsense ever happened anywhere.”

“Try that bone on another dog,” said the landlord; “as if I did not

know how many make five, and where my shoe pinches me; don’t think to

feed me with pap, for by God I am no fool. It is a good joke for your

worship to try and persuade me that everything these good books say is

nonsense and lies, and they printed by the license of the Lords of the

Royal Council, as if they were people who would allow such a lot of

lies to be printed all together, and so many battles and enchantments

that they take away one’s senses.”

“I have told you, friend,” said the curate, “that this is done to

divert our idle thoughts; and as in well-ordered states games of chess,

fives, and billiards are allowed for the diversion of those who do not

care, or are not obliged, or are unable to work, so books of this kind

are allowed to be printed, on the supposition that, what indeed is the

truth, there can be nobody so ignorant as to take any of them for true

stories; and if it were permitted me now, and the present company

desired it, I could say something about the qualities books of chivalry

should possess to be good ones, that would be to the advantage and even

to the taste of some; but I hope the time will come when I can

communicate my ideas to someone who may be able to mend matters; and in

the meantime, señor landlord, believe what I have said, and take your

books, and make up your mind about their truth or falsehood, and much

good may they do you; and God grant you may not fall lame of the same

foot your guest Don Quixote halts on.”

“No fear of that,” returned the landlord; “I shall not be so mad as to

make a knight-errant of myself; for I see well enough that things are

not now as they used to be in those days, when they say those famous

knights roamed about the world.”

Sancho had made his appearance in the middle of this conversation, and

he was very much troubled and cast down by what he heard said about

knights-errant being now no longer in vogue, and all books of chivalry

being folly and lies; and he resolved in his heart to wait and see what

came of this journey of his master’s, and if it did not turn out as

happily as his master expected, he determined to leave him and go back

to his wife and children and his ordinary labour.

The landlord was carrying away the valise and the books, but the curate

said to him, “Wait; I want to see what those papers are that are

written in such a good hand.” The landlord taking them out handed them

to him to read, and he perceived they were a work of about eight sheets

of manuscript, with, in large letters at the beginning, the title of

“Novel of the Ill-advised Curiosity.” The curate read three or four

lines to himself, and said, “I must say the title of this novel does

not seem to me a bad one, and I feel an inclination to read it all.” To

which the landlord replied, “Then your reverence will do well to read

it, for I can tell you that some guests who have read it here have been

much pleased with it, and have begged it of me very earnestly; but I

would not give it, meaning to return it to the person who forgot the

valise, books, and papers here, for maybe he will return here some time

or other; and though I know I shall miss the books, faith I mean to

return them; for though I am an innkeeper, still I am a Christian.”

“You are very right, friend,” said the curate; “but for all that, if

the novel pleases me you must let me copy it.”

“With all my heart,” replied the host.

While they were talking Cardenio had taken up the novel and begun to

read it, and forming the same opinion of it as the curate, he begged

him to read it so that they might all hear it.

“I would read it,” said the curate, “if the time would not be better

spent in sleeping.”

“It will be rest enough for me,” said Dorothea, “to while away the time

by listening to some tale, for my spirits are not yet tranquil enough

to let me sleep when it would be seasonable.”

“Well then, in that case,” said the curate, “I will read it, if it were

only out of curiosity; perhaps it may contain something pleasant.”

Master Nicholas added his entreaties to the same effect, and Sancho

too; seeing which, and considering that he would give pleasure to all,

and receive it himself, the curate said, “Well then, attend to me

everyone, for the novel begins thus.”

c32e.jpg (11K)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE NOVEL OF “THE ILL-ADVISED CURIOSITY”

In Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy in the province called

Tuscany, there lived two gentlemen of wealth and quality, Anselmo and

Lothario, such great friends that by way of distinction they were

called by all that knew them “The Two Friends.” They were unmarried,

young, of the same age and of the same tastes, which was enough to

account for the reciprocal friendship between them. Anselmo, it is

true, was somewhat more inclined to seek pleasure in love than

Lothario, for whom the pleasures of the chase had more attraction; but

on occasion Anselmo would forego his own tastes to yield to those of

Lothario, and Lothario would surrender his to fall in with those of

Anselmo, and in this way their inclinations kept pace one with the

other with a concord so perfect that the best regulated clock could not

surpass it.

Anselmo was deep in love with a high-born and beautiful maiden of the

same city, the daughter of parents so estimable, and so estimable

herself, that he resolved, with the approval of his friend Lothario,

without whom he did nothing, to ask her of them in marriage, and did

so, Lothario being the bearer of the demand, and conducting the

negotiation so much to the satisfaction of his friend that in a short

time he was in possession of the object of his desires, and Camilla so

happy in having won Anselmo for her husband, that she gave thanks

unceasingly to heaven and to Lothario, by whose means such good fortune

had fallen to her. The first few days, those of a wedding being usually

days of merry-making, Lothario frequented his friend Anselmo’s house as

he had been wont, striving to do honour to him and to the occasion, and

to gratify him in every way he could; but when the wedding days were

over and the succession of visits and congratulations had slackened, he

began purposely to leave off going to the house of Anselmo, for it

seemed to him, as it naturally would to all men of sense, that friends’

houses ought not to be visited after marriage with the same frequency

as in their masters’ bachelor days: because, though true and genuine

friendship cannot and should not be in any way suspicious, still a

married man’s honour is a thing of such delicacy that it is held liable

to injury from brothers, much more from friends. Anselmo remarked the

cessation of Lothario’s visits, and complained of it to him, saying

that if he had known that marriage was to keep him from enjoying his

society as he used, he would have never married; and that, if by the

thorough harmony that subsisted between them while he was a bachelor

they had earned such a sweet name as that of “The Two Friends,” he

should not allow a title so rare and so delightful to be lost through a

needless anxiety to act circumspectly; and so he entreated him, if such

a phrase was allowable between them, to be once more master of his

house and to come in and go out as formerly, assuring him that his wife

Camilla had no other desire or inclination than that which he would

wish her to have, and that knowing how sincerely they loved one another

she was grieved to see such coldness in him.

To all this and much more that Anselmo said to Lothario to persuade him

to come to his house as he had been in the habit of doing, Lothario

replied with so much prudence, sense, and judgment, that Anselmo was

satisfied of his friend’s good intentions, and it was agreed that on

two days in the week, and on holidays, Lothario should come to dine

with him; but though this arrangement was made between them Lothario

resolved to observe it no further than he considered to be in

accordance with the honour of his friend, whose good name was more to

him than his own. He said, and justly, that a married man upon whom

heaven had bestowed a beautiful wife should consider as carefully what

friends he brought to his house as what female friends his wife

associated with, for what cannot be done or arranged in the

market-place, in church, at public festivals or at stations

(opportunities that husbands cannot always deny their wives), may be

easily managed in the house of the female friend or relative in whom

most confidence is reposed. Lothario said, too, that every married man

should have some friend who would point out to him any negligence he

might be guilty of in his conduct, for it will sometimes happen that

owing to the deep affection the husband bears his wife either he does

not caution her, or, not to vex her, refrains from telling her to do or

not to do certain things, doing or avoiding which may be a matter of

honour or reproach to him; and errors of this kind he could easily

correct if warned by a friend. But where is such a friend to be found

as Lothario would have, so judicious, so loyal, and so true?

Of a truth I know not; Lothario alone was such a one, for with the

utmost care and vigilance he watched over the honour of his friend, and

strove to diminish, cut down, and reduce the number of days for going

to his house according to their agreement, lest the visits of a young

man, wealthy, high-born, and with the attractions he was conscious of

possessing, at the house of a woman so beautiful as Camilla, should be

regarded with suspicion by the inquisitive and malicious eyes of the

idle public. For though his integrity and reputation might bridle

slanderous tongues, still he was unwilling to hazard either his own

good name or that of his friend; and for this reason most of the days

agreed upon he devoted to some other business which he pretended was

unavoidable; so that a great portion of the day was taken up with

complaints on one side and excuses on the other. It happened, however,

that on one occasion when the two were strolling together outside the

city, Anselmo addressed the following words to Lothario.

“Thou mayest suppose, Lothario my friend, that I am unable to give

sufficient thanks for the favours God has rendered me in making me the

son of such parents as mine were, and bestowing upon me with no niggard

hand what are called the gifts of nature as well as those of fortune,

and above all for what he has done in giving me thee for a friend and

Camilla for a wife—two treasures that I value, if not as highly as I

ought, at least as highly as I am able. And yet, with all these good

things, which are commonly all that men need to enable them to live

happily, I am the most discontented and dissatisfied man in the whole

world; for, I know not how long since, I have been harassed and

oppressed by a desire so strange and so unusual, that I wonder at

myself and blame and chide myself when I am alone, and strive to stifle

it and hide it from my own thoughts, and with no better success than if

I were endeavouring deliberately to publish it to all the world; and

as, in short, it must come out, I would confide it to thy safe keeping,

feeling sure that by this means, and by thy readiness as a true friend

to afford me relief, I shall soon find myself freed from the distress

it causes me, and that thy care will give me happiness in the same

degree as my own folly has caused me misery.”

The words of Anselmo struck Lothario with astonishment, unable as he

was to conjecture the purport of such a lengthy preamble; and though he

strove to imagine what desire it could be that so troubled his friend,

his conjectures were all far from the truth, and to relieve the anxiety

which this perplexity was causing him, he told him he was doing a

flagrant injustice to their great friendship in seeking circuitous

methods of confiding to him his most hidden thoughts, for he well knew

he might reckon upon his counsel in diverting them, or his help in

carrying them into effect.

“That is the truth,” replied Anselmo, “and relying upon that I will

tell thee, friend Lothario, that the desire which harasses me is that

of knowing whether my wife Camilla is as good and as perfect as I think

her to be; and I cannot satisfy myself of the truth on this point

except by testing her in such a way that the trial may prove the purity

of her virtue as the fire proves that of gold; because I am persuaded,

my friend, that a woman is virtuous only in proportion as she is or is

not tempted; and that she alone is strong who does not yield to the

promises, gifts, tears, and importunities of earnest lovers; for what

thanks does a woman deserve for being good if no one urges her to be

bad, and what wonder is it that she is reserved and circumspect to whom

no opportunity is given of going wrong and who knows she has a husband

that will take her life the first time he detects her in an

impropriety? I do not therefore hold her who is virtuous through fear

or want of opportunity in the same estimation as her who comes out of

temptation and trial with a crown of victory; and so, for these reasons

and many others that I could give thee to justify and support the

opinion I hold, I am desirous that my wife Camilla should pass this

crisis, and be refined and tested by the fire of finding herself wooed

and by one worthy to set his affections upon her; and if she comes out,

as I know she will, victorious from this struggle, I shall look upon my

good fortune as unequalled, I shall be able to say that the cup of my

desire is full, and that the virtuous woman of whom the sage says ‘Who

shall find her?’ has fallen to my lot. And if the result be the

contrary of what I expect, in the satisfaction of knowing that I have

been right in my opinion, I shall bear without complaint the pain which

my so dearly bought experience will naturally cause me. And, as nothing

of all thou wilt urge in opposition to my wish will avail to keep me

from carrying it into effect, it is my desire, friend Lothario, that

thou shouldst consent to become the instrument for effecting this

purpose that I am bent upon, for I will afford thee opportunities to

that end, and nothing shall be wanting that I may think necessary for

the pursuit of a virtuous, honourable, modest and high-minded woman.

And among other reasons, I am induced to entrust this arduous task to

thee by the consideration that if Camilla be conquered by thee the

conquest will not be pushed to extremes, but only far enough to account

that accomplished which from a sense of honour will be left undone;

thus I shall not be wronged in anything more than intention, and my

wrong will remain buried in the integrity of thy silence, which I know

well will be as lasting as that of death in what concerns me. If,

therefore, thou wouldst have me enjoy what can be called life, thou

wilt at once engage in this love struggle, not lukewarmly nor

slothfully, but with the energy and zeal that my desire demands, and

with the loyalty our friendship assures me of.”

Such were the words Anselmo addressed to Lothario, who listened to them

with such attention that, except to say what has been already

mentioned, he did not open his lips until the other had finished. Then

perceiving that he had no more to say, after regarding him for a while,

as one would regard something never before seen that excited wonder and

amazement, he said to him, “I cannot persuade myself, Anselmo my

friend, that what thou hast said to me is not in jest; if I thought

that thou wert speaking seriously I would not have allowed thee to go

so far; so as to put a stop to thy long harangue by not listening to

thee I verily suspect that either thou dost not know me, or I do not

know thee; but no, I know well thou art Anselmo, and thou knowest that

I am Lothario; the misfortune is, it seems to me, that thou art not the

Anselmo thou wert, and must have thought that I am not the Lothario I

should be; for the things that thou hast said to me are not those of

that Anselmo who was my friend, nor are those that thou demandest of me

what should be asked of the Lothario thou knowest. True friends will

prove their friends and make use of them, as a poet has said, \_usque ad

aras;\_ whereby he meant that they will not make use of their friendship

in things that are contrary to God’s will. If this, then, was a

heathen’s feeling about friendship, how much more should it be a

Christian’s, who knows that the divine must not be forfeited for the

sake of any human friendship? And if a friend should go so far as to

put aside his duty to Heaven to fulfil his duty to his friend, it

should not be in matters that are trifling or of little moment, but in

such as affect the friend’s life and honour. Now tell me, Anselmo, in

which of these two art thou imperilled, that I should hazard myself to

gratify thee, and do a thing so detestable as that thou seekest of me?

Neither forsooth; on the contrary, thou dost ask of me, so far as I

understand, to strive and labour to rob thee of honour and life, and to

rob myself of them at the same time; for if I take away thy honour it

is plain I take away thy life, as a man without honour is worse than

dead; and being the instrument, as thou wilt have it so, of so much

wrong to thee, shall not I, too, be left without honour, and

consequently without life? Listen to me, Anselmo my friend, and be not

impatient to answer me until I have said what occurs to me touching the

object of thy desire, for there will be time enough left for thee to

reply and for me to hear.”

“Be it so,” said Anselmo, “say what thou wilt.”

Lothario then went on to say, “It seems to me, Anselmo, that thine is

just now the temper of mind which is always that of the Moors, who can

never be brought to see the error of their creed by quotations from the

Holy Scriptures, or by reasons which depend upon the examination of the

understanding or are founded upon the articles of faith, but must have

examples that are palpable, easy, intelligible, capable of proof, not

admitting of doubt, with mathematical demonstrations that cannot be

denied, like, ‘\_If equals be taken from equals, the remainders are

equal:\_’ and if they do not understand this in words, and indeed they

do not, it has to be shown to them with the hands, and put before their

eyes, and even with all this no one succeeds in convincing them of the

truth of our holy religion. This same mode of proceeding I shall have

to adopt with thee, for the desire which has sprung up in thee is so

absurd and remote from everything that has a semblance of reason, that

I feel it would be a waste of time to employ it in reasoning with thy

simplicity, for at present I will call it by no other name; and I am

even tempted to leave thee in thy folly as a punishment for thy

pernicious desire; but the friendship I bear thee, which will not allow

me to desert thee in such manifest danger of destruction, keeps me from

dealing so harshly by thee. And that thou mayest clearly see this, say,

Anselmo, hast thou not told me that I must force my suit upon a modest

woman, decoy one that is virtuous, make overtures to one that is

pure-minded, pay court to one that is prudent? Yes, thou hast told me

so. Then, if thou knowest that thou hast a wife, modest, virtuous,

pure-minded and prudent, what is it that thou seekest? And if thou

believest that she will come forth victorious from all my attacks—as

doubtless she would—what higher titles than those she possesses now

dost thou think thou canst bestow upon her then, or in what will she be

better then than she is now? Either thou dost not hold her to be what

thou sayest, or thou knowest not what thou dost demand. If thou dost

not hold her to be what thou sayest, why dost thou seek to prove her

instead of treating her as guilty in the way that may seem best to

thee? but if she be as virtuous as thou believest, it is an

uncalled-for proceeding to make trial of truth itself, for, after

trial, it will but be in the same estimation as before. Thus, then, it

is conclusive that to attempt things from which harm rather than

advantage may come to us is the part of unreasoning and reckless minds,

more especially when they are things which we are not forced or

compelled to attempt, and which show from afar that it is plainly

madness to attempt them.

“Difficulties are attempted either for the sake of God or for the sake

of the world, or for both; those undertaken for God’s sake are those

which the saints undertake when they attempt to live the lives of

angels in human bodies; those undertaken for the sake of the world are

those of the men who traverse such a vast expanse of water, such a

variety of climates, so many strange countries, to acquire what are

called the blessings of fortune; and those undertaken for the sake of

God and the world together are those of brave soldiers, who no sooner

do they see in the enemy’s wall a breach as wide as a cannon ball could

make, than, casting aside all fear, without hesitating, or heeding the

manifest peril that threatens them, borne onward by the desire of

defending their faith, their country, and their king, they fling

themselves dauntlessly into the midst of the thousand opposing deaths

that await them. Such are the things that men are wont to attempt, and

there is honour, glory, gain, in attempting them, however full of

difficulty and peril they may be; but that which thou sayest it is thy

wish to attempt and carry out will not win thee the glory of God nor

the blessings of fortune nor fame among men; for even if the issue be

as thou wouldst have it, thou wilt be no happier, richer, or more

honoured than thou art this moment; and if it be otherwise thou wilt be

reduced to misery greater than can be imagined, for then it will avail

thee nothing to reflect that no one is aware of the misfortune that has

befallen thee; it will suffice to torture and crush thee that thou

knowest it thyself. And in confirmation of the truth of what I say, let

me repeat to thee a stanza made by the famous poet Luigi Tansillo at

the end of the first part of his ‘Tears of Saint Peter,’ which says

thus:

The anguish and the shame but greater grew

In Peter’s heart as morning slowly came;

No eye was there to see him, well he knew,

Yet he himself was to himself a shame;

Exposed to all men’s gaze, or screened from view,

A noble heart will feel the pang the same;

A prey to shame the sinning soul will be,

Though none but heaven and earth its shame can see.

Thus by keeping it secret thou wilt not escape thy sorrow, but rather

thou wilt shed tears unceasingly, if not tears of the eyes, tears of

blood from the heart, like those shed by that simple doctor our poet

tells us of, that tried the test of the cup, which the wise Rinaldo,

better advised, refused to do; for though this may be a poetic fiction

it contains a moral lesson worthy of attention and study and imitation.

Moreover by what I am about to say to thee thou wilt be led to see the

great error thou wouldst commit.

“Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven or good fortune had made thee master and

lawful owner of a diamond of the finest quality, with the excellence

and purity of which all the lapidaries that had seen it had been

satisfied, saying with one voice and common consent that in purity,

quality, and fineness, it was all that a stone of the kind could

possibly be, thou thyself too being of the same belief, as knowing

nothing to the contrary, would it be reasonable in thee to desire to

take that diamond and place it between an anvil and a hammer, and by

mere force of blows and strength of arm try if it were as hard and as

fine as they said? And if thou didst, and if the stone should resist so

silly a test, that would add nothing to its value or reputation; and if

it were broken, as it might be, would not all be lost? Undoubtedly it

would, leaving its owner to be rated as a fool in the opinion of all.

Consider, then, Anselmo my friend, that Camilla is a diamond of the

finest quality as well in thy estimation as in that of others, and that

it is contrary to reason to expose her to the risk of being broken; for

if she remains intact she cannot rise to a higher value than she now

possesses; and if she give way and be unable to resist, bethink thee

now how thou wilt be deprived of her, and with what good reason thou

wilt complain of thyself for having been the cause of her ruin and

thine own. Remember there is no jewel in the world so precious as a

chaste and virtuous woman, and that the whole honour of women consists

in reputation; and since thy wife’s is of that high excellence that

thou knowest, wherefore shouldst thou seek to call that truth in

question? Remember, my friend, that woman is an imperfect animal, and

that impediments are not to be placed in her way to make her trip and

fall, but that they should be removed, and her path left clear of all

obstacles, so that without hindrance she may run her course freely to

attain the desired perfection, which consists in being virtuous.

Naturalists tell us that the ermine is a little animal which has a fur

of purest white, and that when the hunters wish to take it, they make

use of this artifice. Having ascertained the places which it frequents

and passes, they stop the way to them with mud, and then rousing it,

drive it towards the spot, and as soon as the ermine comes to the mud

it halts, and allows itself to be taken captive rather than pass

through the mire, and spoil and sully its whiteness, which it values

more than life and liberty. The virtuous and chaste woman is an ermine,

and whiter and purer than snow is the virtue of modesty; and he who

wishes her not to lose it, but to keep and preserve it, must adopt a

course different from that employed with the ermine; he must not put

before her the mire of the gifts and attentions of persevering lovers,

because perhaps—and even without a perhaps—she may not have sufficient

virtue and natural strength in herself to pass through and tread under

foot these impediments; they must be removed, and the brightness of

virtue and the beauty of a fair fame must be put before her. A virtuous

woman, too, is like a mirror, of clear shining crystal, liable to be

tarnished and dimmed by every breath that touches it. She must be

treated as relics are; adored, not touched. She must be protected and

prized as one protects and prizes a fair garden full of roses and

flowers, the owner of which allows no one to trespass or pluck a

blossom; enough for others that from afar and through the iron grating

they may enjoy its fragrance and its beauty. Finally let me repeat to

thee some verses that come to my mind; I heard them in a modern comedy,

and it seems to me they bear upon the point we are discussing. A

prudent old man was giving advice to another, the father of a young

girl, to lock her up, watch over her and keep her in seclusion, and

among other arguments he used these:

Woman is a thing of glass;

But her brittleness ’tis best

Not too curiously to test:

Who knows what may come to pass?

Breaking is an easy matter,

And it’s folly to expose

What you cannot mend to blows;

What you can’t make whole to shatter.

This, then, all may hold as true,

And the reason’s plain to see;

For if Danaës there be,

There are golden showers too.

“All that I have said to thee so far, Anselmo, has had reference to

what concerns thee; now it is right that I should say something of what

regards myself; and if I be prolix, pardon me, for the labyrinth into

which thou hast entered and from which thou wouldst have me extricate

thee makes it necessary.

“Thou dost reckon me thy friend, and thou wouldst rob me of honour, a

thing wholly inconsistent with friendship; and not only dost thou aim

at this, but thou wouldst have me rob thee of it also. That thou

wouldst rob me of it is clear, for when Camilla sees that I pay court

to her as thou requirest, she will certainly regard me as a man without

honour or right feeling, since I attempt and do a thing so much opposed

to what I owe to my own position and thy friendship. That thou wouldst

have me rob thee of it is beyond a doubt, for Camilla, seeing that I

press my suit upon her, will suppose that I have perceived in her

something light that has encouraged me to make known to her my base

desire; and if she holds herself dishonoured, her dishonour touches

thee as belonging to her; and hence arises what so commonly takes

place, that the husband of the adulterous woman, though he may not be

aware of or have given any cause for his wife’s failure in her duty, or

(being careless or negligent) have had it in his power to prevent his

dishonour, nevertheless is stigmatised by a vile and reproachful name,

and in a manner regarded with eyes of contempt instead of pity by all

who know of his wife’s guilt, though they see that he is unfortunate

not by his own fault, but by the lust of a vicious consort. But I will

tell thee why with good reason dishonour attaches to the husband of the

unchaste wife, though he know not that she is so, nor be to blame, nor

have done anything, or given any provocation to make her so; and be not

weary with listening to me, for it will be for thy good.

“When God created our first parent in the earthly paradise, the Holy

Scripture says that he infused sleep into Adam and while he slept took

a rib from his left side of which he formed our mother Eve, and when

Adam awoke and beheld her he said, ‘This is flesh of my flesh, and bone

of my bone.’ And God said ‘For this shall a man leave his father and

his mother, and they shall be two in one flesh; and then was instituted

the divine sacrament of marriage, with such ties that death alone can

loose them. And such is the force and virtue of this miraculous

sacrament that it makes two different persons one and the same flesh;

and even more than this when the virtuous are married; for though they

have two souls they have but one will. And hence it follows that as the

flesh of the wife is one and the same with that of her husband the

stains that may come upon it, or the injuries it incurs fall upon the

husband’s flesh, though he, as has been said, may have given no cause

for them; for as the pain of the foot or any member of the body is felt

by the whole body, because all is one flesh, as the head feels the hurt

to the ankle without having caused it, so the husband, being one with

her, shares the dishonour of the wife; and as all worldly honour or

dishonour comes of flesh and blood, and the erring wife’s is of that

kind, the husband must needs bear his part of it and be held

dishonoured without knowing it. See, then, Anselmo, the peril thou art

encountering in seeking to disturb the peace of thy virtuous consort;

see for what an empty and ill-advised curiosity thou wouldst rouse up

passions that now repose in quiet in the breast of thy chaste wife;

reflect that what thou art staking all to win is little, and what thou

wilt lose so much that I leave it undescribed, not having the words to

express it. But if all I have said be not enough to turn thee from thy

vile purpose, thou must seek some other instrument for thy dishonour

and misfortune; for such I will not consent to be, though I lose thy

friendship, the greatest loss that I can conceive.”

Having said this, the wise and virtuous Lothario was silent, and

Anselmo, troubled in mind and deep in thought, was unable for a while

to utter a word in reply; but at length he said, “I have listened,

Lothario my friend, attentively, as thou hast seen, to what thou hast

chosen to say to me, and in thy arguments, examples, and comparisons I

have seen that high intelligence thou dost possess, and the perfection

of true friendship thou hast reached; and likewise I see and confess

that if I am not guided by thy opinion, but follow my own, I am flying

from the good and pursuing the evil. This being so, thou must remember

that I am now labouring under that infirmity which women sometimes

suffer from, when the craving seizes them to eat clay, plaster,

charcoal, and things even worse, disgusting to look at, much more to

eat; so that it will be necessary to have recourse to some artifice to

cure me; and this can be easily effected if only thou wilt make a

beginning, even though it be in a lukewarm and make-believe fashion, to

pay court to Camilla, who will not be so yielding that her virtue will

give way at the first attack: with this mere attempt I shall rest

satisfied, and thou wilt have done what our friendship binds thee to

do, not only in giving me life, but in persuading me not to discard my

honour. And this thou art bound to do for one reason alone, that,

being, as I am, resolved to apply this test, it is not for thee to

permit me to reveal my weakness to another, and so imperil that honour

thou art striving to keep me from losing; and if thine may not stand as

high as it ought in the estimation of Camilla while thou art paying

court to her, that is of little or no importance, because ere long, on

finding in her that constancy which we expect, thou canst tell her the

plain truth as regards our stratagem, and so regain thy place in her

esteem; and as thou art venturing so little, and by the venture canst

afford me so much satisfaction, refuse not to undertake it, even if

further difficulties present themselves to thee; for, as I have said,

if thou wilt only make a beginning I will acknowledge the issue

decided.”

Lothario seeing the fixed determination of Anselmo, and not knowing

what further examples to offer or arguments to urge in order to

dissuade him from it, and perceiving that he threatened to confide his

pernicious scheme to someone else, to avoid a greater evil resolved to

gratify him and do what he asked, intending to manage the business so

as to satisfy Anselmo without corrupting the mind of Camilla; so in

reply he told him not to communicate his purpose to any other, for he

would undertake the task himself, and would begin it as soon as he

pleased. Anselmo embraced him warmly and affectionately, and thanked

him for his offer as if he had bestowed some great favour upon him; and

it was agreed between them to set about it the next day, Anselmo

affording opportunity and time to Lothario to converse alone with

Camilla, and furnishing him with money and jewels to offer and present

to her. He suggested, too, that he should treat her to music, and write

verses in her praise, and if he was unwilling to take the trouble of

composing them, he offered to do it himself. Lothario agreed to all

with an intention very different from what Anselmo supposed, and with

this understanding they returned to Anselmo’s house, where they found

Camilla awaiting her husband anxiously and uneasily, for he was later

than usual in returning that day. Lothario repaired to his own house,

and Anselmo remained in his, as well satisfied as Lothario was troubled

in mind; for he could see no satisfactory way out of this ill-advised

business. That night, however, he thought of a plan by which he might

deceive Anselmo without any injury to Camilla. The next day he went to

dine with his friend, and was welcomed by Camilla, who received and

treated him with great cordiality, knowing the affection her husband

felt for him. When dinner was over and the cloth removed, Anselmo told

Lothario to stay there with Camilla while he attended to some pressing

business, as he would return in an hour and a half. Camilla begged him

not to go, and Lothario offered to accompany him, but nothing could

persuade Anselmo, who on the contrary pressed Lothario to remain

waiting for him as he had a matter of great importance to discuss with

him. At the same time he bade Camilla not to leave Lothario alone until

he came back. In short he contrived to put so good a face on the

reason, or the folly, of his absence that no one could have suspected

it was a pretence.

Anselmo took his departure, and Camilla and Lothario were left alone at

the table, for the rest of the household had gone to dinner. Lothario

saw himself in the lists according to his friend’s wish, and facing an

enemy that could by her beauty alone vanquish a squadron of armed

knights; judge whether he had good reason to fear; but what he did was

to lean his elbow on the arm of the chair, and his cheek upon his hand,

and, asking Camilla’s pardon for his ill manners, he said he wished to

take a little sleep until Anselmo returned. Camilla in reply said he

could repose more at his ease in the reception-room than in his chair,

and begged of him to go in and sleep there; but Lothario declined, and

there he remained asleep until the return of Anselmo, who finding

Camilla in her own room, and Lothario asleep, imagined that he had

stayed away so long as to have afforded them time enough for

conversation and even for sleep, and was all impatience until Lothario

should wake up, that he might go out with him and question him as to

his success. Everything fell out as he wished; Lothario awoke, and the

two at once left the house, and Anselmo asked what he was anxious to

know, and Lothario in answer told him that he had not thought it

advisable to declare himself entirely the first time, and therefore had

only extolled the charms of Camilla, telling her that all the city

spoke of nothing else but her beauty and wit, for this seemed to him an

excellent way of beginning to gain her good-will and render her

disposed to listen to him with pleasure the next time, thus availing

himself of the device the devil has recourse to when he would deceive

one who is on the watch; for he being the angel of darkness transforms

himself into an angel of light, and, under cover of a fair seeming,

discloses himself at length, and effects his purpose if at the

beginning his wiles are not discovered. All this gave great

satisfaction to Anselmo, and he said he would afford the same

opportunity every day, but without leaving the house, for he would find

things to do at home so that Camilla should not detect the plot.

Thus, then, several days went by, and Lothario, without uttering a word

to Camilla, reported to Anselmo that he had talked with her and that he

had never been able to draw from her the slightest indication of

consent to anything dishonourable, nor even a sign or shadow of hope;

on the contrary, he said she would inform her husband of it.

“So far well,” said Anselmo; “Camilla has thus far resisted words; we

must now see how she will resist deeds. I will give you to-morrow two

thousand crowns in gold for you to offer or even present, and as many

more to buy jewels to lure her, for women are fond of being becomingly

attired and going gaily dressed, and all the more so if they are

beautiful, however chaste they may be; and if she resists this

temptation, I will rest satisfied and will give you no more trouble.”

Lothario replied that now he had begun he would carry on the

undertaking to the end, though he perceived he was to come out of it

wearied and vanquished. The next day he received the four thousand

crowns, and with them four thousand perplexities, for he knew not what

to say by way of a new falsehood; but in the end he made up his mind to

tell him that Camilla stood as firm against gifts and promises as

against words, and that there was no use in taking any further trouble,

for the time was all spent to no purpose.

But chance, directing things in a different manner, so ordered it that

Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone as on other occasions,

shut himself into a chamber and posted himself to watch and listen

through the keyhole to what passed between them, and perceived that for

more than half an hour Lothario did not utter a word to Camilla, nor

would utter a word though he were to be there for an age; and he came

to the conclusion that what his friend had told him about the replies

of Camilla was all invention and falsehood, and to ascertain if it were

so, he came out, and calling Lothario aside asked him what news he had

and in what humour Camilla was. Lothario replied that he was not

disposed to go on with the business, for she had answered him so

angrily and harshly that he had no heart to say anything more to her.

“Ah, Lothario, Lothario,” said Anselmo, “how ill dost thou meet thy

obligations to me, and the great confidence I repose in thee! I have

been just now watching through this keyhole, and I have seen that thou

hast not said a word to Camilla, whence I conclude that on the former

occasions thou hast not spoken to her either, and if this be so, as no

doubt it is, why dost thou deceive me, or wherefore seekest thou by

craft to deprive me of the means I might find of attaining my desire?”

Anselmo said no more, but he had said enough to cover Lothario with

shame and confusion, and he, feeling as it were his honour touched by

having been detected in a lie, swore to Anselmo that he would from that

moment devote himself to satisfying him without any deception, as he

would see if he had the curiosity to watch; though he need not take the

trouble, for the pains he would take to satisfy him would remove all

suspicions from his mind. Anselmo believed him, and to afford him an

opportunity more free and less liable to surprise, he resolved to

absent himself from his house for eight days, betaking himself to that

of a friend of his who lived in a village not far from the city; and,

the better to account for his departure to Camilla, he so arranged it

that the friend should send him a very pressing invitation.

Unhappy, shortsighted Anselmo, what art thou doing, what art thou

plotting, what art thou devising? Bethink thee thou art working against

thyself, plotting thine own dishonour, devising thine own ruin. Thy

wife Camilla is virtuous, thou dost possess her in peace and quietness,

no one assails thy happiness, her thoughts wander not beyond the walls

of thy house, thou art her heaven on earth, the object of her wishes,

the fulfilment of her desires, the measure wherewith she measures her

will, making it conform in all things to thine and Heaven’s. If, then,

the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modesty yields thee without

labour all the wealth it contains and thou canst wish for, why wilt

thou dig the earth in search of fresh veins, of new unknown treasure,

risking the collapse of all, since it but rests on the feeble props of

her weak nature? Bethink thee that from him who seeks impossibilities

that which is possible may with justice be withheld, as was better

expressed by a poet who said:

’Tis mine to seek for life in death,

Health in disease seek I,

I seek in prison freedom’s breath,

In traitors loyalty.

So Fate that ever scorns to grant

Or grace or boon to me,

Since what can never be I want,

Denies me what might be.

The next day Anselmo took his departure for the village, leaving

instructions with Camilla that during his absence Lothario would come

to look after his house and to dine with her, and that she was to treat

him as she would himself. Camilla was distressed, as a discreet and

right-minded woman would be, at the orders her husband left her, and

bade him remember that it was not becoming that anyone should occupy

his seat at the table during his absence, and if he acted thus from not

feeling confidence that she would be able to manage his house, let him

try her this time, and he would find by experience that she was equal

to greater responsibilities. Anselmo replied that it was his pleasure

to have it so, and that she had only to submit and obey. Camilla said

she would do so, though against her will.

Anselmo went, and the next day Lothario came to his house, where he was

received by Camilla with a friendly and modest welcome; but she never

suffered Lothario to see her alone, for she was always attended by her

men and women servants, especially by a handmaid of hers, Leonela by

name, to whom she was much attached (for they had been brought up

together from childhood in her father’s house), and whom she had kept

with her after her marriage with Anselmo. The first three days Lothario

did not speak to her, though he might have done so when they removed

the cloth and the servants retired to dine hastily; for such were

Camilla’s orders; nay more, Leonela had directions to dine earlier than

Camilla and never to leave her side. She, however, having her thoughts

fixed upon other things more to her taste, and wanting that time and

opportunity for her own pleasures, did not always obey her mistress’s

commands, but on the contrary left them alone, as if they had ordered

her to do so; but the modest bearing of Camilla, the calmness of her

countenance, the composure of her aspect were enough to bridle the

tongue of Lothario. But the influence which the many virtues of Camilla

exerted in imposing silence on Lothario’s tongue proved mischievous for

both of them, for if his tongue was silent his thoughts were busy, and

could dwell at leisure upon the perfections of Camilla’s goodness and

beauty one by one, charms enough to warm with love a marble statue, not

to say a heart of flesh. Lothario gazed upon her when he might have

been speaking to her, and thought how worthy of being loved she was;

and thus reflection began little by little to assail his allegiance to

Anselmo, and a thousand times he thought of withdrawing from the city

and going where Anselmo should never see him nor he see Camilla. But

already the delight he found in gazing on her interposed and held him

fast. He put a constraint upon himself, and struggled to repel and

repress the pleasure he found in contemplating Camilla; when alone he

blamed himself for his weakness, called himself a bad friend, nay a bad

Christian; then he argued the matter and compared himself with Anselmo;

always coming to the conclusion that the folly and rashness of Anselmo

had been worse than his faithlessness, and that if he could excuse his

intentions as easily before God as with man, he had no reason to fear

any punishment for his offence.

In short the beauty and goodness of Camilla, joined with the

opportunity which the blind husband had placed in his hands, overthrew

the loyalty of Lothario; and giving heed to nothing save the object

towards which his inclinations led him, after Anselmo had been three

days absent, during which he had been carrying on a continual struggle

with his passion, he began to make love to Camilla with so much

vehemence and warmth of language that she was overwhelmed with

amazement, and could only rise from her place and retire to her room

without answering him a word. But the hope which always springs up with

love was not weakened in Lothario by this repelling demeanour; on the

contrary his passion for Camilla increased, and she discovering in him

what she had never expected, knew not what to do; and considering it

neither safe nor right to give him the chance or opportunity of

speaking to her again, she resolved to send, as she did that very

night, one of her servants with a letter to Anselmo, in which she

addressed the following words to him.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE NOVEL OF “THE ILL-ADVISED CURIOSITY”

“It is commonly said that an army looks ill without its general and a

castle without its castellan, and I say that a young married woman

looks still worse without her husband unless there are very good

reasons for it. I find myself so ill at ease without you, and so

incapable of enduring this separation, that unless you return quickly I

shall have to go for relief to my parents’ house, even if I leave yours

without a protector; for the one you left me, if indeed he deserved

that title, has, I think, more regard to his own pleasure than to what

concerns you: as you are possessed of discernment I need say no more to

you, nor indeed is it fitting I should say more.”

Anselmo received this letter, and from it he gathered that Lothario had

already begun his task and that Camilla must have replied to him as he

would have wished; and delighted beyond measure at such intelligence he

sent word to her not to leave his house on any account, as he would

very shortly return. Camilla was astonished at Anselmo’s reply, which

placed her in greater perplexity than before, for she neither dared to

remain in her own house, nor yet to go to her parents’; for in

remaining her virtue was imperilled, and in going she was opposing her

husband’s commands. Finally she decided upon what was the worse course

for her, to remain, resolving not to fly from the presence of Lothario,

that she might not give food for gossip to her servants; and she now

began to regret having written as she had to her husband, fearing he

might imagine that Lothario had perceived in her some lightness which

had impelled him to lay aside the respect he owed her; but confident of

her rectitude she put her trust in God and in her own virtuous

intentions, with which she hoped to resist in silence all the

solicitations of Lothario, without saying anything to her husband so as

not to involve him in any quarrel or trouble; and she even began to

consider how to excuse Lothario to Anselmo when he should ask her what

it was that induced her to write that letter. With these resolutions,

more honourable than judicious or effectual, she remained the next day

listening to Lothario, who pressed his suit so strenuously that

Camilla’s firmness began to waver, and her virtue had enough to do to

come to the rescue of her eyes and keep them from showing signs of a

certain tender compassion which the tears and appeals of Lothario had

awakened in her bosom. Lothario observed all this, and it inflamed him

all the more. In short he felt that while Anselmo’s absence afforded

time and opportunity he must press the siege of the fortress, and so he

assailed her self-esteem with praises of her beauty, for there is

nothing that more quickly reduces and levels the castle towers of fair

women’s vanity than vanity itself upon the tongue of flattery. In fact

with the utmost assiduity he undermined the rock of her purity with

such engines that had Camilla been of brass she must have fallen. He

wept, he entreated, he promised, he flattered, he importuned, he

pretended with so much feeling and apparent sincerity, that he

overthrew the virtuous resolves of Camilla and won the triumph he least

expected and most longed for. Camilla yielded, Camilla fell; but what

wonder if the friendship of Lothario could not stand firm? A clear

proof to us that the passion of love is to be conquered only by flying

from it, and that no one should engage in a struggle with an enemy so

mighty; for divine strength is needed to overcome his human power.

Leonela alone knew of her mistress’s weakness, for the two false

friends and new lovers were unable to conceal it. Lothario did not care

to tell Camilla the object Anselmo had in view, nor that he had

afforded him the opportunity of attaining such a result, lest she

should undervalue his love and think that it was by chance and without

intending it and not of his own accord that he had made love to her.

A few days later Anselmo returned to his house and did not perceive

what it had lost, that which he so lightly treated and so highly

prized. He went at once to see Lothario, and found him at home; they

embraced each other, and Anselmo asked for the tidings of his life or

his death.

“The tidings I have to give thee, Anselmo my friend,” said Lothario,

“are that thou dost possess a wife that is worthy to be the pattern and

crown of all good wives. The words that I have addressed to her were

borne away on the wind, my promises have been despised, my presents

have been refused, such feigned tears as I shed have been turned into

open ridicule. In short, as Camilla is the essence of all beauty, so is

she the treasure-house where purity dwells, and gentleness and modesty

abide with all the virtues that can confer praise, honour, and

happiness upon a woman. Take back thy money, my friend; here it is, and

I have had no need to touch it, for the chastity of Camilla yields not

to things so base as gifts or promises. Be content, Anselmo, and

refrain from making further proof; and as thou hast passed dryshod

through the sea of those doubts and suspicions that are and may be

entertained of women, seek not to plunge again into the deep ocean of

new embarrassments, or with another pilot make trial of the goodness

and strength of the bark that Heaven has granted thee for thy passage

across the sea of this world; but reckon thyself now safe in port, moor

thyself with the anchor of sound reflection, and rest in peace until

thou art called upon to pay that debt which no nobility on earth can

escape paying.”

Anselmo was completely satisfied by the words of Lothario, and believed

them as fully as if they had been spoken by an oracle; nevertheless he

begged of him not to relinquish the undertaking, were it but for the

sake of curiosity and amusement; though thenceforward he need not make

use of the same earnest endeavours as before; all he wished him to do

was to write some verses to her, praising her under the name of

Chloris, for he himself would give her to understand that he was in

love with a lady to whom he had given that name to enable him to sing

her praises with the decorum due to her modesty; and if Lothario were

unwilling to take the trouble of writing the verses he would compose

them himself.

“That will not be necessary,” said Lothario, “for the muses are not

such enemies of mine but that they visit me now and then in the course

of the year. Do thou tell Camilla what thou hast proposed about a

pretended amour of mine; as for the verses I will make them, and if not

as good as the subject deserves, they shall be at least the best I can

produce.” An agreement to this effect was made between the friends, the

ill-advised one and the treacherous, and Anselmo returning to his house

asked Camilla the question she already wondered he had not asked

before—what it was that had caused her to write the letter she had sent

him. Camilla replied that it had seemed to her that Lothario looked at

her somewhat more freely than when he had been at home; but that now

she was undeceived and believed it to have been only her own

imagination, for Lothario now avoided seeing her, or being alone with

her. Anselmo told her she might be quite easy on the score of that

suspicion, for he knew that Lothario was in love with a damsel of rank

in the city whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris, and that even

if he were not, his fidelity and their great friendship left no room

for fear. Had not Camilla, however, been informed beforehand by

Lothario that this love for Chloris was a pretence, and that he himself

had told Anselmo of it in order to be able sometimes to give utterance

to the praises of Camilla herself, no doubt she would have fallen into

the despairing toils of jealousy; but being forewarned she received the

startling news without uneasiness.

The next day as the three were at table Anselmo asked Lothario to

recite something of what he had composed for his mistress Chloris; for

as Camilla did not know her, he might safely say what he liked.

“Even did she know her,” returned Lothario, “I would hide nothing, for

when a lover praises his lady’s beauty, and charges her with cruelty,

he casts no imputation upon her fair name; at any rate, all I can say

is that yesterday I made a sonnet on the ingratitude of this Chloris,

which goes thus:

SONNET

At midnight, in the silence, when the eyes

Of happier mortals balmy slumbers close,

The weary tale of my unnumbered woes

To Chloris and to Heaven is wont to rise.

And when the light of day returning dyes

The portals of the east with tints of rose,

With undiminished force my sorrow flows

In broken accents and in burning sighs.

And when the sun ascends his star-girt throne,

And on the earth pours down his midday beams,

Noon but renews my wailing and my tears;

And with the night again goes up my moan.

Yet ever in my agony it seems

To me that neither Heaven nor Chloris hears.”

The sonnet pleased Camilla, and still more Anselmo, for he praised it

and said the lady was excessively cruel who made no return for

sincerity so manifest. On which Camilla said, “Then all that

love-smitten poets say is true?”

“As poets they do not tell the truth,” replied Lothario; “but as lovers

they are not more defective in expression than they are truthful.”

“There is no doubt of that,” observed Anselmo, anxious to support and

uphold Lothario’s ideas with Camilla, who was as regardless of his

design as she was deep in love with Lothario; and so taking delight in

anything that was his, and knowing that his thoughts and writings had

her for their object, and that she herself was the real Chloris, she

asked him to repeat some other sonnet or verses if he recollected any.

“I do,” replied Lothario, “but I do not think it as good as the first

one, or, more correctly speaking, less bad; but you can easily judge,

for it is this.

SONNET

I know that I am doomed; death is to me

As certain as that thou, ungrateful fair,

Dead at thy feet shouldst see me lying, ere

My heart repented of its love for thee.

If buried in oblivion I should be,

Bereft of life, fame, favour, even there

It would be found that I thy image bear

Deep graven in my breast for all to see.

This like some holy relic do I prize

To save me from the fate my truth entails,

Truth that to thy hard heart its vigour owes.

Alas for him that under lowering skies,

In peril o’er a trackless ocean sails,

Where neither friendly port nor pole-star shows.”

Anselmo praised this second sonnet too, as he had praised the first;

and so he went on adding link after link to the chain with which he was

binding himself and making his dishonour secure; for when Lothario was

doing most to dishonour him he told him he was most honoured; and thus

each step that Camilla descended towards the depths of her abasement,

she mounted, in his opinion, towards the summit of virtue and fair

fame.

It so happened that finding herself on one occasion alone with her

maid, Camilla said to her, “I am ashamed to think, my dear Leonela, how

lightly I have valued myself that I did not compel Lothario to purchase

by at least some expenditure of time that full possession of me that I

so quickly yielded him of my own free will. I fear that he will think

ill of my pliancy or lightness, not considering the irresistible

influence he brought to bear upon me.”

“Let not that trouble you, my lady,” said Leonela, “for it does not

take away the value of the thing given or make it the less precious to

give it quickly if it be really valuable and worthy of being prized;

nay, they are wont to say that he who gives quickly gives twice.”

“They say also,” said Camilla, “that what costs little is valued less.”

“That saying does not hold good in your case,” replied Leonela, “for

love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks; with

this one it runs, with that it moves slowly; some it cools, others it

burns; some it wounds, others it slays; it begins the course of its

desires, and at the same moment completes and ends it; in the morning

it will lay siege to a fortress and by night will have taken it, for

there is no power that can resist it; so what are you in dread of, what

do you fear, when the same must have befallen Lothario, love having

chosen the absence of my lord as the instrument for subduing you? and

it was absolutely necessary to complete then what love had resolved

upon, without affording the time to let Anselmo return and by his

presence compel the work to be left unfinished; for love has no better

agent for carrying out his designs than opportunity; and of opportunity

he avails himself in all his feats, especially at the outset. All this

I know well myself, more by experience than by hearsay, and some day,

señora, I will enlighten you on the subject, for I am of your flesh and

blood too. Moreover, lady Camilla, you did not surrender yourself or

yield so quickly but that first you saw Lothario’s whole soul in his

eyes, in his sighs, in his words, his promises and his gifts, and by it

and his good qualities perceived how worthy he was of your love. This,

then, being the case, let not these scrupulous and prudish ideas

trouble your imagination, but be assured that Lothario prizes you as

you do him, and rest content and satisfied that as you are caught in

the noose of love it is one of worth and merit that has taken you, and

one that has not only the four S’s that they say true lovers ought to

have, but a complete alphabet; only listen to me and you will see how I

can repeat it by rote. He is to my eyes and thinking, Amiable, Brave,

Courteous, Distinguished, Elegant, Fond, Gay, Honourable, Illustrious,

Loyal, Manly, Noble, Open, Polite, Quickwitted, Rich, and the S’s

according to the saying, and then Tender, Veracious: X does not suit

him, for it is a rough letter; Y has been given already; and Z Zealous

for your honour.”

Camilla laughed at her maid’s alphabet, and perceived her to be more

experienced in love affairs than she said, which she admitted,

confessing to Camilla that she had love passages with a young man of

good birth of the same city. Camilla was uneasy at this, dreading lest

it might prove the means of endangering her honour, and asked whether

her intrigue had gone beyond words, and she with little shame and much

effrontery said it had; for certain it is that ladies’ imprudences make

servants shameless, who, when they see their mistresses make a false

step, think nothing of going astray themselves, or of its being known.

All that Camilla could do was to entreat Leonela to say nothing about

her doings to him whom she called her lover, and to conduct her own

affairs secretly lest they should come to the knowledge of Anselmo or

of Lothario. Leonela said she would, but kept her word in such a way

that she confirmed Camilla’s apprehension of losing her reputation

through her means; for this abandoned and bold Leonela, as soon as she

perceived that her mistress’s demeanour was not what it was wont to be,

had the audacity to introduce her lover into the house, confident that

even if her mistress saw him she would not dare to expose him; for the

sins of mistresses entail this mischief among others; they make

themselves the slaves of their own servants, and are obliged to hide

their laxities and depravities; as was the case with Camilla, who

though she perceived, not once but many times, that Leonela was with

her lover in some room of the house, not only did not dare to chide

her, but afforded her opportunities for concealing him and removed all

difficulties, lest he should be seen by her husband. She was unable,

however, to prevent him from being seen on one occasion, as he sallied

forth at daybreak, by Lothario, who, not knowing who he was, at first

took him for a spectre; but, as soon as he saw him hasten away,

muffling his face with his cloak and concealing himself carefully and

cautiously, he rejected this foolish idea, and adopted another, which

would have been the ruin of all had not Camilla found a remedy. It did

not occur to Lothario that this man he had seen issuing at such an

untimely hour from Anselmo’s house could have entered it on Leonela’s

account, nor did he even remember there was such a person as Leonela;

all he thought was that as Camilla had been light and yielding with

him, so she had been with another; for this further penalty the erring

woman’s sin brings with it, that her honour is distrusted even by him

to whose overtures and persuasions she has yielded; and he believes her

to have surrendered more easily to others, and gives implicit credence

to every suspicion that comes into his mind. All Lothario’s good sense

seems to have failed him at this juncture; all his prudent maxims

escaped his memory; for without once reflecting rationally, and without

more ado, in his impatience and in the blindness of the jealous rage

that gnawed his heart, and dying to revenge himself upon Camilla, who

had done him no wrong, before Anselmo had risen he hastened to him and

said to him, “Know, Anselmo, that for several days past I have been

struggling with myself, striving to withhold from thee what it is no

longer possible or right that I should conceal from thee. Know that

Camilla’s fortress has surrendered and is ready to submit to my will;

and if I have been slow to reveal this fact to thee, it was in order to

see if it were some light caprice of hers, or if she sought to try me

and ascertain if the love I began to make to her with thy permission

was made with a serious intention. I thought, too, that she, if she

were what she ought to be, and what we both believed her, would have

ere this given thee information of my addresses; but seeing that she

delays, I believe the truth of the promise she has given me that the

next time thou art absent from the house she will grant me an interview

in the closet where thy jewels are kept (and it was true that Camilla

used to meet him there); but I do not wish thee to rush precipitately

to take vengeance, for the sin is as yet only committed in intention,

and Camilla’s may change perhaps between this and the appointed time,

and repentance spring up in its place. As hitherto thou hast always

followed my advice wholly or in part, follow and observe this that I

will give thee now, so that, without mistake, and with mature

deliberation, thou mayest satisfy thyself as to what may seem the best

course; pretend to absent thyself for two or three days as thou hast

been wont to do on other occasions, and contrive to hide thyself in the

closet; for the tapestries and other things there afford great

facilities for thy concealment, and then thou wilt see with thine own

eyes and I with mine what Camilla’s purpose may be. And if it be a

guilty one, which may be feared rather than expected, with silence,

prudence, and discretion thou canst thyself become the instrument of

punishment for the wrong done thee.”

Anselmo was amazed, overwhelmed, and astounded at the words of

Lothario, which came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear

them, for he now looked upon Camilla as having triumphed over the

pretended attacks of Lothario, and was beginning to enjoy the glory of

her victory. He remained silent for a considerable time, looking on the

ground with fixed gaze, and at length said, “Thou hast behaved,

Lothario, as I expected of thy friendship: I will follow thy advice in

everything; do as thou wilt, and keep this secret as thou seest it

should be kept in circumstances so unlooked for.”

Lothario gave him his word, but after leaving him he repented

altogether of what he had said to him, perceiving how foolishly he had

acted, as he might have revenged himself upon Camilla in some less

cruel and degrading way. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his

hasty resolution, and knew not what course to take to undo the mischief

or find some ready escape from it. At last he decided upon revealing

all to Camilla, and, as there was no want of opportunity for doing so,

he found her alone the same day; but she, as soon as she had the chance

of speaking to him, said, “Lothario my friend, I must tell thee I have

a sorrow in my heart which fills it so that it seems ready to burst;

and it will be a wonder if it does not; for the audacity of Leonela has

now reached such a pitch that every night she conceals a gallant of

hers in this house and remains with him till morning, at the expense of

my reputation; inasmuch as it is open to anyone to question it who may

see him quitting my house at such unseasonable hours; but what

distresses me is that I cannot punish or chide her, for her privity to

our intrigue bridles my mouth and keeps me silent about hers, while I

am dreading that some catastrophe will come of it.”

As Camilla said this Lothario at first imagined it was some device to

delude him into the idea that the man he had seen going out was

Leonela’s lover and not hers; but when he saw how she wept and

suffered, and begged him to help her, he became convinced of the truth,

and the conviction completed his confusion and remorse; however, he

told Camilla not to distress herself, as he would take measures to put

a stop to the insolence of Leonela. At the same time he told her what,

driven by the fierce rage of jealousy, he had said to Anselmo, and how

he had arranged to hide himself in the closet that he might there see

plainly how little she preserved her fidelity to him; and he entreated

her pardon for this madness, and her advice as to how to repair it, and

escape safely from the intricate labyrinth in which his imprudence had

involved him. Camilla was struck with alarm at hearing what Lothario

said, and with much anger, and great good sense, she reproved him and

rebuked his base design and the foolish and mischievous resolution he

had made; but as woman has by nature a nimbler wit than man for good

and for evil, though it is apt to fail when she sets herself

deliberately to reason, Camilla on the spur of the moment thought of a

way to remedy what was to all appearance irremediable, and told

Lothario to contrive that the next day Anselmo should conceal himself

in the place he mentioned, for she hoped from his concealment to obtain

the means of their enjoying themselves for the future without any

apprehension; and without revealing her purpose to him entirely she

charged him to be careful, as soon as Anselmo was concealed, to come to

her when Leonela should call him, and to all she said to him to answer

as he would have answered had he not known that Anselmo was listening.

Lothario pressed her to explain her intention fully, so that he might

with more certainty and precaution take care to do what he saw to be

needful.

“I tell you,” said Camilla, “there is nothing to take care of except to

answer me what I shall ask you;” for she did not wish to explain to him

beforehand what she meant to do, fearing lest he should be unwilling to

follow out an idea which seemed to her such a good one, and should try

or devise some other less practicable plan.

Lothario then retired, and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of

going to his friend’s country house, took his departure, and then

returned to conceal himself, which he was able to do easily, as Camilla

and Leonela took care to give him the opportunity; and so he placed

himself in hiding in the state of agitation that it may be imagined he

would feel who expected to see the vitals of his honour laid bare

before his eyes, and found himself on the point of losing the supreme

blessing he thought he possessed in his beloved Camilla. Having made

sure of Anselmo’s being in his hiding-place, Camilla and Leonela

entered the closet, and the instant she set foot within it Camilla

said, with a deep sigh, “Ah! dear Leonela, would it not be better,

before I do what I am unwilling you should know lest you should seek to

prevent it, that you should take Anselmo’s dagger that I have asked of

you and with it pierce this vile heart of mine? But no; there is no

reason why I should suffer the punishment of another’s fault. I will

first know what it is that the bold licentious eyes of Lothario have

seen in me that could have encouraged him to reveal to me a design so

base as that which he has disclosed regardless of his friend and of my

honour. Go to the window, Leonela, and call him, for no doubt he is in

the street waiting to carry out his vile project; but mine, cruel it

may be, but honourable, shall be carried out first.”

“Ah, señora,” said the crafty Leonela, who knew her part, “what is it

you want to do with this dagger? Can it be that you mean to take your

own life, or Lothario’s? for whichever you mean to do, it will lead to

the loss of your reputation and good name. It is better to dissemble

your wrong and not give this wicked man the chance of entering the

house now and finding us alone; consider, señora, we are weak women and

he is a man, and determined, and as he comes with such a base purpose,

blind and urged by passion, perhaps before you can put yours into

execution he may do what will be worse for you than taking your life.

Ill betide my master, Anselmo, for giving such authority in his house

to this shameless fellow! And supposing you kill him, señora, as I

suspect you mean to do, what shall we do with him when he is dead?”

“What, my friend?” replied Camilla, “we shall leave him for Anselmo to

bury him; for in reason it will be to him a light labour to hide his

own infamy under ground. Summon him, make haste, for all the time I

delay in taking vengeance for my wrong seems to me an offence against

the loyalty I owe my husband.”

Anselmo was listening to all this, and every word that Camilla uttered

made him change his mind; but when he heard that it was resolved to

kill Lothario his first impulse was to come out and show himself to

avert such a disaster; but in his anxiety to see the issue of a

resolution so bold and virtuous he restrained himself, intending to

come forth in time to prevent the deed. At this moment Camilla,

throwing herself upon a bed that was close by, swooned away, and

Leonela began to weep bitterly, exclaiming, “Woe is me! that I should

be fated to have dying here in my arms the flower of virtue upon earth,

the crown of true wives, the pattern of chastity!” with more to the

same effect, so that anyone who heard her would have taken her for the

most tender-hearted and faithful handmaid in the world, and her

mistress for another persecuted Penelope.

Camilla was not long in recovering from her fainting fit and on coming

to herself she said, “Why do you not go, Leonela, to call hither that

friend, the falsest to his friend the sun ever shone upon or night

concealed? Away, run, haste, speed! lest the fire of my wrath burn

itself out with delay, and the righteous vengeance that I hope for melt

away in menaces and maledictions.”

“I am just going to call him, señora,” said Leonela; “but you must

first give me that dagger, lest while I am gone you should by means of

it give cause to all who love you to weep all their lives.”

“Go in peace, dear Leonela, I will not do so,” said Camilla, “for rash

and foolish as I may be, to your mind, in defending my honour, I am not

going to be so much so as that Lucretia who they say killed herself

without having done anything wrong, and without having first killed him

on whom the guilt of her misfortune lay. I shall die, if I am to die;

but it must be after full vengeance upon him who has brought me here to

weep over audacity that no fault of mine gave birth to.”

Leonela required much pressing before she would go to summon Lothario,

but at last she went, and while awaiting her return Camilla continued,

as if speaking to herself, “Good God! would it not have been more

prudent to have repulsed Lothario, as I have done many a time before,

than to allow him, as I am now doing, to think me unchaste and vile,

even for the short time I must wait until I undeceive him? No doubt it

would have been better; but I should not be avenged, nor the honour of

my husband vindicated, should he find so clear and easy an escape from

the strait into which his depravity has led him. Let the traitor pay

with his life for the temerity of his wanton wishes, and let the world

know (if haply it shall ever come to know) that Camilla not only

preserved her allegiance to her husband, but avenged him of the man who

dared to wrong him. Still, I think it might be better to disclose this

to Anselmo. But then I have called his attention to it in the letter I

wrote to him in the country, and, if he did nothing to prevent the

mischief I there pointed out to him, I suppose it was that from pure

goodness of heart and trustfulness he would not and could not believe

that any thought against his honour could harbour in the breast of so

stanch a friend; nor indeed did I myself believe it for many days, nor

should I have ever believed it if his insolence had not gone so far as

to make it manifest by open presents, lavish promises, and ceaseless

tears. But why do I argue thus? Does a bold determination stand in need

of arguments? Surely not. Then traitors avaunt! Vengeance to my aid!

Let the false one come, approach, advance, die, yield up his life, and

then befall what may. Pure I came to him whom Heaven bestowed upon me,

pure I shall leave him; and at the worst bathed in my own chaste blood

and in the foul blood of the falsest friend that friendship ever saw in

the world;” and as she uttered these words she paced the room holding

the unsheathed dagger, with such irregular and disordered steps, and

such gestures that one would have supposed her to have lost her senses,

and taken her for some violent desperado instead of a delicate woman.

Anselmo, hidden behind some tapestries where he had concealed himself,

beheld and was amazed at all, and already felt that what he had seen

and heard was a sufficient answer to even greater suspicions; and he

would have been now well pleased if the proof afforded by Lothario’s

coming were dispensed with, as he feared some sudden mishap; but as he

was on the point of showing himself and coming forth to embrace and

undeceive his wife he paused as he saw Leonela returning, leading

Lothario. Camilla when she saw him, drawing a long line in front of her

on the floor with the dagger, said to him, “Lothario, pay attention to

what I say to thee: if by any chance thou darest to cross this line

thou seest, or even approach it, the instant I see thee attempt it that

same instant will I pierce my bosom with this dagger that I hold in my

hand; and before thou answerest me a word desire thee to listen to a

few from me, and afterwards thou shalt reply as may please thee. First,

I desire thee to tell me, Lothario, if thou knowest my husband Anselmo,

and in what light thou regardest him; and secondly I desire to know if

thou knowest me too. Answer me this, without embarrassment or

reflecting deeply what thou wilt answer, for they are no riddles I put

to thee.”

Lothario was not so dull but that from the first moment when Camilla

directed him to make Anselmo hide himself he understood what she

intended to do, and therefore he fell in with her idea so readily and

promptly that between them they made the imposture look more true than

truth; so he answered her thus: “I did not think, fair Camilla, that

thou wert calling me to ask questions so remote from the object with

which I come; but if it is to defer the promised reward thou art doing

so, thou mightst have put it off still longer, for the longing for

happiness gives the more distress the nearer comes the hope of gaining

it; but lest thou shouldst say that I do not answer thy questions, I

say that I know thy husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other

from our earliest years; I will not speak of what thou too knowest, of

our friendship, that I may not compel myself to testify against the

wrong that love, the mighty excuse for greater errors, makes me inflict

upon him. Thee I know and hold in the same estimation as he does, for

were it not so I had not for a lesser prize acted in opposition to what

I owe to my station and the holy laws of true friendship, now broken

and violated by me through that powerful enemy, love.”

“If thou dost confess that,” returned Camilla, “mortal enemy of all

that rightly deserves to be loved, with what face dost thou dare to

come before one whom thou knowest to be the mirror wherein he is

reflected on whom thou shouldst look to see how unworthily thou

wrongest him? But, woe is me, I now comprehend what has made thee give

so little heed to what thou owest to thyself; it must have been some

freedom of mine, for I will not call it immodesty, as it did not

proceed from any deliberate intention, but from some heedlessness such

as women are guilty of through inadvertence when they think they have

no occasion for reserve. But tell me, traitor, when did I by word or

sign give a reply to thy prayers that could awaken in thee a shadow of

hope of attaining thy base wishes? When were not thy professions of

love sternly and scornfully rejected and rebuked? When were thy

frequent pledges and still more frequent gifts believed or accepted?

But as I am persuaded that no one can long persevere in the attempt to

win love unsustained by some hope, I am willing to attribute to myself

the blame of thy assurance, for no doubt some thoughtlessness of mine

has all this time fostered thy hopes; and therefore will I punish

myself and inflict upon myself the penalty thy guilt deserves. And that

thou mayest see that being so relentless to myself I cannot possibly be

otherwise to thee, I have summoned thee to be a witness of the

sacrifice I mean to offer to the injured honour of my honoured husband,

wronged by thee with all the assiduity thou wert capable of, and by me

too through want of caution in avoiding every occasion, if I have given

any, of encouraging and sanctioning thy base designs. Once more I say

the suspicion in my mind that some imprudence of mine has engendered

these lawless thoughts in thee, is what causes me most distress and

what I desire most to punish with my own hands, for were any other

instrument of punishment employed my error might become perhaps more

widely known; but before I do so, in my death I mean to inflict death,

and take with me one that will fully satisfy my longing for the revenge

I hope for and have; for I shall see, wheresoever it may be that I go,

the penalty awarded by inflexible, unswerving justice on him who has

placed me in a position so desperate.”

As she uttered these words, with incredible energy and swiftness she

flew upon Lothario with the naked dagger, so manifestly bent on burying

it in his breast that he was almost uncertain whether these

demonstrations were real or feigned, for he was obliged to have

recourse to all his skill and strength to prevent her from striking

him; and with such reality did she act this strange farce and

mystification that, to give it a colour of truth, she determined to

stain it with her own blood; for perceiving, or pretending, that she

could not wound Lothario, she said, “Fate, it seems, will not grant my

just desire complete satisfaction, but it will not be able to keep me

from satisfying it partially at least;” and making an effort to free

the hand with the dagger which Lothario held in his grasp, she released

it, and directing the point to a place where it could not inflict a

deep wound, she plunged it into her left side high up close to the

shoulder, and then allowed herself to fall to the ground as if in a

faint.

Leonela and Lothario stood amazed and astounded at the catastrophe, and

seeing Camilla stretched on the ground and bathed in her blood they

were still uncertain as to the true nature of the act. Lothario,

terrified and breathless, ran in haste to pluck out the dagger; but

when he saw how slight the wound was he was relieved of his fears and

once more admired the subtlety, coolness, and ready wit of the fair

Camilla; and the better to support the part he had to play he began to

utter profuse and doleful lamentations over her body as if she were

dead, invoking maledictions not only on himself but also on him who had

been the means of placing him in such a position: and knowing that his

friend Anselmo heard him he spoke in such a way as to make a listener

feel much more pity for him than for Camilla, even though he supposed

her dead. Leonela took her up in her arms and laid her on the bed,

entreating Lothario to go in quest of someone to attend to her wound in

secret, and at the same time asking his advice and opinion as to what

they should say to Anselmo about his lady’s wound if he should chance

to return before it was healed. He replied they might say what they

liked, for he was not in a state to give advice that would be of any

use; all he could tell her was to try and stanch the blood, as he was

going where he should never more be seen; and with every appearance of

deep grief and sorrow he left the house; but when he found himself

alone, and where there was nobody to see him, he crossed himself

unceasingly, lost in wonder at the adroitness of Camilla and the

consistent acting of Leonela. He reflected how convinced Anselmo would

be that he had a second Portia for a wife, and he looked forward

anxiously to meeting him in order to rejoice together over falsehood

and truth the most craftily veiled that could be imagined.

Leonela, as he told her, stanched her lady’s blood, which was no more

than sufficed to support her deception; and washing the wound with a

little wine she bound it up to the best of her skill, talking all the

time she was tending her in a strain that, even if nothing else had

been said before, would have been enough to assure Anselmo that he had

in Camilla a model of purity. To Leonela’s words Camilla added her own,

calling herself cowardly and wanting in spirit, since she had not

enough at the time she had most need of it to rid herself of the life

she so much loathed. She asked her attendant’s advice as to whether or

not she ought to inform her beloved husband of all that had happened,

but the other bade her say nothing about it, as she would lay upon him

the obligation of taking vengeance on Lothario, which he could not do

but at great risk to himself; and it was the duty of a true wife not to

give her husband provocation to quarrel, but, on the contrary, to

remove it as far as possible from him.

Camilla replied that she believed she was right and that she would

follow her advice, but at any rate it would be well to consider how she

was to explain the wound to Anselmo, for he could not help seeing it;

to which Leonela answered that she did not know how to tell a lie even

in jest.

“How then can I know, my dear?” said Camilla, “for I should not dare to

forge or keep up a falsehood if my life depended on it. If we can think

of no escape from this difficulty, it will be better to tell him the

plain truth than that he should find us out in an untrue story.”

“Be not uneasy, señora,” said Leonela; “between this and to-morrow I

will think of what we must say to him, and perhaps the wound being

where it is it can be hidden from his sight, and Heaven will be pleased

to aid us in a purpose so good and honourable. Compose yourself,

señora, and endeavour to calm your excitement lest my lord find you

agitated; and leave the rest to my care and God’s, who always supports

good intentions.”

Anselmo had with the deepest attention listened to and seen played out

the tragedy of the death of his honour, which the performers acted with

such wonderfully effective truth that it seemed as if they had become

the realities of the parts they played. He longed for night and an

opportunity of escaping from the house to go and see his good friend

Lothario, and with him give vent to his joy over the precious pearl he

had gained in having established his wife’s purity. Both mistress and

maid took care to give him time and opportunity to get away, and taking

advantage of it he made his escape, and at once went in quest of

Lothario, and it would be impossible to describe how he embraced him

when he found him, and the things he said to him in the joy of his

heart, and the praises he bestowed upon Camilla; all which Lothario

listened to without being able to show any pleasure, for he could not

forget how deceived his friend was, and how dishonourably he had

wronged him; and though Anselmo could see that Lothario was not glad,

still he imagined it was only because he had left Camilla wounded and

had been himself the cause of it; and so among other things he told him

not to be distressed about Camilla’s accident, for, as they had agreed

to hide it from him, the wound was evidently trifling; and that being

so, he had no cause for fear, but should henceforward be of good cheer

and rejoice with him, seeing that by his means and adroitness he found

himself raised to the greatest height of happiness that he could have

ventured to hope for, and desired no better pastime than making verses

in praise of Camilla that would preserve her name for all time to come.

Lothario commended his purpose, and promised on his own part to aid him

in raising a monument so glorious.

And so Anselmo was left the most charmingly hoodwinked man there could

be in the world. He himself, persuaded he was conducting the instrument

of his glory, led home by the hand of him who had been the utter

destruction of his good name; whom Camilla received with averted

countenance, though with smiles in her heart. The deception was carried

on for some time, until at the end of a few months Fortune turned her

wheel and the guilt which had been until then so skilfully concealed

was published abroad, and Anselmo paid with his life the penalty of his

ill-advised curiosity.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHICH TREATS OF THE HEROIC AND PRODIGIOUS BATTLE DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH

CERTAIN SKINS OF RED WINE, AND BRINGS THE NOVEL OF “THE ILL-ADVISED

CURIOSITY” TO A CLOSE

There remained but little more of the novel to be read, when Sancho

Panza burst forth in wild excitement from the garret where Don Quixote

was lying, shouting, “Run, sirs! quick; and help my master, who is in

the thick of the toughest and stiffest battle I ever laid eyes on. By

the living God he has given the giant, the enemy of my lady the

Princess Micomicona, such a slash that he has sliced his head clean off

as if it were a turnip.”

“What are you talking about, brother?” said the curate, pausing as he

was about to read the remainder of the novel. “Are you in your senses,

Sancho? How the devil can it be as you say, when the giant is two

thousand leagues away?”

Here they heard a loud noise in the chamber, and Don Quixote shouting

out, “Stand, thief, brigand, villain; now I have got thee, and thy

scimitar shall not avail thee!” And then it seemed as though he were

slashing vigorously at the wall.

“Don’t stop to listen,” said Sancho, “but go in and part them or help

my master: though there is no need of that now, for no doubt the giant

is dead by this time and giving account to God of his past wicked life;

for I saw the blood flowing on the ground, and the head cut off and

fallen on one side, and it is as big as a large wine-skin.”

“May I die,” said the landlord at this, “if Don Quixote or Don Devil

has not been slashing some of the skins of red wine that stand full at

his bed’s head, and the spilt wine must be what this good fellow takes

for blood;” and so saying he went into the room and the rest after him,

and there they found Don Quixote in the strangest costume in the world.

He was in his shirt, which was not long enough in front to cover his

thighs completely and was six fingers shorter behind; his legs were

very long and lean, covered with hair, and anything but clean; on his

head he had a little greasy red cap that belonged to the host, round

his left arm he had rolled the blanket of the bed, to which Sancho, for

reasons best known to himself, owed a grudge, and in his right hand he

held his unsheathed sword, with which he was slashing about on all

sides, uttering exclamations as if he were actually fighting some

giant: and the best of it was his eyes were not open, for he was fast

asleep, and dreaming that he was doing battle with the giant. For his

imagination was so wrought upon by the adventure he was going to

accomplish, that it made him dream he had already reached the kingdom

of Micomicon, and was engaged in combat with his enemy; and believing

he was laying on the giant, he had given so many sword cuts to the

skins that the whole room was full of wine. On seeing this the landlord

was so enraged that he fell on Don Quixote, and with his clenched fist

began to pummel him in such a way, that if Cardenio and the curate had

not dragged him off, he would have brought the war of the giant to an

end. But in spite of all the poor gentleman never woke until the barber

brought a great pot of cold water from the well and flung it with one

dash all over his body, on which Don Quixote woke up, but not so

completely as to understand what was the matter. Dorothea, seeing how

short and slight his attire was, would not go in to witness the battle

between her champion and her opponent. As for Sancho, he went searching

all over the floor for the head of the giant, and not finding it he

said, “I see now that it’s all enchantment in this house; for the last

time, on this very spot where I am now, I got ever so many thumps

without knowing who gave them to me, or being able to see anybody; and

now this head is not to be seen anywhere about, though I saw it cut off

with my own eyes and the blood running from the body as if from a

fountain.”

“What blood and fountains are you talking about, enemy of God and his

saints?” said the landlord. “Don’t you see, you thief, that the blood

and the fountain are only these skins here that have been stabbed and

the red wine swimming all over the room?—and I wish I saw the soul of

him that stabbed them swimming in hell.”

“I know nothing about that,” said Sancho; “all I know is it will be my

bad luck that through not finding this head my county will melt away

like salt in water;”—for Sancho awake was worse than his master asleep,

so much had his master’s promises addled his wits.

The landlord was beside himself at the coolness of the squire and the

mischievous doings of the master, and swore it should not be like the

last time when they went without paying; and that their privileges of

chivalry should not hold good this time to let one or other of them off

without paying, even to the cost of the plugs that would have to be put

to the damaged wine-skins. The curate was holding Don Quixote’s hands,

who, fancying he had now ended the adventure and was in the presence of

the Princess Micomicona, knelt before the curate and said, “Exalted and

beauteous lady, your highness may live from this day forth fearless of

any harm this base being could do you; and I too from this day forth am

released from the promise I gave you, since by the help of God on high

and by the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled

it so successfully.”

“Did not I say so?” said Sancho on hearing this. “You see I wasn’t

drunk; there you see my master has already salted the giant; there’s no

doubt about the bulls; my county is all right!”

Who could have helped laughing at the absurdities of the pair, master

and man? And laugh they did, all except the landlord, who cursed

himself; but at length the barber, Cardenio, and the curate contrived

with no small trouble to get Don Quixote on the bed, and he fell asleep

with every appearance of excessive weariness. They left him to sleep,

and came out to the gate of the inn to console Sancho Panza on not

having found the head of the giant; but much more work had they to

appease the landlord, who was furious at the sudden death of his

wine-skins; and said the landlady half scolding, half crying, “At an

evil moment and in an unlucky hour he came into my house, this

knight-errant—would that I had never set eyes on him, for dear he has

cost me; the last time he went off with the overnight score against him

for supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and his squire and a

hack and an ass, saying he was a knight adventurer—God send unlucky

adventures to him and all the adventurers in the world—and therefore

not bound to pay anything, for it was so settled by the knight-errantry

tariff: and then, all because of him, came the other gentleman and

carried off my tail, and gives it back more than two cuartillos the

worse, all stripped of its hair, so that it is no use for my husband’s

purpose; and then, for a finishing touch to all, to burst my wine-skins

and spill my wine! I wish I saw his own blood spilt! But let him not

deceive himself, for, by the bones of my father and the shade of my

mother, they shall pay me down every quarts; or my name is not what it

is, and I am not my father’s daughter.” All this and more to the same

effect the landlady delivered with great irritation, and her good maid

Maritornes backed her up, while the daughter held her peace and smiled

from time to time. The curate smoothed matters by promising to make

good all losses to the best of his power, not only as regarded the

wine-skins but also the wine, and above all the depreciation of the

tail which they set such store by. Dorothea comforted Sancho, telling

him that she pledged herself, as soon as it should appear certain that

his master had decapitated the giant, and she found herself peacefully

established in her kingdom, to bestow upon him the best county there

was in it. With this Sancho consoled himself, and assured the princess

she might rely upon it that he had seen the head of the giant, and more

by token it had a beard that reached to the girdle, and that if it was

not to be seen now it was because everything that happened in that

house went by enchantment, as he himself had proved the last time he

had lodged there. Dorothea said she fully believed it, and that he need

not be uneasy, for all would go well and turn out as he wished. All

therefore being appeased, the curate was anxious to go on with the

novel, as he saw there was but little more left to read. Dorothea and

the others begged him to finish it, and he, as he was willing to please

them, and enjoyed reading it himself, continued the tale in these

words:

The result was, that from the confidence Anselmo felt in Camilla’s

virtue, he lived happy and free from anxiety, and Camilla purposely

looked coldly on Lothario, that Anselmo might suppose her feelings

towards him to be the opposite of what they were; and the better to

support the position, Lothario begged to be excused from coming to the

house, as the displeasure with which Camilla regarded his presence was

plain to be seen. But the befooled Anselmo said he would on no account

allow such a thing, and so in a thousand ways he became the author of

his own dishonour, while he believed he was insuring his happiness.

Meanwhile the satisfaction with which Leonela saw herself empowered to

carry on her amour reached such a height that, regardless of everything

else, she followed her inclinations unrestrainedly, feeling confident

that her mistress would screen her, and even show her how to manage it

safely. At last one night Anselmo heard footsteps in Leonela’s room,

and on trying to enter to see who it was, he found that the door was

held against him, which made him all the more determined to open it;

and exerting his strength he forced it open, and entered the room in

time to see a man leaping through the window into the street. He ran

quickly to seize him or discover who he was, but he was unable to

effect either purpose, for Leonela flung her arms round him crying, “Be

calm, señor; do not give way to passion or follow him who has escaped

from this; he belongs to me, and in fact he is my husband.”

Anselmo would not believe it, but blind with rage drew a dagger and

threatened to stab Leonela, bidding her tell the truth or he would kill

her. She, in her fear, not knowing what she was saying, exclaimed, “Do

not kill me, señor, for I can tell you things more important than any

you can imagine.”

“Tell me then at once or thou diest,” said Anselmo.

“It would be impossible for me now,” said Leonela, “I am so agitated:

leave me till to-morrow, and then you shall hear from me what will fill

you with astonishment; but rest assured that he who leaped through the

window is a young man of this city, who has given me his promise to

become my husband.”

Anselmo was appeased with this, and was content to wait the time she

asked of him, for he never expected to hear anything against Camilla,

so satisfied and sure of her virtue was he; and so he quitted the room,

and left Leonela locked in, telling her she should not come out until

she had told him all she had to make known to him. He went at once to

see Camilla, and tell her, as he did, all that had passed between him

and her handmaid, and the promise she had given him to inform him

matters of serious importance.

There is no need of saying whether Camilla was agitated or not, for so

great was her fear and dismay, that, making sure, as she had good

reason to do, that Leonela would tell Anselmo all she knew of her

faithlessness, she had not the courage to wait and see if her

suspicions were confirmed; and that same night, as soon as she thought

that Anselmo was asleep, she packed up the most valuable jewels she had

and some money, and without being observed by anybody escaped from the

house and betook herself to Lothario’s, to whom she related what had

occurred, imploring him to convey her to some place of safety or fly

with her where they might be safe from Anselmo. The state of perplexity

to which Camilla reduced Lothario was such that he was unable to utter

a word in reply, still less to decide upon what he should do. At length

he resolved to conduct her to a convent of which a sister of his was

prioress; Camilla agreed to this, and with the speed which the

circumstances demanded, Lothario took her to the convent and left her

there, and then himself quitted the city without letting anyone know of

his departure.

As soon as daylight came Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his

side, rose eager to learn what Leonela had to tell him, and hastened to

the room where he had locked her in. He opened the door, entered, but

found no Leonela; all he found was some sheets knotted to the window, a

plain proof that she had let herself down from it and escaped. He

returned, uneasy, to tell Camilla, but not finding her in bed or

anywhere in the house he was lost in amazement. He asked the servants

of the house about her, but none of them could give him any

explanation. As he was going in search of Camilla it happened by chance

that he observed her boxes were lying open, and that the greater part

of her jewels were gone; and now he became fully aware of his disgrace,

and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune; and, just as he

was, without delaying to dress himself completely, he repaired, sad at

heart and dejected, to his friend Lothario to make known his sorrow to

him; but when he failed to find him and the servants reported that he

had been absent from his house all night and had taken with him all the

money he had, he felt as though he were losing his senses; and to make

all complete on returning to his own house he found it deserted and

empty, not one of all his servants, male or female, remaining in it. He

knew not what to think, or say, or do, and his reason seemed to be

deserting him little by little. He reviewed his position, and saw

himself in a moment left without wife, friend, or servants, abandoned,

he felt, by the heaven above him, and more than all robbed of his

honour, for in Camilla’s disappearance he saw his own ruin. After long

reflection he resolved at last to go to his friend’s village, where he

had been staying when he afforded opportunities for the contrivance of

this complication of misfortune. He locked the doors of his house,

mounted his horse, and with a broken spirit set out on his journey; but

he had hardly gone half-way when, harassed by his reflections, he had

to dismount and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot of which he threw

himself, giving vent to piteous heartrending sighs; and there he

remained till nearly nightfall, when he observed a man approaching on

horseback from the city, of whom, after saluting him, he asked what was

the news in Florence.

The citizen replied, “The strangest that have been heard for many a

day; for it is reported abroad that Lothario, the great friend of the

wealthy Anselmo, who lived at San Giovanni, carried off last night

Camilla, the wife of Anselmo, who also has disappeared. All this has

been told by a maid-servant of Camilla’s, whom the governor found last

night lowering herself by a sheet from the windows of Anselmo’s house.

I know not indeed, precisely, how the affair came to pass; all I know

is that the whole city is wondering at the occurrence, for no one could

have expected a thing of the kind, seeing the great and intimate

friendship that existed between them, so great, they say, that they

were called ‘The Two Friends.’”

“Is it known at all,” said Anselmo, “what road Lothario and Camilla

took?”

“Not in the least,” said the citizen, “though the governor has been

very active in searching for them.”

“God speed you, señor,” said Anselmo.

“God be with you,” said the citizen and went his way.

This disastrous intelligence almost robbed Anselmo not only of his

senses but of his life. He got up as well as he was able and reached

the house of his friend, who as yet knew nothing of his misfortune, but

seeing him come pale, worn, and haggard, perceived that he was

suffering some heavy affliction. Anselmo at once begged to be allowed

to retire to rest, and to be given writing materials. His wish was

complied with and he was left lying down and alone, for he desired

this, and even that the door should be locked. Finding himself alone he

so took to heart the thought of his misfortune that by the signs of

death he felt within him he knew well his life was drawing to a close,

and therefore he resolved to leave behind him a declaration of the

cause of his strange end. He began to write, but before he had put down

all he meant to say, his breath failed him and he yielded up his life,

a victim to the suffering which his ill-advised curiosity had entailed

upon him. The master of the house observing that it was now late and

that Anselmo did not call, determined to go in and ascertain if his

indisposition was increasing, and found him lying on his face, his body

partly in the bed, partly on the writing-table, on which he lay with

the written paper open and the pen still in his hand. Having first

called to him without receiving any answer, his host approached him,

and taking him by the hand, found that it was cold, and saw that he was

dead. Greatly surprised and distressed he summoned the household to

witness the sad fate which had befallen Anselmo; and then he read the

paper, the handwriting of which he recognised as his, and which

contained these words:

“A foolish and ill-advised desire has robbed me of life. If the news of

my death should reach the ears of Camilla, let her know that I forgive

her, for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor ought I to have

required her to perform them; and since I have been the author of my

own dishonour, there is no reason why—”

So far Anselmo had written, and thus it was plain that at this point,

before he could finish what he had to say, his life came to an end. The

next day his friend sent intelligence of his death to his relatives,

who had already ascertained his misfortune, as well as the convent

where Camilla lay almost on the point of accompanying her husband on

that inevitable journey, not on account of the tidings of his death,

but because of those she received of her lover’s departure. Although

she saw herself a widow, it is said she refused either to quit the

convent or take the veil, until, not long afterwards, intelligence

reached her that Lothario had been killed in a battle in which M. de

Lautrec had been recently engaged with the Great Captain Gonzalo

Fernandez de Cordova in the kingdom of Naples, whither her too late

repentant lover had repaired. On learning this Camilla took the veil,

and shortly afterwards died, worn out by grief and melancholy. This was

the end of all three, an end that came of a thoughtless beginning.

“I like this novel,” said the curate; “but I cannot persuade myself of

its truth; and if it has been invented, the author’s invention is

faulty, for it is impossible to imagine any husband so foolish as to

try such a costly experiment as Anselmo’s. If it had been represented

as occurring between a gallant and his mistress it might pass; but

between husband and wife there is something of an impossibility about

it. As to the way in which the story is told, however, I have no fault

to find.”

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF MORE CURIOUS INCIDENTS THAT OCCURRED AT THE INN

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Full Size

Just at that instant the landlord, who was standing at the gate of the

inn, exclaimed, “Here comes a fine troop of guests; if they stop here

we may say \_gaudeamus\_.”

“What are they?” said Cardenio.

“Four men,” said the landlord, “riding \_à la jineta\_, with lances and

bucklers, and all with black veils, and with them there is a woman in

white on a side-saddle, whose face is also veiled, and two attendants

on foot.”

“Are they very near?” said the curate.

“So near,” answered the landlord, “that here they come.”

Hearing this Dorothea covered her face, and Cardenio retreated into Don

Quixote’s room, and they hardly had time to do so before the whole

party the host had described entered the inn, and the four that were on

horseback, who were of highbred appearance and bearing, dismounted, and

came forward to take down the woman who rode on the side-saddle, and

one of them taking her in his arms placed her in a chair that stood at

the entrance of the room where Cardenio had hidden himself. All this

time neither she nor they had removed their veils or spoken a word,

only on sitting down on the chair the woman gave a deep sigh and let

her arms fall like one that was ill and weak. The attendants on foot

then led the horses away to the stable. Observing this the curate,

curious to know who these people in such a dress and preserving such

silence were, went to where the servants were standing and put the

question to one of them, who answered him.

“Faith, sir, I cannot tell you who they are, I only know they seem to

be people of distinction, particularly he who advanced to take the lady

you saw in his arms; and I say so because all the rest show him

respect, and nothing is done except what he directs and orders.”

“And the lady, who is she?” asked the curate.

“That I cannot tell you either,” said the servant, “for I have not seen

her face all the way: I have indeed heard her sigh many times and utter

such groans that she seems to be giving up the ghost every time; but it

is no wonder if we do not know more than we have told you, as my

comrade and I have only been in their company two days, for having met

us on the road they begged and persuaded us to accompany them to

Andalusia, promising to pay us well.”

“And have you heard any of them called by his name?” asked the curate.

“No, indeed,” replied the servant; “they all preserve a marvellous

silence on the road, for not a sound is to be heard among them except

the poor lady’s sighs and sobs, which make us pity her; and we feel

sure that wherever it is she is going, it is against her will, and as

far as one can judge from her dress she is a nun or, what is more

likely, about to become one; and perhaps it is because taking the vows

is not of her own free will, that she is so unhappy as she seems to

be.”

“That may well be,” said the curate, and leaving them he returned to

where Dorothea was, who, hearing the veiled lady sigh, moved by natural

compassion drew near to her and said, “What are you suffering from,

señora? If it be anything that women are accustomed and know how to

relieve, I offer you my services with all my heart.”

To this the unhappy lady made no reply; and though Dorothea repeated

her offers more earnestly she still kept silence, until the gentleman

with the veil, who, the servant said, was obeyed by the rest,

approached and said to Dorothea, “Do not give yourself the trouble,

señora, of making any offers to that woman, for it is her way to give

no thanks for anything that is done for her; and do not try to make her

answer unless you want to hear some lie from her lips.”

“I have never told a lie,” was the immediate reply of her who had been

silent until now; “on the contrary, it is because I am so truthful and

so ignorant of lying devices that I am now in this miserable condition;

and this I call you yourself to witness, for it is my unstained truth

that has made you false and a liar.”

Cardenio heard these words clearly and distinctly, being quite close to

the speaker, for there was only the door of Don Quixote’s room between

them, and the instant he did so, uttering a loud exclamation he cried,

“Good God! what is this I hear? What voice is this that has reached my

ears?” Startled at the voice the lady turned her head; and not seeing

the speaker she stood up and attempted to enter the room; observing

which the gentleman held her back, preventing her from moving a step.

In her agitation and sudden movement the silk with which she had

covered her face fell off and disclosed a countenance of incomparable

and marvellous beauty, but pale and terrified; for she kept turning her

eyes, everywhere she could direct her gaze, with an eagerness that made

her look as if she had lost her senses, and so marked that it excited

the pity of Dorothea and all who beheld her, though they knew not what

caused it. The gentleman grasped her firmly by the shoulders, and being

so fully occupied with holding her back, he was unable to put a hand to

his veil which was falling off, as it did at length entirely, and

Dorothea, who was holding the lady in her arms, raising her eyes saw

that he who likewise held her was her husband, Don Fernando. The

instant she recognised him, with a prolonged plaintive cry drawn from

the depths of her heart, she fell backwards fainting, and but for the

barber being close by to catch her in his arms, she would have fallen

completely to the ground. The curate at once hastened to uncover her

face and throw water on it, and as he did so Don Fernando, for he it

was who held the other in his arms, recognised her and stood as if

death-stricken by the sight; not, however, relaxing his grasp of

Luscinda, for it was she that was struggling to release herself from

his hold, having recognised Cardenio by his voice, as he had recognised

her. Cardenio also heard Dorothea’s cry as she fell fainting, and

imagining that it came from his Luscinda burst forth in terror from the

room, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando with Luscinda in his

arms. Don Fernando, too, knew Cardenio at once; and all three,

Luscinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea, stood in silent amazement scarcely

knowing what had happened to them.

They gazed at one another without speaking, Dorothea at Don Fernando,

Don Fernando at Cardenio, Cardenio at Luscinda, and Luscinda at

Cardenio. The first to break silence was Luscinda, who thus addressed

Don Fernando: “Leave me, Señor Don Fernando, for the sake of what you

owe to yourself; if no other reason will induce you, leave me to cling

to the wall of which I am the ivy, to the support from which neither

your importunities, nor your threats, nor your promises, nor your gifts

have been able to detach me. See how Heaven, by ways strange and hidden

from our sight, has brought me face to face with my true husband; and

well you know by dear-bought experience that death alone will be able

to efface him from my memory. May this plain declaration, then, lead

you, as you can do nothing else, to turn your love into rage, your

affection into resentment, and so to take my life; for if I yield it up

in the presence of my beloved husband I count it well bestowed; it may

be by my death he will be convinced that I kept my faith to him to the

last moment of life.”

Meanwhile Dorothea had come to herself, and had heard Luscinda’s words,

by means of which she divined who she was; but seeing that Don Fernando

did not yet release her or reply to her, summoning up her resolution as

well as she could she rose and knelt at his feet, and with a flood of

bright and touching tears addressed him thus:

“If, my lord, the beams of that sun that thou holdest eclipsed in thine

arms did not dazzle and rob thine eyes of sight thou wouldst have seen

by this time that she who kneels at thy feet is, so long as thou wilt

have it so, the unhappy and unfortunate Dorothea. I am that lowly

peasant girl whom thou in thy goodness or for thy pleasure wouldst

raise high enough to call herself thine; I am she who in the seclusion

of innocence led a contented life until at the voice of thy

importunity, and thy true and tender passion, as it seemed, she opened

the gates of her modesty and surrendered to thee the keys of her

liberty; a gift received by thee but thanklessly, as is clearly shown

by my forced retreat to the place where thou dost find me, and by thy

appearance under the circumstances in which I see thee. Nevertheless, I

would not have thee suppose that I have come here driven by my shame;

it is only grief and sorrow at seeing myself forgotten by thee that

have led me. It was thy will to make me thine, and thou didst so follow

thy will, that now, even though thou repentest, thou canst not help

being mine. Bethink thee, my lord, the unsurpassable affection I bear

thee may compensate for the beauty and noble birth for which thou

wouldst desert me. Thou canst not be the fair Luscinda’s because thou

art mine, nor can she be thine because she is Cardenio’s; and it will

be easier, remember, to bend thy will to love one who adores thee, than

to lead one to love thee who abhors thee now. Thou didst address

thyself to my simplicity, thou didst lay siege to my virtue, thou wert

not ignorant of my station, well dost thou know how I yielded wholly to

thy will; there is no ground or reason for thee to plead deception, and

if it be so, as it is, and if thou art a Christian as thou art a

gentleman, why dost thou by such subterfuges put off making me as happy

at last as thou didst at first? And if thou wilt not have me for what I

am, thy true and lawful wife, at least take and accept me as thy slave,

for so long as I am thine I will count myself happy and fortunate. Do

not by deserting me let my shame become the talk of the gossips in the

streets; make not the old age of my parents miserable; for the loyal

services they as faithful vassals have ever rendered thine are not

deserving of such a return; and if thou thinkest it will debase thy

blood to mingle it with mine, reflect that there is little or no

nobility in the world that has not travelled the same road, and that in

illustrious lineages it is not the woman’s blood that is of account;

and, moreover, that true nobility consists in virtue, and if thou art

wanting in that, refusing me what in justice thou owest me, then even I

have higher claims to nobility than thine. To make an end, señor, these

are my last words to thee: whether thou wilt, or wilt not, I am thy

wife; witness thy words, which must not and ought not to be false, if

thou dost pride thyself on that for want of which thou scornest me;

witness the pledge which thou didst give me, and witness Heaven, which

thou thyself didst call to witness the promise thou hadst made me; and

if all this fail, thy own conscience will not fail to lift up its

silent voice in the midst of all thy gaiety, and vindicate the truth of

what I say and mar thy highest pleasure and enjoyment.”

All this and more the injured Dorothea delivered with such earnest

feeling and such tears that all present, even those who came with Don

Fernando, were constrained to join her in them. Don Fernando listened

to her without replying, until, ceasing to speak, she gave way to such

sobs and sighs that it must have been a heart of brass that was not

softened by the sight of so great sorrow. Luscinda stood regarding her

with no less compassion for her sufferings than admiration for her

intelligence and beauty, and would have gone to her to say some words

of comfort to her, but was prevented by Don Fernando’s grasp which held

her fast. He, overwhelmed with confusion and astonishment, after

regarding Dorothea for some moments with a fixed gaze, opened his arms,

and, releasing Luscinda, exclaimed:

“Thou hast conquered, fair Dorothea, thou hast conquered, for it is

impossible to have the heart to deny the united force of so many

truths.”

Luscinda in her feebleness was on the point of falling to the ground

when Don Fernando released her, but Cardenio, who stood near, having

retreated behind Don Fernando to escape recognition, casting fear aside

and regardless of what might happen, ran forward to support her, and

said as he clasped her in his arms, “If Heaven in its compassion is

willing to let thee rest at last, mistress of my heart, true, constant,

and fair, nowhere canst thou rest more safely than in these arms that

now receive thee, and received thee before when fortune permitted me to

call thee mine.”

At these words Luscinda looked up at Cardenio, at first beginning to

recognise him by his voice and then satisfying herself by her eyes that

it was he, and hardly knowing what she did, and heedless of all

considerations of decorum, she flung her arms around his neck and

pressing her face close to his, said, “Yes, my dear lord, you are the

true master of this your slave, even though adverse fate interpose

again, and fresh dangers threaten this life that hangs on yours.”

A strange sight was this for Don Fernando and those that stood around,

filled with surprise at an incident so unlooked for. Dorothea fancied

that Don Fernando changed colour and looked as though he meant to take

vengeance on Cardenio, for she observed him put his hand to his sword;

and the instant the idea struck her, with wonderful quickness she

clasped him round the knees, and kissing them and holding him so as to

prevent his moving, she said, while her tears continued to flow, “What

is it thou wouldst do, my only refuge, in this unforeseen event? Thou

hast thy wife at thy feet, and she whom thou wouldst have for thy wife

is in the arms of her husband: reflect whether it will be right for

thee, whether it will be possible for thee to undo what Heaven has

done, or whether it will be becoming in thee to seek to raise her to be

thy mate who in spite of every obstacle, and strong in her truth and

constancy, is before thine eyes, bathing with the tears of love the

face and bosom of her lawful husband. For God’s sake I entreat of thee,

for thine own I implore thee, let not this open manifestation rouse thy

anger; but rather so calm it as to allow these two lovers to live in

peace and quiet without any interference from thee so long as Heaven

permits them; and in so doing thou wilt prove the generosity of thy

lofty noble spirit, and the world shall see that with thee reason has

more influence than passion.”

All the time Dorothea was speaking, Cardenio, though he held Luscinda

in his arms, never took his eyes off Don Fernando, determined, if he

saw him make any hostile movement, to try and defend himself and resist

as best he could all who might assail him, though it should cost him

his life. But now Don Fernando’s friends, as well as the curate and the

barber, who had been present all the while, not forgetting the worthy

Sancho Panza, ran forward and gathered round Don Fernando, entreating

him to have regard for the tears of Dorothea, and not suffer her

reasonable hopes to be disappointed, since, as they firmly believed,

what she said was but the truth; and bidding him observe that it was

not, as it might seem, by accident, but by a special disposition of

Providence that they had all met in a place where no one could have

expected a meeting. And the curate bade him remember that only death

could part Luscinda from Cardenio; that even if some sword were to

separate them they would think their death most happy; and that in a

case that admitted of no remedy his wisest course was, by conquering

and putting a constraint upon himself, to show a generous mind, and of

his own accord suffer these two to enjoy the happiness Heaven had

granted them. He bade him, too, turn his eyes upon the beauty of

Dorothea and he would see that few if any could equal much less excel

her; while to that beauty should be added her modesty and the

surpassing love she bore him. But besides all this, he reminded him

that if he prided himself on being a gentleman and a Christian, he

could not do otherwise than keep his plighted word; and that in doing

so he would obey God and meet the approval of all sensible people, who

know and recognised it to be the privilege of beauty, even in one of

humble birth, provided virtue accompany it, to be able to raise itself

to the level of any rank, without any slur upon him who places it upon

an equality with himself; and furthermore that when the potent sway of

passion asserts itself, so long as there be no mixture of sin in it, he

is not to be blamed who gives way to it.

To be brief, they added to these such other forcible arguments that Don

Fernando’s manly heart, being after all nourished by noble blood, was

touched, and yielded to the truth which, even had he wished it, he

could not gainsay; and he showed his submission, and acceptance of the

good advice that had been offered to him, by stooping down and

embracing Dorothea, saying to her, “Rise, dear lady, it is not right

that what I hold in my heart should be kneeling at my feet; and if

until now I have shown no sign of what I own, it may have been by

Heaven’s decree in order that, seeing the constancy with which you love

me, I may learn to value you as you deserve. What I entreat of you is

that you reproach me not with my transgression and grievous

wrong-doing; for the same cause and force that drove me to make you

mine impelled me to struggle against being yours; and to prove this,

turn and look at the eyes of the now happy Luscinda, and you will see

in them an excuse for all my errors: and as she has found and gained

the object of her desires, and I have found in you what satisfies all

my wishes, may she live in peace and contentment as many happy years

with her Cardenio, as on my knees I pray Heaven to allow me to live

with my Dorothea;” and with these words he once more embraced her and

pressed his face to hers with so much tenderness that he had to take

great heed to keep his tears from completing the proof of his love and

repentance in the sight of all. Not so Luscinda, and Cardenio, and

almost all the others, for they shed so many tears, some in their own

happiness, some at that of the others, that one would have supposed a

heavy calamity had fallen upon them all. Even Sancho Panza was weeping;

though afterwards he said he only wept because he saw that Dorothea was

not as he fancied the queen Micomicona, of whom he expected such great

favours. Their wonder as well as their weeping lasted some time, and

then Cardenio and Luscinda went and fell on their knees before Don

Fernando, returning him thanks for the favour he had rendered them in

language so grateful that he knew not how to answer them, and raising

them up embraced them with every mark of affection and courtesy.

He then asked Dorothea how she had managed to reach a place so far

removed from her own home, and she in a few fitting words told all that

she had previously related to Cardenio, with which Don Fernando and his

companions were so delighted that they wished the story had been

longer; so charmingly did Dorothea describe her misadventures. When she

had finished Don Fernando recounted what had befallen him in the city

after he had found in Luscinda’s bosom the paper in which she declared

that she was Cardenio’s wife, and never could be his. He said he meant

to kill her, and would have done so had he not been prevented by her

parents, and that he quitted the house full of rage and shame, and

resolved to avenge himself when a more convenient opportunity should

offer. The next day he learned that Luscinda had disappeared from her

father’s house, and that no one could tell whither she had gone.

Finally, at the end of some months he ascertained that she was in a

convent and meant to remain there all the rest of her life, if she were

not to share it with Cardenio; and as soon as he had learned this,

taking these three gentlemen as his companions, he arrived at the place

where she was, but avoided speaking to her, fearing that if it were

known he was there stricter precautions would be taken in the convent;

and watching a time when the porter’s lodge was open he left two to

guard the gate, and he and the other entered the convent in quest of

Luscinda, whom they found in the cloisters in conversation with one of

the nuns, and carrying her off without giving her time to resist, they

reached a place with her where they provided themselves with what they

required for taking her away; all which they were able to do in

complete safety, as the convent was in the country at a considerable

distance from the city. He added that when Luscinda found herself in

his power she lost all consciousness, and after returning to herself

did nothing but weep and sigh without speaking a word; and thus in

silence and tears they reached that inn, which for him was reaching

heaven where all the mischances of earth are over and at an end.

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Full Size

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS PRINCESS MICOMICONA, WITH

OTHER DROLL ADVENTURES

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Full Size

To all this Sancho listened with no little sorrow at heart to see how

his hopes of dignity were fading away and vanishing in smoke, and how

the fair Princess Micomicona had turned into Dorothea, and the giant

into Don Fernando, while his master was sleeping tranquilly, totally

unconscious of all that had come to pass. Dorothea was unable to

persuade herself that her present happiness was not all a dream;

Cardenio was in a similar state of mind, and Luscinda’s thoughts ran in

the same direction. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the favour

shown to him and for having been rescued from the intricate labyrinth

in which he had been brought so near the destruction of his good name

and of his soul; and in short everybody in the inn was full of

contentment and satisfaction at the happy issue of such a complicated

and hopeless business. The curate as a sensible man made sound

reflections upon the whole affair, and congratulated each upon his good

fortune; but the one that was in the highest spirits and good humour

was the landlady, because of the promise Cardenio and the curate had

given her to pay for all the losses and damage she had sustained

through Don Quixote’s means. Sancho, as has been already said, was the

only one who was distressed, unhappy, and dejected; and so with a long

face he went in to his master, who had just awoke, and said to him:

“Sir Rueful Countenance, your worship may as well sleep on as much as

you like, without troubling yourself about killing any giant or

restoring her kingdom to the princess; for that is all over and settled

now.”

“I should think it was,” replied Don Quixote, “for I have had the most

prodigious and stupendous battle with the giant that I ever remember

having had all the days of my life; and with one back-stroke—swish!—I

brought his head tumbling to the ground, and so much blood gushed forth

from him that it ran in rivulets over the earth like water.”

“Like red wine, your worship had better say,” replied Sancho; “for I

would have you know, if you don’t know it, that the dead giant is a

hacked wine-skin, and the blood four-and-twenty gallons of red wine

that it had in its belly, and the cut-off head is the bitch that bore

me; and the devil take it all.”

“What art thou talking about, fool?” said Don Quixote; “art thou in thy

senses?”

“Let your worship get up,” said Sancho, “and you will see the nice

business you have made of it, and what we have to pay; and you will see

the queen turned into a private lady called Dorothea, and other things

that will astonish you, if you understand them.”

“I shall not be surprised at anything of the kind,” returned Don

Quixote; “for if thou dost remember the last time we were here I told

thee that everything that happened here was a matter of enchantment,

and it would be no wonder if it were the same now.”

“I could believe all that,” replied Sancho, “if my blanketing was the

same sort of thing also; only it wasn’t, but real and genuine; for I

saw the landlord, who is here to-day, holding one end of the blanket

and jerking me up to the skies very neatly and smartly, and with as

much laughter as strength; and when it comes to be a case of knowing

people, I hold for my part, simple and sinner as I am, that there is no

enchantment about it at all, but a great deal of bruising and bad

luck.”

“Well, well, God will give a remedy,” said Don Quixote; “hand me my

clothes and let me go out, for I want to see these transformations and

things thou speakest of.”

Sancho fetched him his clothes; and while he was dressing, the curate

gave Don Fernando and the others present an account of Don Quixote’s

madness and of the stratagem they had made use of to withdraw him from

that Pena Pobre where he fancied himself stationed because of his

lady’s scorn. He described to them also nearly all the adventures that

Sancho had mentioned, at which they marvelled and laughed not a little,

thinking it, as all did, the strangest form of madness a crazy

intellect could be capable of. But now, the curate said, that the lady

Dorothea’s good fortune prevented her from proceeding with their

purpose, it would be necessary to devise or discover some other way of

getting him home.

Cardenio proposed to carry out the scheme they had begun, and suggested

that Luscinda would act and support Dorothea’s part sufficiently well.

“No,” said Don Fernando, “that must not be, for I want Dorothea to

follow out this idea of hers; and if the worthy gentleman’s village is

not very far off, I shall be happy if I can do anything for his

relief.”

“It is not more than two days’ journey from this,” said the curate.

“Even if it were more,” said Don Fernando, “I would gladly travel so

far for the sake of doing so good a work.”

At this moment Don Quixote came out in full panoply, with Mambrino’s

helmet, all dinted as it was, on his head, his buckler on his arm, and

leaning on his staff or pike. The strange figure he presented filled

Don Fernando and the rest with amazement as they contemplated his lean

yellow face half a league long, his armour of all sorts, and the

solemnity of his deportment. They stood silent waiting to see what he

would say, and he, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, addressed her

with great gravity and composure:

“I am informed, fair lady, by my squire here that your greatness has

been annihilated and your being abolished, since, from a queen and lady

of high degree as you used to be, you have been turned into a private

maiden. If this has been done by the command of the magician king your

father, through fear that I should not afford you the aid you need and

are entitled to, I may tell you he did not know and does not know half

the mass, and was little versed in the annals of chivalry; for, if he

had read and gone through them as attentively and deliberately as I

have, he would have found at every turn that knights of less renown

than mine have accomplished things more difficult: it is no great

matter to kill a whelp of a giant, however arrogant he may be; for it

is not many hours since I myself was engaged with one, and—I will not

speak of it, that they may not say I am lying; time, however, that

reveals all, will tell the tale when we least expect it.”

“You were engaged with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” said

the landlord at this; but Don Fernando told him to hold his tongue and

on no account interrupt Don Quixote, who continued, “I say in

conclusion, high and disinherited lady, that if your father has brought

about this metamorphosis in your person for the reason I have

mentioned, you ought not to attach any importance to it; for there is

no peril on earth through which my sword will not force a way, and with

it, before many days are over, I will bring your enemy’s head to the

ground and place on yours the crown of your kingdom.”

Don Quixote said no more, and waited for the reply of the princess, who

aware of Don Fernando’s determination to carry on the deception until

Don Quixote had been conveyed to his home, with great ease of manner

and gravity made answer, “Whoever told you, valiant Knight of the

Rueful Countenance, that I had undergone any change or transformation

did not tell you the truth, for I am the same as I was yesterday. It is

true that certain strokes of good fortune, that have given me more than

I could have hoped for, have made some alteration in me; but I have not

therefore ceased to be what I was before, or to entertain the same

desire I have had all through of availing myself of the might of your

valiant and invincible arm. And so, señor, let your goodness reinstate

the father that begot me in your good opinion, and be assured that he

was a wise and prudent man, since by his craft he found out such a sure

and easy way of remedying my misfortune; for I believe, señor, that had

it not been for you I should never have lit upon the good fortune I now

possess; and in this I am saying what is perfectly true; as most of

these gentlemen who are present can fully testify. All that remains is

to set out on our journey to-morrow, for to-day we could not make much

way; and for the rest of the happy result I am looking forward to, I

trust to God and the valour of your heart.”

So said the sprightly Dorothea, and on hearing her Don Quixote turned

to Sancho, and said to him, with an angry air, “I declare now, little

Sancho, thou art the greatest little villain in Spain. Say, thief and

vagabond, hast thou not just now told me that this princess had been

turned into a maiden called Dorothea, and that the head which I am

persuaded I cut off from a giant was the bitch that bore thee, and

other nonsense that put me in the greatest perplexity I have ever been

in all my life? I vow” (and here he looked to heaven and ground his

teeth) “I have a mind to play the mischief with thee, in a way that

will teach sense for the future to all lying squires of knights-errant

in the world.”

“Let your worship be calm, señor,” returned Sancho, “for it may well be

that I have been mistaken as to the change of the lady princess

Micomicona; but as to the giant’s head, or at least as to the piercing

of the wine-skins, and the blood being red wine, I make no mistake, as

sure as there is a God; because the wounded skins are there at the head

of your worship’s bed, and the wine has made a lake of the room; if not

you will see when the eggs come to be fried; I mean when his worship

the landlord calls for all the damages: for the rest, I am heartily

glad that her ladyship the queen is as she was, for it concerns me as

much as anyone.”

“I tell thee again, Sancho, thou art a fool,” said Don Quixote;

“forgive me, and that will do.”

“That will do,” said Don Fernando; “let us say no more about it; and as

her ladyship the princess proposes to set out to-morrow because it is

too late to-day, so be it, and we will pass the night in pleasant

conversation, and to-morrow we will all accompany Señor Don Quixote;

for we wish to witness the valiant and unparalleled achievements he is

about to perform in the course of this mighty enterprise which he has

undertaken.”

“It is I who shall wait upon and accompany you,” said Don Quixote; “and

I am much gratified by the favour that is bestowed upon me, and the

good opinion entertained of me, which I shall strive to justify or it

shall cost me my life, or even more, if it can possibly cost me more.”

Many were the compliments and expressions of politeness that passed

between Don Quixote and Don Fernando; but they were brought to an end

by a traveller who at this moment entered the inn, and who seemed from

his attire to be a Christian lately come from the country of the Moors,

for he was dressed in a short-skirted coat of blue cloth with

half-sleeves and without a collar; his breeches were also of blue

cloth, and his cap of the same colour, and he wore yellow buskins and

had a Moorish cutlass slung from a baldric across his breast. Behind

him, mounted upon an ass, there came a woman dressed in Moorish

fashion, with her face veiled and a scarf on her head, and wearing a

little brocaded cap, and a mantle that covered her from her shoulders

to her feet. The man was of a robust and well-proportioned frame, in

age a little over forty, rather swarthy in complexion, with long

moustaches and a full beard, and, in short, his appearance was such

that if he had been well dressed he would have been taken for a person

of quality and good birth. On entering he asked for a room, and when

they told him there was none in the inn he seemed distressed, and

approaching her who by her dress seemed to be a Moor, he took her down

from the saddle in his arms. Luscinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her

daughter and Maritornes, attracted by the strange, and to them entirely

new costume, gathered round her; and Dorothea, who was always kindly,

courteous, and quick-witted, perceiving that both she and the man who

had brought her were annoyed at not finding a room, said to her, “Do

not be put out, señora, by the discomfort and want of luxuries here,

for it is the way of road-side inns to be without them; still, if you

will be pleased to share our lodging with us (pointing to Luscinda)

perhaps you will have found worse accommodation in the course of your

journey.”

To this the veiled lady made no reply; all she did was to rise from her

seat, crossing her hands upon her bosom, bowing her head and bending

her body as a sign that she returned thanks. From her silence they

concluded that she must be a Moor and unable to speak a Christian

tongue.

At this moment the captive came up, having been until now otherwise

engaged, and seeing that they all stood round his companion and that

she made no reply to what they addressed to her, he said, “Ladies, this

damsel hardly understands my language and can speak none but that of

her own country, for which reason she does not and cannot answer what

has been asked of her.”

“Nothing has been asked of her,” returned Luscinda; “she has only been

offered our company for this evening and a share of the quarters we

occupy, where she shall be made as comfortable as the circumstances

allow, with the good-will we are bound to show all strangers that stand

in need of it, especially if it be a woman to whom the service is

rendered.”

“On her part and my own, señora,” replied the captive, “I kiss your

hands, and I esteem highly, as I ought, the favour you have offered,

which, on such an occasion and coming from persons of your appearance,

is, it is plain to see, a very great one.”

“Tell me, señor,” said Dorothea, “is this lady a Christian or a Moor?

for her dress and her silence lead us to imagine that she is what we

could wish she was not.”

“In dress and outwardly,” said he, “she is a Moor, but at heart she is

a thoroughly good Christian, for she has the greatest desire to become

one.”

“Then she has not been baptised?” returned Luscinda.

“There has been no opportunity for that,” replied the captive, “since

she left Algiers, her native country and home; and up to the present

she has not found herself in any such imminent danger of death as to

make it necessary to baptise her before she has been instructed in all

the ceremonies our holy mother Church ordains; but, please God, ere

long she shall be baptised with the solemnity befitting her which is

higher than her dress or mine indicates.”

By these words he excited a desire in all who heard him, to know who

the Moorish lady and the captive were, but no one liked to ask just

then, seeing that it was a fitter moment for helping them to rest

themselves than for questioning them about their lives. Dorothea took

the Moorish lady by the hand and leading her to a seat beside herself,

requested her to remove her veil. She looked at the captive as if to

ask him what they meant and what she was to do. He said to her in

Arabic that they asked her to take off her veil, and thereupon she

removed it and disclosed a countenance so lovely, that to Dorothea she

seemed more beautiful than Luscinda, and to Luscinda more beautiful

than Dorothea, and all the bystanders felt that if any beauty could

compare with theirs it was the Moorish lady’s, and there were even

those who were inclined to give it somewhat the preference. And as it

is the privilege and charm of beauty to win the heart and secure

good-will, all forthwith became eager to show kindness and attention to

the lovely Moor.

Don Fernando asked the captive what her name was, and he replied that

it was Lela Zoraida; but the instant she heard him, she guessed what

the Christian had asked, and said hastily, with some displeasure and

energy, “No, not Zoraida; Maria, Maria!” giving them to understand that

she was called “Maria” and not “Zoraida.” These words, and the touching

earnestness with which she uttered them, drew more than one tear from

some of the listeners, particularly the women, who are by nature

tender-hearted and compassionate. Luscinda embraced her affectionately,

saying, “Yes, yes, Maria, Maria,” to which the Moor replied, “Yes, yes,

Maria; Zoraida macange,” which means “not Zoraida.”

Night was now approaching, and by the orders of those who accompanied

Don Fernando the landlord had taken care and pains to prepare for them

the best supper that was in his power. The hour therefore having

arrived they all took their seats at a long table like a refectory one,

for round or square table there was none in the inn, and the seat of

honour at the head of it, though he was for refusing it, they assigned

to Don Quixote, who desired the lady Micomicona to place herself by his

side, as he was her protector. Luscinda and Zoraida took their places

next her, opposite to them were Don Fernando and Cardenio, and next the

captive and the other gentlemen, and by the side of the ladies, the

curate and the barber. And so they supped in high enjoyment, which was

increased when they observed Don Quixote leave off eating, and, moved

by an impulse like that which made him deliver himself at such length

when he supped with the goatherds, begin to address them:

“Verily, gentlemen, if we reflect upon it, great and marvellous are the

things they see, who make profession of the order of knight-errantry.

Say, what being is there in this world, who entering the gate of this

castle at this moment, and seeing us as we are here, would suppose or

imagine us to be what we are? Who would say that this lady who is

beside me was the great queen that we all know her to be, or that I am

that Knight of the Rueful Countenance, trumpeted far and wide by the

mouth of Fame? Now, there can be no doubt that this art and calling

surpasses all those that mankind has invented, and is the more

deserving of being held in honour in proportion as it is the more

exposed to peril. Away with those who assert that letters have the

preeminence over arms; I will tell them, whosoever they may be, that

they know not what they say. For the reason which such persons commonly

assign, and upon which they chiefly rest, is, that the labours of the

mind are greater than those of the body, and that arms give employment

to the body alone; as if the calling were a porter’s trade, for which

nothing more is required than sturdy strength; or as if, in what we who

profess them call arms, there were not included acts of vigour for the

execution of which high intelligence is requisite; or as if the soul of

the warrior, when he has an army, or the defence of a city under his

care, did not exert itself as much by mind as by body. Nay; see whether

by bodily strength it be possible to learn or divine the intentions of

the enemy, his plans, stratagems, or obstacles, or to ward off

impending mischief; for all these are the work of the mind, and in them

the body has no share whatever. Since, therefore, arms have need of the

mind, as much as letters, let us see now which of the two minds, that

of the man of letters or that of the warrior, has most to do; and this

will be seen by the end and goal that each seeks to attain; for that

purpose is the more estimable which has for its aim the nobler object.

The end and goal of letters—I am not speaking now of divine letters,

the aim of which is to raise and direct the soul to Heaven; for with an

end so infinite no other can be compared—I speak of human letters, the

end of which is to establish distributive justice, give to every man

that which is his, and see and take care that good laws are observed:

an end undoubtedly noble, lofty, and deserving of high praise, but not

such as should be given to that sought by arms, which have for their

end and object peace, the greatest boon that men can desire in this

life. The first good news the world and mankind received was that which

the angels announced on the night that was our day, when they sang in

the air, ‘Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of

good-will;’ and the salutation which the great Master of heaven and

earth taught his disciples and chosen followers when they entered any

house, was to say, ‘Peace be on this house;’ and many other times he

said to them, ‘My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave you, peace be

with you;’ a jewel and a precious gift given and left by such a hand: a

jewel without which there can be no happiness either on earth or in

heaven. This peace is the true end of war; and war is only another name

for arms. This, then, being admitted, that the end of war is peace, and

that so far it has the advantage of the end of letters, let us turn to

the bodily labours of the man of letters, and those of him who follows

the profession of arms, and see which are the greater.”

Don Quixote delivered his discourse in such a manner and in such

correct language, that for the time being he made it impossible for any

of his hearers to consider him a madman; on the contrary, as they were

mostly gentlemen, to whom arms are an appurtenance by birth, they

listened to him with great pleasure as he continued: “Here, then, I say

is what the student has to undergo; first of all poverty: not that all

are poor, but to put the case as strongly as possible: and when I have

said that he endures poverty, I think nothing more need be said about

his hard fortune, for he who is poor has no share of the good things of

life. This poverty he suffers from in various ways, hunger, or cold, or

nakedness, or all together; but for all that it is not so extreme but

that he gets something to eat, though it may be at somewhat

unseasonable hours and from the leavings of the rich; for the greatest

misery of the student is what they themselves call ‘going out for

soup,’ and there is always some neighbour’s brazier or hearth for them,

which, if it does not warm, at least tempers the cold to them, and

lastly, they sleep comfortably at night under a roof. I will not go

into other particulars, as for example want of shirts, and no

superabundance of shoes, thin and threadbare garments, and gorging

themselves to surfeit in their voracity when good luck has treated them

to a banquet of some sort. By this road that I have described, rough

and hard, stumbling here, falling there, getting up again to fall

again, they reach the rank they desire, and that once attained, we have

seen many who have passed these Syrtes and Scyllas and Charybdises, as

if borne flying on the wings of favouring fortune; we have seen them, I

say, ruling and governing the world from a chair, their hunger turned

into satiety, their cold into comfort, their nakedness into fine

raiment, their sleep on a mat into repose in holland and damask, the

justly earned reward of their virtue; but, contrasted and compared with

what the warrior undergoes, all they have undergone falls far short of

it, as I am now about to show.”

c37e.jpg (13K)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE CURIOUS DISCOURSE DON QUIXOTE DELIVERED ON ARMS AND

LETTERS

c38a.jpg (180K)

Full Size

Continuing his discourse Don Quixote said: “As we began in the

student’s case with poverty and its accompaniments, let us see now if

the soldier is richer, and we shall find that in poverty itself there

is no one poorer; for he is dependent on his miserable pay, which comes

late or never, or else on what he can plunder, seriously imperilling

his life and conscience; and sometimes his nakedness will be so great

that a slashed doublet serves him for uniform and shirt, and in the

depth of winter he has to defend himself against the inclemency of the

weather in the open field with nothing better than the breath of his

mouth, which I need not say, coming from an empty place, must come out

cold, contrary to the laws of nature. To be sure he looks forward to

the approach of night to make up for all these discomforts on the bed

that awaits him, which, unless by some fault of his, never sins by

being over narrow, for he can easily measure out on the ground as he

likes, and roll himself about in it to his heart’s content without any

fear of the sheets slipping away from him. Then, after all this,

suppose the day and hour for taking his degree in his calling to have

come; suppose the day of battle to have arrived, when they invest him

with the doctor’s cap made of lint, to mend some bullet-hole, perhaps,

that has gone through his temples, or left him with a crippled arm or

leg. Or if this does not happen, and merciful Heaven watches over him

and keeps him safe and sound, it may be he will be in the same poverty

he was in before, and he must go through more engagements and more

battles, and come victorious out of all before he betters himself; but

miracles of that sort are seldom seen. For tell me, sirs, if you have

ever reflected upon it, by how much do those who have gained by war

fall short of the number of those who have perished in it? No doubt you

will reply that there can be no comparison, that the dead cannot be

numbered, while the living who have been rewarded may be summed up with

three figures. All which is the reverse in the case of men of letters;

for by skirts, to say nothing of sleeves, they all find means of

support; so that though the soldier has more to endure, his reward is

much less. But against all this it may be urged that it is easier to

reward two thousand soldiers, for the former may be remunerated by

giving them places, which must perforce be conferred upon men of their

calling, while the latter can only be recompensed out of the very

property of the master they serve; but this impossibility only

strengthens my argument.

“Putting this, however, aside, for it is a puzzling question for which

it is difficult to find a solution, let us return to the superiority of

arms over letters, a matter still undecided, so many are the arguments

put forward on each side; for besides those I have mentioned, letters

say that without them arms cannot maintain themselves, for war, too,

has its laws and is governed by them, and laws belong to the domain of

letters and men of letters. To this arms make answer that without them

laws cannot be maintained, for by arms states are defended, kingdoms

preserved, cities protected, roads made safe, seas cleared of pirates;

and, in short, if it were not for them, states, kingdoms, monarchies,

cities, ways by sea and land would be exposed to the violence and

confusion which war brings with it, so long as it lasts and is free to

make use of its privileges and powers. And then it is plain that

whatever costs most is valued and deserves to be valued most. To attain

to eminence in letters costs a man time, watching, hunger, nakedness,

headaches, indigestions, and other things of the sort, some of which I

have already referred to. But for a man to come in the ordinary course

of things to be a good soldier costs him all the student suffers, and

in an incomparably higher degree, for at every step he runs the risk of

losing his life. For what dread of want or poverty that can reach or

harass the student can compare with what the soldier feels, who finds

himself beleaguered in some stronghold mounting guard in some ravelin

or cavalier, knows that the enemy is pushing a mine towards the post

where he is stationed, and cannot under any circumstances retire or fly

from the imminent danger that threatens him? All he can do is to inform

his captain of what is going on so that he may try to remedy it by a

counter-mine, and then stand his ground in fear and expectation of the

moment when he will fly up to the clouds without wings and descend into

the deep against his will. And if this seems a trifling risk, let us

see whether it is equalled or surpassed by the encounter of two galleys

stem to stem, in the midst of the open sea, locked and entangled one

with the other, when the soldier has no more standing room than two

feet of the plank of the spur; and yet, though he sees before him

threatening him as many ministers of death as there are cannon of the

foe pointed at him, not a lance length from his body, and sees too that

with the first heedless step he will go down to visit the profundities

of Neptune’s bosom, still with dauntless heart, urged on by honour that

nerves him, he makes himself a target for all that musketry, and

struggles to cross that narrow path to the enemy’s ship. And what is

still more marvellous, no sooner has one gone down into the depths he

will never rise from till the end of the world, than another takes his

place; and if he too falls into the sea that waits for him like an

enemy, another and another will succeed him without a moment’s pause

between their deaths: courage and daring the greatest that all the

chances of war can show. Happy the blest ages that knew not the dread

fury of those devilish engines of artillery, whose inventor I am

persuaded is in hell receiving the reward of his diabolical invention,

by which he made it easy for a base and cowardly arm to take the life

of a gallant gentleman; and that, when he knows not how or whence, in

the height of the ardour and enthusiasm that fire and animate brave

hearts, there should come some random bullet, discharged perhaps by one

who fled in terror at the flash when he fired off his accursed machine,

which in an instant puts an end to the projects and cuts off the life

of one who deserved to live for ages to come. And thus when I reflect

on this, I am almost tempted to say that in my heart I repent of having

adopted this profession of knight-errant in so detestable an age as we

live in now; for though no peril can make me fear, still it gives me

some uneasiness to think that powder and lead may rob me of the

opportunity of making myself famous and renowned throughout the known

earth by the might of my arm and the edge of my sword. But Heaven’s

will be done; if I succeed in my attempt I shall be all the more

honoured, as I have faced greater dangers than the knights-errant of

yore exposed themselves to.”

All this lengthy discourse Don Quixote delivered while the others

supped, forgetting to raise a morsel to his lips, though Sancho more

than once told him to eat his supper, as he would have time enough

afterwards to say all he wanted. It excited fresh pity in those who had

heard him to see a man of apparently sound sense, and with rational

views on every subject he discussed, so hopelessly wanting in all, when

his wretched unlucky chivalry was in question. The curate told him he

was quite right in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he

himself, though a man of letters and a graduate, was of the same

opinion.

They finished their supper, the cloth was removed, and while the

hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were getting Don Quixote of La

Mancha’s garret ready, in which it was arranged that the women were to

be quartered by themselves for the night, Don Fernando begged the

captive to tell them the story of his life, for it could not fail to be

strange and interesting, to judge by the hints he had let fall on his

arrival in company with Zoraida. To this the captive replied that he

would very willingly yield to his request, only he feared his tale

would not give them as much pleasure as he wished; nevertheless, not to

be wanting in compliance, he would tell it. The curate and the others

thanked him and added their entreaties, and he finding himself so

pressed said there was no occasion ask, where a command had such

weight, and added, “If your worships will give me your attention you

will hear a true story which, perhaps, fictitious ones constructed with

ingenious and studied art cannot come up to.” These words made them

settle themselves in their places and preserve a deep silence, and he

seeing them waiting on his words in mute expectation, began thus in a

pleasant quiet voice.

c38e.jpg (18K)

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES

c39a.jpg (137K)

Full Size

My family had its origin in a village in the mountains of Leon, and

nature had been kinder and more generous to it than fortune; though in

the general poverty of those communities my father passed for being

even a rich man; and he would have been so in reality had he been as

clever in preserving his property as he was in spending it. This

tendency of his to be liberal and profuse he had acquired from having

been a soldier in his youth, for the soldier’s life is a school in

which the niggard becomes free-handed and the free-handed prodigal; and

if any soldiers are to be found who are misers, they are monsters of

rare occurrence. My father went beyond liberality and bordered on

prodigality, a disposition by no means advantageous to a married man

who has children to succeed to his name and position. My father had

three, all sons, and all of sufficient age to make choice of a

profession. Finding, then, that he was unable to resist his propensity,

he resolved to divest himself of the instrument and cause of his

prodigality and lavishness, to divest himself of wealth, without which

Alexander himself would have seemed parsimonious; and so calling us all

three aside one day into a room, he addressed us in words somewhat to

the following effect:

“My sons, to assure you that I love you, no more need be known or said

than that you are my sons; and to encourage a suspicion that I do not

love you, no more is needed than the knowledge that I have no

self-control as far as preservation of your patrimony is concerned;

therefore, that you may for the future feel sure that I love you like a

father, and have no wish to ruin you like a stepfather, I propose to do

with you what I have for some time back meditated, and after mature

deliberation decided upon. You are now of an age to choose your line of

life or at least make choice of a calling that will bring you honour

and profit when you are older; and what I have resolved to do is to

divide my property into four parts; three I will give to you, to each

his portion without making any difference, and the other I will retain

to live upon and support myself for whatever remainder of life Heaven

may be pleased to grant me. But I wish each of you on taking possession

of the share that falls to him to follow one of the paths I shall

indicate. In this Spain of ours there is a proverb, to my mind very

true—as they all are, being short aphorisms drawn from long practical

experience—and the one I refer to says, ‘The church, or the sea, or the

king’s house;’ as much as to say, in plainer language, whoever wants to

flourish and become rich, let him follow the church, or go to sea,

adopting commerce as his calling, or go into the king’s service in his

household, for they say, ‘Better a king’s crumb than a lord’s favour.’

I say so because it is my will and pleasure that one of you should

follow letters, another trade, and the third serve the king in the

wars, for it is a difficult matter to gain admission to his service in

his household, and if war does not bring much wealth it confers great

distinction and fame. Eight days hence I will give you your full shares

in money, without defrauding you of a farthing, as you will see in the

end. Now tell me if you are willing to follow out my idea and advice as

I have laid it before you.”

Having called upon me as the eldest to answer, I, after urging him not

to strip himself of his property but to spend it all as he pleased, for

we were young men able to gain our living, consented to comply with his

wishes, and said that mine were to follow the profession of arms and

thereby serve God and my king. My second brother having made the same

proposal, decided upon going to the Indies, embarking the portion that

fell to him in trade. The youngest, and in my opinion the wisest, said

he would rather follow the church, or go to complete his studies at

Salamanca. As soon as we had come to an understanding, and made choice

of our professions, my father embraced us all, and in the short time he

mentioned carried into effect all he had promised; and when he had

given to each his share, which as well as I remember was three thousand

ducats apiece in cash (for an uncle of ours bought the estate and paid

for it down, not to let it go out of the family), we all three on the

same day took leave of our good father; and at the same time, as it

seemed to me inhuman to leave my father with such scanty means in his

old age, I induced him to take two of my three thousand ducats, as the

remainder would be enough to provide me with all a soldier needed. My

two brothers, moved by my example, gave him each a thousand ducats, so

that there was left for my father four thousand ducats in money,

besides three thousand, the value of the portion that fell to him which

he preferred to retain in land instead of selling it. Finally, as I

said, we took leave of him, and of our uncle whom I have mentioned, not

without sorrow and tears on both sides, they charging us to let them

know whenever an opportunity offered how we fared, whether well or ill.

We promised to do so, and when he had embraced us and given us his

blessing, one set out for Salamanca, the other for Seville, and I for

Alicante, where I had heard there was a Genoese vessel taking in a

cargo of wool for Genoa.

It is now some twenty-two years since I left my father’s house, and all

that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news

whatever of him or of my brothers; my own adventures during that period

I will now relate briefly. I embarked at Alicante, reached Genoa after

a prosperous voyage, and proceeded thence to Milan, where I provided

myself with arms and a few soldier’s accoutrements; thence it was my

intention to go and take service in Piedmont, but as I was already on

the road to Alessandria della Paglia, I learned that the great Duke of

Alva was on his way to Flanders. I changed my plans, joined him, served

under him in the campaigns he made, was present at the deaths of the

Counts Egmont and Horn, and was promoted to be ensign under a famous

captain of Guadalajara, Diego de Urbina by name. Some time after my

arrival in Flanders news came of the league that his Holiness Pope Pius

V. of happy memory, had made with Venice and Spain against the common

enemy, the Turk, who had just then with his fleet taken the famous

island of Cyprus, which belonged to the Venetians, a loss deplorable

and disastrous. It was known as a fact that the Most Serene Don John of

Austria, natural brother of our good king Don Philip, was coming as

commander-in-chief of the allied forces, and rumours were abroad of the

vast warlike preparations which were being made, all which stirred my

heart and filled me with a longing to take part in the campaign which

was expected; and though I had reason to believe, and almost certain

promises, that on the first opportunity that presented itself I should

be promoted to be captain, I preferred to leave all and betake myself,

as I did, to Italy; and it was my good fortune that Don John had just

arrived at Genoa, and was going on to Naples to join the Venetian

fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. I may say, in short, that I

took part in that glorious expedition, promoted by this time to be a

captain of infantry, to which honourable charge my good luck rather

than my merits raised me; and that day—so fortunate for Christendom,

because then all the nations of the earth were disabused of the error

under which they lay in imagining the Turks to be invincible on sea—on

that day, I say, on which the Ottoman pride and arrogance were broken,

among all that were there made happy (for the Christians who died that

day were happier than those who remained alive and victorious) I alone

was miserable; for, instead of some naval crown that I might have

expected had it been in Roman times, on the night that followed that

famous day I found myself with fetters on my feet and manacles on my

hands.

It happened in this way: El Uchali, the king of Algiers, a daring and

successful corsair, having attacked and taken the leading Maltese

galley (only three knights being left alive in it, and they badly

wounded), the chief galley of John Andrea, on board of which I and my

company were placed, came to its relief, and doing as was bound to do

in such a case, I leaped on board the enemy’s galley, which, sheering

off from that which had attacked it, prevented my men from following

me, and so I found myself alone in the midst of my enemies, who were in

such numbers that I was unable to resist; in short I was taken, covered

with wounds; El Uchali, as you know, sirs, made his escape with his

entire squadron, and I was left a prisoner in his power, the only sad

being among so many filled with joy, and the only captive among so many

free; for there were fifteen thousand Christians, all at the oar in the

Turkish fleet, that regained their longed-for liberty that day.

They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Turk, Selim, made my

master general at sea for having done his duty in the battle and

carried off as evidence of his bravery the standard of the Order of

Malta. The following year, which was the year seventy-two, I found

myself at Navarino rowing in the leading galley with the three

lanterns. There I saw and observed how the opportunity of capturing the

whole Turkish fleet in harbour was lost; for all the marines and

janizzaries that belonged to it made sure that they were about to be

attacked inside the very harbour, and had their kits and pasamaques, or

shoes, ready to flee at once on shore without waiting to be assailed,

in so great fear did they stand of our fleet. But Heaven ordered it

otherwise, not for any fault or neglect of the general who commanded on

our side, but for the sins of Christendom, and because it was God’s

will and pleasure that we should always have instruments of punishment

to chastise us. As it was, El Uchali took refuge at Modon, which is an

island near Navarino, and landing forces fortified the mouth of the

harbour and waited quietly until Don John retired. On this expedition

was taken the galley called the Prize, whose captain was a son of the

famous corsair Barbarossa. It was taken by the chief Neapolitan galley

called the She-wolf, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father

of his men, that successful and unconquered captain Don Álvaro de

Bazan, Marquis of Santa Cruz; and I cannot help telling you what took

place at the capture of the Prize.

The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his slaves so badly,

that, when those who were at the oars saw that the She-wolf galley was

bearing down upon them and gaining upon them, they all at once dropped

their oars and seized their captain who stood on the stage at the end

of the gangway shouting to them to row lustily; and passing him on from

bench to bench, from the poop to the prow, they so bit him that before

he had got much past the mast his soul had already got to hell; so

great, as I said, was the cruelty with which he treated them, and the

hatred with which they hated him.

We returned to Constantinople, and the following year, seventy-three,

it became known that Don John had seized Tunis and taken the kingdom

from the Turks, and placed Muley Hamet in possession, putting an end to

the hopes which Muley Hamida, the cruelest and bravest Moor in the

world, entertained of returning to reign there. The Grand Turk took the

loss greatly to heart, and with the cunning which all his race possess,

he made peace with the Venetians (who were much more eager for it than

he was), and the following year, seventy-four, he attacked the Goletta

and the fort which Don John had left half built near Tunis. While all

these events were occurring, I was labouring at the oar without any

hope of freedom; at least I had no hope of obtaining it by ransom, for

I was firmly resolved not to write to my father telling him of my

misfortunes. At length the Goletta fell, and the fort fell, before

which places there were seventy-five thousand regular Turkish soldiers,

and more than four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs from all parts of

Africa, and in the train of all this great host such munitions and

engines of war, and so many pioneers that with their hands they might

have covered the Goletta and the fort with handfuls of earth. The first

to fall was the Goletta, until then reckoned impregnable, and it fell,

not by any fault of its defenders, who did all that they could and

should have done, but because experiment proved how easily

entrenchments could be made in the desert sand there; for water used to

be found at two palms depth, while the Turks found none at two yards;

and so by means of a quantity of sandbags they raised their works so

high that they commanded the walls of the fort, sweeping them as if

from a cavalier, so that no one was able to make a stand or maintain

the defence.

It was a common opinion that our men should not have shut themselves up

in the Goletta, but should have waited in the open at the

landing-place; but those who say so talk at random and with little

knowledge of such matters; for if in the Goletta and in the fort there

were barely seven thousand soldiers, how could such a small number,

however resolute, sally out and hold their own against numbers like

those of the enemy? And how is it possible to help losing a stronghold

that is not relieved, above all when surrounded by a host of determined

enemies in their own country? But many thought, and I thought so too,

that it was special favour and mercy which Heaven showed to Spain in

permitting the destruction of that source and hiding place of mischief,

that devourer, sponge, and moth of countless money, fruitlessly wasted

there to no other purpose save preserving the memory of its capture by

the invincible Charles V.; as if to make that eternal, as it is and

will be, these stones were needed to support it. The fort also fell;

but the Turks had to win it inch by inch, for the soldiers who defended

it fought so gallantly and stoutly that the number of the enemy killed

in twenty-two general assaults exceeded twenty-five thousand. Of three

hundred that remained alive not one was taken unwounded, a clear and

manifest proof of their gallantry and resolution, and how sturdily they

had defended themselves and held their post. A small fort or tower

which was in the middle of the lagoon under the command of Don Juan

Zanoguera, a Valencian gentleman and a famous soldier, capitulated upon

terms. They took prisoner Don Pedro Puertocarrero, commandant of the

Goletta, who had done all in his power to defend his fortress, and took

the loss of it so much to heart that he died of grief on the way to

Constantinople, where they were carrying him a prisoner. They also took

the commandant of the fort, Gabrio Cerbellon by name, a Milanese

gentleman, a great engineer and a very brave soldier. In these two

fortresses perished many persons of note, among whom was Pagano Doria,

knight of the Order of St. John, a man of generous disposition, as was

shown by his extreme liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea

Doria; and what made his death the more sad was that he was slain by

some Arabs to whom, seeing that the fort was now lost, he entrusted

himself, and who offered to conduct him in the disguise of a Moor to

Tabarca, a small fort or station on the coast held by the Genoese

employed in the coral fishery. These Arabs cut off his head and carried

it to the commander of the Turkish fleet, who proved on them the truth

of our Castilian proverb, that “though the treason may please, the

traitor is hated;” for they say he ordered those who brought him the

present to be hanged for not having brought him alive.

c39b.jpg (371K)

Full Size

Among the Christians who were taken in the fort was one named Don Pedro

de Aguilar, a native of some place, I know not what, in Andalusia, who

had been ensign in the fort, a soldier of great repute and rare

intelligence, who had in particular a special gift for what they call

poetry. I say so because his fate brought him to my galley and to my

bench, and made him a slave to the same master; and before we left the

port this gentleman composed two sonnets by way of epitaphs, one on the

Goletta and the other on the fort; indeed, I may as well repeat them,

for I have them by heart, and I think they will be liked rather than

disliked.

The instant the captive mentioned the name of Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don

Fernando looked at his companions and they all three smiled; and when

he came to speak of the sonnets one of them said, “Before your worship

proceeds any further I entreat you to tell me what became of that Don

Pedro de Aguilar you have spoken of.”

“All I know is,” replied the captive, “that after having been in

Constantinople two years, he escaped in the disguise of an Arnaut, in

company with a Greek spy; but whether he regained his liberty or not I

cannot tell, though I fancy he did, because a year afterwards I saw the

Greek at Constantinople, though I was unable to ask him what the result

of the journey was.”

“Well then, you are right,” returned the gentleman, “for that Don Pedro

is my brother, and he is now in our village in good health, rich,

married, and with three children.”

“Thanks be to God for all the mercies he has shown him,” said the

captive; “for to my mind there is no happiness on earth to compare with

recovering lost liberty.”

“And what is more,” said the gentleman, “I know the sonnets my brother

made.”

“Then let your worship repeat them,” said the captive, “for you will

recite them better than I can.”

“With all my heart,” said the gentleman; “that on the Goletta runs

thus.”

c39e.jpg (38K)

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH THE STORY OF THE CAPTIVE IS CONTINUED.

c40a.jpg (131K)

Full Size

SONNET

“Blest souls, that, from this mortal husk set free,

In guerdon of brave deeds beatified,

Above this lowly orb of ours abide

Made heirs of heaven and immortality,

With noble rage and ardour glowing ye

Your strength, while strength was yours, in battle plied,

And with your own blood and the foeman’s dyed

The sandy soil and the encircling sea.

It was the ebbing life-blood first that failed

The weary arms; the stout hearts never quailed.

Though vanquished, yet ye earned the victor’s crown:

Though mourned, yet still triumphant was your fall

For there ye won, between the sword and wall,

In Heaven glory and on earth renown.”

“That is it exactly, according to my recollection,” said the captive.

“Well then, that on the fort,” said the gentleman, “if my memory serves

me, goes thus:

SONNET

“Up from this wasted soil, this shattered shell,

Whose walls and towers here in ruin lie,

Three thousand soldier souls took wing on high,

In the bright mansions of the blest to dwell.

The onslaught of the foeman to repel

By might of arm all vainly did they try,

And when at length ’twas left them but to die,

Wearied and few the last defenders fell.

And this same arid soil hath ever been

A haunt of countless mournful memories,

As well in our day as in days of yore.

But never yet to Heaven it sent, I ween,

From its hard bosom purer souls than these,

Or braver bodies on its surface bore.”

The sonnets were not disliked, and the captive was rejoiced at the

tidings they gave him of his comrade, and continuing his tale, he went

on to say:

The Goletta and the fort being thus in their hands, the Turks gave

orders to dismantle the Goletta—for the fort was reduced to such a

state that there was nothing left to level—and to do the work more

quickly and easily they mined it in three places; but nowhere were they

able to blow up the part which seemed to be the least strong, that is

to say, the old walls, while all that remained standing of the new

fortifications that the Fratin had made came to the ground with the

greatest ease. Finally the fleet returned victorious and triumphant to

Constantinople, and a few months later died my master, El Uchali,

otherwise Uchali Fartax, which means in Turkish “the scabby renegade;”

for that he was; it is the practice with the Turks to name people from

some defect or virtue they may possess; the reason being that there are

among them only four surnames belonging to families tracing their

descent from the Ottoman house, and the others, as I have said, take

their names and surnames either from bodily blemishes or moral

qualities. This “scabby one” rowed at the oar as a slave of the Grand

Signor’s for fourteen years, and when over thirty-four years of age, in

resentment at having been struck by a Turk while at the oar, turned

renegade and renounced his faith in order to be able to revenge

himself; and such was his valour that, without owing his advancement to

the base ways and means by which most favourites of the Grand Signor

rise to power, he came to be king of Algiers, and afterwards

general-on-sea, which is the third place of trust in the realm. He was

a Calabrian by birth, and a worthy man morally, and he treated his

slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and after

his death they were divided, as he directed by his will, between the

Grand Signor (who is heir of all who die and shares with the children

of the deceased) and his renegades. I fell to the lot of a Venetian

renegade who, when a cabin boy on board a ship, had been taken by

Uchali and was so much beloved by him that he became one of his most

favoured youths. He came to be the most cruel renegade I ever saw: his

name was Hassan Aga, and he grew very rich and became king of Algiers.

With him I went there from Constantinople, rather glad to be so near

Spain, not that I intended to write to anyone about my unhappy lot, but

to try if fortune would be kinder to me in Algiers than in

Constantinople, where I had attempted in a thousand ways to escape

without ever finding a favourable time or chance; but in Algiers I

resolved to seek for other means of effecting the purpose I cherished

so dearly; for the hope of obtaining my liberty never deserted me; and

when in my plots and schemes and attempts the result did not answer my

expectations, without giving way to despair I immediately began to look

out for or conjure up some new hope to support me, however faint or

feeble it might be.

In this way I lived on immured in a building or prison called by the

Turks a baño in which they confine the Christian captives, as well

those that are the king’s as those belonging to private individuals,

and also what they call those of the Almacen, which is as much as to

say the slaves of the municipality, who serve the city in the public

works and other employments; but captives of this kind recover their

liberty with great difficulty, for, as they are public property and

have no particular master, there is no one with whom to treat for their

ransom, even though they may have the means. To these baños, as I have

said, some private individuals of the town are in the habit of bringing

their captives, especially when they are to be ransomed; because there

they can keep them in safety and comfort until their ransom arrives.

The king’s captives also, that are on ransom, do not go out to work

with the rest of the crew, unless when their ransom is delayed; for

then, to make them write for it more pressingly, they compel them to

work and go for wood, which is no light labour.

I, however, was one of those on ransom, for when it was discovered that

I was a captain, although I declared my scanty means and want of

fortune, nothing could dissuade them from including me among the

gentlemen and those waiting to be ransomed. They put a chain on me,

more as a mark of this than to keep me safe, and so I passed my life in

that baño with several other gentlemen and persons of quality marked

out as held to ransom; but though at times, or rather almost always, we

suffered from hunger and scanty clothing, nothing distressed us so much

as hearing and seeing at every turn the unexampled and unheard-of

cruelties my master inflicted upon the Christians. Every day he hanged

a man, impaled one, cut off the ears of another; and all with so little

provocation, or so entirely without any, that the Turks acknowledged he

did it merely for the sake of doing it, and because he was by nature

murderously disposed towards the whole human race. The only one that

fared at all well with him was a Spanish soldier, something de Saavedra

by name, to whom he never gave a blow himself, or ordered a blow to be

given, or addressed a hard word, although he had done things that will

dwell in the memory of the people there for many a year, and all to

recover his liberty; and for the least of the many things he did we all

dreaded that he would be impaled, and he himself was in fear of it more

than once; and only that time does not allow, I could tell you now

something of what that soldier did, that would interest and astonish

you much more than the narration of my own tale.

To go on with my story; the courtyard of our prison was overlooked by

the windows of the house belonging to a wealthy Moor of high position;

and these, as is usual in Moorish houses, were rather loopholes than

windows, and besides were covered with thick and close lattice-work. It

so happened, then, that as I was one day on the terrace of our prison

with three other comrades, trying, to pass away the time, how far we

could leap with our chains, we being alone, for all the other

Christians had gone out to work, I chanced to raise my eyes, and from

one of these little closed windows I saw a reed appear with a cloth

attached to the end of it, and it kept waving to and fro, and moving as

if making signs to us to come and take it. We watched it, and one of

those who were with me went and stood under the reed to see whether

they would let it drop, or what they would do, but as he did so the

reed was raised and moved from side to side, as if they meant to say

“no” by a shake of the head. The Christian came back, and it was again

lowered, making the same movements as before. Another of my comrades

went, and with him the same happened as with the first, and then the

third went forward, but with the same result as the first and second.

Seeing this I did not like not to try my luck, and as soon as I came

under the reed it was dropped and fell inside the baño at my feet. I

hastened to untie the cloth, in which I perceived a knot, and in this

were ten cianis, which are coins of base gold, current among the Moors,

and each worth ten reals of our money.

It is needless to say I rejoiced over this godsend, and my joy was not

less than my wonder as I strove to imagine how this good fortune could

have come to us, but to me specially; for the evident unwillingness to

drop the reed for any but me showed that it was for me the favour was

intended. I took my welcome money, broke the reed, and returned to the

terrace, and looking up at the window, I saw a very white hand put out

that opened and shut very quickly. From this we gathered or fancied

that it must be some woman living in that house that had done us this

kindness, and to show that we were grateful for it, we made salaams

after the fashion of the Moors, bowing the head, bending the body, and

crossing the arms on the breast. Shortly afterwards at the same window

a small cross made of reeds was put out and immediately withdrawn. This

sign led us to believe that some Christian woman was a captive in the

house, and that it was she who had been so good to us; but the

whiteness of the hand and the bracelets we had perceived made us

dismiss that idea, though we thought it might be one of the Christian

renegades whom their masters very often take as lawful wives, and

gladly, for they prefer them to the women of their own nation. In all

our conjectures we were wide of the truth; so from that time forward

our sole occupation was watching and gazing at the window where the

cross had appeared to us, as if it were our pole-star; but at least

fifteen days passed without our seeing either it or the hand, or any

other sign and though meanwhile we endeavoured with the utmost pains to

ascertain who it was that lived in the house, and whether there were

any Christian renegade in it, nobody could ever tell us anything more

than that he who lived there was a rich Moor of high position, Hadji

Morato by name, formerly alcaide of La Pata, an office of high dignity

among them. But when we least thought it was going to rain any more

cianis from that quarter, we saw the reed suddenly appear with another

cloth tied in a larger knot attached to it, and this at a time when, as

on the former occasion, the baño was deserted and unoccupied.

c40b.jpg (288K)

Full Size

We made trial as before, each of the same three going forward before I

did; but the reed was delivered to none but me, and on my approach it

was let drop. I untied the knot and I found forty Spanish gold crowns

with a paper written in Arabic, and at the end of the writing there was

a large cross drawn. I kissed the cross, took the crowns and returned

to the terrace, and we all made our salaams; again the hand appeared, I

made signs that I would read the paper, and then the window was closed.

We were all puzzled, though filled with joy at what had taken place;

and as none of us understood Arabic, great was our curiosity to know

what the paper contained, and still greater the difficulty of finding

someone to read it. At last I resolved to confide in a renegade, a

native of Murcia, who professed a very great friendship for me, and had

given pledges that bound him to keep any secret I might entrust to him;

for it is the custom with some renegades, when they intend to return to

Christian territory, to carry about them certificates from captives of

mark testifying, in whatever form they can, that such and such a

renegade is a worthy man who has always shown kindness to Christians,

and is anxious to escape on the first opportunity that may present

itself. Some obtain these testimonials with good intentions, others put

them to a cunning use; for when they go to pillage on Christian

territory, if they chance to be cast away, or taken prisoners, they

produce their certificates and say that from these papers may be seen

the object they came for, which was to remain on Christian ground, and

that it was to this end they joined the Turks in their foray. In this

way they escape the consequences of the first outburst and make their

peace with the Church before it does them any harm, and then when they

have the chance they return to Barbary to become what they were before.

Others, however, there are who procure these papers and make use of

them honestly, and remain on Christian soil. This friend of mine, then,

was one of these renegades that I have described; he had certificates

from all our comrades, in which we testified in his favour as strongly

as we could; and if the Moors had found the papers they would have

burned him alive.

I knew that he understood Arabic very well, and could not only speak

but also write it; but before I disclosed the whole matter to him, I

asked him to read for me this paper which I had found by accident in a

hole in my cell. He opened it and remained some time examining it and

muttering to himself as he translated it. I asked him if he understood

it, and he told me he did perfectly well, and that if I wished him to

tell me its meaning word for word, I must give him pen and ink that he

might do it more satisfactorily. We at once gave him what he required,

and he set about translating it bit by bit, and when he had done he

said:

“All that is here in Spanish is what the Moorish paper contains, and

you must bear in mind that when it says ‘Lela Marien’ it means ‘Our

Lady the Virgin Mary.’”

We read the paper and it ran thus:

“When I was a child my father had a slave who taught me to pray the

Christian prayer in my own language, and told me many things about Lela

Marien. The Christian died, and I know that she did not go to the fire,

but to Allah, because since then I have seen her twice, and she told me

to go to the land of the Christians to see Lela Marien, who had great

love for me. I know not how to go. I have seen many Christians, but

except thyself none has seemed to me to be a gentleman. I am young and

beautiful, and have plenty of money to take with me. See if thou canst

contrive how we may go, and if thou wilt thou shalt be my husband

there, and if thou wilt not it will not distress me, for Lela Marien

will find me someone to marry me. I myself have written this: have a

care to whom thou givest it to read: trust no Moor, for they are all

perfidious. I am greatly troubled on this account, for I would not have

thee confide in anyone, because if my father knew it he would at once

fling me down a well and cover me with stones. I will put a thread to

the reed; tie the answer to it, and if thou hast no one to write for

thee in Arabic, tell it to me by signs, for Lela Marien will make me

understand thee. She and Allah and this cross, which I often kiss as

the captive bade me, protect thee.”

Judge, sirs, whether we had reason for surprise and joy at the words of

this paper; and both one and the other were so great, that the renegade

perceived that the paper had not been found by chance, but had been in

reality addressed to someone of us, and he begged us, if what he

suspected were the truth, to trust him and tell him all, for he would

risk his life for our freedom; and so saying he took out from his

breast a metal crucifix, and with many tears swore by the God the image

represented, in whom, sinful and wicked as he was, he truly and

faithfully believed, to be loyal to us and keep secret whatever we

chose to reveal to him; for he thought and almost foresaw that by means

of her who had written that paper, he and all of us would obtain our

liberty, and he himself obtain the object he so much desired, his

restoration to the bosom of the Holy Mother Church, from which by his

own sin and ignorance he was now severed like a corrupt limb. The

renegade said this with so many tears and such signs of repentance,

that with one consent we all agreed to tell him the whole truth of the

matter, and so we gave him a full account of all, without hiding

anything from him. We pointed out to him the window at which the reed

appeared, and he by that means took note of the house, and resolved to

ascertain with particular care who lived in it. We agreed also that it

would be advisable to answer the Moorish lady’s letter, and the

renegade without a moment’s delay took down the words I dictated to

him, which were exactly what I shall tell you, for nothing of

importance that took place in this affair has escaped my memory, or

ever will while life lasts. This, then, was the answer returned to the

Moorish lady:

“The true Allah protect thee, Lady, and that blessed Marien who is the

true mother of God, and who has put it into thy heart to go to the land

of the Christians, because she loves thee. Entreat her that she be

pleased to show thee how thou canst execute the command she gives thee,

for she will, such is her goodness. On my own part, and on that of all

these Christians who are with me, I promise to do all that we can for

thee, even to death. Fail not to write to me and inform me what thou

dost mean to do, and I will always answer thee; for the great Allah has

given us a Christian captive who can speak and write thy language well,

as thou mayest see by this paper; without fear, therefore, thou canst

inform us of all thou wouldst. As to what thou sayest, that if thou

dost reach the land of the Christians thou wilt be my wife, I give thee

my promise upon it as a good Christian; and know that the Christians

keep their promises better than the Moors. Allah and Marien his mother

watch over thee, my Lady.”

The paper being written and folded I waited two days until the baño was

empty as before, and immediately repaired to the usual walk on the

terrace to see if there were any sign of the reed, which was not long

in making its appearance. As soon as I saw it, although I could not

distinguish who put it out, I showed the paper as a sign to attach the

thread, but it was already fixed to the reed, and to it I tied the

paper; and shortly afterwards our star once more made its appearance

with the white flag of peace, the little bundle. It was dropped, and I

picked it up, and found in the cloth, in gold and silver coins of all

sorts, more than fifty crowns, which fifty times more strengthened our

joy and doubled our hope of gaining our liberty. That very night our

renegade returned and said he had learned that the Moor we had been

told of lived in that house, that his name was Hadji Morato, that he

was enormously rich, that he had one only daughter the heiress of all

his wealth, and that it was the general opinion throughout the city

that she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary, and that several of

the viceroys who came there had sought her for a wife, but that she had

been always unwilling to marry; and he had learned, moreover, that she

had a Christian slave who was now dead; all which agreed with the

contents of the paper. We immediately took counsel with the renegade as

to what means would have to be adopted in order to carry off the

Moorish lady and bring us all to Christian territory; and in the end it

was agreed that for the present we should wait for a second

communication from Zoraida (for that was the name of her who now

desires to be called Maria), because we saw clearly that she and no one

else could find a way out of all these difficulties. When we had

decided upon this the renegade told us not to be uneasy, for he would

lose his life or restore us to liberty. For four days the baño was

filled with people, for which reason the reed delayed its appearance

for four days, but at the end of that time, when the baño was, as it

generally was, empty, it appeared with the cloth so bulky that it

promised a happy birth. Reed and cloth came down to me, and I found

another paper and a hundred crowns in gold, without any other coin. The

renegade was present, and in our cell we gave him the paper to read,

which was to this effect:

“I cannot think of a plan, señor, for our going to Spain, nor has Lela

Marien shown me one, though I have asked her. All that can be done is

for me to give you plenty of money in gold from this window. With it

ransom yourself and your friends, and let one of you go to the land of

the Christians, and there buy a vessel and come back for the others;

and he will find me in my father’s garden, which is at the Babazon gate

near the seashore, where I shall be all this summer with my father and

my servants. You can carry me away from there by night without any

danger, and bring me to the vessel. And remember thou art to be my

husband, else I will pray to Marien to punish thee. If thou canst not

trust anyone to go for the vessel, ransom thyself and do thou go, for I

know thou wilt return more surely than any other, as thou art a

gentleman and a Christian. Endeavour to make thyself acquainted with

the garden; and when I see thee walking yonder I shall know that the

baño is empty and I will give thee abundance of money. Allah protect

thee, señor.”

These were the words and contents of the second paper, and on hearing

them, each declared himself willing to be the ransomed one, and

promised to go and return with scrupulous good faith; and I too made

the same offer; but to all this the renegade objected, saying that he

would not on any account consent to one being set free before all went

together, as experience had taught him how ill those who have been set

free keep promises which they made in captivity; for captives of

distinction frequently had recourse to this plan, paying the ransom of

one who was to go to Valencia or Majorca with money to enable him to

arm a bark and return for the others who had ransomed him, but who

never came back; for recovered liberty and the dread of losing it again

efface from the memory all the obligations in the world. And to prove

the truth of what he said, he told us briefly what had happened to a

certain Christian gentleman almost at that very time, the strangest

case that had ever occurred even there, where astonishing and

marvellous things are happening every instant. In short, he ended by

saying that what could and ought to be done was to give the money

intended for the ransom of one of us Christians to him, so that he

might with it buy a vessel there in Algiers under the pretence of

becoming a merchant and trader at Tetuan and along the coast; and when

master of the vessel, it would be easy for him to hit on some way of

getting us all out of the baño and putting us on board; especially if

the Moorish lady gave, as she said, money enough to ransom all, because

once free it would be the easiest thing in the world for us to embark

even in open day; but the greatest difficulty was that the Moors do not

allow any renegade to buy or own any craft, unless it be a large vessel

for going on roving expeditions, because they are afraid that anyone

who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a Spaniard, only wants it

for the purpose of escaping to Christian territory. This however he

could get over by arranging with a Tagarin Moor to go shares with him

in the purchase of the vessel, and in the profit on the cargo; and

under cover of this he could become master of the vessel, in which case

he looked upon all the rest as accomplished. But though to me and my

comrades it had seemed a better plan to send to Majorca for the vessel,

as the Moorish lady suggested, we did not dare to oppose him, fearing

that if we did not do as he said he would denounce us, and place us in

danger of losing all our lives if he were to disclose our dealings with

Zoraida, for whose life we would have all given our own. We therefore

resolved to put ourselves in the hands of God and in the renegade’s;

and at the same time an answer was given to Zoraida, telling her that

we would do all she recommended, for she had given as good advice as if

Lela Marien had delivered it, and that it depended on her alone whether

we were to defer the business or put it in execution at once. I renewed

my promise to be her husband; and thus the next day that the baño

chanced to be empty she at different times gave us by means of the reed

and cloth two thousand gold crowns and a paper in which she said that

the next Juma, that is to say Friday, she was going to her father’s

garden, but that before she went she would give us more money; and if

it were not enough we were to let her know, as she would give us as

much as we asked, for her father had so much he would not miss it, and

besides she kept all the keys.

We at once gave the renegade five hundred crowns to buy the vessel, and

with eight hundred I ransomed myself, giving the money to a Valencian

merchant who happened to be in Algiers at the time, and who had me

released on his word, pledging it that on the arrival of the first ship

from Valencia he would pay my ransom; for if he had given the money at

once it would have made the king suspect that my ransom money had been

for a long time in Algiers, and that the merchant had for his own

advantage kept it secret. In fact my master was so difficult to deal

with that I dared not on any account pay down the money at once. The

Thursday before the Friday on which the fair Zoraida was to go to the

garden she gave us a thousand crowns more, and warned us of her

departure, begging me, if I were ransomed, to find out her father’s

garden at once, and by all means to seek an opportunity of going there

to see her. I answered in a few words that I would do so, and that she

must remember to commend us to Lela Marien with all the prayers the

captive had taught her. This having been done, steps were taken to

ransom our three comrades, so as to enable them to quit the baño, and

lest, seeing me ransomed and themselves not, though the money was

forthcoming, they should make a disturbance about it and the devil

should prompt them to do something that might injure Zoraida; for

though their position might be sufficient to relieve me from this

apprehension, nevertheless I was unwilling to run any risk in the

matter; and so I had them ransomed in the same way as I was, handing

over all the money to the merchant so that he might with safety and

confidence give security; without, however, confiding our arrangement

and secret to him, which might have been dangerous.

c40e.jpg (34K)

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE STILL CONTINUES HIS ADVENTURES

c41a.jpg (106K)

Full Size

Before fifteen days were over our renegade had already purchased an

excellent vessel with room for more than thirty persons; and to make

the transaction safe and lend a colour to it, he thought it well to

make, as he did, a voyage to a place called Shershel, twenty leagues

from Algiers on the Oran side, where there is an extensive trade in

dried figs. Two or three times he made this voyage in company with the

Tagarin already mentioned. The Moors of Aragon are called Tagarins in

Barbary, and those of Granada Mudéjares; but in the Kingdom of Fez they

call the Mudéjares Elches, and they are the people the king chiefly

employs in war. To proceed: every time he passed with his vessel he

anchored in a cove that was not two crossbow shots from the garden

where Zoraida was waiting; and there the renegade, together with the

two Moorish lads that rowed, used purposely to station himself, either

going through his prayers, or else practising as a part what he meant

to perform in earnest. And thus he would go to Zoraida’s garden and ask

for fruit, which her father gave him, not knowing him; but though, as

he afterwards told me, he sought to speak to Zoraida, and tell her who

he was, and that by my orders he was to take her to the land of the

Christians, so that she might feel satisfied and easy, he had never

been able to do so; for the Moorish women do not allow themselves to be

seen by any Moor or Turk, unless their husband or father bid them: with

Christian captives they permit freedom of intercourse and

communication, even more than might be considered proper. But for my

part I should have been sorry if he had spoken to her, for perhaps it

might have alarmed her to find her affairs talked of by renegades. But

God, who ordered it otherwise, afforded no opportunity for our

renegade’s well-meant purpose; and he, seeing how safely he could go to

Shershel and return, and anchor when and how and where he liked, and

that the Tagarin his partner had no will but his, and that, now I was

ransomed, all we wanted was to find some Christians to row, told me to

look out for any I should be willing to take with me, over and above

those who had been ransomed, and to engage them for the next Friday,

which he fixed upon for our departure. On this I spoke to twelve

Spaniards, all stout rowers, and such as could most easily leave the

city; but it was no easy matter to find so many just then, because

there were twenty ships out on a cruise and they had taken all the

rowers with them; and these would not have been found were it not that

their master remained at home that summer without going to sea in order

to finish a galliot that he had upon the stocks. To these men I said

nothing more than that the next Friday in the evening they were to come

out stealthily one by one and hang about Hadji Morato’s garden, waiting

for me there until I came. These directions I gave each one separately,

with orders that if they saw any other Christians there they were not

to say anything to them except that I had directed them to wait at that

spot.

This preliminary having been settled, another still more necessary step

had to be taken, which was to let Zoraida know how matters stood that

she might be prepared and forewarned, so as not to be taken by surprise

if we were suddenly to seize upon her before she thought the

Christians’ vessel could have returned. I determined, therefore, to go

to the garden and try if I could speak to her; and the day before my

departure I went there under the pretence of gathering herbs. The first

person I met was her father, who addressed me in the language that all

over Barbary and even in Constantinople is the medium between captives

and Moors, and is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor of any other

nation, but a mixture of all languages, by means of which we can all

understand one another. In this sort of language, I say, he asked me

what I wanted in his garden, and to whom I belonged. I replied that I

was a slave of the Arnaut Mami (for I knew as a certainty that he was a

very great friend of his), and that I wanted some herbs to make a

salad. He asked me then whether I were on ransom or not, and what my

master demanded for me. While these questions and answers were

proceeding, the fair Zoraida, who had already perceived me some time

before, came out of the house in the garden, and as Moorish women are

by no means particular about letting themselves be seen by Christians,

or, as I have said before, at all coy, she had no hesitation in coming

to where her father stood with me; moreover her father, seeing her

approaching slowly, called to her to come. It would be beyond my power

now to describe to you the great beauty, the high-bred air, the

brilliant attire of my beloved Zoraida as she presented herself before

my eyes. I will content myself with saying that more pearls hung from

her fair neck, her ears, and her hair than she had hairs on her head.

On her ankles, which as is customary were bare, she had carcajes (for

so bracelets or anklets are called in Morisco) of the purest gold, set

with so many diamonds that she told me afterwards her father valued

them at ten thousand doubloons, and those she had on her wrists were

worth as much more. The pearls were in profusion and very fine, for the

highest display and adornment of the Moorish women is decking

themselves with rich pearls and seed-pearls; and of these there are

therefore more among the Moors than among any other people. Zoraida’s

father had to the reputation of possessing a great number, and the

purest in all Algiers, and of possessing also more than two hundred

thousand Spanish crowns; and she, who is now mistress of me only, was

mistress of all this. Whether thus adorned she would have been

beautiful or not, and what she must have been in her prosperity, may be

imagined from the beauty remaining to her after so many hardships; for,

as everyone knows, the beauty of some women has its times and its

seasons, and is increased or diminished by chance causes; and naturally

the emotions of the mind will heighten or impair it, though indeed more

frequently they totally destroy it. In a word she presented herself

before me that day attired with the utmost splendour, and supremely

beautiful; at any rate, she seemed to me the most beautiful object I

had ever seen; and when, besides, I thought of all I owed to her I felt

as though I had before me some heavenly being come to earth to bring me

relief and happiness.

As she approached her father told her in his own language that I was a

captive belonging to his friend the Arnaut Mami, and that I had come

for salad.

She took up the conversation, and in that mixture of tongues I have

spoken of she asked me if I was a gentleman, and why I was not

ransomed.

I answered that I was already ransomed, and that by the price it might

be seen what value my master set on me, as they had given one thousand

five hundred zoltanis for me; to which she replied, “Hadst thou been my

father’s, I can tell thee, I would not have let him part with thee for

twice as much, for you Christians always tell lies about yourselves and

make yourselves out poor to cheat the Moors.”

“That may be, lady,” said I; “but indeed I dealt truthfully with my

master, as I do and mean to do with everybody in the world.”

“And when dost thou go?” said Zoraida.

“To-morrow, I think,” said I, “for there is a vessel here from France

which sails to-morrow, and I think I shall go in her.”

“Would it not be better,” said Zoraida, “to wait for the arrival of

ships from Spain and go with them and not with the French who are not

your friends?”

“No,” said I; “though if there were intelligence that a vessel were now

coming from Spain it is true I might, perhaps, wait for it; however, it

is more likely I shall depart to-morrow, for the longing I feel to

return to my country and to those I love is so great that it will not

allow me to wait for another opportunity, however more convenient, if

it be delayed.”

“No doubt thou art married in thine own country,” said Zoraida, “and

for that reason thou art anxious to go and see thy wife.”

“I am not married,” I replied, “but I have given my promise to marry on

my arrival there.”

“And is the lady beautiful to whom thou hast given it?” said Zoraida.

“So beautiful,” said I, “that, to describe her worthily and tell thee

the truth, she is very like thee.”

At this her father laughed very heartily and said, “By Allah,

Christian, she must be very beautiful if she is like my daughter, who

is the most beautiful woman in all this kingdom: only look at her well

and thou wilt see I am telling the truth.”

Zoraida’s father as the better linguist helped to interpret most of

these words and phrases, for though she spoke the bastard language,

that, as I have said, is employed there, she expressed her meaning more

by signs than by words.

While we were still engaged in this conversation, a Moor came running

up, exclaiming that four Turks had leaped over the fence or wall of the

garden, and were gathering the fruit though it was not yet ripe. The

old man was alarmed and Zoraida too, for the Moors commonly, and, so to

speak, instinctively have a dread of the Turks, but particularly of the

soldiers, who are so insolent and domineering to the Moors who are

under their power that they treat them worse than if they were their

slaves. Her father said to Zoraida, “Daughter, retire into the house

and shut thyself in while I go and speak to these dogs; and thou,

Christian, pick thy herbs, and go in peace, and Allah bring thee safe

to thy own country.”

I bowed, and he went away to look for the Turks, leaving me alone with

Zoraida, who made as if she were about to retire as her father bade

her; but the moment he was concealed by the trees of the garden,

turning to me with her eyes full of tears she said, “Tameji, cristiano,

tameji?” that is to say, “Art thou going, Christian, art thou going?”

I made answer, “Yes, lady, but not without thee, come what may: be on

the watch for me on the next Juma, and be not alarmed when thou seest

us; for most surely we shall go to the land of the Christians.”

This I said in such a way that she understood perfectly all that passed

between us, and throwing her arm round my neck she began with feeble

steps to move towards the house; but as fate would have it (and it

might have been very unfortunate if Heaven had not otherwise ordered

it), just as we were moving on in the manner and position I have

described, with her arm round my neck, her father, as he returned after

having sent away the Turks, saw how we were walking and we perceived

that he saw us; but Zoraida, ready and quickwitted, took care not to

remove her arm from my neck, but on the contrary drew closer to me and

laid her head on my breast, bending her knees a little and showing all

the signs and tokens of fainting, while I at the same time made it seem

as though I were supporting her against my will. Her father came

running up to where we were, and seeing his daughter in this state

asked what was the matter with her; she, however, giving no answer, he

said, “No doubt she has fainted in alarm at the entrance of those

dogs,” and taking her from mine he drew her to his own breast, while

she sighing, her eyes still wet with tears, said again, “Ameji,

cristiano, ameji”—“Go, Christian, go.” To this her father replied,

“There is no need, daughter, for the Christian to go, for he has done

thee no harm, and the Turks have now gone; feel no alarm, there is

nothing to hurt thee, for as I say, the Turks at my request have gone

back the way they came.”

c41b.jpg (320K)

Full Size

“It was they who terrified her, as thou hast said, señor,” said I to

her father; “but since she tells me to go, I have no wish to displease

her: peace be with thee, and with thy leave I will come back to this

garden for herbs if need be, for my master says there are nowhere

better herbs for salad than here.”

“Come back for any thou hast need of,” replied Hadji Morato; “for my

daughter does not speak thus because she is displeased with thee or any

Christian: she only meant that the Turks should go, not thou; or that

it was time for thee to look for thy herbs.”

With this I at once took my leave of both; and she, looking as though

her heart were breaking, retired with her father. While pretending to

look for herbs I made the round of the garden at my ease, and studied

carefully all the approaches and outlets, and the fastenings of the

house and everything that could be taken advantage of to make our task

easy.

c41c.jpg (326K)

Full Size

Having done so I went and gave an account of all that had taken place

to the renegade and my comrades, and looked forward with impatience to

the hour when, all fear at an end, I should find myself in possession

of the prize which fortune held out to me in the fair and lovely

Zoraida. The time passed at length, and the appointed day we so longed

for arrived; and, all following out the arrangement and plan which,

after careful consideration and many a long discussion, we had decided

upon, we succeeded as fully as we could have wished; for on the Friday

following the day upon which I spoke to Zoraida in the garden, the

renegade anchored his vessel at nightfall almost opposite the spot

where she was. The Christians who were to row were ready and in hiding

in different places round about, all waiting for me, anxious and

elated, and eager to attack the vessel they had before their eyes; for

they did not know the renegade’s plan, but expected that they were to

gain their liberty by force of arms and by killing the Moors who were

on board the vessel. As soon, then, as I and my comrades made our

appearance, all those that were in hiding seeing us came and joined us.

It was now the time when the city gates are shut, and there was no one

to be seen in all the space outside. When we were collected together we

debated whether it would be better first to go for Zoraida, or to make

prisoners of the Moorish rowers who rowed in the vessel; but while we

were still uncertain our renegade came up asking us what kept us, as it

was now the time, and all the Moors were off their guard and most of

them asleep. We told him why we hesitated, but he said it was of more

importance first to secure the vessel, which could be done with the

greatest ease and without any danger, and then we could go for Zoraida.

We all approved of what he said, and so without further delay, guided

by him we made for the vessel, and he leaping on board first, drew his

cutlass and said in Morisco, “Let no one stir from this if he does not

want it to cost him his life.” By this almost all the Christians were

on board, and the Moors, who were fainthearted, hearing their captain

speak in this way, were cowed, and without any one of them taking to

his arms (and indeed they had few or hardly any) they submitted without

saying a word to be bound by the Christians, who quickly secured them,

threatening them that if they raised any kind of outcry they would be

all put to the sword. This having been accomplished, and half of our

party being left to keep guard over them, the rest of us, again taking

the renegade as our guide, hastened towards Hadji Morato’s garden, and

as good luck would have it, on trying the gate it opened as easily as

if it had not been locked; and so, quite quietly and in silence, we

reached the house without being perceived by anybody. The lovely

Zoraida was watching for us at a window, and as soon as she perceived

that there were people there, she asked in a low voice if we were

“Nizarani,” as much as to say or ask if we were Christians. I answered

that we were, and begged her to come down. As soon as she recognised me

she did not delay an instant, but without answering a word came down

immediately, opened the door and presented herself before us all, so

beautiful and so richly attired that I cannot attempt to describe her.

The moment I saw her I took her hand and kissed it, and the renegade

and my two comrades did the same; and the rest, who knew nothing of the

circumstances, did as they saw us do, for it only seemed as if we were

returning thanks to her, and recognising her as the giver of our

liberty. The renegade asked her in the Morisco language if her father

was in the house. She replied that he was and that he was asleep.

“Then it will be necessary to waken him and take him with us,” said the

renegade, “and everything of value in this fair mansion.”

“Nay,” said she, “my father must not on any account be touched, and

there is nothing in the house except what I shall take, and that will

be quite enough to enrich and satisfy all of you; wait a little and you

shall see,” and so saying she went in, telling us she would return

immediately and bidding us keep quiet without making any noise.

I asked the renegade what had passed between them, and when he told me,

I declared that nothing should be done except in accordance with the

wishes of Zoraida, who now came back with a little trunk so full of

gold crowns that she could scarcely carry it. Unfortunately her father

awoke while this was going on, and hearing a noise in the garden, came

to the window, and at once perceiving that all those who were there

were Christians, raising a prodigiously loud outcry, he began to call

out in Arabic, “Christians, Christians! thieves, thieves!” by which

cries we were all thrown into the greatest fear and embarrassment; but

the renegade seeing the danger we were in and how important it was for

him to effect his purpose before we were heard, mounted with the utmost

quickness to where Hadji Morato was, and with him went some of our

party; I, however, did not dare to leave Zoraida, who had fallen almost

fainting in my arms. To be brief, those who had gone upstairs acted so

promptly that in an instant they came down, carrying Hadji Morato with

his hands bound and a napkin tied over his mouth, which prevented him

from uttering a word, warning him at the same time that to attempt to

speak would cost him his life. When his daughter caught sight of him

she covered her eyes so as not to see him, and her father was

horror-stricken, not knowing how willingly she had placed herself in

our hands. But it was now most essential for us to be on the move, and

carefully and quickly we regained the vessel, where those who had

remained on board were waiting for us in apprehension of some mishap

having befallen us. It was barely two hours after night set in when we

were all on board the vessel, where the cords were removed from the

hands of Zoraida’s father, and the napkin from his mouth; but the

renegade once more told him not to utter a word, or they would take his

life. He, when he saw his daughter there, began to sigh piteously, and

still more when he perceived that I held her closely embraced and that

she lay quiet without resisting or complaining, or showing any

reluctance; nevertheless he remained silent lest they should carry into

effect the repeated threats the renegade had addressed to him.

Finding herself now on board, and that we were about to give way with

the oars, Zoraida, seeing her father there, and the other Moors bound,

bade the renegade ask me to do her the favour of releasing the Moors

and setting her father at liberty, for she would rather drown herself

in the sea than suffer a father that had loved her so dearly to be

carried away captive before her eyes and on her account. The renegade

repeated this to me, and I replied that I was very willing to do so;

but he replied that it was not advisable, because if they were left

there they would at once raise the country and stir up the city, and

lead to the despatch of swift cruisers in pursuit, and our being taken,

by sea or land, without any possibility of escape; and that all that

could be done was to set them free on the first Christian ground we

reached. On this point we all agreed; and Zoraida, to whom it was

explained, together with the reasons that prevented us from doing at

once what she desired, was satisfied likewise; and then in glad silence

and with cheerful alacrity each of our stout rowers took his oar, and

commending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to shape our

course for the island of Majorca, the nearest Christian land. Owing,

however, to the Tramontana rising a little, and the sea growing

somewhat rough, it was impossible for us to keep a straight course for

Majorca, and we were compelled to coast in the direction of Oran, not

without great uneasiness on our part lest we should be observed from

the town of Shershel, which lies on that coast, not more than sixty

miles from Algiers. Moreover we were afraid of meeting on that course

one of the galliots that usually come with goods from Tetuan; although

each of us for himself and all of us together felt confident that, if

we were to meet a merchant galliot, so that it were not a cruiser, not

only should we not be lost, but that we should take a vessel in which

we could more safely accomplish our voyage. As we pursued our course

Zoraida kept her head between my hands so as not to see her father, and

I felt that she was praying to Lela Marien to help us.

c41d.jpg (266K)

Full Size

We might have made about thirty miles when daybreak found us some three

musket-shots off the land, which seemed to us deserted, and without

anyone to see us. For all that, however, by hard rowing we put out a

little to sea, for it was now somewhat calmer, and having gained about

two leagues the word was given to row by batches, while we ate

something, for the vessel was well provided; but the rowers said it was

not a time to take any rest; let food be served out to those who were

not rowing, but they would not leave their oars on any account. This

was done, but now a stiff breeze began to blow, which obliged us to

leave off rowing and make sail at once and steer for Oran, as it was

impossible to make any other course. All this was done very promptly,

and under sail we ran more than eight miles an hour without any fear,

except that of coming across some vessel out on a roving expedition. We

gave the Moorish rowers some food, and the renegade comforted them by

telling them that they were not held as captives, as we should set them

free on the first opportunity.

The same was said to Zoraida’s father, who replied, “Anything else,

Christian, I might hope for or think likely from your generosity and

good behaviour, but do not think me so simple as to imagine you will

give me my liberty; for you would have never exposed yourselves to the

danger of depriving me of it only to restore it to me so generously,

especially as you know who I am and the sum you may expect to receive

on restoring it; and if you will only name that, I here offer you all

you require for myself and for my unhappy daughter there; or else for

her alone, for she is the greatest and most precious part of my soul.”

As he said this he began to weep so bitterly that he filled us all with

compassion and forced Zoraida to look at him, and when she saw him

weeping she was so moved that she rose from my feet and ran to throw

her arms round him, and pressing her face to his, they both gave way to

such an outburst of tears that several of us were constrained to keep

them company.

But when her father saw her in full dress and with all her jewels about

her, he said to her in his own language, “What means this, my daughter?

Last night, before this terrible misfortune in which we are plunged

befell us, I saw thee in thy everyday and indoor garments; and now,

without having had time to attire thyself, and without my bringing thee

any joyful tidings to furnish an occasion for adorning and bedecking

thyself, I see thee arrayed in the finest attire it would be in my

power to give thee when fortune was most kind to us. Answer me this;

for it causes me greater anxiety and surprise than even this misfortune

itself.”

The renegade interpreted to us what the Moor said to his daughter; she,

however, returned him no answer. But when he observed in one corner of

the vessel the little trunk in which she used to keep her jewels, which

he well knew he had left in Algiers and had not brought to the garden,

he was still more amazed, and asked her how that trunk had come into

our hands, and what there was in it. To which the renegade, without

waiting for Zoraida to reply, made answer, “Do not trouble thyself by

asking thy daughter Zoraida so many questions, señor, for the one

answer I will give thee will serve for all; I would have thee know that

she is a Christian, and that it is she who has been the file for our

chains and our deliverer from captivity. She is here of her own free

will, as glad, I imagine, to find herself in this position as he who

escapes from darkness into the light, from death to life, and from

suffering to glory.”

“Daughter, is this true, what he says?” cried the Moor.

“It is,” replied Zoraida.

“That thou art in truth a Christian,” said the old man, “and that thou

hast given thy father into the power of his enemies?”

To which Zoraida made answer, “A Christian I am, but it is not I who

have placed thee in this position, for it never was my wish to leave

thee or do thee harm, but only to do good to myself.”

“And what good hast thou done thyself, daughter?” said he.

“Ask thou that,” said she, “of Lela Marien, for she can tell thee

better than I.”

The Moor had hardly heard these words when with marvellous quickness he

flung himself headforemost into the sea, where no doubt he would have

been drowned had not the long and full dress he wore held him up for a

little on the surface of the water. Zoraida cried aloud to us to save

him, and we all hastened to help, and seizing him by his robe we drew

him in half drowned and insensible, at which Zoraida was in such

distress that she wept over him as piteously and bitterly as though he

were already dead. We turned him upon his face and he voided a great

quantity of water, and at the end of two hours came to himself.

Meanwhile, the wind having changed we were compelled to head for the

land, and ply our oars to avoid being driven on shore; but it was our

good fortune to reach a creek that lies on one side of a small

promontory or cape, called by the Moors that of the “Cava rumia,” which

in our language means “the wicked Christian woman;” for it is a

tradition among them that La Cava, through whom Spain was lost, lies

buried at that spot; “cava” in their language meaning “wicked woman,”

and “rumia” “Christian;” moreover, they count it unlucky to anchor

there when necessity compels them, and they never do so otherwise. For

us, however, it was not the resting-place of the wicked woman but a

haven of safety for our relief, so much had the sea now got up. We

posted a look-out on shore, and never let the oars out of our hands,

and ate of the stores the renegade had laid in, imploring God and Our

Lady with all our hearts to help and protect us, that we might give a

happy ending to a beginning so prosperous. At the entreaty of Zoraida

orders were given to set on shore her father and the other Moors who

were still bound, for she could not endure, nor could her tender heart

bear to see her father in bonds and her fellow-countrymen prisoners

before her eyes. We promised her to do this at the moment of departure,

for as it was uninhabited we ran no risk in releasing them at that

place.

Our prayers were not so far in vain as to be unheard by Heaven, for

after a while the wind changed in our favour, and made the sea calm,

inviting us once more to resume our voyage with a good heart. Seeing

this we unbound the Moors, and one by one put them on shore, at which

they were filled with amazement; but when we came to land Zoraida’s

father, who had now completely recovered his senses, he said:

“Why is it, think ye, Christians, that this wicked woman is rejoiced at

your giving me my liberty? Think ye it is because of the affection she

bears me? Nay verily, it is only because of the hindrance my presence

offers to the execution of her base designs. And think not that it is

her belief that yours is better than ours that has led her to change

her religion; it is only because she knows that immodesty is more

freely practised in your country than in ours.” Then turning to

Zoraida, while I and another of the Christians held him fast by both

arms, lest he should do some mad act, he said to her, “Infamous girl,

misguided maiden, whither in thy blindness and madness art thou going

in the hands of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour

when I begot thee! Cursed the luxury and indulgence in which I reared

thee!”

But seeing that he was not likely soon to cease I made haste to put him

on shore, and thence he continued his maledictions and lamentations

aloud; calling on Mohammed to pray to Allah to destroy us, to confound

us, to make an end of us; and when, in consequence of having made sail,

we could no longer hear what he said we could see what he did; how he

plucked out his beard and tore his hair and lay writhing on the ground.

But once he raised his voice to such a pitch that we were able to hear

what he said. “Come back, dear daughter, come back to shore; I forgive

thee all; let those men have the money, for it is theirs now, and come

back to comfort thy sorrowing father, who will yield up his life on

this barren strand if thou dost leave him.”

c41e.jpg (281K)

Full Size

All this Zoraida heard, and heard with sorrow and tears, and all she

could say in answer was, “Allah grant that Lela Marien, who has made me

become a Christian, give thee comfort in thy sorrow, my father. Allah

knows that I could not do otherwise than I have done, and that these

Christians owe nothing to my will; for even had I wished not to

accompany them, but remain at home, it would have been impossible for

me, so eagerly did my soul urge me on to the accomplishment of this

purpose, which I feel to be as righteous as to thee, dear father, it

seems wicked.”

But neither could her father hear her nor we see him when she said

this; and so, while I consoled Zoraida, we turned our attention to our

voyage, in which a breeze from the right point so favoured us that we

made sure of finding ourselves off the coast of Spain on the morrow by

daybreak. But, as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without

being attended or followed by some disturbing evil that gives a shock

to it, our fortune, or perhaps the curses which the Moor had hurled at

his daughter (for whatever kind of father they may come from these are

always to be dreaded), brought it about that when we were now in

mid-sea, and the night about three hours spent, as we were running with

all sail set and oars lashed, for the favouring breeze saved us the

trouble of using them, we saw by the light of the moon, which shone

brilliantly, a square-rigged vessel in full sail close to us, luffing

up and standing across our course, and so close that we had to strike

sail to avoid running foul of her, while they too put the helm hard up

to let us pass. They came to the side of the ship to ask who we were,

whither we were bound, and whence we came, but as they asked this in

French our renegade said, “Let no one answer, for no doubt these are

French corsairs who plunder all comers.”

c41f.jpg (268K)

Full Size

Acting on this warning no one answered a word, but after we had gone a

little ahead, and the vessel was now lying to leeward, suddenly they

fired two guns, and apparently both loaded with chain-shot, for with

one they cut our mast in half and brought down both it and the sail

into the sea, and the other, discharged at the same moment, sent a ball

into our vessel amidships, staving her in completely, but without doing

any further damage. We, however, finding ourselves sinking began to

shout for help and call upon those in the ship to pick us up as we were

beginning to fill. They then lay to, and lowering a skiff or boat, as

many as a dozen Frenchmen, well armed with match-locks, and their

matches burning, got into it and came alongside; and seeing how few we

were, and that our vessel was going down, they took us in, telling us

that this had come to us through our incivility in not giving them an

answer. Our renegade took the trunk containing Zoraida’s wealth and

dropped it into the sea without anyone perceiving what he did. In short

we went on board with the Frenchmen, who, after having ascertained all

they wanted to know about us, rifled us of everything we had, as if

they had been our bitterest enemies, and from Zoraida they took even

the anklets she wore on her feet; but the distress they caused her did

not distress me so much as the fear I was in that from robbing her of

her rich and precious jewels they would proceed to rob her of the most

precious jewel that she valued more than all. The desires, however, of

those people do not go beyond money, but of that their covetousness is

insatiable, and on this occasion it was carried to such a pitch that

they would have taken even the clothes we wore as captives if they had

been worth anything to them. It was the advice of some of them to throw

us all into the sea wrapped up in a sail; for their purpose was to

trade at some of the ports of Spain, giving themselves out as Bretons,

and if they brought us alive they would be punished as soon as the

robbery was discovered; but the captain (who was the one who had

plundered my beloved Zoraida) said he was satisfied with the prize he

had got, and that he would not touch at any Spanish port, but pass the

Straits of Gibraltar by night, or as best he could, and make for La

Rochelle, from which he had sailed. So they agreed by common consent to

give us the skiff belonging to their ship and all we required for the

short voyage that remained to us, and this they did the next day on

coming in sight of the Spanish coast, with which, and the joy we felt,

all our sufferings and miseries were as completely forgotten as if they

had never been endured by us, such is the delight of recovering lost

liberty.

It may have been about mid-day when they placed us in the boat, giving

us two kegs of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know

not what compassion, as the lovely Zoraida was about to embark, gave

her some forty gold crowns, and would not permit his men to take from

her those same garments which she has on now. We got into the boat,

returning them thanks for their kindness to us, and showing ourselves

grateful rather than indignant. They stood out to sea, steering for the

straits; we, without looking to any compass save the land we had before

us, set ourselves to row with such energy that by sunset we were so

near that we might easily, we thought, land before the night was far

advanced. But as the moon did not show that night, and the sky was

clouded, and as we knew not whereabouts we were, it did not seem to us

a prudent thing to make for the shore, as several of us advised, saying

we ought to run ourselves ashore even if it were on rocks and far from

any habitation, for in this way we should be relieved from the

apprehensions we naturally felt of the prowling vessels of the Tetuan

corsairs, who leave Barbary at nightfall and are on the Spanish coast

by daybreak, where they commonly take some prize, and then go home to

sleep in their own houses. But of the conflicting counsels the one

which was adopted was that we should approach gradually, and land where

we could if the sea were calm enough to permit us. This was done, and a

little before midnight we drew near to the foot of a huge and lofty

mountain, not so close to the sea but that it left a narrow space on

which to land conveniently. We ran our boat up on the sand, and all

sprang out and kissed the ground, and with tears of joyful satisfaction

returned thanks to God our Lord for all his incomparable goodness to us

on our voyage. We took out of the boat the provisions it contained, and

drew it up on the shore, and then climbed a long way up the mountain,

for even there we could not feel easy in our hearts, or persuade

ourselves that it was Christian soil that was now under our feet.

The dawn came, more slowly, I think, than we could have wished; we

completed the ascent in order to see if from the summit any habitation

or any shepherds’ huts could be discovered, but strain our eyes as we

might, neither dwelling, nor human being, nor path nor road could we

perceive. However, we determined to push on farther, as it could not

but be that ere long we must see someone who could tell us where we

were. But what distressed me most was to see Zoraida going on foot over

that rough ground; for though I once carried her on my shoulders, she

was more wearied by my weariness than rested by the rest; and so she

would never again allow me to undergo the exertion, and went on very

patiently and cheerfully, while I led her by the hand. We had gone

rather less than a quarter of a league when the sound of a little bell

fell on our ears, a clear proof that there were flocks hard by, and

looking about carefully to see if any were within view, we observed a

young shepherd tranquilly and unsuspiciously trimming a stick with his

knife at the foot of a cork tree. We called to him, and he, raising his

head, sprang nimbly to his feet, for, as we afterwards learned, the

first who presented themselves to his sight were the renegade and

Zoraida, and seeing them in Moorish dress he imagined that all the

Moors of Barbary were upon him; and plunging with marvellous swiftness

into the thicket in front of him, he began to raise a prodigious

outcry, exclaiming, “The Moors—the Moors have landed! To arms, to

arms!” We were all thrown into perplexity by these cries, not knowing

what to do; but reflecting that the shouts of the shepherd would raise

the country and that the mounted coast-guard would come at once to see

what was the matter, we agreed that the renegade must strip off his

Turkish garments and put on a captive’s jacket or coat which one of our

party gave him at once, though he himself was reduced to his shirt; and

so commending ourselves to God, we followed the same road which we saw

the shepherd take, expecting every moment that the coast-guard would be

down upon us. Nor did our expectation deceive us, for two hours had not

passed when, coming out of the brushwood into the open ground, we

perceived some fifty mounted men swiftly approaching us at a

hand-gallop. As soon as we saw them we stood still, waiting for them;

but as they came close and, instead of the Moors they were in quest of,

saw a set of poor Christians, they were taken aback, and one of them

asked if it could be we who were the cause of the shepherd having

raised the call to arms. I said “Yes,” and as I was about to explain to

him what had occurred, and whence we came and who we were, one of the

Christians of our party recognised the horseman who had put the

question to us, and before I could say anything more he exclaimed:

“Thanks be to God, sirs, for bringing us to such good quarters; for, if

I do not deceive myself, the ground we stand on is that of Velez Malaga

unless, indeed, all my years of captivity have made me unable to

recollect that you, señor, who ask who we are, are Pedro de Bustamante,

my uncle.”

The Christian captive had hardly uttered these words, when the horseman

threw himself off his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, crying:

“Nephew of my soul and life! I recognise thee now; and long have I

mourned thee as dead, I, and my sister, thy mother, and all thy kin

that are still alive, and whom God has been pleased to preserve that

they may enjoy the happiness of seeing thee. We knew long since that

thou wert in Algiers, and from the appearance of thy garments and those

of all this company, I conclude that ye have had a miraculous

restoration to liberty.”

“It is true,” replied the young man, “and by-and-by we will tell you

all.”

As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives,

they dismounted from their horses, and each offered his to carry us to

the city of Velez Malaga, which was a league and a half distant. Some

of them went to bring the boat to the city, we having told them where

we had left it; others took us up behind them, and Zoraida was placed

on the horse of the young man’s uncle. The whole town came out to meet

us, for they had by this time heard of our arrival from one who had

gone on in advance. They were not astonished to see liberated captives

or captive Moors, for people on that coast are well used to see both

one and the other; but they were astonished at the beauty of Zoraida,

which was just then heightened, as well by the exertion of travelling

as by joy at finding herself on Christian soil, and relieved of all

fear of being lost; for this had brought such a glow upon her face,

that unless my affection for her were deceiving me, I would venture to

say that there was not a more beautiful creature in the world—at least,

that I had ever seen. We went straight to the church to return thanks

to God for the mercies we had received, and when Zoraida entered it she

said there were faces there like Lela Marien’s. We told her they were

her images; and as well as he could the renegade explained to her what

they meant, that she might adore them as if each of them were the very

same Lela Marien that had spoken to her; and she, having great

intelligence and a quick and clear instinct, understood at once all he

said to her about them. Thence they took us away and distributed us all

in different houses in the town; but as for the renegade, Zoraida, and

myself, the Christian who came with us brought us to the house of his

parents, who had a fair share of the gifts of fortune, and treated us

with as much kindness as they did their own son.

We remained six days in Velez, at the end of which the renegade, having

informed himself of all that was requisite for him to do, set out for

the city of Granada to restore himself to the sacred bosom of the

Church through the medium of the Holy Inquisition. The other released

captives took their departures, each the way that seemed best to him,

and Zoraida and I were left alone, with nothing more than the crowns

which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed upon Zoraida, out of

which I bought the beast on which she rides; and, I for the present

attending her as her father and squire and not as her husband, we are

now going to ascertain if my father is living, or if any of my brothers

has had better fortune than mine has been; though, as Heaven has made

me the companion of Zoraida, I think no other lot could be assigned to

me, however happy, that I would rather have. The patience with which

she endures the hardships that poverty brings with it, and the

eagerness she shows to become a Christian, are such that they fill me

with admiration, and bind me to serve her all my life; though the

happiness I feel in seeing myself hers, and her mine, is disturbed and

marred by not knowing whether I shall find any corner to shelter her in

my own country, or whether time and death may not have made such

changes in the fortunes and lives of my father and brothers, that I

shall hardly find anyone who knows me, if they are not alive.

I have no more of my story to tell you, gentlemen; whether it be an

interesting or a curious one let your better judgments decide; all I

can say is I would gladly have told it to you more briefly; although my

fear of wearying you has made me leave out more than one circumstance.

c41g.jpg (33K)

CHAPTER XLII.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT FURTHER TOOK PLACE IN THE INN, AND OF SEVERAL

OTHER THINGS WORTH KNOWING

c42a.jpg (139K)

Full Size

With these words the captive held his peace, and Don Fernando said to

him, “In truth, captain, the manner in which you have related this

remarkable adventure has been such as befitted the novelty and

strangeness of the matter. The whole story is curious and uncommon, and

abounds with incidents that fill the hearers with wonder and

astonishment; and so great is the pleasure we have found in listening

to it that we should be glad if it were to begin again, even though

to-morrow were to find us still occupied with the same tale.” And while

he said this Cardenio and the rest of them offered to be of service to

him in any way that lay in their power, and in words and language so

kindly and sincere that the captain was much gratified by their

good-will. In particular Don Fernando offered, if he would go back with

him, to get his brother the marquis to become godfather at the baptism

of Zoraida, and on his own part to provide him with the means of making

his appearance in his own country with the credit and comfort he was

entitled to. For all this the captive returned thanks very courteously,

although he would not accept any of their generous offers.

By this time night closed in, and as it did, there came up to the inn a

coach attended by some men on horseback, who demanded accommodation; to

which the landlady replied that there was not a hand’s breadth of the

whole inn unoccupied.

“Still, for all that,” said one of those who had entered on horseback,

“room must be found for his lordship the Judge here.”

At this name the landlady was taken aback, and said, “Señor, the fact

is I have no beds; but if his lordship the Judge carries one with him,

as no doubt he does, let him come in and welcome; for my husband and I

will give up our room to accommodate his worship.”

“Very good, so be it,” said the squire; but in the meantime a man had

got out of the coach whose dress indicated at a glance the office and

post he held, for the long robe with ruffled sleeves that he wore

showed that he was, as his servant said, a Judge of appeal. He led by

the hand a young girl in a travelling dress, apparently about sixteen

years of age, and of such a high-bred air, so beautiful and so

graceful, that all were filled with admiration when she made her

appearance, and but for having seen Dorothea, Luscinda, and Zoraida,

who were there in the inn, they would have fancied that a beauty like

that of this maiden’s would have been hard to find. Don Quixote was

present at the entrance of the Judge with the young lady, and as soon

as he saw him he said, “Your worship may with confidence enter and take

your ease in this castle; for though the accommodation be scanty and

poor, there are no quarters so cramped or inconvenient that they cannot

make room for arms and letters; above all if arms and letters have

beauty for a guide and leader, as letters represented by your worship

have in this fair maiden, to whom not only ought castles to throw

themselves open and yield themselves up, but rocks should rend

themselves asunder and mountains divide and bow themselves down to give

her a reception. Enter, your worship, I say, into this paradise, for

here you will find stars and suns to accompany the heaven your worship

brings with you, here you will find arms in their supreme excellence,

and beauty in its highest perfection.”

The Judge was struck with amazement at the language of Don Quixote,

whom he scrutinized very carefully, no less astonished by his figure

than by his talk; and before he could find words to answer him he had a

fresh surprise, when he saw opposite to him Luscinda, Dorothea, and

Zoraida, who, having heard of the new guests and of the beauty of the

young lady, had come to see her and welcome her; Don Fernando,

Cardenio, and the curate, however, greeted him in a more intelligible

and polished style. In short, the Judge made his entrance in a state of

bewilderment, as well with what he saw as what he heard, and the fair

ladies of the inn gave the fair damsel a cordial welcome. On the whole

he could perceive that all who were there were people of quality; but

with the figure, countenance, and bearing of Don Quixote he was at his

wits’ end; and all civilities having been exchanged, and the

accommodation of the inn inquired into, it was settled, as it had been

before settled, that all the women should retire to the garret that has

been already mentioned, and that the men should remain outside as if to

guard them; the Judge, therefore, was very well pleased to allow his

daughter, for such the damsel was, to go with the ladies, which she did

very willingly; and with part of the host’s narrow bed and half of what

the Judge had brought with him, they made a more comfortable

arrangement for the night than they had expected.

The captive, whose heart had leaped within him the instant he saw the

Judge, telling him somehow that this was his brother, asked one of the

servants who accompanied him what his name was, and whether he knew

from what part of the country he came. The servant replied that he was

called the Licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, and that he had heard it

said he came from a village in the mountains of Leon. From this

statement, and what he himself had seen, he felt convinced that this

was his brother who had adopted letters by his father’s advice; and

excited and rejoiced, he called Don Fernando and Cardenio and the

curate aside, and told them how the matter stood, assuring them that

the judge was his brother. The servant had further informed him that he

was now going to the Indies with the appointment of Judge of the

Supreme Court of Mexico; and he had learned, likewise, that the young

lady was his daughter, whose mother had died in giving birth to her,

and that he was very rich in consequence of the dowry left to him with

the daughter. He asked their advice as to what means he should adopt to

make himself known, or to ascertain beforehand whether, when he had

made himself known, his brother, seeing him so poor, would be ashamed

of him, or would receive him with a warm heart.

“Leave it to me to find out that,” said the curate; “though there is no

reason for supposing, señor captain, that you will not be kindly

received, because the worth and wisdom that your brother’s bearing

shows him to possess do not make it likely that he will prove haughty

or insensible, or that he will not know how to estimate the accidents

of fortune at their proper value.”

“Still,” said the captain, “I would not make myself known abruptly, but

in some indirect way.”

“I have told you already,” said the curate, “that I will manage it in a

way to satisfy us all.”

By this time supper was ready, and they all took their seats at the

table, except the captive, and the ladies, who supped by themselves in

their own room. In the middle of supper the curate said:

“I had a comrade of your worship’s name, Señor Judge, in

Constantinople, where I was a captive for several years, and that same

comrade was one of the stoutest soldiers and captains in the whole

Spanish infantry; but he had as large a share of misfortune as he had

of gallantry and courage.”

“And how was the captain called, señor?” asked the Judge.

“He was called Ruy Perez de Viedma,” replied the curate, “and he was

born in a village in the mountains of Leon; and he mentioned a

circumstance connected with his father and his brothers which, had it

not been told me by so truthful a man as he was, I should have set down

as one of those fables the old women tell over the fire in winter; for

he said his father had divided his property among his three sons and

had addressed words of advice to them sounder than any of Cato’s. But I

can say this much, that the choice he made of going to the wars was

attended with such success, that by his gallant conduct and courage,

and without any help save his own merit, he rose in a few years to be

captain of infantry, and to see himself on the high-road and in

position to be given the command of a corps before long; but Fortune

was against him, for where he might have expected her favour he lost

it, and with it his liberty, on that glorious day when so many

recovered theirs, at the battle of Lepanto. I lost mine at the Goletta,

and after a variety of adventures we found ourselves comrades at

Constantinople. Thence he went to Algiers, where he met with one of the

most extraordinary adventures that ever befell anyone in the world.”

Here the curate went on to relate briefly his brother’s adventure with

Zoraida; to all which the Judge gave such an attentive hearing that he

never before had been so much of a hearer. The curate, however, only

went so far as to describe how the Frenchmen plundered those who were

in the boat, and the poverty and distress in which his comrade and the

fair Moor were left, of whom he said he had not been able to learn what

became of them, or whether they had reached Spain, or been carried to

France by the Frenchmen.

The captain, standing a little to one side, was listening to all the

curate said, and watching every movement of his brother, who, as soon

as he perceived the curate had made an end of his story, gave a deep

sigh and said with his eyes full of tears, “Oh, señor, if you only knew

what news you have given me and how it comes home to me, making me show

how I feel it with these tears that spring from my eyes in spite of all

my worldly wisdom and self-restraint! That brave captain that you speak

of is my eldest brother, who, being of a bolder and loftier mind than

my other brother or myself, chose the honourable and worthy calling of

arms, which was one of the three careers our father proposed to us, as

your comrade mentioned in that fable you thought he was telling you. I

followed that of letters, in which God and my own exertions have raised

me to the position in which you see me. My second brother is in Peru,

so wealthy that with what he has sent to my father and to me he has

fully repaid the portion he took with him, and has even furnished my

father’s hands with the means of gratifying his natural generosity,

while I too have been enabled to pursue my studies in a more becoming

and creditable fashion, and so to attain my present standing. My father

is still alive, though dying with anxiety to hear of his eldest son,

and he prays God unceasingly that death may not close his eyes until he

has looked upon those of his son; but with regard to him what surprises

me is, that having so much common sense as he had, he should have

neglected to give any intelligence about himself, either in his

troubles and sufferings, or in his prosperity, for if his father or any

of us had known of his condition he need not have waited for that

miracle of the reed to obtain his ransom; but what now disquiets me is

the uncertainty whether those Frenchmen may have restored him to

liberty, or murdered him to hide the robbery. All this will make me

continue my journey, not with the satisfaction in which I began it, but

in the deepest melancholy and sadness. Oh dear brother! that I only

knew where thou art now, and I would hasten to seek thee out and

deliver thee from thy sufferings, though it were to cost me suffering

myself! Oh that I could bring news to our old father that thou art

alive, even wert thou in the deepest dungeon of Barbary; for his wealth

and my brother’s and mine would rescue thee thence! Oh beautiful and

generous Zoraida, that I could repay thy goodness to a brother! That I

could be present at the new birth of thy soul, and at thy bridal that

would give us all such happiness!”

All this and more the Judge uttered with such deep emotion at the news

he had received of his brother that all who heard him shared in it,

showing their sympathy with his sorrow. The curate, seeing, then, how

well he had succeeded in carrying out his purpose and the captain’s

wishes, had no desire to keep them unhappy any longer, so he rose from

the table and going into the room where Zoraida was he took her by the

hand, Luscinda, Dorothea, and the Judge’s daughter following her. The

captain was waiting to see what the curate would do, when the latter,

taking him with the other hand, advanced with both of them to where the

Judge and the other gentlemen were and said, “Let your tears cease to

flow, Señor Judge, and the wish of your heart be gratified as fully as

you could desire, for you have before you your worthy brother and your

good sister-in-law. He whom you see here is the Captain Viedma, and

this is the fair Moor who has been so good to him. The Frenchmen I told

you of have reduced them to the state of poverty you see that you may

show the generosity of your kind heart.”

The captain ran to embrace his brother, who placed both hands on his

breast so as to have a good look at him, holding him a little way off

but as soon as he had fully recognised him he clasped him in his arms

so closely, shedding such tears of heartfelt joy, that most of those

present could not but join in them. The words the brothers exchanged,

the emotion they showed can scarcely be imagined, I fancy, much less

put down in writing. They told each other in a few words the events of

their lives; they showed the true affection of brothers in all its

strength; then the judge embraced Zoraida, putting all he possessed at

her disposal; then he made his daughter embrace her, and the fair

Christian and the lovely Moor drew fresh tears from every eye. And

there was Don Quixote observing all these strange proceedings

attentively without uttering a word, and attributing the whole to

chimeras of knight-errantry. Then they agreed that the captain and

Zoraida should return with his brother to Seville, and send news to his

father of his having been delivered and found, so as to enable him to

come and be present at the marriage and baptism of Zoraida, for it was

impossible for the Judge to put off his journey, as he was informed

that in a month from that time the fleet was to sail from Seville for

New Spain, and to miss the passage would have been a great

inconvenience to him. In short, everybody was well pleased and glad at

the captive’s good fortune; and as now almost two-thirds of the night

were past, they resolved to retire to rest for the remainder of it. Don

Quixote offered to mount guard over the castle lest they should be

attacked by some giant or other malevolent scoundrel, covetous of the

great treasure of beauty the castle contained. Those who understood him

returned him thanks for this service, and they gave the Judge an

account of his extraordinary humour, with which he was not a little

amused. Sancho Panza alone was fuming at the lateness of the hour for

retiring to rest; and he of all was the one that made himself most

comfortable, as he stretched himself on the trappings of his ass,

which, as will be told farther on, cost him so dear.

The ladies, then, having retired to their chamber, and the others

having disposed themselves with as little discomfort as they could, Don

Quixote sallied out of the inn to act as sentinel of the castle as he

had promised. It happened, however, that a little before the approach

of dawn a voice so musical and sweet reached the ears of the ladies

that it forced them all to listen attentively, but especially Dorothea,

who had been awake, and by whose side Doña Clara de Viedma, for so the

Judge’s daughter was called, lay sleeping. No one could imagine who it

was that sang so sweetly, and the voice was unaccompanied by any

instrument. At one moment it seemed to them as if the singer were in

the courtyard, at another in the stable; and as they were all

attention, wondering, Cardenio came to the door and said, “Listen,

whoever is not asleep, and you will hear a muleteer’s voice that

enchants as it chants.”

“We are listening to it already, señor,” said Dorothea; on which

Cardenio went away; and Dorothea, giving all her attention to it, made

out the words of the song to be these:

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CHAPTER XLIII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE PLEASANT STORY OF THE MULETEER, TOGETHER WITH

OTHER STRANGE THINGS THAT CAME TO PASS IN THE INN

c43a.jpg (127K)

Full Size

Ah me, Love’s mariner am I

On Love’s deep ocean sailing;

I know not where the haven lies,

I dare not hope to gain it.

One solitary distant star

Is all I have to guide me,

A brighter orb than those of old

That Palinurus lighted.

And vaguely drifting am I borne,

I know not where it leads me;

I fix my gaze on it alone,

Of all beside it heedless.

But over-cautious prudery,

And coyness cold and cruel,

When most I need it, these, like clouds,

Its longed-for light refuse me.

Bright star, goal of my yearning eyes

As thou above me beamest,

When thou shalt hide thee from my sight

I’ll know that death is near me.

The singer had got so far when it struck Dorothea that it was not fair

to let Clara miss hearing such a sweet voice, so, shaking her from side

to side, she woke her, saying:

“Forgive me, child, for waking thee, but I do so that thou mayest have

the pleasure of hearing the best voice thou hast ever heard, perhaps,

in all thy life.”

Clara awoke quite drowsy, and not understanding at the moment what

Dorothea said, asked her what it was; she repeated what she had said,

and Clara became attentive at once; but she had hardly heard two lines,

as the singer continued, when a strange trembling seized her, as if she

were suffering from a severe attack of quartan ague, and throwing her

arms round Dorothea she said:

“Ah, dear lady of my soul and life! why did you wake me? The greatest

kindness fortune could do me now would be to close my eyes and ears so

as neither to see or hear that unhappy musician.”

“What art thou talking about, child?” said Dorothea. “Why, they say

this singer is a muleteer!”

“Nay, he is the lord of many places,” replied Clara, “and that one in

my heart which he holds so firmly shall never be taken from him, unless

he be willing to surrender it.”

Dorothea was amazed at the ardent language of the girl, for it seemed

to be far beyond such experience of life as her tender years gave any

promise of, so she said to her:

“You speak in such a way that I cannot understand you, Señora Clara;

explain yourself more clearly, and tell me what is this you are saying

about hearts and places and this musician whose voice has so moved you?

But do not tell me anything now; I do not want to lose the pleasure I

get from listening to the singer by giving my attention to your

transports, for I perceive he is beginning to sing a new strain and a

new air.”

“Let him, in Heaven’s name,” returned Clara; and not to hear him she

stopped both ears with her hands, at which Dorothea was again

surprised; but turning her attention to the song she found that it ran

in this fashion:

Sweet Hope, my stay,

That onward to the goal of thy intent

Dost make thy way,

Heedless of hindrance or impediment,

Have thou no fear

If at each step thou findest death is near.

No victory,

No joy of triumph doth the faint heart know;

Unblest is he

That a bold front to Fortune dares not show,

But soul and sense

In bondage yieldeth up to indolence.

If Love his wares

Do dearly sell, his right must be contest;

What gold compares

With that whereon his stamp he hath imprest?

And all men know

What costeth little that we rate but low.

Love resolute

Knows not the word “impossibility;”

And though my suit

Beset by endless obstacles I see,

Yet no despair

Shall hold me bound to earth while heaven is there.

Here the voice ceased and Clara’s sobs began afresh, all which excited

Dorothea’s curiosity to know what could be the cause of singing so

sweet and weeping so bitter, so she again asked her what it was she was

going to say before. On this Clara, afraid that Luscinda might overhear

her, winding her arms tightly round Dorothea put her mouth so close to

her ear that she could speak without fear of being heard by anyone

else, and said:

“This singer, dear señora, is the son of a gentleman of Aragon, lord of

two villages, who lives opposite my father’s house at Madrid; and

though my father had curtains to the windows of his house in winter,

and lattice-work in summer, in some way—I know not how—this gentleman,

who was pursuing his studies, saw me, whether in church or elsewhere, I

cannot tell, and, in fact, fell in love with me, and gave me to know it

from the windows of his house, with so many signs and tears that I was

forced to believe him, and even to love him, without knowing what it

was he wanted of me. One of the signs he used to make me was to link

one hand in the other, to show me he wished to marry me; and though I

should have been glad if that could be, being alone and motherless I

knew not whom to open my mind to, and so I left it as it was, showing

him no favour, except when my father, and his too, were from home, to

raise the curtain or the lattice a little and let him see me plainly,

at which he would show such delight that he seemed as if he were going

mad. Meanwhile the time for my father’s departure arrived, which he

became aware of, but not from me, for I had never been able to tell him

of it. He fell sick, of grief I believe, and so the day we were going

away I could not see him to take farewell of him, were it only with the

eyes. But after we had been two days on the road, on entering the

posada of a village a day’s journey from this, I saw him at the inn

door in the dress of a muleteer, and so well disguised, that if I did

not carry his image graven on my heart it would have been impossible

for me to recognise him. But I knew him, and I was surprised, and glad;

he watched me, unsuspected by my father, from whom he always hides

himself when he crosses my path on the road, or in the posadas where we

halt; and, as I know what he is, and reflect that for love of me he

makes this journey on foot in all this hardship, I am ready to die of

sorrow; and where he sets foot there I set my eyes. I know not with

what object he has come; or how he could have got away from his father,

who loves him beyond measure, having no other heir, and because he

deserves it, as you will perceive when you see him. And moreover, I can

tell you, all that he sings is out of his own head; for I have heard

them say he is a great scholar and poet; and what is more, every time I

see him or hear him sing I tremble all over, and am terrified lest my

father should recognise him and come to know of our loves. I have never

spoken a word to him in my life; and for all that I love him so that I

could not live without him. This, dear señora, is all I have to tell

you about the musician whose voice has delighted you so much; and from

it alone you might easily perceive he is no muleteer, but a lord of

hearts and towns, as I told you already.”

“Say no more, Doña Clara,” said Dorothea at this, at the same time

kissing her a thousand times over, “say no more, I tell you, but wait

till day comes; when I trust in God to arrange this affair of yours so

that it may have the happy ending such an innocent beginning deserves.”

“Ah, señora,” said Doña Clara, “what end can be hoped for when his

father is of such lofty position, and so wealthy, that he would think I

was not fit to be even a servant to his son, much less wife? And as to

marrying without the knowledge of my father, I would not do it for all

the world. I would not ask anything more than that this youth should go

back and leave me; perhaps with not seeing him, and the long distance

we shall have to travel, the pain I suffer now may become easier;

though I daresay the remedy I propose will do me very little good. I

don’t know how the devil this has come about, or how this love I have

for him got in; I such a young girl, and he such a mere boy; for I

verily believe we are both of an age, and I am not sixteen yet; for I

will be sixteen Michaelmas Day, next, my father says.”

Dorothea could not help laughing to hear how like a child Doña Clara

spoke. “Let us go to sleep now, señora,” said she, “for the little of

the night that I fancy is left to us: God will soon send us daylight,

and we will set all to rights, or it will go hard with me.”

With this they fell asleep, and deep silence reigned all through the

inn. The only persons not asleep were the landlady’s daughter and her

servant Maritornes, who, knowing the weak point of Don Quixote’s

humour, and that he was outside the inn mounting guard in armour and on

horseback, resolved, the pair of them, to play some trick upon him, or

at any rate to amuse themselves for a while by listening to his

nonsense. As it so happened there was not a window in the whole inn

that looked outwards except a hole in the wall of a straw-loft through

which they used to throw out the straw. At this hole the two

demi-damsels posted themselves, and observed Don Quixote on his horse,

leaning on his pike and from time to time sending forth such deep and

doleful sighs, that he seemed to pluck up his soul by the roots with

each of them; and they could hear him, too, saying in a soft, tender,

loving tone, “Oh my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty,

summit and crown of discretion, treasure house of grace, depositary of

virtue, and finally, ideal of all that is good, honourable, and

delectable in this world! What is thy grace doing now? Art thou,

perchance, mindful of thy enslaved knight who of his own free will hath

exposed himself to so great perils, and all to serve thee? Give me

tidings of her, oh luminary of the three faces! Perhaps at this moment,

envious of hers, thou art regarding her, either as she paces to and fro

some gallery of her sumptuous palaces, or leans over some balcony,

meditating how, whilst preserving her purity and greatness, she may

mitigate the tortures this wretched heart of mine endures for her sake,

what glory should recompense my sufferings, what repose my toil, and

lastly what death my life, and what reward my services? And thou, oh

sun, that art now doubtless harnessing thy steeds in haste to rise

betimes and come forth to see my lady; when thou seest her I entreat of

thee to salute her on my behalf: but have a care, when thou shalt see

her and salute her, that thou kiss not her face; for I shall be more

jealous of thee than thou wert of that light-footed ingrate that made

thee sweat and run so on the plains of Thessaly, or on the banks of the

Peneus (for I do not exactly recollect where it was thou didst run on

that occasion) in thy jealousy and love.”

Don Quixote had got so far in his pathetic speech when the landlady’s

daughter began to signal to him, saying, “Señor, come over here,

please.”

At these signals and voice Don Quixote turned his head and saw by the

light of the moon, which then was in its full splendour, that someone

was calling to him from the hole in the wall, which seemed to him to be

a window, and what is more, with a gilt grating, as rich castles, such

as he believed the inn to be, ought to have; and it immediately

suggested itself to his imagination that, as on the former occasion,

the fair damsel, the daughter of the lady of the castle, overcome by

love for him, was once more endeavouring to win his affections; and

with this idea, not to show himself discourteous, or ungrateful, he

turned Rocinante’s head and approached the hole, and as he perceived

the two wenches he said:

“I pity you, beauteous lady, that you should have directed your

thoughts of love to a quarter from whence it is impossible that such a

return can be made to you as is due to your great merit and gentle

birth, for which you must not blame this unhappy knight-errant whom

love renders incapable of submission to any other than her whom, the

first moment his eyes beheld her, he made absolute mistress of his

soul. Forgive me, noble lady, and retire to your apartment, and do not,

by any further declaration of your passion, compel me to show myself

more ungrateful; and if, of the love you bear me, you should find that

there is anything else in my power wherein I can gratify you, provided

it be not love itself, demand it of me; for I swear to you by that

sweet absent enemy of mine to grant it this instant, though it be that

you require of me a lock of Medusa’s hair, which was all snakes, or

even the very beams of the sun shut up in a vial.”

“My mistress wants nothing of that sort, sir knight,” said Maritornes

at this.

“What then, discreet dame, is it that your mistress wants?” replied Don

Quixote.

“Only one of your fair hands,” said Maritornes, “to enable her to vent

over it the great passion, passion which has brought her to this

loophole, so much to the risk of her honour; for if the lord her father

had heard her, the least slice he would cut off her would be her ear.”

“I should like to see that tried,” said Don Quixote; “but he had better

beware of that, if he does not want to meet the most disastrous end

that ever father in the world met for having laid hands on the tender

limbs of a love-stricken daughter.”

Maritornes felt sure that Don Quixote would present the hand she had

asked, and making up her mind what to do, she got down from the hole

and went into the stable, where she took the halter of Sancho Panza’s

ass, and in all haste returned to the hole, just as Don Quixote had

planted himself standing on Rocinante’s saddle in order to reach the

grated window where he supposed the lovelorn damsel to be; and giving

her his hand, he said, “Lady, take this hand, or rather this scourge of

the evil-doers of the earth; take, I say, this hand which no other hand

of woman has ever touched, not even hers who has complete possession of

my entire body. I present it to you, not that you may kiss it, but that

you may observe the contexture of the sinews, the close network of the

muscles, the breadth and capacity of the veins, whence you may infer

what must be the strength of the arm that has such a hand.”

“That we shall see presently,” said Maritornes, and making a running

knot on the halter, she passed it over his wrist and coming down from

the hole tied the other end very firmly to the bolt of the door of the

straw-loft.

Don Quixote, feeling the roughness of the rope on his wrist, exclaimed,

“Your grace seems to be grating rather than caressing my hand; treat it

not so harshly, for it is not to blame for the offence my resolution

has given you, nor is it just to wreak all your vengeance on so small a

part; remember that one who loves so well should not revenge herself so

cruelly.”

But there was nobody now to listen to these words of Don Quixote’s, for

as soon as Maritornes had tied him she and the other made off, ready to

die with laughing, leaving him fastened in such a way that it was

impossible for him to release himself.

He was, as has been said, standing on Rocinante, with his arm passed

through the hole and his wrist tied to the bolt of the door, and in

mighty fear and dread of being left hanging by the arm if Rocinante

were to stir one side or the other; so he did not dare to make the

least movement, although from the patience and imperturbable

disposition of Rocinante, he had good reason to expect that he would

stand without budging for a whole century. Finding himself fast, then,

and that the ladies had retired, he began to fancy that all this was

done by enchantment, as on the former occasion when in that same castle

that enchanted Moor of a carrier had belaboured him; and he cursed in

his heart his own want of sense and judgment in venturing to enter the

castle again, after having come off so badly the first time; it being a

settled point with knights-errant that when they have tried an

adventure, and have not succeeded in it, it is a sign that it is not

reserved for them but for others, and that therefore they need not try

it again. Nevertheless he pulled his arm to see if he could release

himself, but it had been made so fast that all his efforts were in

vain. It is true he pulled it gently lest Rocinante should move, but

try as he might to seat himself in the saddle, he had nothing for it

but to stand upright or pull his hand off. Then it was he wished for

the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment whatever had any

power; then he cursed his ill fortune; then he magnified the loss the

world would sustain by his absence while he remained there enchanted,

for that he believed he was beyond all doubt; then he once more took to

thinking of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; then he called to his

worthy squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep and stretched upon the

pack-saddle of his ass, was oblivious, at that moment, of the mother

that bore him; then he called upon the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife to

come to his aid; then he invoked his good friend Urganda to succour

him; and then, at last, morning found him in such a state of

desperation and perplexity that he was bellowing like a bull, for he

had no hope that day would bring any relief to his suffering, which he

believed would last for ever, inasmuch as he was enchanted; and of this

he was convinced by seeing that Rocinante never stirred, much or

little, and he felt persuaded that he and his horse were to remain in

this state, without eating or drinking or sleeping, until the malign

influence of the stars was overpast, or until some other more sage

enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was very much deceived in this conclusion, for daylight had

hardly begun to appear when there came up to the inn four men on

horseback, well equipped and accoutred, with firelocks across their

saddle-bows. They called out and knocked loudly at the gate of the inn,

which was still shut; on seeing which, Don Quixote, even there where he

was, did not forget to act as sentinel, and said in a loud and

imperious tone, “Knights, or squires, or whatever ye be, ye have no

right to knock at the gates of this castle; for it is plain enough that

they who are within are either asleep, or else are not in the habit of

throwing open the fortress until the sun’s rays are spread over the

whole surface of the earth. Withdraw to a distance, and wait till it is

broad daylight, and then we shall see whether it will be proper or not

to open to you.”

“What the devil fortress or castle is this,” said one, “to make us

stand on such ceremony? If you are the innkeeper bid them open to us;

we are travellers who only want to feed our horses and go on, for we

are in haste.”

“Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an innkeeper?” said Don

Quixote.

“I don’t know what you look like,” replied the other; “but I know that

you are talking nonsense when you call this inn a castle.”

“A castle it is,” returned Don Quixote, “nay, more, one of the best in

this whole province, and it has within it people who have had the

sceptre in the hand and the crown on the head.”

“It would be better if it were the other way,” said the traveller, “the

sceptre on the head and the crown in the hand; but if so, maybe there

is within some company of players, with whom it is a common thing to

have those crowns and sceptres you speak of; for in such a small inn as

this, and where such silence is kept, I do not believe any people

entitled to crowns and sceptres can have taken up their quarters.”

“You know but little of the world,” returned Don Quixote, “since you

are ignorant of what commonly occurs in knight-errantry.”

But the comrades of the spokesman, growing weary of the dialogue with

Don Quixote, renewed their knocks with great vehemence, so much so that

the host, and not only he but everybody in the inn, awoke, and he got

up to ask who knocked. It happened at this moment that one of the

horses of the four who were seeking admittance went to smell Rocinante,

who melancholy, dejected, and with drooping ears stood motionless,

supporting his sorely stretched master; and as he was, after all,

flesh, though he looked as if he were made of wood, he could not help

giving way and in return smelling the one who had come to offer him

attentions. But he had hardly moved at all when Don Quixote lost his

footing; and slipping off the saddle, he would have come to the ground,

but for being suspended by the arm, which caused him such agony that he

believed either his wrist would be cut through or his arm torn off; and

he hung so near the ground that he could just touch it with his feet,

which was all the worse for him; for, finding how little was wanted to

enable him to plant his feet firmly, he struggled and stretched himself

as much as he could to gain a footing; just like those undergoing the

torture of the strappado, when they are fixed at “touch and no touch,”

who aggravate their own sufferings by their violent efforts to stretch

themselves, deceived by the hope which makes them fancy that with a

very little more they will reach the ground.

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Full Size

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CHAPTER XLIV.

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES OF THE INN

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Full Size

So loud, in fact, were the shouts of Don Quixote, that the landlord

opening the gate of the inn in all haste, came out in dismay, and ran

to see who was uttering such cries, and those who were outside joined

him. Maritornes, who had been by this time roused up by the same

outcry, suspecting what it was, ran to the loft and, without anyone

seeing her, untied the halter by which Don Quixote was suspended, and

down he came to the ground in the sight of the landlord and the

travellers, who approaching asked him what was the matter with him that

he shouted so. He without replying a word took the rope off his wrist,

and rising to his feet leaped upon Rocinante, braced his buckler on his

arm, put his lance in rest, and making a considerable circuit of the

plain came back at a half-gallop exclaiming:

“Whoever shall say that I have been enchanted with just cause, provided

my lady the Princess Micomicona grants me permission to do so, I give

him the lie, challenge him and defy him to single combat.”

The newly arrived travellers were amazed at the words of Don Quixote;

but the landlord removed their surprise by telling them who he was, and

not to mind him as he was out of his senses. They then asked the

landlord if by any chance a youth of about fifteen years of age had

come to that inn, one dressed like a muleteer, and of such and such an

appearance, describing that of Doña Clara’s lover. The landlord replied

that there were so many people in the inn he had not noticed the person

they were inquiring for; but one of them observing the coach in which

the Judge had come, said, “He is here no doubt, for this is the coach

he is following: let one of us stay at the gate, and the rest go in to

look for him; or indeed it would be as well if one of us went round the

inn, lest he should escape over the wall of the yard.” “So be it,” said

another; and while two of them went in, one remained at the gate and

the other made the circuit of the inn; observing all which, the

landlord was unable to conjecture for what reason they were taking all

these precautions, though he understood they were looking for the youth

whose description they had given him.

It was by this time broad daylight; and for that reason, as well as in

consequence of the noise Don Quixote had made, everybody was awake and

up, but particularly Doña Clara and Dorothea; for they had been able to

sleep but badly that night, the one from agitation at having her lover

so near her, the other from curiosity to see him. Don Quixote, when he

saw that not one of the four travellers took any notice of him or

replied to his challenge, was furious and ready to die with indignation

and wrath; and if he could have found in the ordinances of chivalry

that it was lawful for a knight-errant to undertake or engage in

another enterprise, when he had plighted his word and faith not to

involve himself in any until he had made an end of the one to which he

was pledged, he would have attacked the whole of them, and would have

made them return an answer in spite of themselves. But considering that

it would not become him, nor be right, to begin any new emprise until

he had established Micomicona in her kingdom, he was constrained to

hold his peace and wait quietly to see what would be the upshot of the

proceedings of those same travellers; one of whom found the youth they

were seeking lying asleep by the side of a muleteer, without a thought

of anyone coming in search of him, much less finding him.

The man laid hold of him by the arm, saying, “It becomes you well

indeed, Señor Don Luis, to be in the dress you wear, and well the bed

in which I find you agrees with the luxury in which your mother reared

you.”

The youth rubbed his sleepy eyes and stared for a while at him who held

him, but presently recognised him as one of his father’s servants, at

which he was so taken aback that for some time he could not find or

utter a word; while the servant went on to say, “There is nothing for

it now, Señor Don Luis, but to submit quietly and return home, unless

it is your wish that my lord, your father, should take his departure

for the other world, for nothing else can be the consequence of the

grief he is in at your absence.”

“But how did my father know that I had gone this road and in this

dress?” said Don Luis.

“It was a student to whom you confided your intentions,” answered the

servant, “that disclosed them, touched with pity at the distress he saw

your father suffer on missing you; he therefore despatched four of his

servants in quest of you, and here we all are at your service, better

pleased than you can imagine that we shall return so soon and be able

to restore you to those eyes that so yearn for you.”

“That shall be as I please, or as heaven orders,” returned Don Luis.

“What can you please or heaven order,” said the other, “except to agree

to go back? Anything else is impossible.”

All this conversation between the two was overheard by the muleteer at

whose side Don Luis lay, and rising, he went to report what had taken

place to Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the others, who had by this time

dressed themselves; and told them how the man had addressed the youth

as “Don,” and what words had passed, and how he wanted him to return to

his father, which the youth was unwilling to do. With this, and what

they already knew of the rare voice that heaven had bestowed upon him,

they all felt very anxious to know more particularly who he was, and

even to help him if it was attempted to employ force against him; so

they hastened to where he was still talking and arguing with his

servant. Dorothea at this instant came out of her room, followed by

Doña Clara all in a tremor; and calling Cardenio aside, she told him in

a few words the story of the musician and Doña Clara, and he at the

same time told her what had happened, how his father’s servants had

come in search of him; but in telling her so, he did not speak low

enough but that Doña Clara heard what he said, at which she was so much

agitated that had not Dorothea hastened to support her she would have

fallen to the ground. Cardenio then bade Dorothea return to her room,

as he would endeavour to make the whole matter right, and they did as

he desired. All the four who had come in quest of Don Luis had now come

into the inn and surrounded him, urging him to return and console his

father at once and without a moment’s delay. He replied that he could

not do so on any account until he had concluded some business in which

his life, honour, and heart were at stake. The servants pressed him,

saying that most certainly they would not return without him, and that

they would take him away whether he liked it or not.

“You shall not do that,” replied Don Luis, “unless you take me dead;

though however you take me, it will be without life.”

By this time most of those in the inn had been attracted by the

dispute, but particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the

Judge, the curate, the barber, and Don Quixote; for he now considered

there was no necessity for mounting guard over the castle any longer.

Cardenio being already acquainted with the young man’s story, asked the

men who wanted to take him away, what object they had in seeking to

carry off this youth against his will.

“Our object,” said one of the four, “is to save the life of his father,

who is in danger of losing it through this gentleman’s disappearance.”

Upon this Don Luis exclaimed, “There is no need to make my affairs

public here; I am free, and I will return if I please; and if not, none

of you shall compel me.”

“Reason will compel your worship,” said the man, “and if it has no

power over you, it has power over us, to make us do what we came for,

and what it is our duty to do.”

“Let us hear what the whole affair is about,” said the Judge at this;

but the man, who knew him as a neighbour of theirs, replied, “Do you

not know this gentleman, Señor Judge? He is the son of your neighbour,

who has run away from his father’s house in a dress so unbecoming his

rank, as your worship may perceive.”

The judge on this looked at him more carefully and recognised him, and

embracing him said, “What folly is this, Señor Don Luis, or what can

have been the cause that could have induced you to come here in this

way, and in this dress, which so ill becomes your condition?”

Tears came into the eyes of the young man, and he was unable to utter a

word in reply to the Judge, who told the four servants not to be

uneasy, for all would be satisfactorily settled; and then taking Don

Luis by the hand, he drew him aside and asked the reason of his having

come there.

But while he was questioning him they heard a loud outcry at the gate

of the inn, the cause of which was that two of the guests who had

passed the night there, seeing everybody busy about finding out what it

was the four men wanted, had conceived the idea of going off without

paying what they owed; but the landlord, who minded his own affairs

more than other people’s, caught them going out of the gate and

demanded his reckoning, abusing them for their dishonesty with such

language that he drove them to reply with their fists, and so they

began to lay on him in such a style that the poor man was forced to cry

out, and call for help. The landlady and her daughter could see no one

more free to give aid than Don Quixote, and to him the daughter said,

“Sir knight, by the virtue God has given you, help my poor father, for

two wicked men are beating him to a mummy.”

To which Don Quixote very deliberately and phlegmatically replied,

“Fair damsel, at the present moment your request is inopportune, for I

am debarred from involving myself in any adventure until I have brought

to a happy conclusion one to which my word has pledged me; but that

which I can do for you is what I will now mention: run and tell your

father to stand his ground as well as he can in this battle, and on no

account to allow himself to be vanquished, while I go and request

permission of the Princess Micomicona to enable me to succour him in

his distress; and if she grants it, rest assured I will relieve him

from it.”

“Sinner that I am,” exclaimed Maritornes, who stood by; “before you

have got your permission my master will be in the other world.”

“Give me leave, señora, to obtain the permission I speak of,” returned

Don Quixote; “and if I get it, it will matter very little if he is in

the other world; for I will rescue him thence in spite of all the same

world can do; or at any rate I will give you such a revenge over those

who shall have sent him there that you will be more than moderately

satisfied;” and without saying anything more he went and knelt before

Dorothea, requesting her Highness in knightly and errant phrase to be

pleased to grant him permission to aid and succour the castellan of

that castle, who now stood in grievous jeopardy. The princess granted

it graciously, and he at once, bracing his buckler on his arm and

drawing his sword, hastened to the inn-gate, where the two guests were

still handling the landlord roughly; but as soon as he reached the spot

he stopped short and stood still, though Maritornes and the landlady

asked him why he hesitated to help their master and husband.

“I hesitate,” said Don Quixote, “because it is not lawful for me to

draw sword against persons of squirely condition; but call my squire

Sancho to me; for this defence and vengeance are his affair and

business.”

Thus matters stood at the inn-gate, where there was a very lively

exchange of fisticuffs and punches, to the sore damage of the landlord

and to the wrath of Maritornes, the landlady, and her daughter, who

were furious when they saw the pusillanimity of Don Quixote, and the

hard treatment their master, husband and father was undergoing. But let

us leave him there; for he will surely find someone to help him, and if

not, let him suffer and hold his tongue who attempts more than his

strength allows him to do; and let us go back fifty paces to see what

Don Luis said in reply to the Judge whom we left questioning him

privately as to his reasons for coming on foot and so meanly dressed.

To which the youth, pressing his hand in a way that showed his heart

was troubled by some great sorrow, and shedding a flood of tears, made

answer:

“Señor, I have no more to tell you than that from the moment when,

through heaven’s will and our being near neighbours, I first saw Doña

Clara, your daughter and my lady, from that instant I made her the

mistress of my will, and if yours, my true lord and father, offers no

impediment, this very day she shall become my wife. For her I left my

father’s house, and for her I assumed this disguise, to follow her

whithersoever she may go, as the arrow seeks its mark or the sailor the

pole-star. She knows nothing more of my passion than what she may have

learned from having sometimes seen from a distance that my eyes were

filled with tears. You know already, señor, the wealth and noble birth

of my parents, and that I am their sole heir; if this be a sufficient

inducement for you to venture to make me completely happy, accept me at

once as your son; for if my father, influenced by other objects of his

own, should disapprove of this happiness I have sought for myself, time

has more power to alter and change things, than human will.”

With this the love-smitten youth was silent, while the Judge, after

hearing him, was astonished, perplexed, and surprised, as well at the

manner and intelligence with which Don Luis had confessed the secret of

his heart, as at the position in which he found himself, not knowing

what course to take in a matter so sudden and unexpected. All the

answer, therefore, he gave him was to bid him to make his mind easy for

the present, and arrange with his servants not to take him back that

day, so that there might be time to consider what was best for all

parties. Don Luis kissed his hands by force, nay, bathed them with his

tears, in a way that would have touched a heart of marble, not to say

that of the Judge, who, as a shrewd man, had already perceived how

advantageous the marriage would be to his daughter; though, were it

possible, he would have preferred that it should be brought about with

the consent of the father of Don Luis, who he knew looked for a title

for his son.

The guests had by this time made peace with the landlord, for, by

persuasion and Don Quixote’s fair words more than by threats, they had

paid him what he demanded, and the servants of Don Luis were waiting

for the end of the conversation with the Judge and their master’s

decision, when the devil, who never sleeps, contrived that the barber,

from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino’s helmet, and Sancho Panza the

trappings of his ass in exchange for those of his own, should at this

instant enter the inn; which said barber, as he led his ass to the

stable, observed Sancho Panza engaged in repairing something or other

belonging to the pack-saddle; and the moment he saw it he knew it, and

made bold to attack Sancho, exclaiming, “Ho, sir thief, I have caught

you! hand over my basin and my pack-saddle, and all my trappings that

you robbed me of.”

Sancho, finding himself so unexpectedly assailed, and hearing the abuse

poured upon him, seized the pack-saddle with one hand, and with the

other gave the barber a cuff that bathed his teeth in blood. The

barber, however, was not so ready to relinquish the prize he had made

in the pack-saddle; on the contrary, he raised such an outcry that

everyone in the inn came running to know what the noise and quarrel

meant. “Here, in the name of the king and justice!” he cried, “this

thief and highwayman wants to kill me for trying to recover my

property.”

“You lie,” said Sancho, “I am no highwayman; it was in fair war my

master Don Quixote won these spoils.”

Don Quixote was standing by at the time, highly pleased to see his

squire’s stoutness, both offensive and defensive, and from that time

forth he reckoned him a man of mettle, and in his heart resolved to dub

him a knight on the first opportunity that presented itself, feeling

sure that the order of chivalry would be fittingly bestowed upon him.

In the course of the altercation, among other things the barber said,

“Gentlemen, this pack-saddle is mine as surely as I owe God a death,

and I know it as well as if I had given birth to it, and here is my ass

in the stable who will not let me lie; only try it, and if it does not

fit him like a glove, call me a rascal; and what is more, the same day

I was robbed of this, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin,

never yet handselled, that would fetch a crown any day.”

At this Don Quixote could not keep himself from answering; and

interposing between the two, and separating them, he placed the

pack-saddle on the ground, to lie there in sight until the truth was

established, and said, “Your worships may perceive clearly and plainly

the error under which this worthy squire lies when he calls a basin

which was, is, and shall be the helmet of Mambrino which I won from him

in fair war, and made myself master of by legitimate and lawful

possession. With the pack-saddle I do not concern myself; but I may

tell you on that head that my squire Sancho asked my permission to

strip off the caparison of this vanquished poltroon’s steed, and with

it adorn his own; I allowed him, and he took it; and as to its having

been changed from a caparison into a pack-saddle, I can give no

explanation except the usual one, that such transformations will take

place in adventures of chivalry. To confirm all which, run, Sancho my

son, and fetch hither the helmet which this good fellow calls a basin.”

“Egad, master,” said Sancho, “if we have no other proof of our case

than what your worship puts forward, Mambrino’s helmet is just as much

a basin as this good fellow’s caparison is a pack-saddle.”

“Do as I bid thee,” said Don Quixote; “it cannot be that everything in

this castle goes by enchantment.”

Sancho hastened to where the basin was, and brought it back with him,

and when Don Quixote saw it, he took hold of it and said:

“Your worships may see with what a face this squire can assert that

this is a basin and not the helmet I told you of; and I swear by the

order of chivalry I profess, that this helmet is the identical one I

took from him, without anything added to or taken from it.”

“There is no doubt of that,” said Sancho, “for from the time my master

won it until now he has only fought one battle in it, when he let loose

those unlucky men in chains; and if it had not been for this

basin-helmet he would not have come off over well that time, for there

was plenty of stone-throwing in that affair.”

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CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH THE DOUBTFUL QUESTION OF MAMBRINO’S HELMET AND THE PACK-SADDLE

IS FINALLY SETTLED, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES THAT OCCURRED IN TRUTH AND

EARNEST

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Full Size

“What do you think now, gentlemen,” said the barber, “of what these

gentles say, when they want to make out that this is a helmet?”

“And whoever says the contrary,” said Don Quixote, “I will let him know

he lies if he is a knight, and if he is a squire that he lies again a

thousand times.”

Our own barber, who was present at all this, and understood Don

Quixote’s humour so thoroughly, took it into his head to back up his

delusion and carry on the joke for the general amusement; so addressing

the other barber he said:

“Señor barber, or whatever you are, you must know that I belong to your

profession too, and have had a licence to practise for more than twenty

years, and I know the implements of the barber craft, every one of

them, perfectly well; and I was likewise a soldier for some time in the

days of my youth, and I know also what a helmet is, and a morion, and a

headpiece with a visor, and other things pertaining to soldiering, I

meant to say to soldiers’ arms; and I say—saving better opinions and

always with submission to sounder judgments—that this piece we have now

before us, which this worthy gentleman has in his hands, not only is no

barber’s basin, but is as far from being one as white is from black,

and truth from falsehood; I say, moreover, that this, although it is a

helmet, is not a complete helmet.”

“Certainly not,” said Don Quixote, “for half of it is wanting, that is

to say the beaver.”

“It is quite true,” said the curate, who saw the object of his friend

the barber; and Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions agreed with

him, and even the Judge, if his thoughts had not been so full of Don

Luis’s affair, would have helped to carry on the joke; but he was so

taken up with the serious matters he had on his mind that he paid

little or no attention to these facetious proceedings.

“God bless me!” exclaimed their butt the barber at this; “is it

possible that such an honourable company can say that this is not a

basin but a helmet? Why, this is a thing that would astonish a whole

university, however wise it might be! That will do; if this basin is a

helmet, why, then the pack-saddle must be a horse’s caparison, as this

gentleman has said.”

“To me it looks like a pack-saddle,” said Don Quixote; “but I have

already said that with that question I do not concern myself.”

“As to whether it be pack-saddle or caparison,” said the curate, “it is

only for Señor Don Quixote to say; for in these matters of chivalry all

these gentlemen and I bow to his authority.”

“By God, gentlemen,” said Don Quixote, “so many strange things have

happened to me in this castle on the two occasions on which I have

sojourned in it, that I will not venture to assert anything positively

in reply to any question touching anything it contains; for it is my

belief that everything that goes on within it goes by enchantment. The

first time, an enchanted Moor that there is in it gave me sore trouble,

nor did Sancho fare well among certain followers of his; and last night

I was kept hanging by this arm for nearly two hours, without knowing

how or why I came by such a mishap. So that now, for me to come forward

to give an opinion in such a puzzling matter, would be to risk a rash

decision. As regards the assertion that this is a basin and not a

helmet I have already given an answer; but as to the question whether

this is a pack-saddle or a caparison I will not venture to give a

positive opinion, but will leave it to your worships’ better judgment.

Perhaps as you are not dubbed knights like myself, the enchantments of

this place have nothing to do with you, and your faculties are

unfettered, and you can see things in this castle as they really and

truly are, and not as they appear to me.”

“There can be no question,” said Don Fernando on this, “but that Señor

Don Quixote has spoken very wisely, and that with us rests the decision

of this matter; and that we may have surer ground to go on, I will take

the votes of the gentlemen in secret, and declare the result clearly

and fully.”

To those who were in on the secret of Don Quixote’s humour all this

afforded great amusement; but to those who knew nothing about it, it

seemed the greatest nonsense in the world, in particular to the four

servants of Don Luis, as well as to Don Luis himself, and to three

other travellers who had by chance come to the inn, and had the

appearance of officers of the Holy Brotherhood, as indeed they were;

but the one who above all was at his wits’ end was the barber whose

basin, there before his very eyes, had been turned into Mambrino’s

helmet, and whose pack-saddle he had no doubt whatever was about to

become a rich caparison for a horse. All laughed to see Don Fernando

going from one to another collecting the votes, and whispering to them

to give him their private opinion whether the treasure over which there

had been so much fighting was a pack-saddle or a caparison; but after

he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud,

“The fact is, my good fellow, that I am tired collecting such a number

of opinions, for I find that there is not one of whom I ask what I

desire to know, who does not tell me that it is absurd to say that this

is the pack-saddle of an ass, and not the caparison of a horse, nay, of

a thoroughbred horse; so you must submit, for, in spite of you and your

ass, this is a caparison and no pack-saddle, and you have stated and

proved your case very badly.”

“May I never share heaven,” said the poor barber, “if your worships are

not all mistaken; and may my soul appear before God as that appears to

me a pack-saddle and not a caparison; but, ‘laws go,’—I say no more;

and indeed I am not drunk, for I am fasting, except it be from sin.”

The simple talk of the barber did not afford less amusement than the

absurdities of Don Quixote, who now observed:

“There is no more to be done now than for each to take what belongs to

him, and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter add his blessing.”

But said one of the four servants, “Unless, indeed, this is a

deliberate joke, I cannot bring myself to believe that men so

intelligent as those present are, or seem to be, can venture to declare

and assert that this is not a basin, and that not a pack-saddle; but as

I perceive that they do assert and declare it, I can only come to the

conclusion that there is some mystery in this persistence in what is so

opposed to the evidence of experience and truth itself; for I swear

by”—and here he rapped out a round oath—“all the people in the world

will not make me believe that this is not a barber’s basin and that a

jackass’s pack-saddle.”

“It might easily be a she-ass’s,” observed the curate.

“It is all the same,” said the servant; “that is not the point; but

whether it is or is not a pack-saddle, as your worships say.”

On hearing this one of the newly arrived officers of the Brotherhood,

who had been listening to the dispute and controversy, unable to

restrain his anger and impatience, exclaimed, “It is a pack-saddle as

sure as my father is my father, and whoever has said or will say

anything else must be drunk.”

“You lie like a rascally clown,” returned Don Quixote; and lifting his

pike, which he had never let out of his hand, he delivered such a blow

at his head that, had not the officer dodged it, it would have

stretched him at full length. The pike was shivered in pieces against

the ground, and the rest of the officers, seeing their comrade

assaulted, raised a shout, calling for help for the Holy Brotherhood.

The landlord, who was of the fraternity, ran at once to fetch his staff

of office and his sword, and ranged himself on the side of his

comrades; the servants of Don Luis clustered round him, lest he should

escape from them in the confusion; the barber, seeing the house turned

upside down, once more laid hold of his pack-saddle and Sancho did the

same; Don Quixote drew his sword and charged the officers; Don Luis

cried out to his servants to leave him alone and go and help Don

Quixote, and Cardenio and Don Fernando, who were supporting him; the

curate was shouting at the top of his voice, the landlady was

screaming, her daughter was wailing, Maritornes was weeping, Dorothea

was aghast, Luscinda terror-stricken, and Doña Clara in a faint. The

barber cudgelled Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber; Don Luis gave

one of his servants, who ventured to catch him by the arm to keep him

from escaping, a cuff that bathed his teeth in blood; the Judge took

his part; Don Fernando had got one of the officers down and was

belabouring him heartily; the landlord raised his voice again calling

for help for the Holy Brotherhood; so that the whole inn was nothing

but cries, shouts, shrieks, confusion, terror, dismay, mishaps,

sword-cuts, fisticuffs, cudgellings, kicks, and bloodshed; and in the

midst of all this chaos, complication, and general entanglement, Don

Quixote took it into his head that he had been plunged into the thick

of the discord of Agramante’s camp; and, in a voice that shook the inn

like thunder, he cried out:

“Hold all, let all sheathe their swords, let all be calm and attend to

me as they value their lives!”

All paused at his mighty voice, and he went on to say, “Did I not tell

you, sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that a legion or so of

devils dwelt in it? In proof whereof I call upon you to behold with

your own eyes how the discord of Agramante’s camp has come hither, and

been transferred into the midst of us. See how they fight, there for

the sword, here for the horse, on that side for the eagle, on this for

the helmet; we are all fighting, and all at cross purposes. Come then,

you, Señor Judge, and you, señor curate; let the one represent King

Agramante and the other King Sobrino, and make peace among us; for by

God Almighty it is a sorry business that so many persons of quality as

we are should slay one another for such trifling cause.” The officers,

who did not understand Don Quixote’s mode of speaking, and found

themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their

companions, were not to be appeased; the barber was, however, for both

his beard and his pack-saddle were the worse for the struggle; Sancho

like a good servant obeyed the slightest word of his master; while the

four servants of Don Luis kept quiet when they saw how little they

gained by not being so. The landlord alone insisted upon it that they

must punish the insolence of this madman, who at every turn raised a

disturbance in the inn; but at length the uproar was stilled for the

present; the pack-saddle remained a caparison till the day of judgment,

and the basin a helmet and the inn a castle in Don Quixote’s

imagination.

All having been now pacified and made friends by the persuasion of the

Judge and the curate, the servants of Don Luis began again to urge him

to return with them at once; and while he was discussing the matter

with them, the Judge took counsel with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the

curate as to what he ought to do in the case, telling them how it

stood, and what Don Luis had said to him. It was agreed at length that

Don Fernando should tell the servants of Don Luis who he was, and that

it was his desire that Don Luis should accompany him to Andalusia,

where he would receive from the marquis his brother the welcome his

quality entitled him to; for, otherwise, it was easy to see from the

determination of Don Luis that he would not return to his father at

present, though they tore him to pieces. On learning the rank of Don

Fernando and the resolution of Don Luis the four then settled it

between themselves that three of them should return to tell his father

how matters stood, and that the other should remain to wait upon Don

Luis, and not leave him until they came back for him, or his father’s

orders were known. Thus by the authority of Agramante and the wisdom of

King Sobrino all this complication of disputes was arranged; but the

enemy of concord and hater of peace, feeling himself slighted and made

a fool of, and seeing how little he had gained after having involved

them all in such an elaborate entanglement, resolved to try his hand

once more by stirring up fresh quarrels and disturbances.

It came about in this wise: the officers were pacified on learning the

rank of those with whom they had been engaged, and withdrew from the

contest, considering that whatever the result might be they were likely

to get the worst of the battle; but one of them, the one who had been

thrashed and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among some

warrants he carried for the arrest of certain delinquents, he had one

against Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had ordered to be

arrested for setting the galley slaves free, as Sancho had, with very

good reason, apprehended. Suspecting how it was, then, he wished to

satisfy himself as to whether Don Quixote’s features corresponded; and

taking a parchment out of his bosom he lit upon what he was in search

of, and setting himself to read it deliberately, for he was not a quick

reader, as he made out each word he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and

went on comparing the description in the warrant with his face, and

discovered that beyond all doubt he was the person described in it. As

soon as he had satisfied himself, folding up the parchment, he took the

warrant in his left hand and with his right seized Don Quixote by the

collar so tightly that he did not allow him to breathe, and shouted

aloud, “Help for the Holy Brotherhood! and that you may see I demand it

in earnest, read this warrant which says this highwayman is to be

arrested.”

The curate took the warrant and saw that what the officer said was

true, and that it agreed with Don Quixote’s appearance, who, on his

part, when he found himself roughly handled by this rascally clown,

worked up to the highest pitch of wrath, and all his joints cracking

with rage, with both hands seized the officer by the throat with all

his might, so that had he not been helped by his comrades he would have

yielded up his life ere Don Quixote released his hold. The landlord,

who had perforce to support his brother officers, ran at once to aid

them. The landlady, when she saw her husband engaged in a fresh

quarrel, lifted up her voice afresh, and its note was immediately

caught up by Maritornes and her daughter, calling upon heaven and all

present for help; and Sancho, seeing what was going on, exclaimed, “By

the Lord, it is quite true what my master says about the enchantments

of this castle, for it is impossible to live an hour in peace in it!”

Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quixote, and to their mutual

contentment made them relax the grip by which they held, the one the

coat collar, the other the throat of his adversary; for all this,

however, the officers did not cease to demand their prisoner and call

on them to help, and deliver him over bound into their power, as was

required for the service of the King and of the Holy Brotherhood, on

whose behalf they again demanded aid and assistance to effect the

capture of this robber and footpad of the highways.

Don Quixote smiled when he heard these words, and said very calmly,

“Come now, base, ill-born brood; call ye it highway robbery to give

freedom to those in bondage, to release the captives, to succour the

miserable, to raise up the fallen, to relieve the needy? Infamous

beings, who by your vile grovelling intellects deserve that heaven

should not make known to you the virtue that lies in knight-errantry,

or show you the sin and ignorance in which ye lie when ye refuse to

respect the shadow, not to say the presence, of any knight-errant! Come

now; band, not of officers, but of thieves; footpads with the licence

of the Holy Brotherhood; tell me who was the ignoramus who signed a

warrant of arrest against such a knight as I am? Who was he that did

not know that knights-errant are independent of all jurisdictions, that

their law is their sword, their charter their prowess, and their edicts

their will? Who, I say again, was the fool that knows not that there

are no letters patent of nobility that confer such privileges or

exemptions as a knight-errant acquires the day he is dubbed a knight,

and devotes himself to the arduous calling of chivalry? What

knight-errant ever paid poll-tax, duty, queen’s pin-money, king’s dues,

toll or ferry? What tailor ever took payment of him for making his

clothes? What castellan that received him in his castle ever made him

pay his shot? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was

not enamoured of him and did not yield herself up wholly to his will

and pleasure? And, lastly, what knight-errant has there been, is there,

or will there ever be in the world, not bold enough to give,

single-handed, four hundred cudgellings to four hundred officers of the

Holy Brotherhood if they come in his way?”

CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE END OF THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE OFFICERS OF THE HOLY

BROTHERHOOD; AND OF THE GREAT FEROCITY OF OUR WORTHY KNIGHT, DON

QUIXOTE

c46a.jpg (163K)

Full Size

While Don Quixote was talking in this strain, the curate was

endeavouring to persuade the officers that he was out of his senses, as

they might perceive by his deeds and his words, and that they need not

press the matter any further, for even if they arrested him and carried

him off, they would have to release him by-and-by as a madman; to which

the holder of the warrant replied that he had nothing to do with

inquiring into Don Quixote’s madness, but only to execute his

superior’s orders, and that once taken they might let him go three

hundred times if they liked.

“For all that,” said the curate, “you must not take him away this time,

nor will he, it is my opinion, let himself be taken away.”

In short, the curate used such arguments, and Don Quixote did such mad

things, that the officers would have been more mad than he was if they

had not perceived his want of wits, and so they thought it best to

allow themselves to be pacified, and even to act as peacemakers between

the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their altercation with

much bitterness. In the end they, as officers of justice, settled the

question by arbitration in such a manner that both sides were, if not

perfectly contented, at least to some extent satisfied; for they

changed the pack-saddles, but not the girths or head-stalls; and as to

Mambrino’s helmet, the curate, under the rose and without Don Quixote’s

knowing it, paid eight reals for the basin, and the barber executed a

full receipt and engagement to make no further demand then or

thenceforth for evermore, amen. These two disputes, which were the most

important and gravest, being settled, it only remained for the servants

of Don Luis to consent that three of them should return while one was

left to accompany him whither Don Fernando desired to take him; and

good luck and better fortune, having already begun to solve

difficulties and remove obstructions in favour of the lovers and

warriors of the inn, were pleased to persevere and bring everything to

a happy issue; for the servants agreed to do as Don Luis wished; which

gave Doña Clara such happiness that no one could have looked into her

face just then without seeing the joy of her heart. Zoraida, though she

did not fully comprehend all she saw, was grave or gay without knowing

why, as she watched and studied the various countenances, but

particularly her Spaniard’s, whom she followed with her eyes and clung

to with her soul. The gift and compensation which the curate gave the

barber had not escaped the landlord’s notice, and he demanded Don

Quixote’s reckoning, together with the amount of the damage to his

wine-skins, and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rocinante

nor Sancho’s ass should leave the inn until he had been paid to the

very last farthing. The curate settled all amicably, and Don Fernando

paid; though the Judge had also very readily offered to pay the score;

and all became so peaceful and quiet that the inn no longer reminded

one of the discord of Agramante’s camp, as Don Quixote said, but of the

peace and tranquillity of the days of Octavianus: for all which it was

the universal opinion that their thanks were due to the great zeal and

eloquence of the curate, and to the unexampled generosity of Don

Fernando.

Finding himself now clear and quit of all quarrels, his squire’s as

well as his own, Don Quixote considered that it would be advisable to

continue the journey he had begun, and bring to a close that great

adventure for which he had been called and chosen; and with this high

resolve he went and knelt before Dorothea, who, however, would not

allow him to utter a word until he had risen; so to obey her he rose,

and said, “It is a common proverb, fair lady, that ‘diligence is the

mother of good fortune,’ and experience has often shown in important

affairs that the earnestness of the negotiator brings the doubtful case

to a successful termination; but in nothing does this truth show itself

more plainly than in war, where quickness and activity forestall the

devices of the enemy, and win the victory before the foe has time to

defend himself. All this I say, exalted and esteemed lady, because it

seems to me that for us to remain any longer in this castle now is

useless, and may be injurious to us in a way that we shall find out

some day; for who knows but that your enemy the giant may have learned

by means of secret and diligent spies that I am going to destroy him,

and if the opportunity be given him he may seize it to fortify himself

in some impregnable castle or stronghold, against which all my efforts

and the might of my indefatigable arm may avail but little? Therefore,

lady, let us, as I say, forestall his schemes by our activity, and let

us depart at once in quest of fair fortune; for your highness is only

kept from enjoying it as fully as you could desire by my delay in

encountering your adversary.”

Don Quixote held his peace and said no more, calmly awaiting the reply

of the beauteous princess, who, with commanding dignity and in a style

adapted to Don Quixote’s own, replied to him in these words, “I give

you thanks, sir knight, for the eagerness you, like a good knight to

whom it is a natural obligation to succour the orphan and the needy,

display to afford me aid in my sore trouble; and heaven grant that your

wishes and mine may be realised, so that you may see that there are

women in this world capable of gratitude; as to my departure, let it be

forthwith, for I have no will but yours; dispose of me entirely in

accordance with your good pleasure; for she who has once entrusted to

you the defence of her person, and placed in your hands the recovery of

her dominions, must not think of offering opposition to that which your

wisdom may ordain.”

“On, then, in God’s name,” said Don Quixote; “for, when a lady humbles

herself to me, I will not lose the opportunity of raising her up and

placing her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart at once, for

the common saying that in delay there is danger, lends spurs to my

eagerness to take the road; and as neither heaven has created nor hell

seen any that can daunt or intimidate me, saddle Rocinante, Sancho, and

get ready thy ass and the queen’s palfrey, and let us take leave of the

castellan and these gentlemen, and go hence this very instant.”

Sancho, who was standing by all the time, said, shaking his head, “Ah!

master, master, there is more mischief in the village than one hears

of, begging all good bodies’ pardon.”

“What mischief can there be in any village, or in all the cities of the

world, you booby, that can hurt my reputation?” said Don Quixote.

“If your worship is angry,” replied Sancho, “I will hold my tongue and

leave unsaid what as a good squire I am bound to say, and what a good

servant should tell his master.”

“Say what thou wilt,” returned Don Quixote, “provided thy words be not

meant to work upon my fears; for thou, if thou fearest, art behaving

like thyself; but I like myself, in not fearing.”

“It is nothing of the sort, as I am a sinner before God,” said Sancho,

“but that I take it to be sure and certain that this lady, who calls

herself queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more so than my

mother; for, if she was what she says, she would not go rubbing noses

with one that is here every instant and behind every door.”

Dorothea turned red at Sancho’s words, for the truth was that her

husband Don Fernando had now and then, when the others were not

looking, gathered from her lips some of the reward his love had earned,

and Sancho seeing this had considered that such freedom was more like a

courtesan than a queen of a great kingdom; she, however, being unable

or not caring to answer him, allowed him to proceed, and he continued,

“This I say, señor, because, if after we have travelled roads and

highways, and passed bad nights and worse days, one who is now enjoying

himself in this inn is to reap the fruit of our labours, there is no

need for me to be in a hurry to saddle Rocinante, put the pad on the

ass, or get ready the palfrey; for it will be better for us to stay

quiet, and let every jade mind her spinning, and let us go to dinner.”

Good God, what was the indignation of Don Quixote when he heard the

audacious words of his squire! So great was it, that in a voice

inarticulate with rage, with a stammering tongue, and eyes that flashed

living fire, he exclaimed, “Rascally clown, boorish, insolent, and

ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent backbiter and slanderer!

Hast thou dared to utter such words in my presence and in that of these

illustrious ladies? Hast thou dared to harbour such gross and shameless

thoughts in thy muddled imagination? Begone from my presence, thou born

monster, storehouse of lies, hoard of untruths, garner of knaveries,

inventor of scandals, publisher of absurdities, enemy of the respect

due to royal personages! Begone, show thyself no more before me under

pain of my wrath;” and so saying he knitted his brows, puffed out his

cheeks, gazed around him, and stamped on the ground violently with his

right foot, showing in every way the rage that was pent up in his

heart; and at his words and furious gestures Sancho was so scared and

terrified that he would have been glad if the earth had opened that

instant and swallowed him, and his only thought was to turn round and

make his escape from the angry presence of his master.

But the ready-witted Dorothea, who by this time so well understood Don

Quixote’s humour, said, to mollify his wrath, “Be not irritated at the

absurdities your good squire has uttered, Sir Knight of the Rueful

Countenance, for perhaps he did not utter them without cause, and from

his good sense and Christian conscience it is not likely that he would

bear false witness against anyone. We may therefore believe, without

any hesitation, that since, as you say, sir knight, everything in this

castle goes and is brought about by means of enchantment, Sancho, I

say, may possibly have seen, through this diabolical medium, what he

says he saw so much to the detriment of my modesty.”

“I swear by God Omnipotent,” exclaimed Don Quixote at this, “your

highness has hit the point; and that some vile illusion must have come

before this sinner of a Sancho, that made him see what it would have

been impossible to see by any other means than enchantments; for I know

well enough, from the poor fellow’s goodness and harmlessness, that he

is incapable of bearing false witness against anybody.”

“True, no doubt,” said Don Fernando, “for which reason, Señor Don

Quixote, you ought to forgive him and restore him to the bosom of your

favour, \_sicut erat in principio\_, before illusions of this sort had

taken away his senses.”

Don Quixote said he was ready to pardon him, and the curate went for

Sancho, who came in very humbly, and falling on his knees begged for

the hand of his master, who having presented it to him and allowed him

to kiss it, gave him his blessing and said, “Now, Sancho my son, thou

wilt be convinced of the truth of what I have many a time told thee,

that everything in this castle is done by means of enchantment.”

“So it is, I believe,” said Sancho, “except the affair of the blanket,

which came to pass in reality by ordinary means.”

“Believe it not,” said Don Quixote, “for had it been so, I would have

avenged thee that instant, or even now; but neither then nor now could

I, nor have I seen anyone upon whom to avenge thy wrong.”

They were all eager to know what the affair of the blanket was, and the

landlord gave them a minute account of Sancho’s flights, at which they

laughed not a little, and at which Sancho would have been no less out

of countenance had not his master once more assured him it was all

enchantment. For all that his simplicity never reached so high a pitch

that he could persuade himself it was not the plain and simple truth,

without any deception whatever about it, that he had been blanketed by

beings of flesh and blood, and not by visionary and imaginary phantoms,

as his master believed and protested.

The illustrious company had now been two days in the inn; and as it

seemed to them time to depart, they devised a plan so that, without

giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don

Quixote to his village under pretence of restoring Queen Micomicona,

the curate and the barber might carry him away with them as they

proposed, and the curate be able to take his madness in hand at home;

and in pursuance of their plan they arranged with the owner of an

oxcart who happened to be passing that way to carry him after this

fashion. They constructed a kind of cage with wooden bars, large enough

to hold Don Quixote comfortably; and then Don Fernando and his

companions, the servants of Don Luis, and the officers of the

Brotherhood, together with the landlord, by the directions and advice

of the curate, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in

one way, some in another, so as to appear to Don Quixote quite

different from the persons he had seen in the castle. This done, in

profound silence they entered the room where he was asleep, taking his

rest after the past frays, and advancing to where he was sleeping

tranquilly, not dreaming of anything of the kind happening, they seized

him firmly and bound him fast hand and foot, so that, when he awoke

startled, he was unable to move, and could only marvel and wonder at

the strange figures he saw before him; upon which he at once gave way

to the idea which his crazed fancy invariably conjured up before him,

and took it into his head that all these shapes were phantoms of the

enchanted castle, and that he himself was unquestionably enchanted as

he could neither move nor help himself; precisely what the curate, the

concoctor of the scheme, expected would happen. Of all that were there

Sancho was the only one who was at once in his senses and in his own

proper character, and he, though he was within very little of sharing

his master’s infirmity, did not fail to perceive who all these

disguised figures were; but he did not dare to open his lips until he

saw what came of this assault and capture of his master; nor did the

latter utter a word, waiting to the upshot of his mishap; which was

that bringing in the cage, they shut him up in it and nailed the bars

so firmly that they could not be easily burst open.

c46b.jpg (342K)

Full Size

They then took him on their shoulders, and as they passed out of the

room an awful voice—as much so as the barber, not he of the pack-saddle

but the other, was able to make it—was heard to say, “O Knight of the

Rueful Countenance, let not this captivity in which thou art placed

afflict thee, for this must needs be, for the more speedy

accomplishment of the adventure in which thy great heart has engaged

thee; the which shall be accomplished when the raging Manchegan lion

and the white Tobosan dove shall be linked together, having first

humbled their haughty necks to the gentle yoke of matrimony. And from

this marvellous union shall come forth to the light of the world brave

whelps that shall rival the ravening claws of their valiant father; and

this shall come to pass ere the pursuer of the flying nymph shall in

his swift natural course have twice visited the starry signs. And thou,

O most noble and obedient squire that ever bore sword at side, beard on

face, or nose to smell with, be not dismayed or grieved to see the

flower of knight-errantry carried away thus before thy very eyes; for

soon, if it so please the Framer of the universe, thou shalt see

thyself exalted to such a height that thou shalt not know thyself, and

the promises which thy good master has made thee shall not prove false;

and I assure thee, on the authority of the sage Mentironiana, that thy

wages shall be paid thee, as thou shalt see in due season. Follow then

the footsteps of the valiant enchanted knight, for it is expedient that

thou shouldst go to the destination assigned to both of you; and as it

is not permitted to me to say more, God be with thee; for I return to

that place I wot of;” and as he brought the prophecy to a close he

raised his voice to a high pitch, and then lowered it to such a soft

tone, that even those who knew it was all a joke were almost inclined

to take what they heard seriously.

Don Quixote was comforted by the prophecy he heard, for he at once

comprehended its meaning perfectly, and perceived it was promised to

him that he should see himself united in holy and lawful matrimony with

his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose blessed womb should proceed

the whelps, his sons, to the eternal glory of La Mancha; and being

thoroughly and firmly persuaded of this, he lifted up his voice, and

with a deep sigh exclaimed, “Oh thou, whoever thou art, who hast

foretold me so much good, I implore of thee that on my part thou

entreat that sage enchanter who takes charge of my interests, that he

leave me not to perish in this captivity in which they are now carrying

me away, ere I see fulfilled promises so joyful and incomparable as

those which have been now made me; for, let this but come to pass, and

I shall glory in the pains of my prison, find comfort in these chains

wherewith they bind me, and regard this bed whereon they stretch me,

not as a hard battle-field, but as a soft and happy nuptial couch; and

touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I rely upon his

goodness and rectitude that he will not desert me in good or evil

fortune; for if, by his ill luck or mine, it may not happen to be in my

power to give him the island I have promised, or any equivalent for it,

at least his wages shall not be lost; for in my will, which is already

made, I have declared the sum that shall be paid to him, measured, not

by his many faithful services, but by the means at my disposal.”

Sancho bowed his head very respectfully and kissed both his hands, for,

being tied together, he could not kiss one; and then the apparitions

lifted the cage upon their shoulders and fixed it upon the ox-cart.

c46e.jpg (56K)

Full Size

CHAPTER XLVII.

OF THE STRANGE MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA WAS CARRIED

AWAY ENCHANTED, TOGETHER WITH OTHER REMARKABLE INCIDENTS

c47a.jpg (181K)

Full Size

When Don Quixote saw himself caged and hoisted on the cart in this way,

he said, “Many grave histories of knights-errant have I read; but never

yet have I read, seen, or heard of their carrying off enchanted

knights-errant in this fashion, or at the slow pace that these lazy,

sluggish animals promise; for they always take them away through the

air with marvellous swiftness, enveloped in a dark thick cloud, or on a

chariot of fire, or it may be on some hippogriff or other beast of the

kind; but to carry me off like this on an ox-cart! By God, it puzzles

me! But perhaps the chivalry and enchantments of our day take a

different course from that of those in days gone by; and it may be,

too, that as I am a new knight in the world, and the first to revive

the already forgotten calling of knight-adventurers, they may have

newly invented other kinds of enchantments and other modes of carrying

off the enchanted. What thinkest thou of the matter, Sancho my son?”

c47b.jpg (357K)

Full Size

“I don’t know what to think,” answered Sancho, “not being as well read

as your worship in errant writings; but for all that I venture to say

and swear that these apparitions that are about us are not quite

catholic.”

“Catholic!” said Don Quixote. “Father of me! how can they be Catholic

when they are all devils that have taken fantastic shapes to come and

do this, and bring me to this condition? And if thou wouldst prove it,

touch them, and feel them, and thou wilt find they have only bodies of

air, and no consistency except in appearance.”

“By God, master,” returned Sancho, “I have touched them already; and

that devil, that goes about there so busily, has firm flesh, and

another property very different from what I have heard say devils have,

for by all accounts they all smell of brimstone and other bad smells;

but this one smells of amber half a league off.” Sancho was here

speaking of Don Fernando, who, like a gentleman of his rank, was very

likely perfumed as Sancho said.

“Marvel not at that, Sancho my friend,” said Don Quixote; “for let me

tell thee devils are crafty; and even if they do carry odours about

with them, they themselves have no smell, because they are spirits; or,

if they have any smell, they cannot smell of anything sweet, but of

something foul and fetid; and the reason is that as they carry hell

with them wherever they go, and can get no ease whatever from their

torments, and as a sweet smell is a thing that gives pleasure and

enjoyment, it is impossible that they can smell sweet; if, then, this

devil thou speakest of seems to thee to smell of amber, either thou art

deceiving thyself, or he wants to deceive thee by making thee fancy he

is not a devil.”

Such was the conversation that passed between master and man; and Don

Fernando and Cardenio, apprehensive of Sancho’s making a complete

discovery of their scheme, towards which he had already gone some way,

resolved to hasten their departure, and calling the landlord aside,

they directed him to saddle Rocinante and put the pack-saddle on

Sancho’s ass, which he did with great alacrity. In the meantime the

curate had made an arrangement with the officers that they should bear

them company as far as his village, he paying them so much a day.

Cardenio hung the buckler on one side of the bow of Rocinante’s saddle

and the basin on the other, and by signs commanded Sancho to mount his

ass and take Rocinante’s bridle, and at each side of the cart he placed

two officers with their muskets; but before the cart was put in motion,

out came the landlady and her daughter and Maritornes to bid Don

Quixote farewell, pretending to weep with grief at his misfortune; and

to them Don Quixote said:

“Weep not, good ladies, for all these mishaps are the lot of those who

follow the profession I profess; and if these reverses did not befall

me I should not esteem myself a famous knight-errant; for such things

never happen to knights of little renown and fame, because nobody in

the world thinks about them; to valiant knights they do, for these are

envied for their virtue and valour by many princes and other knights

who compass the destruction of the worthy by base means. Nevertheless,

virtue is of herself so mighty, that, in spite of all the magic that

Zoroaster its first inventor knew, she will come victorious out of

every trial, and shed her light upon the earth as the sun does upon the

heavens. Forgive me, fair ladies, if, through inadvertence, I have in

aught offended you; for intentionally and wittingly I have never done

so to any; and pray to God that he deliver me from this captivity to

which some malevolent enchanter has consigned me; and should I find

myself released therefrom, the favours that ye have bestowed upon me in

this castle shall be held in memory by me, that I may acknowledge,

recognise, and requite them as they deserve.”

While this was passing between the ladies of the castle and Don

Quixote, the curate and the barber bade farewell to Don Fernando and

his companions, to the captain, his brother, and the ladies, now all

made happy, and in particular to Dorothea and Luscinda. They all

embraced one another, and promised to let each other know how things

went with them, and Don Fernando directed the curate where to write to

him, to tell him what became of Don Quixote, assuring him that there

was nothing that could give him more pleasure than to hear of it, and

that he too, on his part, would send him word of everything he thought

he would like to know, about his marriage, Zoraida’s baptism, Don

Luis’s affair, and Luscinda’s return to her home. The curate promised

to comply with his request carefully, and they embraced once more, and

renewed their promises.

The landlord approached the curate and handed him some papers, saying

he had discovered them in the lining of the valise in which the novel

of “The Ill-advised Curiosity” had been found, and that he might take

them all away with him as their owner had not since returned; for, as

he could not read, he did not want them himself. The curate thanked

him, and opening them he saw at the beginning of the manuscript the

words, “Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo,” by which he perceived that

it was a novel, and as that of “The Ill-advised Curiosity” had been

good he concluded this would be so too, as they were both probably by

the same author; so he kept it, intending to read it when he had an

opportunity. He then mounted and his friend the barber did the same,

both masked, so as not to be recognised by Don Quixote, and set out

following in the rear of the cart. The order of march was this: first

went the cart with the owner leading it; at each side of it marched the

officers of the Brotherhood, as has been said, with their muskets; then

followed Sancho Panza on his ass, leading Rocinante by the bridle; and

behind all came the curate and the barber on their mighty mules, with

faces covered, as aforesaid, and a grave and serious air, measuring

their pace to suit the slow steps of the oxen. Don Quixote was seated

in the cage, with his hands tied and his feet stretched out, leaning

against the bars as silent and as patient as if he were a stone statue

and not a man of flesh. Thus slowly and silently they made, it might

be, two leagues, until they reached a valley which the carter thought a

convenient place for resting and feeding his oxen, and he said so to

the curate, but the barber was of opinion that they ought to push on a

little farther, as at the other side of a hill which appeared close by

he knew there was a valley that had more grass and much better than the

one where they proposed to halt; and his advice was taken and they

continued their journey.

Just at that moment the curate, looking back, saw coming on behind them

six or seven mounted men, well found and equipped, who soon overtook

them, for they were travelling, not at the sluggish, deliberate pace of

oxen, but like men who rode canons’ mules, and in haste to take their

noontide rest as soon as possible at the inn which was in sight not a

league off. The quick travellers came up with the slow, and courteous

salutations were exchanged; and one of the new comers, who was, in

fact, a canon of Toledo and master of the others who accompanied him,

observing the regular order of the procession, the cart, the officers,

Sancho, Rocinante, the curate and the barber, and above all Don Quixote

caged and confined, could not help asking what was the meaning of

carrying the man in that fashion; though, from the badges of the

officers, he already concluded that he must be some desperate

highwayman or other malefactor whose punishment fell within the

jurisdiction of the Holy Brotherhood. One of the officers to whom he

had put the question, replied, “Let the gentleman himself tell you the

meaning of his going this way, señor, for we do not know.”

Don Quixote overheard the conversation and said, “Haply, gentlemen, you

are versed and learned in matters of errant chivalry? Because if you

are I will tell you my misfortunes; if not, there is no good in my

giving myself the trouble of relating them;” but here the curate and

the barber, seeing that the travellers were engaged in conversation

with Don Quixote, came forward, in order to answer in such a way as to

save their stratagem from being discovered.

The canon, replying to Don Quixote, said, “In truth, brother, I know

more about books of chivalry than I do about Villalpando’s elements of

logic; so if that be all, you may safely tell me what you please.”

“In God’s name, then, señor,” replied Don Quixote; “if that be so, I

would have you know that I am held enchanted in this cage by the envy

and fraud of wicked enchanters; for virtue is more persecuted by the

wicked than loved by the good. I am a knight-errant, and not one of

those whose names Fame has never thought of immortalising in her

record, but of those who, in defiance and in spite of envy itself, and

all the magicians that Persia, or Brahmans that India, or Gymnosophists

that Ethiopia ever produced, will place their names in the temple of

immortality, to serve as examples and patterns for ages to come,

whereby knights-errant may see the footsteps in which they must tread

if they would attain the summit and crowning point of honour in arms.”

“What Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha says,” observed the curate, “is

the truth; for he goes enchanted in this cart, not from any fault or

sins of his, but because of the malevolence of those to whom virtue is

odious and valour hateful. This, señor, is the Knight of the Rueful

Countenance, if you have ever heard him named, whose valiant

achievements and mighty deeds shall be written on lasting brass and

imperishable marble, notwithstanding all the efforts of envy to obscure

them and malice to hide them.”

When the canon heard both the prisoner and the man who was at liberty

talk in such a strain he was ready to cross himself in his

astonishment, and could not make out what had befallen him; and all his

attendants were in the same state of amazement.

At this point Sancho Panza, who had drawn near to hear the

conversation, said, in order to make everything plain, “Well, sirs, you

may like or dislike what I am going to say, but the fact of the matter

is, my master, Don Quixote, is just as much enchanted as my mother. He

is in his full senses, he eats and he drinks, and he has his calls like

other men and as he had yesterday, before they caged him. And if that’s

the case, what do they mean by wanting me to believe that he is

enchanted? For I have heard many a one say that enchanted people

neither eat, nor sleep, nor talk; and my master, if you don’t stop him,

will talk more than thirty lawyers.” Then turning to the curate he

exclaimed, “Ah, señor curate, señor curate! do you think I don’t know

you? Do you think I don’t guess and see the drift of these new

enchantments? Well then, I can tell you I know you, for all your face

is covered, and I can tell you I am up to you, however you may hide

your tricks. After all, where envy reigns virtue cannot live, and where

there is niggardliness there can be no liberality. Ill betide the

devil! if it had not been for your worship my master would be married

to the Princess Micomicona this minute, and I should be a count at

least; for no less was to be expected, as well from the goodness of my

master, him of the Rueful Countenance, as from the greatness of my

services. But I see now how true it is what they say in these parts,

that the wheel of fortune turns faster than a mill-wheel, and that

those who were up yesterday are down to-day. I am sorry for my wife and

children, for when they might fairly and reasonably expect to see their

father return to them a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom,

they will see him come back a horse-boy. I have said all this, señor

curate, only to urge your paternity to lay to your conscience your

ill-treatment of my master; and have a care that God does not call you

to account in another life for making a prisoner of him in this way,

and charge against you all the succours and good deeds that my lord Don

Quixote leaves undone while he is shut up.

“Trim those lamps there!” exclaimed the barber at this; “so you are of

the same fraternity as your master, too, Sancho? By God, I begin to see

that you will have to keep him company in the cage, and be enchanted

like him for having caught some of his humour and chivalry. It was an

evil hour when you let yourself be got with child by his promises, and

that island you long so much for found its way into your head.”

“I am not with child by anyone,” returned Sancho, “nor am I a man to

let myself be got with child, if it was by the King himself. Though I

am poor I am an old Christian, and I owe nothing to nobody, and if I

long for an island, other people long for worse. Each of us is the son

of his own works; and being a man I may come to be pope, not to say

governor of an island, especially as my master may win so many that he

will not know whom to give them to. Mind how you talk, master barber;

for shaving is not everything, and there is some difference between

Peter and Peter. I say this because we all know one another, and it

will not do to throw false dice with me; and as to the enchantment of

my master, God knows the truth; leave it as it is; it only makes it

worse to stir it.”

The barber did not care to answer Sancho lest by his plain speaking he

should disclose what the curate and he himself were trying so hard to

conceal; and under the same apprehension the curate had asked the canon

to ride on a little in advance, so that he might tell him the mystery

of this man in the cage, and other things that would amuse him. The

canon agreed, and going on ahead with his servants, listened with

attention to the account of the character, life, madness, and ways of

Don Quixote, given him by the curate, who described to him briefly the

beginning and origin of his craze, and told him the whole story of his

adventures up to his being confined in the cage, together with the plan

they had of taking him home to try if by any means they could discover

a cure for his madness. The canon and his servants were surprised anew

when they heard Don Quixote’s strange story, and when it was finished

he said, “To tell the truth, señor curate, I for my part consider what

they call books of chivalry to be mischievous to the State; and though,

led by idle and false taste, I have read the beginnings of almost all

that have been printed, I never could manage to read any one of them

from beginning to end; for it seems to me they are all more or less the

same thing; and one has nothing more in it than another; this no more

than that. And in my opinion this sort of writing and composition is of

the same species as the fables they call the Milesian, nonsensical

tales that aim solely at giving amusement and not instruction, exactly

the opposite of the apologue fables which amuse and instruct at the

same time. And though it may be the chief object of such books to

amuse, I do not know how they can succeed, when they are so full of

such monstrous nonsense. For the enjoyment the mind feels must come

from the beauty and harmony which it perceives or contemplates in the

things that the eye or the imagination brings before it; and nothing

that has any ugliness or disproportion about it can give any pleasure.

What beauty, then, or what proportion of the parts to the whole, or of

the whole to the parts, can there be in a book or fable where a lad of

sixteen cuts down a giant as tall as a tower and makes two halves of

him as if he was an almond cake? And when they want to give us a

picture of a battle, after having told us that there are a million of

combatants on the side of the enemy, let the hero of the book be

opposed to them, and we have perforce to believe, whether we like it or

not, that the said knight wins the victory by the single might of his

strong arm. And then, what shall we say of the facility with which a

born queen or empress will give herself over into the arms of some

unknown wandering knight? What mind, that is not wholly barbarous and

uncultured, can find pleasure in reading of how a great tower full of

knights sails away across the sea like a ship with a fair wind, and

will be to-night in Lombardy and to-morrow morning in the land of

Prester John of the Indies, or some other that Ptolemy never described

nor Marco Polo saw? And if, in answer to this, I am told that the

authors of books of the kind write them as fiction, and therefore are

not bound to regard niceties of truth, I would reply that fiction is

all the better the more it looks like truth, and gives the more

pleasure the more probability and possibility there is about it. Plots

in fiction should be wedded to the understanding of the reader, and be

constructed in such a way that, reconciling impossibilities, smoothing

over difficulties, keeping the mind on the alert, they may surprise,

interest, divert, and entertain, so that wonder and delight joined may

keep pace one with the other; all which he will fail to effect who

shuns verisimilitude and truth to nature, wherein lies the perfection

of writing. I have never yet seen any book of chivalry that puts

together a connected plot complete in all its numbers, so that the

middle agrees with the beginning, and the end with the beginning and

middle; on the contrary, they construct them with such a multitude of

members that it seems as though they meant to produce a chimera or

monster rather than a well-proportioned figure. And besides all this

they are harsh in their style, incredible in their achievements,

licentious in their amours, uncouth in their courtly speeches, prolix

in their battles, silly in their arguments, absurd in their travels,

and, in short, wanting in everything like intelligent art; for which

reason they deserve to be banished from the Christian commonwealth as a

worthless breed.”

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Full Size

The curate listened to him attentively and felt that he was a man of

sound understanding, and that there was good reason in what he said; so

he told him that, being of the same opinion himself, and bearing a

grudge to books of chivalry, he had burned all Don Quixote’s, which

were many; and gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made of them,

and of those he had condemned to the flames and those he had spared,

with which the canon was not a little amused, adding that though he had

said so much in condemnation of these books, still he found one good

thing in them, and that was the opportunity they afforded to a gifted

intellect for displaying itself; for they presented a wide and spacious

field over which the pen might range freely, describing shipwrecks,

tempests, combats, battles, portraying a valiant captain with all the

qualifications requisite to make one, showing him sagacious in

foreseeing the wiles of the enemy, eloquent in speech to encourage or

restrain his soldiers, ripe in counsel, rapid in resolve, as bold in

biding his time as in pressing the attack; now picturing some sad

tragic incident, now some joyful and unexpected event; here a beauteous

lady, virtuous, wise, and modest; there a Christian knight, brave and

gentle; here a lawless, barbarous braggart; there a courteous prince,

gallant and gracious; setting forth the devotion and loyalty of

vassals, the greatness and generosity of nobles. “Or again,” said he,

“the author may show himself to be an astronomer, or a skilled

cosmographer, or musician, or one versed in affairs of state, and

sometimes he will have a chance of coming forward as a magician if he

likes. He can set forth the craftiness of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas,

the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of

Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the generosity of Alexander, the

boldness of Cæsar, the clemency and truth of Trajan, the fidelity of

Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and in short all the faculties that serve

to make an illustrious man perfect, now uniting them in one individual,

again distributing them among many; and if this be done with charm of

style and ingenious invention, aiming at the truth as much as possible,

he will assuredly weave a web of bright and varied threads that, when

finished, will display such perfection and beauty that it will attain

the worthiest object any writing can seek, which, as I said before, is

to give instruction and pleasure combined; for the unrestricted range

of these books enables the author to show his powers, epic, lyric,

tragic, or comic, and all the moods the sweet and winning arts of poesy

and oratory are capable of; for the epic may be written in prose just

as well as in verse.”

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CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN WHICH THE CANON PURSUES THE SUBJECT OF THE BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, WITH

OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF HIS WIT

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“It is as you say, señor canon,” said the curate; “and for that reason

those who have hitherto written books of the sort deserve all the more

censure for writing without paying any attention to good taste or the

rules of art, by which they might guide themselves and become as famous

in prose as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are in verse.”

“I myself, at any rate,” said the canon, “was once tempted to write a

book of chivalry in which all the points I have mentioned were to be

observed; and if I must own the truth I have more than a hundred sheets

written; and to try if it came up to my own opinion of it, I showed

them to persons who were fond of this kind of reading, to learned and

intelligent men as well as to ignorant people who cared for nothing but

the pleasure of listening to nonsense, and from all I obtained

flattering approval; nevertheless I proceeded no farther with it, as

well because it seemed to me an occupation inconsistent with my

profession, as because I perceived that the fools are more numerous

than the wise; and, though it is better to be praised by the wise few

than applauded by the foolish many, I have no mind to submit myself to

the stupid judgment of the silly public, to whom the reading of such

books falls for the most part.

“But what most of all made me hold my hand and even abandon all idea of

finishing it was an argument I put to myself taken from the plays that

are acted now-a-days, which was in this wise: if those that are now in

vogue, as well those that are pure invention as those founded on

history, are, all or most of them, downright nonsense and things that

have neither head nor tail, and yet the public listens to them with

delight, and regards and cries them up as perfection when they are so

far from it; and if the authors who write them, and the players who act

them, say that this is what they must be, for the public wants this and

will have nothing else; and that those that go by rule and work out a

plot according to the laws of art will only find some half-dozen

intelligent people to understand them, while all the rest remain blind

to the merit of their composition; and that for themselves it is better

to get bread from the many than praise from the few; then my book will

fare the same way, after I have burnt off my eyebrows in trying to

observe the principles I have spoken of, and I shall be ‘the tailor of

the corner.’ And though I have sometimes endeavoured to convince actors

that they are mistaken in this notion they have adopted, and that they

would attract more people, and get more credit, by producing plays in

accordance with the rules of art, than by absurd ones, they are so

thoroughly wedded to their own opinion that no argument or evidence can

wean them from it.

“I remember saying one day to one of these obstinate fellows, ‘Tell me,

do you not recollect that a few years ago, there were three tragedies

acted in Spain, written by a famous poet of these kingdoms, which were

such that they filled all who heard them with admiration, delight, and

interest, the ignorant as well as the wise, the masses as well as the

higher orders, and brought in more money to the performers, these three

alone, than thirty of the best that have been since produced?’

“‘No doubt,’ replied the actor in question, ‘you mean the “Isabella,”

the “Phyllis,” and the “Alexandra.”’

“‘Those are the ones I mean,’ said I; ‘and see if they did not observe

the principles of art, and if, by observing them, they failed to show

their superiority and please all the world; so that the fault does not

lie with the public that insists upon nonsense, but with those who

don’t know how to produce something else. “The Ingratitude Revenged”

was not nonsense, nor was there any in “The Numantia,” nor any to be

found in “The Merchant Lover,” nor yet in “The Friendly Fair Foe,” nor

in some others that have been written by certain gifted poets, to their

own fame and renown, and to the profit of those that brought them out;’

some further remarks I added to these, with which, I think, I left him

rather dumbfoundered, but not so satisfied or convinced that I could

disabuse him of his error.”

“You have touched upon a subject, señor canon,” observed the curate

here, “that has awakened an old enmity I have against the plays in

vogue at the present day, quite as strong as that which I bear to the

books of chivalry; for while the drama, according to Tully, should be

the mirror of human life, the model of manners, and the image of the

truth, those which are presented now-a-days are mirrors of nonsense,

models of folly, and images of lewdness. For what greater nonsense can

there be in connection with what we are now discussing than for an

infant to appear in swaddling clothes in the first scene of the first

act, and in the second a grown-up bearded man? Or what greater

absurdity can there be than putting before us an old man as a

swashbuckler, a young man as a poltroon, a lackey using fine language,

a page giving sage advice, a king plying as a porter, a princess who is

a kitchen-maid? And then what shall I say of their attention to the

time in which the action they represent may or can take place, save

that I have seen a play where the first act began in Europe, the second

in Asia, the third finished in Africa, and no doubt, had it been in

four acts, the fourth would have ended in America, and so it would have

been laid in all four quarters of the globe? And if truth to life is

the main thing the drama should keep in view, how is it possible for

any average understanding to be satisfied when the action is supposed

to pass in the time of King Pepin or Charlemagne, and the principal

personage in it they represent to be the Emperor Heraclius who entered

Jerusalem with the cross and won the Holy Sepulchre, like Godfrey of

Bouillon, there being years innumerable between the one and the other?

or, if the play is based on fiction and historical facts are

introduced, or bits of what occurred to different people and at

different times mixed up with it, all, not only without any semblance

of probability, but with obvious errors that from every point of view

are inexcusable? And the worst of it is, there are ignorant people who

say that this is perfection, and that anything beyond this is affected

refinement. And then if we turn to sacred dramas—what miracles they

invent in them! What apocryphal, ill-devised incidents, attributing to

one saint the miracles of another! And even in secular plays they

venture to introduce miracles without any reason or object except that

they think some such miracle, or transformation as they call it, will

come in well to astonish stupid people and draw them to the play. All

this tends to the prejudice of the truth and the corruption of history,

nay more, to the reproach of the wits of Spain; for foreigners who

scrupulously observe the laws of the drama look upon us as barbarous

and ignorant, when they see the absurdity and nonsense of the plays we

produce. Nor will it be a sufficient excuse to say that the chief

object well-ordered governments have in view when they permit plays to

be performed in public is to entertain the people with some harmless

amusement occasionally, and keep it from those evil humours which

idleness is apt to engender; and that, as this may be attained by any

sort of play, good or bad, there is no need to lay down laws, or bind

those who write or act them to make them as they ought to be made,

since, as I say, the object sought for may be secured by any sort. To

this I would reply that the same end would be, beyond all comparison,

better attained by means of good plays than by those that are not so;

for after listening to an artistic and properly constructed play, the

hearer will come away enlivened by the jests, instructed by the serious

parts, full of admiration at the incidents, his wits sharpened by the

arguments, warned by the tricks, all the wiser for the examples,

inflamed against vice, and in love with virtue; for in all these ways a

good play will stimulate the mind of the hearer be he ever so boorish

or dull; and of all impossibilities the greatest is that a play endowed

with all these qualities will not entertain, satisfy, and please much

more than one wanting in them, like the greater number of those which

are commonly acted now-a-days. Nor are the poets who write them to be

blamed for this; for some there are among them who are perfectly well

aware of their faults, and know what they ought to do; but as plays

have become a salable commodity, they say, and with truth, that the

actors will not buy them unless they are after this fashion; and so the

poet tries to adapt himself to the requirements of the actor who is to

pay him for his work. And that this is the truth may be seen by the

countless plays that a most fertile wit of these kingdoms has written,

with so much brilliancy, so much grace and gaiety, such polished

versification, such choice language, such profound reflections, and in

a word, so rich in eloquence and elevation of style, that he has filled

the world with his fame; and yet, in consequence of his desire to suit

the taste of the actors, they have not all, as some of them have, come

as near perfection as they ought. Others write plays with such

heedlessness that, after they have been acted, the actors have to fly

and abscond, afraid of being punished, as they often have been, for

having acted something offensive to some king or other, or insulting to

some noble family. All which evils, and many more that I say nothing

of, would be removed if there were some intelligent and sensible person

at the capital to examine all plays before they were acted, not only

those produced in the capital itself, but all that were intended to be

acted in Spain; without whose approval, seal, and signature, no local

magistracy should allow any play to be acted. In that case actors would

take care to send their plays to the capital, and could act them in

safety, and those who write them would be more careful and take more

pains with their work, standing in awe of having to submit it to the

strict examination of one who understood the matter; and so good plays

would be produced and the objects they aim at happily attained; as well

the amusement of the people, as the credit of the wits of Spain, the

interest and safety of the actors, and the saving of trouble in

inflicting punishment on them. And if the same or some other person

were authorised to examine the newly written books of chivalry, no

doubt some would appear with all the perfections you have described,

enriching our language with the gracious and precious treasure of

eloquence, and driving the old books into obscurity before the light of

the new ones that would come out for the harmless entertainment, not

merely of the idle but of the very busiest; for the bow cannot be

always bent, nor can weak human nature exist without some lawful

amusement.”

The canon and the curate had proceeded thus far with their

conversation, when the barber, coming forward, joined them, and said to

the curate, “This is the spot, señor licentiate, that I said was a good

one for fresh and plentiful pasture for the oxen, while we take our

noontide rest.”

“And so it seems,” returned the curate, and he told the canon what he

proposed to do, on which he too made up his mind to halt with them,

attracted by the aspect of the fair valley that lay before their eyes;

and to enjoy it as well as the conversation of the curate, to whom he

had begun to take a fancy, and also to learn more particulars about the

doings of Don Quixote, he desired some of his servants to go on to the

inn, which was not far distant, and fetch from it what eatables there

might be for the whole party, as he meant to rest for the afternoon

where he was; to which one of his servants replied that the sumpter

mule, which by this time ought to have reached the inn, carried

provisions enough to make it unnecessary to get anything from the inn

except barley.

“In that case,” said the canon, “take all the beasts there, and bring

the sumpter mule back.”

While this was going on, Sancho, perceiving that he could speak to his

master without having the curate and the barber, of whom he had his

suspicions, present all the time, approached the cage in which Don

Quixote was placed, and said, “Señor, to ease my conscience I want to

tell you the state of the case as to your enchantment, and that is that

these two here, with their faces covered, are the curate of our village

and the barber; and I suspect they have hit upon this plan of carrying

you off in this fashion, out of pure envy because your worship

surpasses them in doing famous deeds; and if this be the truth it

follows that you are not enchanted, but hoodwinked and made a fool of.

And to prove this I want to ask you one thing; and if you answer me as

I believe you will answer, you will be able to lay your finger on the

trick, and you will see that you are not enchanted but gone wrong in

your wits.”

“Ask what thou wilt, Sancho my son,” returned Don Quixote, “for I will

satisfy thee and answer all thou requirest. As to what thou sayest,

that these who accompany us yonder are the curate and the barber, our

neighbours and acquaintances, it is very possible that they may seem to

be those same persons; but that they are so in reality and in fact,

believe it not on any account; what thou art to believe and think is

that, if they look like them, as thou sayest, it must be that those who

have enchanted me have taken this shape and likeness; for it is easy

for enchanters to take any form they please, and they may have taken

those of our friends in order to make thee think as thou dost, and lead

thee into a labyrinth of fancies from which thou wilt find no escape

though thou hadst the cord of Theseus; and they may also have done it

to make me uncertain in my mind, and unable to conjecture whence this

evil comes to me; for if on the one hand thou dost tell me that the

barber and curate of our village are here in company with us, and on

the other I find myself shut up in a cage, and know in my heart that no

power on earth that was not supernatural would have been able to shut

me in, what wouldst thou have me say or think, but that my enchantment

is of a sort that transcends all I have ever read of in all the

histories that deal with knights-errant that have been enchanted? So

thou mayest set thy mind at rest as to the idea that they are what thou

sayest, for they are as much so as I am a Turk. But touching thy desire

to ask me something, say on, and I will answer thee, though thou

shouldst ask questions from this till to-morrow morning.”

“May Our Lady be good to me!” said Sancho, lifting up his voice; “and

is it possible that your worship is so thick of skull and so short of

brains that you cannot see that what I say is the simple truth, and

that malice has more to do with your imprisonment and misfortune than

enchantment? But as it is so, I will prove plainly to you that you are

not enchanted. Now tell me, so may God deliver you from this

affliction, and so may you find yourself when you least expect it in

the arms of my lady Dulcinea—”

“Leave off conjuring me,” said Don Quixote, “and ask what thou wouldst

know; I have already told thee I will answer with all possible

precision.”

“That is what I want,” said Sancho; “and what I would know, and have

you tell me, without adding or leaving out anything, but telling the

whole truth as one expects it to be told, and as it is told, by all who

profess arms, as your worship professes them, under the title of

knights-errant—”

“I tell thee I will not lie in any particular,” said Don Quixote;

“finish thy question; for in truth thou weariest me with all these

asseverations, requirements, and precautions, Sancho.”

“Well, I rely on the goodness and truth of my master,” said Sancho;

“and so, because it bears upon what we are talking about, I would ask,

speaking with all reverence, whether since your worship has been shut

up and, as you think, enchanted in this cage, you have felt any desire

or inclination to go anywhere, as the saying is?”

“I do not understand ‘going anywhere,’” said Don Quixote; “explain

thyself more clearly, Sancho, if thou wouldst have me give an answer to

the point.”

“Is it possible,” said Sancho, “that your worship does not understand

‘going anywhere’? Why, the schoolboys know that from the time they were

babes. Well then, you must know I mean have you had any desire to do

what cannot be avoided?”

“Ah! now I understand thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “yes, often, and

even this minute; get me out of this strait, or all will not go right.”

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CHAPTER XLIX.

WHICH TREATS OF THE SHREWD CONVERSATION WHICH SANCHO PANZA HELD WITH

HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE

c49a.jpg (181K)

Full Size

“Aha, I have caught you,” said Sancho; “this is what in my heart and

soul I was longing to know. Come now, señor, can you deny what is

commonly said around us, when a person is out of humour, ‘I don’t know

what ails so-and-so, that he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor

gives a proper answer to any question; one would think he was

enchanted’? From which it is to be gathered that those who do not eat,

or drink, or sleep, or do any of the natural acts I am speaking of—that

such persons are enchanted; but not those that have the desire your

worship has, and drink when drink is given them, and eat when there is

anything to eat, and answer every question that is asked them.”

“What thou sayest is true, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “but I have

already told thee there are many sorts of enchantments, and it may be

that in the course of time they have been changed one for another, and

that now it may be the way with enchanted people to do all that I do,

though they did not do so before; so it is vain to argue or draw

inferences against the usage of the time. I know and feel that I am

enchanted, and that is enough to ease my conscience; for it would weigh

heavily on it if I thought that I was not enchanted, and that in a

faint-hearted and cowardly way I allowed myself to lie in this cage,

defrauding multitudes of the succour I might afford to those in need

and distress, who at this very moment may be in sore want of my aid and

protection.”

“Still for all that,” replied Sancho, “I say that, for your greater and

fuller satisfaction, it would be well if your worship were to try to

get out of this prison (and I promise to do all in my power to help,

and even to take you out of it), and see if you could once more mount

your good Rocinante, who seems to be enchanted too, he is so melancholy

and dejected; and then we might try our chance in looking for

adventures again; and if we have no luck there will be time enough to

go back to the cage; in which, on the faith of a good and loyal squire,

I promise to shut myself up along with your worship, if so be you are

so unfortunate, or I so stupid, as not to be able to carry out my

plan.”

“I am content to do as thou sayest, brother Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“and when thou seest an opportunity for effecting my release I will

obey thee absolutely; but thou wilt see, Sancho, how mistaken thou art

in thy conception of my misfortune.”

The knight-errant and the ill-errant squire kept up their conversation

till they reached the place where the curate, the canon, and the

barber, who had already dismounted, were waiting for them. The carter

at once unyoked the oxen and left them to roam at large about the

pleasant green spot, the freshness of which seemed to invite, not

enchanted people like Don Quixote, but wide-awake, sensible folk like

his squire, who begged the curate to allow his master to leave the cage

for a little; for if they did not let him out, the prison might not be

as clean as the propriety of such a gentleman as his master required.

The curate understood him, and said he would very gladly comply with

his request, only that he feared his master, finding himself at

liberty, would take to his old courses and make off where nobody could

ever find him again.

“I will answer for his not running away,” said Sancho.

“And I also,” said the canon, “especially if he gives me his word as a

knight not to leave us without our consent.”

Don Quixote, who was listening to all this, said, “I give it;—moreover

one who is enchanted as I am cannot do as he likes with himself; for he

who had enchanted him could prevent his moving from one place for three

ages, and if he attempted to escape would bring him back flying.”—And

that being so, they might as well release him, particularly as it would

be to the advantage of all; for, if they did not let him out, he

protested he would be unable to avoid offending their nostrils unless

they kept their distance.

The canon took his hand, tied together as they both were, and on his

word and promise they unbound him, and rejoiced beyond measure he was

to find himself out of the cage. The first thing he did was to stretch

himself all over, and then he went to where Rocinante was standing and

giving him a couple of slaps on the haunches said, “I still trust in

God and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we

shall soon see ourselves, both of us, as we wish to be, thou with thy

master on thy back, and I mounted upon thee, following the calling for

which God sent me into the world.” And so saying, accompanied by

Sancho, he withdrew to a retired spot, from which he came back much

relieved and more eager than ever to put his squire’s scheme into

execution.

The canon gazed at him, wondering at the extraordinary nature of his

madness, and that in all his remarks and replies he should show such

excellent sense, and only lose his stirrups, as has been already said,

when the subject of chivalry was broached. And so, moved by compassion,

he said to him, as they all sat on the green grass awaiting the arrival

of the provisions:

“Is it possible, gentle sir, that the nauseous and idle reading of

books of chivalry can have had such an effect on your worship as to

upset your reason so that you fancy yourself enchanted, and the like,

all as far from the truth as falsehood itself is? How can there be any

human understanding that can persuade itself there ever was all that

infinity of Amadises in the world, or all that multitude of famous

knights, all those emperors of Trebizond, all those Felixmartes of

Hircania, all those palfreys, and damsels-errant, and serpents, and

monsters, and giants, and marvellous adventures, and enchantments of

every kind, and battles, and prodigious encounters, splendid costumes,

love-sick princesses, squires made counts, droll dwarfs, love letters,

billings and cooings, swashbuckler women, and, in a word, all that

nonsense the books of chivalry contain? For myself, I can only say that

when I read them, so long as I do not stop to think that they are all

lies and frivolity, they give me a certain amount of pleasure; but when

I come to consider what they are, I fling the very best of them at the

wall, and would fling it into the fire if there were one at hand, as

richly deserving such punishment as cheats and impostors out of the

range of ordinary toleration, and as founders of new sects and modes of

life, and teachers that lead the ignorant public to believe and accept

as truth all the folly they contain. And such is their audacity, they

even dare to unsettle the wits of gentlemen of birth and intelligence,

as is shown plainly by the way they have served your worship, when they

have brought you to such a pass that you have to be shut up in a cage

and carried on an ox-cart as one would carry a lion or a tiger from

place to place to make money by showing it. Come, Señor Don Quixote,

have some compassion for yourself, return to the bosom of common sense,

and make use of the liberal share of it that heaven has been pleased to

bestow upon you, employing your abundant gifts of mind in some other

reading that may serve to benefit your conscience and add to your

honour. And if, still led away by your natural bent, you desire to read

books of achievements and of chivalry, read the Book of Judges in the

Holy Scriptures, for there you will find grand reality, and deeds as

true as they are heroic. Lusitania had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar,

Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Count Fernan

Gonzalez, Valencia a Cid, Andalusia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Estremadura a

Diego García de Paredes, Jerez a Garci Perez de Vargas, Toledo a

Garcilaso, Seville a Don Manuel de Leon, to read of whose valiant deeds

will entertain and instruct the loftiest minds and fill them with

delight and wonder. Here, Señor Don Quixote, will be reading worthy of

your sound understanding; from which you will rise learned in history,

in love with virtue, strengthened in goodness, improved in manners,

brave without rashness, prudent without cowardice; and all to the

honour of God, your own advantage and the glory of La Mancha, whence, I

am informed, your worship derives your birth.”

Don Quixote listened with the greatest attention to the canon’s words,

and when he found he had finished, after regarding him for some time,

he replied to him:

“It appears to me, gentle sir, that your worship’s discourse is

intended to persuade me that there never were any knights-errant in the

world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous

and useless to the State, and that I have done wrong in reading them,

and worse in believing them, and still worse in imitating them, when I

undertook to follow the arduous calling of knight-errantry which they

set forth; for you deny that there ever were Amadises of Gaul or of

Greece, or any other of the knights of whom the books are full.”

“It is all exactly as you state it,” said the canon; to which Don

Quixote returned, “You also went on to say that books of this kind had

done me much harm, inasmuch as they had upset my senses, and shut me up

in a cage, and that it would be better for me to reform and change my

studies, and read other truer books which would afford more pleasure

and instruction.”

“Just so,” said the canon.

“Well then,” returned Don Quixote, “to my mind it is you who are the

one that is out of his wits and enchanted, as you have ventured to

utter such blasphemies against a thing so universally acknowledged and

accepted as true that whoever denies it, as you do, deserves the same

punishment which you say you inflict on the books that irritate you

when you read them. For to try to persuade anybody that Amadis, and all

the other knights-adventurers with whom the books are filled, never

existed, would be like trying to persuade him that the sun does not

yield light, or ice cold, or earth nourishment. What wit in the world

can persuade another that the story of the Princess Floripes and Guy of

Burgundy is not true, or that of Fierabras and the bridge of Mantible,

which happened in the time of Charlemagne? For by all that is good it

is as true as that it is daylight now; and if it be a lie, it must be a

lie too that there was a Hector, or Achilles, or Trojan war, or Twelve

Peers of France, or Arthur of England, who still lives changed into a

raven, and is unceasingly looked for in his kingdom. One might just as

well try to make out that the history of Guarino Mezquino, or of the

quest of the Holy Grail, is false, or that the loves of Tristram and

the Queen Yseult are apocryphal, as well as those of Guinevere and

Lancelot, when there are persons who can almost remember having seen

the Dame Quintañona, who was the best cupbearer in Great Britain. And

so true is this, that I recollect a grandmother of mine on the father’s

side, whenever she saw any dame in a venerable hood, used to say to me,

‘Grandson, that one is like Dame Quintañona,’ from which I conclude

that she must have known her, or at least had managed to see some

portrait of her. Then who can deny that the story of Pierres and the

fair Magalona is true, when even to this day may be seen in the king’s

armoury the pin with which the valiant Pierres guided the wooden horse

he rode through the air, and it is a trifle bigger than the pole of a

cart? And alongside of the pin is Babieca’s saddle, and at Roncesvalles

there is Roland’s horn, as large as a large beam; whence we may infer

that there were Twelve Peers, and a Pierres, and a Cid, and other

knights like them, of the sort people commonly call adventurers. Or

perhaps I shall be told, too, that there was no such knight-errant as

the valiant Lusitanian Juan de Merlo, who went to Burgundy and in the

city of Arras fought with the famous lord of Charny, Mosen Pierres by

name, and afterwards in the city of Basle with Mosen Enrique de

Remesten, coming out of both encounters covered with fame and honour;

or adventures and challenges achieved and delivered, also in Burgundy,

by the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (of whose

family I come in the direct male line), when they vanquished the sons

of the Count of San Polo. I shall be told, too, that Don Fernando de

Guevara did not go in quest of adventures to Germany, where he engaged

in combat with Micer George, a knight of the house of the Duke of

Austria. I shall be told that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones, him of

the ‘Paso,’ and the emprise of Mosen Luis de Falces against the

Castilian knight, Don Gonzalo de Guzman, were mere mockeries; as well

as many other achievements of Christian knights of these and foreign

realms, which are so authentic and true, that, I repeat, he who denies

them must be totally wanting in reason and good sense.”

The canon was amazed to hear the medley of truth and fiction Don

Quixote uttered, and to see how well acquainted he was with everything

relating or belonging to the achievements of his knight-errantry; so he

said in reply:

“I cannot deny, Señor Don Quixote, that there is some truth in what you

say, especially as regards the Spanish knights-errant; and I am willing

to grant too that the Twelve Peers of France existed, but I am not

disposed to believe that they did all the things that the Archbishop

Turpin relates of them. For the truth of the matter is they were

knights chosen by the kings of France, and called ‘Peers’ because they

were all equal in worth, rank and prowess (at least if they were not

they ought to have been), and it was a kind of religious order like

those of Santiago and Calatrava in the present day, in which it is

assumed that those who take it are valiant knights of distinction and

good birth; and just as we say now a Knight of St. John, or of

Alcántara, they used to say then a Knight of the Twelve Peers, because

twelve equals were chosen for that military order. That there was a

Cid, as well as a Bernardo del Carpio, there can be no doubt; but that

they did the deeds people say they did, I hold to be very doubtful. In

that other matter of the pin of Count Pierres that you speak of, and

say is near Babieca’s saddle in the Armoury, I confess my sin; for I am

either so stupid or so short-sighted, that, though I have seen the

saddle, I have never been able to see the pin, in spite of it being as

big as your worship says it is.”

“For all that it is there, without any manner of doubt,” said Don

Quixote; “and more by token they say it is inclosed in a sheath of

cowhide to keep it from rusting.”

“All that may be,” replied the canon; “but, by the orders I have

received, I do not remember seeing it. However, granting it is there,

that is no reason why I am bound to believe the stories of all those

Amadises and of all that multitude of knights they tell us about, nor

is it reasonable that a man like your worship, so worthy, and with so

many good qualities, and endowed with such a good understanding, should

allow himself to be persuaded that such wild crazy things as are

written in those absurd books of chivalry are really true.”

c49e.jpg (22K)

CHAPTER L.

OF THE SHREWD CONTROVERSY WHICH DON QUIXOTE AND THE CANON HELD,

TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS

c50a.jpg (160K)

Full Size

“A good joke, that!” returned Don Quixote. “Books that have been

printed with the king’s licence, and with the approbation of those to

whom they have been submitted, and read with universal delight, and

extolled by great and small, rich and poor, learned and ignorant,

gentle and simple, in a word by people of every sort, of whatever rank

or condition they may be—that these should be lies! And above all when

they carry such an appearance of truth with them; for they tell us the

father, mother, country, kindred, age, place, and the achievements,

step by step, and day by day, performed by such a knight or knights!

Hush, sir; utter not such blasphemy; trust me I am advising you now to

act as a sensible man should; only read them, and you will see the

pleasure you will derive from them. For, come, tell me, can there be

anything more delightful than to see, as it were, here now displayed

before us a vast lake of bubbling pitch with a host of snakes and

serpents and lizards, and ferocious and terrible creatures of all sorts

swimming about in it, while from the middle of the lake there comes a

plaintive voice saying: ‘Knight, whosoever thou art who beholdest this

dread lake, if thou wouldst win the prize that lies hidden beneath

these dusky waves, prove the valour of thy stout heart and cast thyself

into the midst of its dark burning waters, else thou shalt not be

worthy to see the mighty wonders contained in the seven castles of the

seven Fays that lie beneath this black expanse;’ and then the knight,

almost ere the awful voice has ceased, without stopping to consider,

without pausing to reflect upon the danger to which he is exposing

himself, without even relieving himself of the weight of his massive

armour, commending himself to God and to his lady, plunges into the

midst of the boiling lake, and when he little looks for it, or knows

what his fate is to be, he finds himself among flowery meadows, with

which the Elysian fields are not to be compared.

c50b.jpg (344K)

Full Size

“The sky seems more transparent there, and the sun shines with a

strange brilliancy, and a delightful grove of green leafy trees

presents itself to the eyes and charms the sight with its verdure,

while the ear is soothed by the sweet untutored melody of the countless

birds of gay plumage that flit to and fro among the interlacing

branches. Here he sees a brook whose limpid waters, like liquid

crystal, ripple over fine sands and white pebbles that look like sifted

gold and purest pearls. There he perceives a cunningly wrought fountain

of many-coloured jasper and polished marble; here another of rustic

fashion where the little mussel-shells and the spiral white and yellow

mansions of the snail disposed in studious disorder, mingled with

fragments of glittering crystal and mock emeralds, make up a work of

varied aspect, where art, imitating nature, seems to have outdone it.

c50c.jpg (334K)

Full Size

“Suddenly there is presented to his sight a strong castle or gorgeous

palace with walls of massy gold, turrets of diamond and gates of

jacinth; in short, so marvellous is its structure that though the

materials of which it is built are nothing less than diamonds,

carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, the workmanship is

still more rare. And after having seen all this, what can be more

charming than to see how a bevy of damsels comes forth from the gate of

the castle in gay and gorgeous attire, such that, were I to set myself

now to depict it as the histories describe it to us, I should never

have done; and then how she who seems to be the first among them all

takes the bold knight who plunged into the boiling lake by the hand,

and without addressing a word to him leads him into the rich palace or

castle, and strips him as naked as when his mother bore him, and bathes

him in lukewarm water, and anoints him all over with sweet-smelling

unguents, and clothes him in a shirt of the softest sendal, all scented

and perfumed, while another damsel comes and throws over his shoulders

a mantle which is said to be worth at the very least a city, and even

more? How charming it is, then, when they tell us how, after all this,

they lead him to another chamber where he finds the tables set out in

such style that he is filled with amazement and wonder; to see how they

pour out water for his hands distilled from amber and sweet-scented

flowers; how they seat him on an ivory chair; to see how the damsels

wait on him all in profound silence; how they bring him such a variety

of dainties so temptingly prepared that the appetite is at a loss which

to select; to hear the music that resounds while he is at table, by

whom or whence produced he knows not. And then when the repast is over

and the tables removed, for the knight to recline in the chair, picking

his teeth perhaps as usual, and a damsel, much lovelier than any of the

others, to enter unexpectedly by the chamber door, and herself by his

side, and begin to tell him what the castle is, and how she is held

enchanted there, and other things that amaze the knight and astonish

the readers who are perusing his history.

c50d.jpg (433K)

Full Size

“But I will not expatiate any further upon this, as it may be gathered

from it that whatever part of whatever history of a knight-errant one

reads, it will fill the reader, whoever he be, with delight and wonder;

and take my advice, sir, and, as I said before, read these books and

you will see how they will banish any melancholy you may feel and raise

your spirits should they be depressed. For myself I can say that since

I have been a knight-errant I have become valiant, polite, generous,

well-bred, magnanimous, courteous, dauntless, gentle, patient, and have

learned to bear hardships, imprisonments, and enchantments; and though

it be such a short time since I have seen myself shut up in a cage like

a madman, I hope by the might of my arm, if heaven aid me and fortune

thwart me not, to see myself king of some kingdom where I may be able

to show the gratitude and generosity that dwell in my heart; for by my

faith, señor, the poor man is incapacitated from showing the virtue of

generosity to anyone, though he may possess it in the highest degree;

and gratitude that consists of disposition only is a dead thing, just

as faith without works is dead. For this reason I should be glad were

fortune soon to offer me some opportunity of making myself an emperor,

so as to show my heart in doing good to my friends, particularly to

this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best fellow in the world;

and I would gladly give him a county I have promised him this ever so

long, only that I am afraid he has not the capacity to govern his

realm.”

Sancho partly heard these last words of his master, and said to him,

“Strive hard you, Señor Don Quixote, to give me that county so often

promised by you and so long looked for by me, for I promise you there

will be no want of capacity in me to govern it; and even if there is, I

have heard say there are men in the world who farm seigniories, paying

so much a year, and they themselves taking charge of the government,

while the lord, with his legs stretched out, enjoys the revenue they

pay him, without troubling himself about anything else. That’s what

I’ll do, and not stand haggling over trifles, but wash my hands at once

of the whole business, and enjoy my rents like a duke, and let things

go their own way.”

“That, brother Sancho,” said the canon, “only holds good as far as the

enjoyment of the revenue goes; but the lord of the seigniory must

attend to the administration of justice, and here capacity and sound

judgment come in, and above all a firm determination to find out the

truth; for if this be wanting in the beginning, the middle and the end

will always go wrong; and God as commonly aids the honest intentions of

the simple as he frustrates the evil designs of the crafty.”

“I don’t understand those philosophies,” returned Sancho Panza; “all I

know is I would I had the county as soon as I shall know how to govern

it; for I have as much soul as another, and as much body as anyone, and

I shall be as much king of my realm as any other of his; and being so I

should do as I liked, and doing as I liked I should please myself, and

pleasing myself I should be content, and when one is content he has

nothing more to desire, and when one has nothing more to desire there

is an end of it; so let the county come, and God be with you, and let

us see one another, as one blind man said to the other.”

“That is not bad philosophy thou art talking, Sancho,” said the canon;

“but for all that there is a good deal to be said on this matter of

counties.”

To which Don Quixote returned, “I know not what more there is to be

said; I only guide myself by the example set me by the great Amadis of

Gaul, when he made his squire count of the Insula Firme; and so,

without any scruples of conscience, I can make a count of Sancho Panza,

for he is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had.”

The canon was astonished at the methodical nonsense (if nonsense be

capable of method) that Don Quixote uttered, at the way in which he had

described the adventure of the knight of the lake, at the impression

that the deliberate lies of the books he read had made upon him, and

lastly he marvelled at the simplicity of Sancho, who desired so eagerly

to obtain the county his master had promised him.

By this time the canon’s servants, who had gone to the inn to fetch the

sumpter mule, had returned, and making a carpet and the green grass of

the meadow serve as a table, they seated themselves in the shade of

some trees and made their repast there, that the carter might not be

deprived of the advantage of the spot, as has been already said. As

they were eating they suddenly heard a loud noise and the sound of a

bell that seemed to come from among some brambles and thick bushes that

were close by, and the same instant they observed a beautiful goat,

spotted all over black, white, and brown, spring out of the thicket

with a goatherd after it, calling to it and uttering the usual cries to

make it stop or turn back to the fold. The fugitive goat, scared and

frightened, ran towards the company as if seeking their protection and

then stood still, and the goatherd coming up seized it by the horns and

began to talk to it as if it were possessed of reason and

understanding: “Ah wanderer, wanderer, Spotty, Spotty; how have you

gone limping all this time? What wolves have frightened you, my

daughter? Won’t you tell me what is the matter, my beauty? But what

else can it be except that you are a she, and cannot keep quiet? A

plague on your humours and the humours of those you take after! Come

back, come back, my darling; and if you will not be so happy, at any

rate you will be safe in the fold or with your companions; for if you

who ought to keep and lead them, go wandering astray, what will become

of them?”

The goatherd’s talk amused all who heard it, but especially the canon,

who said to him, “As you live, brother, take it easy, and be not in

such a hurry to drive this goat back to the fold; for, being a female,

as you say, she will follow her natural instinct in spite of all you

can do to prevent it. Take this morsel and drink a sup, and that will

soothe your irritation, and in the meantime the goat will rest

herself,” and so saying, he handed him the loins of a cold rabbit on a

fork.

The goatherd took it with thanks, and drank and calmed himself, and

then said, “I should be sorry if your worships were to take me for a

simpleton for having spoken so seriously as I did to this animal; but

the truth is there is a certain mystery in the words I used. I am a

clown, but not so much of one but that I know how to behave to men and

to beasts.”

“That I can well believe,” said the curate, “for I know already by

experience that the woods breed men of learning, and shepherds’ huts

harbour philosophers.”

“At all events, señor,” returned the goatherd, “they shelter men of

experience; and that you may see the truth of this and grasp it, though

I may seem to put myself forward without being asked, I will, if it

will not tire you, gentlemen, and you will give me your attention for a

little, tell you a true story which will confirm this gentleman’s word

(and he pointed to the curate) as well as my own.”

To this Don Quixote replied, “Seeing that this affair has a certain

colour of chivalry about it, I for my part, brother, will hear you most

gladly, and so will all these gentlemen, from the high intelligence

they possess and their love of curious novelties that interest, charm,

and entertain the mind, as I feel quite sure your story will do. So

begin, friend, for we are all prepared to listen.”

“I draw my stakes,” said Sancho, “and will retreat with this pasty to

the brook there, where I mean to victual myself for three days; for I

have heard my lord, Don Quixote, say that a knight-errant’s squire

should eat until he can hold no more, whenever he has the chance,

because it often happens them to get by accident into a wood so thick

that they cannot find a way out of it for six days; and if the man is

not well filled or his alforjas well stored, there he may stay, as very

often he does, turned into a dried mummy.”

“Thou art in the right of it, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “go where thou

wilt and eat all thou canst, for I have had enough, and only want to

give my mind its refreshment, as I shall by listening to this good

fellow’s story.”

“It is what we shall all do,” said the canon; and then begged the

goatherd to begin the promised tale.

The goatherd gave the goat which he held by the horns a couple of slaps

on the back, saying, “Lie down here beside me, Spotty, for we have time

enough to return to our fold.” The goat seemed to understand him, for

as her master seated himself, she stretched herself quietly beside him

and looked up in his face to show him she was all attention to what he

was going to say, and then in these words he began his story.

c50e.jpg (27K)

CHAPTER LI.

WHICH DEALS WITH WHAT THE GOATHERD TOLD THOSE WHO WERE CARRYING OFF DON

QUIXOTE

c51a.jpg (115K)

Full Size

Three leagues from this valley there is a village which, though small,

is one of the richest in all this neighbourhood, and in it there lived

a farmer, a very worthy man, and so much respected that, although to be

so is the natural consequence of being rich, he was even more respected

for his virtue than for the wealth he had acquired. But what made him

still more fortunate, as he said himself, was having a daughter of such

exceeding beauty, rare intelligence, gracefulness, and virtue, that

everyone who knew her and beheld her marvelled at the extraordinary

gifts with which heaven and nature had endowed her. As a child she was

beautiful, she continued to grow in beauty, and at the age of sixteen

she was most lovely. The fame of her beauty began to spread abroad

through all the villages around—but why do I say the villages around,

merely, when it spread to distant cities, and even made its way into

the halls of royalty and reached the ears of people of every class, who

came from all sides to see her as if to see something rare and curious,

or some wonder-working image?

Her father watched over her and she watched over herself; for there are

no locks, or guards, or bolts that can protect a young girl better than

her own modesty. The wealth of the father and the beauty of the

daughter led many neighbours as well as strangers to seek her for a

wife; but he, as one might well be who had the disposal of so rich a

jewel, was perplexed and unable to make up his mind to which of her

countless suitors he should entrust her. I was one among the many who

felt a desire so natural, and, as her father knew who I was, and I was

of the same town, of pure blood, in the bloom of life, and very rich in

possessions, I had great hopes of success. There was another of the

same place and qualifications who also sought her, and this made her

father’s choice hang in the balance, for he felt that on either of us

his daughter would be well bestowed; so to escape from this state of

perplexity he resolved to refer the matter to Leandra (for that is the

name of the rich damsel who has reduced me to misery), reflecting that

as we were both equal it would be best to leave it to his dear daughter

to choose according to her inclination—a course that is worthy of

imitation by all fathers who wish to settle their children in life. I

do not mean that they ought to leave them to make a choice of what is

contemptible and bad, but that they should place before them what is

good and then allow them to make a good choice as they please. I do not

know which Leandra chose; I only know her father put us both off with

the tender age of his daughter and vague words that neither bound him

nor dismissed us. My rival is called Anselmo and I myself Eugenio—that

you may know the names of the personages that figure in this tragedy,

the end of which is still in suspense, though it is plain to see it

must be disastrous.

About this time there arrived in our town one Vicente de la Roca, the

son of a poor peasant of the same town, the said Vicente having

returned from service as a soldier in Italy and divers other parts. A

captain who chanced to pass that way with his company had carried him

off from our village when he was a boy of about twelve years, and now

twelve years later the young man came back in a soldier’s uniform,

arrayed in a thousand colours, and all over glass trinkets and fine

steel chains. To-day he would appear in one gay dress, to-morrow in

another; but all flimsy and gaudy, of little substance and less worth.

The peasant folk, who are naturally malicious, and when they have

nothing to do can be malice itself, remarked all this, and took note of

his finery and jewellery, piece by piece, and discovered that he had

three suits of different colours, with garters and stockings to match;

but he made so many arrangements and combinations out of them, that if

they had not counted them, anyone would have sworn that he had made a

display of more than ten suits of clothes and twenty plumes. Do not

look upon all this that I am telling you about the clothes as uncalled

for or spun out, for they have a great deal to do with the story. He

used to seat himself on a bench under the great poplar in our plaza,

and there he would keep us all hanging open-mouthed on the stories he

told us of his exploits. There was no country on the face of the globe

he had not seen, nor battle he had not been engaged in; he had killed

more Moors than there are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more single

combats, according to his own account, than Garcilaso, Diego García de

Paredes and a thousand others he named, and out of all he had come

victorious without losing a drop of blood. On the other hand he showed

marks of wounds, which, though they could not be made out, he said were

gunshot wounds received in divers encounters and actions. Lastly, with

monstrous impudence he used to say “you” to his equals and even those

who knew what he was, and declare that his arm was his father and his

deeds his pedigree, and that being a soldier he was as good as the king

himself. And to add to these swaggering ways he was a trifle of a

musician, and played the guitar with such a flourish that some said he

made it speak; nor did his accomplishments end here, for he was

something of a poet too, and on every trifle that happened in the town

he made a ballad a league long.

c51b.jpg (372K)

Full Size

This soldier, then, that I have described, this Vicente de la Roca,

this bravo, gallant, musician, poet, was often seen and watched by

Leandra from a window of her house which looked out on the plaza. The

glitter of his showy attire took her fancy, his ballads bewitched her

(for he gave away twenty copies of every one he made), the tales of his

exploits which he told about himself came to her ears; and in short, as

the devil no doubt had arranged it, she fell in love with him before

the presumption of making love to her had suggested itself to him; and

as in love-affairs none are more easily brought to an issue than those

which have the inclination of the lady for an ally, Leandra and Vicente

came to an understanding without any difficulty; and before any of her

numerous suitors had any suspicion of her design, she had already

carried it into effect, having left the house of her dearly beloved

father (for mother she had none), and disappeared from the village with

the soldier, who came more triumphantly out of this enterprise than out

of any of the large number he laid claim to. All the village and all

who heard of it were amazed at the affair; I was aghast, Anselmo

thunderstruck, her father full of grief, her relations indignant, the

authorities all in a ferment, the officers of the Brotherhood in arms.

They scoured the roads, they searched the woods and all quarters, and

at the end of three days they found the flighty Leandra in a mountain

cave, stript to her shift, and robbed of all the money and precious

jewels she had carried away from home with her.

c51c.jpg (275K)

Full Size

They brought her back to her unhappy father, and questioned her as to

her misfortune, and she confessed without pressure that Vicente de la

Roca had deceived her, and under promise of marrying her had induced

her to leave her father’s house, as he meant to take her to the richest

and most delightful city in the whole world, which was Naples; and that

she, ill-advised and deluded, had believed him, and robbed her father,

and handed over all to him the night she disappeared; and that he had

carried her away to a rugged mountain and shut her up in the cave where

they had found her. She said, moreover, that the soldier, without

robbing her of her honour, had taken from her everything she had, and

made off, leaving her in the cave, a thing that still further surprised

everybody. It was not easy for us to credit the young man’s continence,

but she asserted it with such earnestness that it helped to console her

distressed father, who thought nothing of what had been taken since the

jewel that once lost can never be recovered had been left to his

daughter. The same day that Leandra made her appearance her father

removed her from our sight and took her away to shut her up in a

convent in a town near this, in the hope that time may wear away some

of the disgrace she has incurred. Leandra’s youth furnished an excuse

for her fault, at least with those to whom it was of no consequence

whether she was good or bad; but those who knew her shrewdness and

intelligence did not attribute her misdemeanour to ignorance but to

wantonness and the natural disposition of women, which is for the most

part flighty and ill-regulated.

Leandra withdrawn from sight, Anselmo’s eyes grew blind, or at any rate

found nothing to look at that gave them any pleasure, and mine were in

darkness without a ray of light to direct them to anything enjoyable

while Leandra was away. Our melancholy grew greater, our patience grew

less; we cursed the soldier’s finery and railed at the carelessness of

Leandra’s father. At last Anselmo and I agreed to leave the village and

come to this valley; and, he feeding a great flock of sheep of his own,

and I a large herd of goats of mine, we pass our life among the trees,

giving vent to our sorrows, together singing the fair Leandra’s

praises, or upbraiding her, or else sighing alone, and to heaven

pouring forth our complaints in solitude. Following our example, many

more of Leandra’s lovers have come to these rude mountains and adopted

our mode of life, and they are so numerous that one would fancy the

place had been turned into the pastoral Arcadia, so full is it of

shepherds and sheep-folds; nor is there a spot in it where the name of

the fair Leandra is not heard. Here one curses her and calls her

capricious, fickle, and immodest, there another condemns her as frail

and frivolous; this pardons and absolves her, that spurns and reviles

her; one extols her beauty, another assails her character, and in short

all abuse her, and all adore her, and to such a pitch has this general

infatuation gone that there are some who complain of her scorn without

ever having exchanged a word with her, and even some that bewail and

mourn the raging fever of jealousy, for which she never gave anyone

cause, for, as I have already said, her misconduct was known before her

passion. There is no nook among the rocks, no brookside, no shade

beneath the trees that is not haunted by some shepherd telling his woes

to the breezes; wherever there is an echo it repeats the name of

Leandra; the mountains ring with “Leandra,” “Leandra” murmur the

brooks, and Leandra keeps us all bewildered and bewitched, hoping

without hope and fearing without knowing what we fear. Of all this

silly set the one that shows the least and also the most sense is my

rival Anselmo, for having so many other things to complain of, he only

complains of separation, and to the accompaniment of a rebeck, which he

plays admirably, he sings his complaints in verses that show his

ingenuity. I follow another, easier, and to my mind wiser course, and

that is to rail at the frivolity of women, at their inconstancy, their

double dealing, their broken promises, their unkept pledges, and in

short the want of reflection they show in fixing their affections and

inclinations. This, sirs, was the reason of words and expressions I

made use of to this goat when I came up just now; for as she is a

female I have a contempt for her, though she is the best in all my

fold. This is the story I promised to tell you, and if I have been

tedious in telling it, I will not be slow to serve you; my hut is close

by, and I have fresh milk and dainty cheese there, as well as a variety

of toothsome fruit, no less pleasing to the eye than to the palate.

c51e.jpg (14K)

CHAPTER LII.

OF THE QUARREL THAT DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH THE GOATHERD, TOGETHER WITH

THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE PENITENTS, WHICH WITH AN EXPENDITURE OF SWEAT

HE BROUGHT TO A HAPPY CONCLUSION

c52a.jpg (40K)

Full Size

The goatherd’s tale gave great satisfaction to all the hearers, and the

canon especially enjoyed it, for he had remarked with particular

attention the manner in which it had been told, which was as unlike the

manner of a clownish goatherd as it was like that of a polished city

wit; and he observed that the curate had been quite right in saying

that the woods bred men of learning. They all offered their services to

Eugenio but he who showed himself most liberal in this way was Don

Quixote, who said to him, “Most assuredly, brother goatherd, if I found

myself in a position to attempt any adventure, I would, this very

instant, set out on your behalf, and would rescue Leandra from that

convent (where no doubt she is kept against her will), in spite of the

abbess and all who might try to prevent me, and would place her in your

hands to deal with her according to your will and pleasure, observing,

however, the laws of chivalry which lay down that no violence of any

kind is to be offered to any damsel. But I trust in God our Lord that

the might of one malignant enchanter may not prove so great but that

the power of another better disposed may prove superior to it, and then

I promise you my support and assistance, as I am bound to do by my

profession, which is none other than to give aid to the weak and

needy.”

The goatherd eyed him, and noticing Don Quixote’s sorry appearance and

looks, he was filled with wonder, and asked the barber, who was next

him, “Señor, who is this man who makes such a figure and talks in such

a strain?”

“Who should it be,” said the barber, “but the famous Don Quixote of La

Mancha, the undoer of injustice, the righter of wrongs, the protector

of damsels, the terror of giants, and the winner of battles?”

“That,” said the goatherd, “sounds like what one reads in the books of

the knights-errant, who did all that you say this man does; though it

is my belief that either you are joking, or else this gentleman has

empty lodgings in his head.”

“You are a great scoundrel,” said Don Quixote, “and it is you who are

empty and a fool. I am fuller than ever was the whoreson bitch that

bore you;” and passing from words to deeds, he caught up a loaf that

was near him and sent it full in the goatherd’s face, with such force

that he flattened his nose; but the goatherd, who did not understand

jokes, and found himself roughly handled in such good earnest, paying

no respect to carpet, tablecloth, or diners, sprang upon Don Quixote,

and seizing him by the throat with both hands would no doubt have

throttled him, had not Sancho Panza that instant come to the rescue,

and grasping him by the shoulders flung him down on the table, smashing

plates, breaking glasses, and upsetting and scattering everything on

it. Don Quixote, finding himself free, strove to get on top of the

goatherd, who, with his face covered with blood, and soundly kicked by

Sancho, was on all fours feeling about for one of the table-knives to

take a bloody revenge with. The canon and the curate, however,

prevented him, but the barber so contrived it that he got Don Quixote

under him, and rained down upon him such a shower of fisticuffs that

the poor knight’s face streamed with blood as freely as his own. The

canon and the curate were bursting with laughter, the officers were

capering with delight, and both the one and the other hissed them on as

they do dogs that are worrying one another in a fight. Sancho alone was

frantic, for he could not free himself from the grasp of one of the

canon’s servants, who kept him from going to his master’s assistance.

c52b.jpg (348K)

Full Size

At last, while they were all, with the exception of the two bruisers

who were mauling each other, in high glee and enjoyment, they heard a

trumpet sound a note so doleful that it made them all look in the

direction whence the sound seemed to come. But the one that was most

excited by hearing it was Don Quixote, who though sorely against his

will he was under the goatherd, and something more than pretty well

pummelled, said to him, “Brother devil (for it is impossible but that

thou must be one since thou hast had might and strength enough to

overcome mine), I ask thee to agree to a truce for but one hour for the

solemn note of yonder trumpet that falls on our ears seems to me to

summon me to some new adventure.” The goatherd, who was by this time

tired of pummelling and being pummelled, released him at once, and Don

Quixote rising to his feet and turning his eyes to the quarter where

the sound had been heard, suddenly saw coming down the slope of a hill

several men clad in white like penitents.

The fact was that the clouds had that year withheld their moisture from

the earth, and in all the villages of the district they were organising

processions, rogations, and penances, imploring God to open the hands

of his mercy and send the rain; and to this end the people of a village

that was hard by were going in procession to a holy hermitage there was

on one side of that valley. Don Quixote when he saw the strange garb of

the penitents, without reflecting how often he had seen it before, took

it into his head that this was a case of adventure, and that it fell to

him alone as a knight-errant to engage in it; and he was all the more

confirmed in this notion, by the idea that an image draped in black

they had with them was some illustrious lady that these villains and

discourteous thieves were carrying off by force. As soon as this

occurred to him he ran with all speed to Rocinante who was grazing at

large, and taking the bridle and the buckler from the saddle-bow, he

had him bridled in an instant, and calling to Sancho for his sword he

mounted Rocinante, braced his buckler on his arm, and in a loud voice

exclaimed to those who stood by, “Now, noble company, ye shall see how

important it is that there should be knights in the world professing

the order of knight-errantry; now, I say, ye shall see, by the

deliverance of that worthy lady who is borne captive there, whether

knights-errant deserve to be held in estimation,” and so saying he

brought his legs to bear on Rocinante—for he had no spurs—and at a full

canter (for in all this veracious history we never read of Rocinante

fairly galloping) set off to encounter the penitents, though the

curate, the canon, and the barber ran to prevent him. But it was out of

their power, nor did he even stop for the shouts of Sancho calling

after him, “Where are you going, Señor Don Quixote? What devils have

possessed you to set you on against our Catholic faith? Plague take me!

mind, that is a procession of penitents, and the lady they are carrying

on that stand there is the blessed image of the immaculate Virgin. Take

care what you are doing, señor, for this time it may be safely said you

don’t know what you are about.” Sancho laboured in vain, for his master

was so bent on coming to quarters with these sheeted figures and

releasing the lady in black that he did not hear a word; and even had

he heard, he would not have turned back if the king had ordered him. He

came up with the procession and reined in Rocinante, who was already

anxious enough to slacken speed a little, and in a hoarse, excited

voice he exclaimed, “You who hide your faces, perhaps because you are

not good subjects, pay attention and listen to what I am about to say

to you.” The first to halt were those who were carrying the image, and

one of the four ecclesiastics who were chanting the Litany, struck by

the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rocinante, and the

other ludicrous peculiarities he observed, said in reply to him,

“Brother, if you have anything to say to us say it quickly, for these

brethren are whipping themselves, and we cannot stop, nor is it

reasonable we should stop to hear anything, unless indeed it is short

enough to be said in two words.”

“I will say it in one,” replied Don Quixote, “and it is this; that at

once, this very instant, ye release that fair lady whose tears and sad

aspect show plainly that ye are carrying her off against her will, and

that ye have committed some scandalous outrage against her; and I, who

was born into the world to redress all such like wrongs, will not

permit you to advance another step until you have restored to her the

liberty she pines for and deserves.”

From these words all the hearers concluded that he must be a madman,

and began to laugh heartily, and their laughter acted like gunpowder on

Don Quixote’s fury, for drawing his sword without another word he made

a rush at the stand. One of those who supported it, leaving the burden

to his comrades, advanced to meet him, flourishing a forked stick that

he had for propping up the stand when resting, and with this he caught

a mighty cut Don Quixote made at him that severed it in two; but with

the portion that remained in his hand he dealt such a thwack on the

shoulder of Don Quixote’s sword arm (which the buckler could not

protect against the clownish assault) that poor Don Quixote came to the

ground in a sad plight.

Sancho Panza, who was coming on close behind puffing and blowing,

seeing him fall, cried out to his assailant not to strike him again,

for he was a poor enchanted knight, who had never harmed anyone all the

days of his life; but what checked the clown was, not Sancho’s

shouting, but seeing that Don Quixote did not stir hand or foot; and

so, fancying he had killed him, he hastily hitched up his tunic under

his girdle and took to his heels across the country like a deer.

By this time all Don Quixote’s companions had come up to where he lay;

but the processionists seeing them come running, and with them the

officers of the Brotherhood with their crossbows, apprehended mischief,

and clustering round the image, raised their hoods, and grasped their

scourges, as the priests did their tapers, and awaited the attack,

resolved to defend themselves and even to take the offensive against

their assailants if they could. Fortune, however, arranged the matter

better than they expected, for all Sancho did was to fling himself on

his master’s body, raising over him the most doleful and laughable

lamentation that ever was heard, for he believed he was dead. The

curate was known to another curate who walked in the procession, and

their recognition of one another set at rest the apprehensions of both

parties; the first then told the other in two words who Don Quixote

was, and he and the whole troop of penitents went to see if the poor

gentleman was dead, and heard Sancho Panza saying, with tears in his

eyes, “Oh flower of chivalry, that with one blow of a stick hast ended

the course of thy well-spent life! Oh pride of thy race, honour and

glory of all La Mancha, nay, of all the world, that for want of thee

will be full of evil-doers, no longer in fear of punishment for their

misdeeds! Oh thou, generous above all the Alexanders, since for only

eight months of service thou hast given me the best island the sea

girds or surrounds! Humble with the proud, haughty with the humble,

encounterer of dangers, endurer of outrages, enamoured without reason,

imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the mean, in

short, knight-errant, which is all that can be said!”

c52c.jpg (325K)

Full Size

At the cries and moans of Sancho, Don Quixote came to himself, and the

first word he said was, “He who lives separated from you, sweetest

Dulcinea, has greater miseries to endure than these. Aid me, friend

Sancho, to mount the enchanted cart, for I am not in a condition to

press the saddle of Rocinante, as this shoulder is all knocked to

pieces.”

“That I will do with all my heart, señor,” said Sancho; “and let us

return to our village with these gentlemen, who seek your good, and

there we will prepare for making another sally, which may turn out more

profitable and creditable to us.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote; “It will be wise to let

the malign influence of the stars which now prevails pass off.”

The canon, the curate, and the barber told him he would act very wisely

in doing as he said; and so, highly amused at Sancho Panza’s

simplicities, they placed Don Quixote in the cart as before. The

procession once more formed itself in order and proceeded on its road;

the goatherd took his leave of the party; the officers of the

Brotherhood declined to go any farther, and the curate paid them what

was due to them; the canon begged the curate to let him know how Don

Quixote did, whether he was cured of his madness or still suffered from

it, and then begged leave to continue his journey; in short, they all

separated and went their ways, leaving to themselves the curate and the

barber, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the good Rocinante, who regarded

everything with as great resignation as his master. The carter yoked

his oxen and made Don Quixote comfortable on a truss of hay, and at his

usual deliberate pace took the road the curate directed, and at the end

of six days they reached Don Quixote’s village, and entered it about

the middle of the day, which it so happened was a Sunday, and the

people were all in the plaza, through which Don Quixote’s cart passed.

They all flocked to see what was in the cart, and when they recognised

their townsman they were filled with amazement, and a boy ran off to

bring the news to his housekeeper and his niece that their master and

uncle had come back all lean and yellow and stretched on a truss of hay

on an ox-cart. It was piteous to hear the cries the two good ladies

raised, how they beat their breasts and poured out fresh maledictions

on those accursed books of chivalry; all which was renewed when they

saw Don Quixote coming in at the gate.

At the news of Don Quixote’s arrival Sancho Panza’s wife came running,

for she by this time knew that her husband had gone away with him as

his squire, and on seeing Sancho, the first thing she asked him was if

the ass was well. Sancho replied that he was, better than his master

was.

“Thanks be to God,” said she, “for being so good to me; but now tell

me, my friend, what have you made by your squirings? What gown have you

brought me back? What shoes for your children?”

“I bring nothing of that sort, wife,” said Sancho; “though I bring

other things of more consequence and value.”

“I am very glad of that,” returned his wife; “show me these things of

more value and consequence, my friend; for I want to see them to cheer

my heart that has been so sad and heavy all these ages that you have

been away.”

“I will show them to you at home, wife,” said Sancho; “be content for

the present; for if it please God that we should again go on our

travels in search of adventures, you will soon see me a count, or

governor of an island, and that not one of those everyday ones, but the

best that is to be had.”

“Heaven grant it, husband,” said she, “for indeed we have need of it.

But tell me, what’s this about islands, for I don’t understand it?”

“Honey is not for the mouth of the ass,” returned Sancho; “all in good

time thou shalt see, wife—nay, thou wilt be surprised to hear thyself

called ‘your ladyship’ by all thy vassals.”

“What are you talking about, Sancho, with your ladyships, islands, and

vassals?” returned Teresa Panza—for so Sancho’s wife was called, though

they were not relations, for in La Mancha it is customary for wives to

take their husbands’ surnames.

“Don’t be in such a hurry to know all this, Teresa,” said Sancho; “it

is enough that I am telling you the truth, so shut your mouth. But I

may tell you this much by the way, that there is nothing in the world

more delightful than to be a person of consideration, squire to a

knight-errant, and a seeker of adventures. To be sure most of those one

finds do not end as pleasantly as one could wish, for out of a hundred,

ninety-nine will turn out cross and contrary. I know it by experience,

for out of some I came blanketed, and out of others belaboured. Still,

for all that, it is a fine thing to be on the look-out for what may

happen, crossing mountains, searching woods, climbing rocks, visiting

castles, putting up at inns, all at free quarters, and devil take the

maravedi to pay.”

While this conversation passed between Sancho Panza and his wife, Don

Quixote’s housekeeper and niece took him in and undressed him and laid

him in his old bed. He eyed them askance, and could not make out where

he was. The curate charged his niece to be very careful to make her

uncle comfortable and to keep a watch over him lest he should make his

escape from them again, telling her what they had been obliged to do to

bring him home. On this the pair once more lifted up their voices and

renewed their maledictions upon the books of chivalry, and implored

heaven to plunge the authors of such lies and nonsense into the midst

of the bottomless pit. They were, in short, kept in anxiety and dread

lest their uncle and master should give them the slip the moment he

found himself somewhat better, and as they feared so it fell out.

But the author of this history, though he has devoted research and

industry to the discovery of the deeds achieved by Don Quixote in his

third sally, has been unable to obtain any information respecting them,

at any rate derived from authentic documents; tradition has merely

preserved in the memory of La Mancha the fact that Don Quixote, the

third time he sallied forth from his home, betook himself to Saragossa,

where he was present at some famous jousts which came off in that city,

and that he had adventures there worthy of his valour and high

intelligence. Of his end and death he could learn no particulars, nor

would he have ascertained it or known of it, if good fortune had not

produced an old physician for him who had in his possession a leaden

box, which, according to his account, had been discovered among the

crumbling foundations of an ancient hermitage that was being rebuilt;

in which box were found certain parchment manuscripts in Gothic

character, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his achievements,

and setting forth the beauty of Dulcinea, the form of Rocinante, the

fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself,

together with sundry epitaphs and eulogies on his life and character;

but all that could be read and deciphered were those which the

trustworthy author of this new and unparalleled history here presents.

And the said author asks of those that shall read it nothing in return

for the vast toil which it has cost him in examining and searching the

Manchegan archives in order to bring it to light, save that they give

him the same credit that people of sense give to the books of chivalry

that pervade the world and are so popular; for with this he will

consider himself amply paid and fully satisfied, and will be encouraged

to seek out and produce other histories, if not as truthful, at least

equal in invention and not less entertaining. The first words written

on the parchment found in the leaden box were these:

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA,

A VILLAGE OF LA MANCHA,

ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA,

HOC SCRIPSERUNT

MONICONGO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

ON THE TOMB OF DON QUIXOTE

EPITAPH

The scatterbrain that gave La Mancha more

Rich spoils than Jason’s; who a point so keen

Had to his wit, and happier far had been

If his wit’s weathercock a blunter bore;

The arm renowned far as Gaeta’s shore,

Cathay, and all the lands that lie between;

The muse discreet and terrible in mien

As ever wrote on brass in days of yore;

He who surpassed the Amadises all,

And who as naught the Galaors accounted,

Supported by his love and gallantry:

Who made the Belianises sing small,

And sought renown on Rocinante mounted;

Here, underneath this cold stone, doth he lie.

PANIAGUADO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

IN LAUDEM DULCINEAE DEL TOBOSO

SONNET

She, whose full features may be here descried,

High-bosomed, with a bearing of disdain,

Is Dulcinea, she for whom in vain

The great Don Quixote of La Mancha sighed.

For her, Toboso’s queen, from side to side

He traversed the grim sierra, the champaign

Of Aranjuez, and Montiel’s famous plain:

On Rocinante oft a weary ride.

Malignant planets, cruel destiny,

Pursued them both, the fair Manchegan dame,

And the unconquered star of chivalry.

Nor youth nor beauty saved her from the claim

Of death; he paid love’s bitter penalty,

And left the marble to preserve his name.

CAPRICHOSO, A MOST ACUTE ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

IN PRAISE OF ROCINANTE, STEED OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

SONNET

On that proud throne of diamantine sheen,

Which the blood-reeking feet of Mars degrade,

The mad Manchegan’s banner now hath been

By him in all its bravery displayed.

There hath he hung his arms and trenchant blade

Wherewith, achieving deeds till now unseen,

He slays, lays low, cleaves, hews; but art hath made

A novel style for our new paladin.

If Amadis be the proud boast of Gaul,

If by his progeny the fame of Greece

Through all the regions of the earth be spread,

Great Quixote crowned in grim Bellona’s hall

To-day exalts La Mancha over these,

And above Greece or Gaul she holds her head.

Nor ends his glory here, for his good steed

Doth Brillador and Bayard far exceed;

As mettled steeds compared with Rocinante,

The reputation they have won is scanty.

BURLADOR, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

ON SANCHO PANZA

SONNET

The worthy Sancho Panza here you see;

A great soul once was in that body small,

Nor was there squire upon this earthly ball

So plain and simple, or of guile so free.

Within an ace of being Count was he,

And would have been but for the spite and gall

Of this vile age, mean and illiberal,

That cannot even let a donkey be.

For mounted on an ass (excuse the word),

By Rocinante’s side this gentle squire

Was wont his wandering master to attend.

Delusive hopes that lure the common herd

With promises of ease, the heart’s desire,

In shadows, dreams, and smoke ye always end.

CACHIDIABLO, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

ON THE TOMB OF DON QUIXOTE

EPITAPH

The knight lies here below,

Ill-errant and bruised sore,

Whom Rocinante bore

In his wanderings to and fro.

By the side of the knight is laid

Stolid man Sancho too,

Than whom a squire more true

Was not in the esquire trade.

TIQUITOC, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

ON THE TOMB OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

EPITAPH

Here Dulcinea lies.

Plump was she and robust:

Now she is ashes and dust:

The end of all flesh that dies.

A lady of high degree,

With the port of a lofty dame,

And the great Don Quixote’s flame,

And the pride of her village was she.

These were all the verses that could be deciphered; the rest, the

writing being worm-eaten, were handed over to one of the Academicians

to make out their meaning conjecturally. We have been informed that at

the cost of many sleepless nights and much toil he has succeeded, and

that he means to publish them in hopes of Don Quixote’s third sally.

\_“Forse altro cantera con miglior plettro.”\_

c52e.jpg (54K)

Volume II

p003.jpg (307K)

Full Size

DEDICATION OF VOLUME II.

TO THE COUNT OF LEMOS:

These days past, when sending Your Excellency my plays, that had

appeared in print before being shown on the stage, I said, if I

remember well, that Don Quixote was putting on his spurs to go and

render homage to Your Excellency. Now I say that “with his spurs, he is

on his way.” Should he reach destination methinks I shall have rendered

some service to Your Excellency, as from many parts I am urged to send

him off, so as to dispel the loathing and disgust caused by another Don

Quixote who, under the name of Second Part, has run masquerading

through the whole world. And he who has shown the greatest longing for

him has been the great Emperor of China, who wrote me a letter in

Chinese a month ago and sent it by a special courier. He asked me, or

to be truthful, he begged me to send him Don Quixote, for he intended

to found a college where the Spanish tongue would be taught, and it was

his wish that the book to be read should be the History of Don Quixote.

He also added that I should go and be the rector of this college. I

asked the bearer if His Majesty had afforded a sum in aid of my travel

expenses. He answered, “No, not even in thought.”

“Then, brother,” I replied, “you can return to your China, post haste

or at whatever haste you are bound to go, as I am not fit for so long a

travel and, besides being ill, I am very much without money, while

Emperor for Emperor and Monarch for Monarch, I have at Naples the great

Count of Lemos, who, without so many petty titles of colleges and

rectorships, sustains me, protects me and does me more favour than I

can wish for.”

Thus I gave him his leave and I beg mine from you, offering Your

Excellency the “Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda,” a book I shall

finish within four months, Deo volente, and which will be either the

worst or the best that has been composed in our language, I mean of

those intended for entertainment; at which I repent of having called it

the worst, for, in the opinion of friends, it is bound to attain the

summit of possible quality. May Your Excellency return in such health

that is wished you; Persiles will be ready to kiss your hand and I your

feet, being as I am, Your Excellency’s most humble servant.

From Madrid, this last day of October of the year one thousand six

hundred and fifteen.

At the service of Your Excellency:

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

THE AUTHOR’S PREFACE

part2.jpg (130K)

Full Size

God bless me, gentle (or it may be plebeian) reader, how eagerly must

thou be looking forward to this preface, expecting to find there

retaliation, scolding, and abuse against the author of the second Don

Quixote—I mean him who was, they say, begotten at Tordesillas and born

at Tarragona! Well then, the truth is, I am not going to give thee that

satisfaction; for, though injuries stir up anger in humbler breasts, in

mine the rule must admit of an exception. Thou wouldst have me call him

ass, fool, and malapert, but I have no such intention; let his offence

be his punishment, with his bread let him eat it, and there’s an end of

it. What I cannot help taking amiss is that he charges me with being

old and one-handed, as if it had been in my power to keep time from

passing over me, or as if the loss of my hand had been brought about in

some tavern, and not on the grandest occasion the past or present has

seen, or the future can hope to see. If my wounds have no beauty to the

beholder’s eye, they are, at least, honourable in the estimation of

those who know where they were received; for the soldier shows to

greater advantage dead in battle than alive in flight; and so strongly

is this my feeling, that if now it were proposed to perform an

impossibility for me, I would rather have had my share in that mighty

action, than be free from my wounds this minute without having been

present at it. Those the soldier shows on his face and breast are stars

that direct others to the heaven of honour and ambition of merited

praise; and moreover it is to be observed that it is not with grey

hairs that one writes, but with the understanding, and that commonly

improves with years. I take it amiss, too, that he calls me envious,

and explains to me, as if I were ignorant, what envy is; for really and

truly, of the two kinds there are, I only know that which is holy,

noble, and high-minded; and if that be so, as it is, I am not likely to

attack a priest, above all if, in addition, he holds the rank of

familiar of the Holy Office. And if he said what he did on account of

him on whose behalf it seems he spoke, he is entirely mistaken; for I

worship the genius of that person, and admire his works and his

unceasing and strenuous industry. After all, I am grateful to this

gentleman, the author, for saying that my novels are more satirical

than exemplary, but that they are good; for they could not be that

unless there was a little of everything in them.

I suspect thou wilt say that I am taking a very humble line, and

keeping myself too much within the bounds of my moderation, from a

feeling that additional suffering should not be inflicted upon a

sufferer, and that what this gentleman has to endure must doubtless be

very great, as he does not dare to come out into the open field and

broad daylight, but hides his name and disguises his country as if he

had been guilty of some lese majesty. If perchance thou shouldst come

to know him, tell him from me that I do not hold myself aggrieved; for

I know well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the

greatest is putting it into a man’s head that he can write and print a

book by which he will get as much fame as money, and as much money as

fame; and to prove it I will beg of you, in your own sprightly,

pleasant way, to tell him this story.

There was a madman in Seville who took to one of the drollest

absurdities and vagaries that ever madman in the world gave way to. It

was this: he made a tube of reed sharp at one end, and catching a dog

in the street, or wherever it might be, he with his foot held one of

its legs fast, and with his hand lifted up the other, and as best he

could fixed the tube where, by blowing, he made the dog as round as a

ball; then holding it in this position, he gave it a couple of slaps on

the belly, and let it go, saying to the bystanders (and there were

always plenty of them): “Do your worships think, now, that it is an

easy thing to blow up a dog?”—Does your worship think now, that it is

an easy thing to write a book?

And if this story does not suit him, you may, dear reader, tell him

this one, which is likewise of a madman and a dog.

In Cordova there was another madman, whose way it was to carry a piece

of marble slab or a stone, not of the lightest, on his head, and when

he came upon any unwary dog he used to draw close to him and let the

weight fall right on top of him; on which the dog in a rage, barking

and howling, would run three streets without stopping. It so happened,

however, that one of the dogs he discharged his load upon was a

cap-maker’s dog, of which his master was very fond. The stone came down

hitting it on the head, the dog raised a yell at the blow, the master

saw the affair and was wroth, and snatching up a measuring-yard rushed

out at the madman and did not leave a sound bone in his body, and at

every stroke he gave him he said, “You dog, you thief! my lurcher!

Don’t you see, you brute, that my dog is a lurcher?” and so, repeating

the word “lurcher” again and again, he sent the madman away beaten to a

jelly. The madman took the lesson to heart, and vanished, and for more

than a month never once showed himself in public; but after that he

came out again with his old trick and a heavier load than ever. He came

up to where there was a dog, and examining it very carefully without

venturing to let the stone fall, he said: “This is a lurcher; ware!” In

short, all the dogs he came across, be they mastiffs or terriers, he

said were lurchers; and he discharged no more stones. Maybe it will be

the same with this historian; that he will not venture another time to

discharge the weight of his wit in books, which, being bad, are harder

than stones. Tell him, too, that I do not care a farthing for the

threat he holds out to me of depriving me of my profit by means of his

book; for, to borrow from the famous interlude of “The Perendenga,” I

say in answer to him, “Long life to my lord the Veintiquatro, and

Christ be with us all.” Long life to the great Conde de Lemos, whose

Christian charity and well-known generosity support me against all the

strokes of my curst fortune; and long life to the supreme benevolence

of His Eminence of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas; and what

matter if there be no printing-presses in the world, or if they print

more books against me than there are letters in the verses of Mingo

Revulgo! These two princes, unsought by any adulation or flattery of

mine, of their own goodness alone, have taken it upon them to show me

kindness and protect me, and in this I consider myself happier and

richer than if Fortune had raised me to her greatest height in the

ordinary way. The poor man may retain honour, but not the vicious;

poverty may cast a cloud over nobility, but cannot hide it altogether;

and as virtue of itself sheds a certain light, even though it be

through the straits and chinks of penury, it wins the esteem of lofty

and noble spirits, and in consequence their protection. Thou needst say

no more to him, nor will I say anything more to thee, save to tell thee

to bear in mind that this Second Part of “Don Quixote” which I offer

thee is cut by the same craftsman and from the same cloth as the First,

and that in it I present thee Don Quixote continued, and at length dead

and buried, so that no one may dare to bring forward any further

evidence against him, for that already produced is sufficient; and

suffice it, too, that some reputable person should have given an

account of all these shrewd lunacies of his without going into the

matter again; for abundance, even of good things, prevents them from

being valued; and scarcity, even in the case of what is bad, confers a

certain value. I was forgetting to tell thee that thou mayest expect

the “Persiles,” which I am now finishing, and also the Second Part of

“Galatea.”

part2e.jpg (37K)

CHAPTER I.

OF THE INTERVIEW THE CURATE AND THE BARBER HAD WITH DON QUIXOTE ABOUT

HIS MALADY

p01a.jpg (156K)

Full Size

Cide Hamete Benengeli, in the Second Part of this history, and third

sally of Don Quixote, says that the curate and the barber remained

nearly a month without seeing him, lest they should recall or bring

back to his recollection what had taken place. They did not, however,

omit to visit his niece and housekeeper, and charge them to be careful

to treat him with attention, and give him comforting things to eat, and

such as were good for the heart and the brain, whence, it was plain to

see, all his misfortune proceeded. The niece and housekeeper replied

that they did so, and meant to do so with all possible care and

assiduity, for they could perceive that their master was now and then

beginning to show signs of being in his right mind. This gave great

satisfaction to the curate and the barber, for they concluded they had

taken the right course in carrying him off enchanted on the ox-cart, as

has been described in the First Part of this great as well as accurate

history, in the last chapter thereof. So they resolved to pay him a

visit and test the improvement in his condition, although they thought

it almost impossible that there could be any; and they agreed not to

touch upon any point connected with knight-errantry so as not to run

the risk of reopening wounds which were still so tender.

They came to see him consequently, and found him sitting up in bed in a

green baize waistcoat and a red Toledo cap, and so withered and dried

up that he looked as if he had been turned into a mummy. They were very

cordially received by him; they asked him after his health, and he

talked to them about himself very naturally and in very well-chosen

language. In the course of their conversation they fell to discussing

what they call State-craft and systems of government, correcting this

abuse and condemning that, reforming one practice and abolishing

another, each of the three setting up for a new legislator, a modern

Lycurgus, or a brand-new Solon; and so completely did they remodel the

State, that they seemed to have thrust it into a furnace and taken out

something quite different from what they had put in; and on all the

subjects they dealt with, Don Quixote spoke with such good sense that

the pair of examiners were fully convinced that he was quite recovered

and in his full senses.

The niece and housekeeper were present at the conversation and could

not find words enough to express their thanks to God at seeing their

master so clear in his mind; the curate, however, changing his original

plan, which was to avoid touching upon matters of chivalry, resolved to

test Don Quixote’s recovery thoroughly, and see whether it were genuine

or not; and so, from one subject to another, he came at last to talk of

the news that had come from the capital, and, among other things, he

said it was considered certain that the Turk was coming down with a

powerful fleet, and that no one knew what his purpose was, or when the

great storm would burst; and that all Christendom was in apprehension

of this, which almost every year calls us to arms, and that his Majesty

had made provision for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily

and the island of Malta.

To this Don Quixote replied, “His Majesty has acted like a prudent

warrior in providing for the safety of his realms in time, so that the

enemy may not find him unprepared; but if my advice were taken I would

recommend him to adopt a measure which at present, no doubt, his

Majesty is very far from thinking of.”

The moment the curate heard this he said to himself, “God keep thee in

his hand, poor Don Quixote, for it seems to me thou art precipitating

thyself from the height of thy madness into the profound abyss of thy

simplicity.”

But the barber, who had the same suspicion as the curate, asked Don

Quixote what would be his advice as to the measures that he said ought

to be adopted; for perhaps it might prove to be one that would have to

be added to the list of the many impertinent suggestions that people

were in the habit of offering to princes.

“Mine, master shaver,” said Don Quixote, “will not be impertinent, but,

on the contrary, pertinent.”

“I don’t mean that,” said the barber, “but that experience has shown

that all or most of the expedients which are proposed to his Majesty

are either impossible, or absurd, or injurious to the King and to the

kingdom.”

“Mine, however,” replied Don Quixote, “is neither impossible nor

absurd, but the easiest, the most reasonable, the readiest and most

expeditious that could suggest itself to any projector’s mind.”

“You take a long time to tell it, Señor Don Quixote,” said the curate.

“I don’t choose to tell it here, now,” said Don Quixote, “and have it

reach the ears of the lords of the council to-morrow morning, and some

other carry off the thanks and rewards of my trouble.”

“For my part,” said the barber, “I give my word here and before God

that I will not repeat what your worship says, to King, Rook or earthly

man—an oath I learned from the ballad of the curate, who, in the

prelude, told the king of the thief who had robbed him of the hundred

gold crowns and his pacing mule.”

“I am not versed in stories,” said Don Quixote; “but I know the oath is

a good one, because I know the barber to be an honest fellow.”

“Even if he were not,” said the curate, “I will go bail and answer for

him that in this matter he will be as silent as a dummy, under pain of

paying any penalty that may be pronounced.”

“And who will be security for you, señor curate?” said Don Quixote.

“My profession,” replied the curate, “which is to keep secrets.”

“Ods body!” said Don Quixote at this, “what more has his Majesty to do

but to command, by public proclamation, all the knights-errant that are

scattered over Spain to assemble on a fixed day in the capital, for

even if no more than half a dozen come, there may be one among them who

alone will suffice to destroy the entire might of the Turk. Give me

your attention and follow me. Is it, pray, any new thing for a single

knight-errant to demolish an army of two hundred thousand men, as if

they all had but one throat or were made of sugar paste? Nay, tell me,

how many histories are there filled with these marvels? If only (in an

evil hour for me: I don’t speak for anyone else) the famous Don

Belianis were alive now, or anyone of the innumerable progeny of Amadis

of Gaul! If any these were alive to-day, and were to come face to face

with the Turk, by my faith, I would not give much for the Turk’s

chance. But God will have regard for his people, and will provide

someone, who, if not so valiant as the knights-errant of yore, at least

will not be inferior to them in spirit; but God knows what I mean, and

I say no more.”

“Alas!” exclaimed the niece at this, “may I die if my master does not

want to turn knight-errant again;” to which Don Quixote replied, “A

knight-errant I shall die, and let the Turk come down or go up when he

likes, and in as strong force as he can, once more I say, God knows

what I mean.” But here the barber said, “I ask your worships to give me

leave to tell a short story of something that happened in Seville,

which comes so pat to the purpose just now that I should like greatly

to tell it.” Don Quixote gave him leave, and the rest prepared to

listen, and he began thus:

“In the madhouse at Seville there was a man whom his relations had

placed there as being out of his mind. He was a graduate of Osuna in

canon law; but even if he had been of Salamanca, it was the opinion of

most people that he would have been mad all the same. This graduate,

after some years of confinement, took it into his head that he was sane

and in his full senses, and under this impression wrote to the

Archbishop, entreating him earnestly, and in very correct language, to

have him released from the misery in which he was living; for by God’s

mercy he had now recovered his lost reason, though his relations, in

order to enjoy his property, kept him there, and, in spite of the

truth, would make him out to be mad until his dying day. The

Archbishop, moved by repeated sensible, well-written letters, directed

one of his chaplains to make inquiry of the madhouse as to the truth of

the licentiate’s statements, and to have an interview with the madman

himself, and, if it should appear that he was in his senses, to take

him out and restore him to liberty. The chaplain did so, and the

governor assured him that the man was still mad, and that though he

often spoke like a highly intelligent person, he would in the end break

out into nonsense that in quantity and quality counterbalanced all the

sensible things he had said before, as might be easily tested by

talking to him. The chaplain resolved to try the experiment, and

obtaining access to the madman conversed with him for an hour or more,

during the whole of which time he never uttered a word that was

incoherent or absurd, but, on the contrary, spoke so rationally that

the chaplain was compelled to believe him to be sane. Among other

things, he said the governor was against him, not to lose the presents

his relations made him for reporting him still mad but with lucid

intervals; and that the worst foe he had in his misfortune was his

large property; for in order to enjoy it his enemies disparaged and

threw doubts upon the mercy our Lord had shown him in turning him from

a brute beast into a man. In short, he spoke in such a way that he cast

suspicion on the governor, and made his relations appear covetous and

heartless, and himself so rational that the chaplain determined to take

him away with him that the Archbishop might see him, and ascertain for

himself the truth of the matter. Yielding to this conviction, the

worthy chaplain begged the governor to have the clothes in which the

licentiate had entered the house given to him. The governor again bade

him beware of what he was doing, as the licentiate was beyond a doubt

still mad; but all his cautions and warnings were unavailing to

dissuade the chaplain from taking him away. The governor, seeing that

it was the order of the Archbishop, obeyed, and they dressed the

licentiate in his own clothes, which were new and decent. He, as soon

as he saw himself clothed like one in his senses, and divested of the

appearance of a madman, entreated the chaplain to permit him in charity

to go and take leave of his comrades the madmen. The chaplain said he

would go with him to see what madmen there were in the house; so they

went upstairs, and with them some of those who were present.

Approaching a cage in which there was a furious madman, though just at

that moment calm and quiet, the licentiate said to him, ‘Brother, think

if you have any commands for me, for I am going home, as God has been

pleased, in his infinite goodness and mercy, without any merit of mine,

to restore me my reason. I am now cured and in my senses, for with

God’s power nothing is impossible. Have strong hope and trust in him,

for as he has restored me to my original condition, so likewise he will

restore you if you trust in him. I will take care to send you some good

things to eat; and be sure you eat them; for I would have you know I am

convinced, as one who has gone through it, that all this madness of

ours comes of having the stomach empty and the brains full of wind.

Take courage! take courage! for despondency in misfortune breaks down

health and brings on death.’

“To all these words of the licentiate another madman in a cage opposite

that of the furious one was listening; and raising himself up from an

old mat on which he lay stark naked, he asked in a loud voice who it

was that was going away cured and in his senses. The licentiate

answered, ‘It is I, brother, who am going; I have now no need to remain

here any longer, for which I return infinite thanks to Heaven that has

had so great mercy upon me.’

“‘Mind what you are saying, licentiate; don’t let the devil deceive

you,’ replied the madman. ‘Keep quiet, stay where you are, and you will

save yourself the trouble of coming back.’

“‘I know I am cured,’ returned the licentiate, ‘and that I shall not

have to go stations again.’

“‘You cured!’ said the madman; ‘well, we shall see; God be with you;

but I swear to you by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that

for this crime alone, which Seville is committing to-day in releasing

you from this house, and treating you as if you were in your senses, I

shall have to inflict such a punishment on it as will be remembered for

ages and ages, amen. Dost thou not know, thou miserable little

licentiate, that I can do it, being, as I say, Jupiter the Thunderer,

who hold in my hands the fiery bolts with which I am able and am wont

to threaten and lay waste the world? But in one way only will I punish

this ignorant town, and that is by not raining upon it, nor on any part

of its district or territory, for three whole years, to be reckoned

from the day and moment when this threat is pronounced. Thou free, thou

cured, thou in thy senses! and I mad, I disordered, I bound! I will as

soon think of sending rain as of hanging myself.

“Those present stood listening to the words and exclamations of the

madman; but our licentiate, turning to the chaplain and seizing him by

the hands, said to him, ‘Be not uneasy, señor; attach no importance to

what this madman has said; for if he is Jupiter and will not send rain,

I, who am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, will rain as often

as it pleases me and may be needful.’

“The governor and the bystanders laughed, and at their laughter the

chaplain was half ashamed, and he replied, ‘For all that, Señor

Neptune, it will not do to vex Señor Jupiter; remain where you are, and

some other day, when there is a better opportunity and more time, we

will come back for you.’ So they stripped the licentiate, and he was

left where he was; and that’s the end of the story.”

“So that’s the story, master barber,” said Don Quixote, “which came in

so pat to the purpose that you could not help telling it? Master

shaver, master shaver! how blind is he who cannot see through a sieve.

Is it possible that you do not know that comparisons of wit with wit,

valour with valour, beauty with beauty, birth with birth, are always

odious and unwelcome? I, master barber, am not Neptune, the god of the

waters, nor do I try to make anyone take me for an astute man, for I am

not one. My only endeavour is to convince the world of the mistake it

makes in not reviving in itself the happy time when the order of

knight-errantry was in the field. But our depraved age does not deserve

to enjoy such a blessing as those ages enjoyed when knights-errant took

upon their shoulders the defence of kingdoms, the protection of

damsels, the succour of orphans and minors, the chastisement of the

proud, and the recompense of the humble. With the knights of these

days, for the most part, it is the damask, brocade, and rich stuffs

they wear, that rustle as they go, not the chain mail of their armour;

no knight now-a-days sleeps in the open field exposed to the inclemency

of heaven, and in full panoply from head to foot; no one now takes a

nap, as they call it, without drawing his feet out of the stirrups, and

leaning upon his lance, as the knights-errant used to do; no one now,

issuing from the wood, penetrates yonder mountains, and then treads the

barren, lonely shore of the sea—mostly a tempestuous and stormy one—and

finding on the beach a little bark without oars, sail, mast, or

tackling of any kind, in the intrepidity of his heart flings himself

into it and commits himself to the wrathful billows of the deep sea,

that one moment lift him up to heaven and the next plunge him into the

depths; and opposing his breast to the irresistible gale, finds

himself, when he least expects it, three thousand leagues and more away

from the place where he embarked; and leaping ashore in a remote and

unknown land has adventures that deserve to be written, not on

parchment, but on brass. But now sloth triumphs over energy, indolence

over exertion, vice over virtue, arrogance over courage, and theory

over practice in arms, which flourished and shone only in the golden

ages and in knights-errant. For tell me, who was more virtuous and more

valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? Who more discreet than Palmerin

of England? Who more gracious and easy than Tirante el Blanco? Who more

courtly than Lisuarte of Greece? Who more slashed or slashing than Don

Belianis? Who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? Who more ready to face

danger than Felixmarte of Hircania? Who more sincere than Esplandian?

Who more impetuous than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? Who more bold than

Rodamonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who more daring than

Reinaldos? Who more invincible than Roland? and who more gallant and

courteous than Ruggiero, from whom the dukes of Ferrara of the present

day are descended, according to Turpin in his ‘Cosmography.’ All these

knights, and many more that I could name, señor curate, were

knights-errant, the light and glory of chivalry. These, or such as

these, I would have to carry out my plan, and in that case his Majesty

would find himself well served and would save great expense, and the

Turk would be left tearing his beard. And so I will stay where I am, as

the chaplain does not take me away; and if Jupiter, as the barber has

told us, will not send rain, here am I, and I will rain when I please.

I say this that Master Basin may know that I understand him.”

“Indeed, Señor Don Quixote,” said the barber, “I did not mean it in

that way, and, so help me God, my intention was good, and your worship

ought not to be vexed.”

“As to whether I ought to be vexed or not,” returned Don Quixote, “I

myself am the best judge.”

Hereupon the curate observed, “I have hardly said a word as yet; and I

would gladly be relieved of a doubt, arising from what Don Quixote has

said, that worries and works my conscience.”

“The señor curate has leave for more than that,” returned Don Quixote,

“so he may declare his doubt, for it is not pleasant to have a doubt on

one’s conscience.”

“Well then, with that permission,” said the curate, “I say my doubt is

that, all I can do, I cannot persuade myself that the whole pack of

knights-errant you, Señor Don Quixote, have mentioned, were really and

truly persons of flesh and blood, that ever lived in the world; on the

contrary, I suspect it to be all fiction, fable, and falsehood, and

dreams told by men awakened from sleep, or rather still half asleep.”

“That is another mistake,” replied Don Quixote, “into which many have

fallen who do not believe that there ever were such knights in the

world, and I have often, with divers people and on divers occasions,

tried to expose this almost universal error to the light of truth.

Sometimes I have not been successful in my purpose, sometimes I have,

supporting it upon the shoulders of the truth; which truth is so clear

that I can almost say I have with my own eyes seen Amadis of Gaul, who

was a man of lofty stature, fair complexion, with a handsome though

black beard, of a countenance between gentle and stern in expression,

sparing of words, slow to anger, and quick to put it away from him; and

as I have depicted Amadis, so I could, I think, portray and describe

all the knights-errant that are in all the histories in the world; for

by the perception I have that they were what their histories describe,

and by the deeds they did and the dispositions they displayed, it is

possible, with the aid of sound philosophy, to deduce their features,

complexion, and stature.”

“How big, in your worship’s opinion, may the giant Morgante have been,

Señor Don Quixote?” asked the barber.

“With regard to giants,” replied Don Quixote, “opinions differ as to

whether there ever were any or not in the world; but the Holy

Scripture, which cannot err by a jot from the truth, shows us that

there were, when it gives us the history of that big Philistine,

Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half in height, which is a huge

size. Likewise, in the island of Sicily, there have been found

leg-bones and arm-bones so large that their size makes it plain that

their owners were giants, and as tall as great towers; geometry puts

this fact beyond a doubt. But, for all that, I cannot speak with

certainty as to the size of Morgante, though I suspect he cannot have

been very tall; and I am inclined to be of this opinion because I find

in the history in which his deeds are particularly mentioned, that he

frequently slept under a roof and as he found houses to contain him, it

is clear that his bulk could not have been anything excessive.”

“That is true,” said the curate, and yielding to the enjoyment of

hearing such nonsense, he asked him what was his notion of the features

of Reinaldos of Montalban, and Don Roland and the rest of the Twelve

Peers of France, for they were all knights-errant.

“As for Reinaldos,” replied Don Quixote, “I venture to say that he was

broad-faced, of ruddy complexion, with roguish and somewhat prominent

eyes, excessively punctilious and touchy, and given to the society of

thieves and scapegraces. With regard to Roland, or Rotolando, or

Orlando (for the histories call him by all these names), I am of

opinion, and hold, that he was of middle height, broad-shouldered,

rather bow-legged, swarthy-complexioned, red-bearded, with a hairy body

and a severe expression of countenance, a man of few words, but very

polite and well-bred.”

“If Roland was not a more graceful person than your worship has

described,” said the curate, “it is no wonder that the fair Lady

Angelica rejected him and left him for the gaiety, liveliness, and

grace of that budding-bearded little Moor to whom she surrendered

herself; and she showed her sense in falling in love with the gentle

softness of Medoro rather than the roughness of Roland.”

“That Angelica, señor curate,” returned Don Quixote, “was a giddy

damsel, flighty and somewhat wanton, and she left the world as full of

her vagaries as of the fame of her beauty. She treated with scorn a

thousand gentlemen, men of valour and wisdom, and took up with a

smooth-faced sprig of a page, without fortune or fame, except such

reputation for gratitude as the affection he bore his friend got for

him. The great poet who sang her beauty, the famous Ariosto, not caring

to sing her adventures after her contemptible surrender (which probably

were not over and above creditable), dropped her where he says:

How she received the sceptre of Cathay,

Some bard of defter quill may sing some day;

and this was no doubt a kind of prophecy, for poets are also called

\_vates\_, that is to say diviners; and its truth was made plain; for

since then a famous Andalusian poet has lamented and sung her tears,

and another famous and rare poet, a Castilian, has sung her beauty.”

“Tell me, Señor Don Quixote,” said the barber here, “among all those

who praised her, has there been no poet to write a satire on this Lady

Angelica?”

“I can well believe,” replied Don Quixote, “that if Sacripante or

Roland had been poets they would have given the damsel a trimming; for

it is naturally the way with poets who have been scorned and rejected

by their ladies, whether fictitious or not, in short by those whom they

select as the ladies of their thoughts, to avenge themselves in satires

and libels—a vengeance, to be sure, unworthy of generous hearts; but up

to the present I have not heard of any defamatory verse against the

Lady Angelica, who turned the world upside down.”

“Strange,” said the curate; but at this moment they heard the

housekeeper and the niece, who had previously withdrawn from the

conversation, exclaiming aloud in the courtyard, and at the noise they

all ran out.

p01e.jpg (15K)

CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NOTABLE ALTERCATION WHICH SANCHO PANZA HAD WITH DON

QUIXOTE’S NIECE, AND HOUSEKEEPER, TOGETHER WITH OTHER DROLL MATTERS

p02a.jpg (159K)

Full Size

The history relates that the outcry Don Quixote, the curate, and the

barber heard came from the niece and the housekeeper exclaiming to

Sancho, who was striving to force his way in to see Don Quixote while

they held the door against him, “What does the vagabond want in this

house? Be off to your own, brother, for it is you, and no one else,

that delude my master, and lead him astray, and take him tramping about

the country.”

To which Sancho replied, “Devil’s own housekeeper! it is I who am

deluded, and led astray, and taken tramping about the country, and not

thy master! He has carried me all over the world, and you are mightily

mistaken. He enticed me away from home by a trick, promising me an

island, which I am still waiting for.”

“May evil islands choke thee, thou detestable Sancho,” said the niece;

“What are islands? Is it something to eat, glutton and gormandiser that

thou art?”

“It is not something to eat,” replied Sancho, “but something to govern

and rule, and better than four cities or four judgeships at court.”

“For all that,” said the housekeeper, “you don’t enter here, you bag of

mischief and sack of knavery; go govern your house and dig your

seed-patch, and give over looking for islands or shylands.”

The curate and the barber listened with great amusement to the words of

the three; but Don Quixote, uneasy lest Sancho should blab and blurt

out a whole heap of mischievous stupidities, and touch upon points that

might not be altogether to his credit, called to him and made the other

two hold their tongues and let him come in. Sancho entered, and the

curate and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose

recovery they despaired when they saw how wedded he was to his crazy

ideas, and how saturated with the nonsense of his unlucky chivalry; and

said the curate to the barber, “You will see, gossip, that when we are

least thinking of it, our gentleman will be off once more for another

flight.”

“I have no doubt of it,” returned the barber; “but I do not wonder so

much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire,

who has such a firm belief in all that about the island, that I suppose

all the exposures that could be imagined would not get it out of his

head.”

“God help them,” said the curate; “and let us be on the look-out to see

what comes of all these absurdities of the knight and squire, for it

seems as if they had both been cast in the same mould, and the madness

of the master without the simplicity of the man would not be worth a

farthing.”

“That is true,” said the barber, “and I should like very much to know

what the pair are talking about at this moment.”

“I promise you,” said the curate, “the niece or the housekeeper will

tell us by-and-by, for they are not the ones to forget to listen.”

Meanwhile Don Quixote shut himself up in his room with Sancho, and when

they were alone he said to him, “It grieves me greatly, Sancho, that

thou shouldst have said, and sayest, that I took thee out of thy

cottage, when thou knowest I did not remain in my house. We sallied

forth together, we took the road together, we wandered abroad together;

we have had the same fortune and the same luck; if they blanketed thee

once, they belaboured me a hundred times, and that is the only

advantage I have of thee.”

“That was only reasonable,” replied Sancho, “for, by what your worship

says, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant than to their

squires.”

“Thou art mistaken, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “according to the maxim

\_quando caput dolet\_, etc.”

“I don’t understand any language but my own,” said Sancho.

“I mean to say,” said Don Quixote, “that when the head suffers all the

members suffer; and so, being thy lord and master, I am thy head, and

thou a part of me as thou art my servant; and therefore any evil that

affects or shall affect me should give thee pain, and what affects thee

give pain to me.”

“It should be so,” said Sancho; “but when I was blanketed as a member,

my head was on the other side of the wall, looking on while I was

flying through the air, and did not feel any pain whatever; and if the

members are obliged to feel the suffering of the head, it should be

obliged to feel their sufferings.”

“Dost thou mean to say now, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that I did not

feel when they were blanketing thee? If thou dost, thou must not say so

or think so, for I felt more pain then in spirit than thou didst in

body. But let us put that aside for the present, for we shall have

opportunities enough for considering and settling the point; tell me,

Sancho my friend, what do they say about me in the village here? What

do the common people think of me? What do the hidalgos? What do the

caballeros? What do they say of my valour; of my achievements; of my

courtesy? How do they treat the task I have undertaken in reviving and

restoring to the world the now forgotten order of chivalry? In short,

Sancho, I would have thee tell me all that has come to thine ears on

this subject; and thou art to tell me, without adding anything to the

good or taking away anything from the bad; for it is the duty of loyal

vassals to tell the truth to their lords just as it is and in its

proper shape, not allowing flattery to add to it or any idle deference

to lessen it. And I would have thee know, Sancho, that if the naked

truth, undisguised by flattery, came to the ears of princes, times

would be different, and other ages would be reckoned iron ages more

than ours, which I hold to be the golden of these latter days. Profit

by this advice, Sancho, and report to me clearly and faithfully the

truth of what thou knowest touching what I have demanded of thee.”

“That I will do with all my heart, master,” replied Sancho, “provided

your worship will not be vexed at what I say, as you wish me to say it

out in all its nakedness, without putting any more clothes on it than

it came to my knowledge in.”

“I will not be vexed at all,” returned Don Quixote; “thou mayest speak

freely, Sancho, and without any beating about the bush.”

“Well then,” said he, “first of all, I have to tell you that the common

people consider your worship a mighty great madman, and me no less a

fool. The hidalgos say that, not keeping within the bounds of your

quality of gentleman, you have assumed the ‘Don,’ and made a knight of

yourself at a jump, with four vine-stocks and a couple of acres of

land, and never a shirt to your back. The caballeros say they do not

want to have hidalgos setting up in opposition to them, particularly

squire hidalgos who polish their own shoes and darn their black

stockings with green silk.”

“That,” said Don Quixote, “does not apply to me, for I always go well

dressed and never patched; ragged I may be, but ragged more from the

wear and tear of arms than of time.”

“As to your worship’s valour, courtesy, accomplishments, and task,

there is a variety of opinions. Some say, ‘mad but droll;’ others,

‘valiant but unlucky;’ others, ‘courteous but meddling,’ and then they

go into such a number of things that they don’t leave a whole bone

either in your worship or in myself.”

“Recollect, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that wherever virtue exists in

an eminent degree it is persecuted. Few or none of the famous men that

have lived escaped being calumniated by malice. Julius Cæsar, the

boldest, wisest, and bravest of captains, was charged with being

ambitious, and not particularly cleanly in his dress, or pure in his

morals. Of Alexander, whose deeds won him the name of Great, they say

that he was somewhat of a drunkard. Of Hercules, him of the many

labours, it is said that he was lewd and luxurious. Of Don Galaor, the

brother of Amadis of Gaul, it was whispered that he was

over-quarrelsome, and of his brother that he was lachrymose. So that, O

Sancho, amongst all these calumnies against good men, mine may be let

pass, since they are no more than thou hast said.”

“That’s just where it is, body of my father!”

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

“There’s the tail to be skinned yet,” said Sancho; “all so far is cakes

and fancy bread; but if your worship wants to know all about the

calumnies they bring against you, I will fetch you one this instant who

can tell you the whole of them without missing an atom; for last night

the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who has been studying at Salamanca,

came home after having been made a bachelor, and when I went to welcome

him, he told me that your worship’s history is already abroad in books,

with the title of THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA; and

he says they mention me in it by my own name of Sancho Panza, and the

lady Dulcinea del Toboso too, and divers things that happened to us

when we were alone; so that I crossed myself in my wonder how the

historian who wrote them down could have known them.”

“I promise thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the author of our history

will be some sage enchanter; for to such nothing that they choose to

write about is hidden.”

“What!” said Sancho, “a sage and an enchanter! Why, the bachelor Samson

Carrasco (that is the name of him I spoke of) says the author of the

history is called Cide Hamete Berengena.”

“That is a Moorish name,” said Don Quixote.

“May be so,” replied Sancho; “for I have heard say that the Moors are

mostly great lovers of berengenas.”

“Thou must have mistaken the surname of this ‘Cide’—which means in

Arabic ‘Lord’—Sancho,” observed Don Quixote.

“Very likely,” replied Sancho, “but if your worship wishes me to fetch

the bachelor I will go for him in a twinkling.”

“Thou wilt do me a great pleasure, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “for

what thou hast told me has amazed me, and I shall not eat a morsel that

will agree with me until I have heard all about it.”

“Then I am off for him,” said Sancho; and leaving his master he went in

quest of the bachelor, with whom he returned in a short time, and, all

three together, they had a very droll colloquy.

p02e.jpg (23K)

CHAPTER III.

OF THE LAUGHABLE CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO

PANZA, AND THE BACHELOR SAMSON CARRASCO

p03a.jpg (131K)

Full Size

Don Quixote remained very deep in thought, waiting for the bachelor

Carrasco, from whom he was to hear how he himself had been put into a

book as Sancho said; and he could not persuade himself that any such

history could be in existence, for the blood of the enemies he had

slain was not yet dry on the blade of his sword, and now they wanted to

make out that his mighty achievements were going about in print. For

all that, he fancied some sage, either a friend or an enemy, might, by

the aid of magic, have given them to the press; if a friend, in order

to magnify and exalt them above the most famous ever achieved by any

knight-errant; if an enemy, to bring them to naught and degrade them

below the meanest ever recorded of any low squire, though as he said to

himself, the achievements of squires never were recorded. If, however,

it were the fact that such a history were in existence, it must

necessarily, being the story of a knight-errant, be grandiloquent,

lofty, imposing, grand and true. With this he comforted himself

somewhat, though it made him uncomfortable to think that the author was

a Moor, judging by the title of “Cide;” and that no truth was to be

looked for from Moors, as they are all impostors, cheats, and schemers.

He was afraid he might have dealt with his love affairs in some

indecorous fashion, that might tend to the discredit and prejudice of

the purity of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he would have had him set

forth the fidelity and respect he had always observed towards her,

spurning queens, empresses, and damsels of all sorts, and keeping in

check the impetuosity of his natural impulses. Absorbed and wrapped up

in these and divers other cogitations, he was found by Sancho and

Carrasco, whom Don Quixote received with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though he was called Samson, was of no great bodily size,

but he was a very great wag; he was of a sallow complexion, but very

sharp-witted, somewhere about four-and-twenty years of age, with a

round face, a flat nose, and a large mouth, all indications of a

mischievous disposition and a love of fun and jokes; and of this he

gave a sample as soon as he saw Don Quixote, by falling on his knees

before him and saying, “Let me kiss your mightiness’s hand, Señor Don

Quixote of La Mancha, for, by the habit of St. Peter that I wear,

though I have no more than the first four orders, your worship is one

of the most famous knights-errant that have ever been, or will be, all

the world over. A blessing on Cide Hamete Benengeli, who has written

the history of your great deeds, and a double blessing on that

connoisseur who took the trouble of having it translated out of the

Arabic into our Castilian vulgar tongue for the universal entertainment

of the people!”

Don Quixote made him rise, and said, “So, then, it is true that there

is a history of me, and that it was a Moor and a sage who wrote it?”

“So true is it, señor,” said Samson, “that my belief is there are more

than twelve thousand volumes of the said history in print this very

day. Only ask Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been

printed, and moreover there is a report that it is being printed at

Antwerp, and I am persuaded there will not be a country or language in

which there will not be a translation of it.”

“One of the things,” here observed Don Quixote, “that ought to give

most pleasure to a virtuous and eminent man is to find himself in his

lifetime in print and in type, familiar in people’s mouths with a good

name; I say with a good name, for if it be the opposite, then there is

no death to be compared to it.”

“If it goes by good name and fame,” said the bachelor, “your worship

alone bears away the palm from all the knights-errant; for the Moor in

his own language, and the Christian in his, have taken care to set

before us your gallantry, your high courage in encountering dangers,

your fortitude in adversity, your patience under misfortunes as well as

wounds, the purity and continence of the platonic loves of your worship

and my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso—”

“I never heard my lady Dulcinea called Doña,” observed Sancho here;

“nothing more than the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; so here already the

history is wrong.”

“That is not an objection of any importance,” replied Carrasco.

“Certainly not,” said Don Quixote; “but tell me, señor bachelor, what

deeds of mine are they that are made most of in this history?”

“On that point,” replied the bachelor, “opinions differ, as tastes do;

some swear by the adventure of the windmills that your worship took to

be Briareuses and giants; others by that of the fulling mills; one

cries up the description of the two armies that afterwards took the

appearance of two droves of sheep; another that of the dead body on its

way to be buried at Segovia; a third says the liberation of the galley

slaves is the best of all, and a fourth that nothing comes up to the

affair with the Benedictine giants, and the battle with the valiant

Biscayan.”

“Tell me, señor bachelor,” said Sancho at this point, “does the

adventure with the Yanguesans come in, when our good Rocinante went

hankering after dainties?”

“The sage has left nothing in the ink-bottle,” replied Samson; “he

tells all and sets down everything, even to the capers that worthy

Sancho cut in the blanket.”

“I cut no capers in the blanket,” returned Sancho; “in the air I did,

and more of them than I liked.”

“There is no human history in the world, I suppose,” said Don Quixote,

“that has not its ups and downs, but more than others such as deal with

chivalry, for they can never be entirely made up of prosperous

adventures.”

“For all that,” replied the bachelor, “there are those who have read

the history who say they would have been glad if the author had left

out some of the countless cudgellings that were inflicted on Señor Don

Quixote in various encounters.”

“That’s where the truth of the history comes in,” said Sancho.

“At the same time they might fairly have passed them over in silence,”

observed Don Quixote; “for there is no need of recording events which

do not change or affect the truth of a history, if they tend to bring

the hero of it into contempt. Æneas was not in truth and earnest so

pious as Virgil represents him, nor Ulysses so wise as Homer describes

him.”

“That is true,” said Samson; “but it is one thing to write as a poet,

another to write as a historian; the poet may describe or sing things,

not as they were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian has

to write them down, not as they ought to have been, but as they were,

without adding anything to the truth or taking anything from it.”

“Well then,” said Sancho, “if this señor Moor goes in for telling the

truth, no doubt among my master’s drubbings mine are to be found; for

they never took the measure of his worship’s shoulders without doing

the same for my whole body; but I have no right to wonder at that, for,

as my master himself says, the members must share the pain of the

head.”

“You are a sly dog, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “i’ faith, you have no

want of memory when you choose to remember.”

“If I were to try to forget the thwacks they gave me,” said Sancho, “my

weals would not let me, for they are still fresh on my ribs.”

“Hush, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and don’t interrupt the bachelor,

whom I entreat to go on and tell all that is said about me in this

history.”

“And about me,” said Sancho, “for they say, too, that I am one of the

principal presonages in it.”

“Personages, not presonages, friend Sancho,” said Samson.

“What! Another word-catcher!” said Sancho; “if that’s to be the way we

shall not make an end in a lifetime.”

“May God shorten mine, Sancho,” returned the bachelor, “if you are not

the second person in the history, and there are even some who would

rather hear you talk than the cleverest in the whole book; though there

are some, too, who say you showed yourself over-credulous in believing

there was any possibility in the government of that island offered you

by Señor Don Quixote.”

“There is still sunshine on the wall,” said Don Quixote; “and when

Sancho is somewhat more advanced in life, with the experience that

years bring, he will be fitter and better qualified for being a

governor than he is at present.”

“By God, master,” said Sancho, “the island that I cannot govern with

the years I have, I’ll not be able to govern with the years of

Methuselah; the difficulty is that the said island keeps its distance

somewhere, I know not where; and not that there is any want of head in

me to govern it.”

“Leave it to God, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for all will be and

perhaps better than you think; no leaf on the tree stirs but by God’s

will.”

“That is true,” said Samson; “and if it be God’s will, there will not

be any want of a thousand islands, much less one, for Sancho to

govern.”

“I have seen governors in these parts,” said Sancho, “that are not to

be compared to my shoe-sole; and for all that they are called ‘your

lordship’ and served on silver.”

“Those are not governors of islands,” observed Samson, “but of other

governments of an easier kind: those that govern islands must at least

know grammar.”

“I could manage the gram well enough,” said Sancho; “but for the mar I

have neither leaning nor liking, for I don’t know what it is; but

leaving this matter of the government in God’s hands, to send me

wherever it may be most to his service, I may tell you, señor bachelor

Samson Carrasco, it has pleased me beyond measure that the author of

this history should have spoken of me in such a way that what is said

of me gives no offence; for, on the faith of a true squire, if he had

said anything about me that was at all unbecoming an old Christian,

such as I am, the deaf would have heard of it.”

“That would be working miracles,” said Samson.

“Miracles or no miracles,” said Sancho, “let everyone mind how he

speaks or writes about people, and not set down at random the first

thing that comes into his head.”

“One of the faults they find with this history,” said the bachelor, “is

that its author inserted in it a novel called ‘The Ill-advised

Curiosity;’ not that it is bad or ill-told, but that it is out of place

and has nothing to do with the history of his worship Señor Don

Quixote.”

“I will bet the son of a dog has mixed the cabbages and the baskets,”

said Sancho.

“Then, I say,” said Don Quixote, “the author of my history was no sage,

but some ignorant chatterer, who, in a haphazard and heedless way, set

about writing it, let it turn out as it might, just as Orbaneja, the

painter of Úbeda, used to do, who, when they asked him what he was

painting, answered, ‘What it may turn out.’ Sometimes he would paint a

cock in such a fashion, and so unlike, that he had to write alongside

of it in Gothic letters, ‘This is a cock; and so it will be with my

history, which will require a commentary to make it intelligible.”

“No fear of that,” returned Samson, “for it is so plain that there is

nothing in it to puzzle over; the children turn its leaves, the young

people read it, the grown men understand it, the old folk praise it; in

a word, it is so thumbed, and read, and got by heart by people of all

sorts, that the instant they see any lean hack, they say, ‘There goes

Rocinante.’ And those that are most given to reading it are the pages,

for there is not a lord’s ante-chamber where there is not a ‘Don

Quixote’ to be found; one takes it up if another lays it down; this one

pounces upon it, and that begs for it. In short, the said history is

the most delightful and least injurious entertainment that has been

hitherto seen, for there is not to be found in the whole of it even the

semblance of an immodest word, or a thought that is other than

Catholic.”

“To write in any other way,” said Don Quixote, “would not be to write

truth, but falsehood, and historians who have recourse to falsehood

ought to be burned, like those who coin false money; and I know not

what could have led the author to have recourse to novels and

irrelevant stories, when he had so much to write about in mine; no

doubt he must have gone by the proverb ‘with straw or with hay, etc,’

for by merely setting forth my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my lofty

purposes, my enterprises, he might have made a volume as large, or

larger than all the works of El Tostado would make up. In fact, the

conclusion I arrive at, señor bachelor, is, that to write histories, or

books of any kind, there is need of great judgment and a ripe

understanding. To give expression to humour, and write in a strain of

graceful pleasantry, is the gift of great geniuses. The cleverest

character in comedy is the clown, for he who would make people take him

for a fool, must not be one. History is in a measure a sacred thing,

for it should be true, and where the truth is, there God is; but

notwithstanding this, there are some who write and fling books

broadcast on the world as if they were fritters.”

“There is no book so bad but it has something good in it,” said the

bachelor.

“No doubt of that,” replied Don Quixote; “but it often happens that

those who have acquired and attained a well-deserved reputation by

their writings, lose it entirely, or damage it in some degree, when

they give them to the press.”

“The reason of that,” said Samson, “is, that as printed works are

examined leisurely, their faults are easily seen; and the greater the

fame of the writer, the more closely are they scrutinised. Men famous

for their genius, great poets, illustrious historians, are always, or

most commonly, envied by those who take a particular delight and

pleasure in criticising the writings of others, without having produced

any of their own.”

“That is no wonder,” said Don Quixote; “for there are many divines who

are no good for the pulpit, but excellent in detecting the defects or

excesses of those who preach.”

“All that is true, Señor Don Quixote,” said Carrasco; “but I wish such

fault-finders were more lenient and less exacting, and did not pay so

much attention to the spots on the bright sun of the work they grumble

at; for if \_aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus\_, they should remember how

long he remained awake to shed the light of his work with as little

shade as possible; and perhaps it may be that what they find fault with

may be moles, that sometimes heighten the beauty of the face that bears

them; and so I say very great is the risk to which he who prints a book

exposes himself, for of all impossibilities the greatest is to write

one that will satisfy and please all readers.”

“That which treats of me must have pleased few,” said Don Quixote.

“Quite the contrary,” said the bachelor; “for, as \_stultorum infinitum

est numerus\_, innumerable are those who have relished the said history;

but some have brought a charge against the author’s memory, inasmuch as

he forgot to say who the thief was who stole Sancho’s Dapple; for it is

not stated there, but only to be inferred from what is set down, that

he was stolen, and a little farther on we see Sancho mounted on the

same ass, without any reappearance of it. They say, too, that he forgot

to state what Sancho did with those hundred crowns that he found in the

valise in the Sierra Morena, as he never alludes to them again, and

there are many who would be glad to know what he did with them, or what

he spent them on, for it is one of the serious omissions of the work.”

“Señor Samson, I am not in a humour now for going into accounts or

explanations,” said Sancho; “for there’s a sinking of the stomach come

over me, and unless I doctor it with a couple of sups of the old stuff

it will put me on the thorn of Santa Lucia. I have it at home, and my

old woman is waiting for me; after dinner I’ll come back, and will

answer you and all the world every question you may choose to ask, as

well about the loss of the ass as about the spending of the hundred

crowns;” and without another word or waiting for a reply he made off

home.

Don Quixote begged and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance

with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation and remained, a couple

of young pigeons were added to the ordinary fare, at dinner they talked

chivalry, Carrasco fell in with his host’s humour, the banquet came to

an end, they took their afternoon sleep, Sancho returned, and their

conversation was resumed.

p03e.jpg (49K)

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH SANCHO PANZA GIVES A SATISFACTORY REPLY TO THE DOUBTS AND

QUESTIONS OF THE BACHELOR SAMSON CARRASCO, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS

WORTH KNOWING AND TELLING

p04a.jpg (143K)

Full Size

Sancho came back to Don Quixote’s house, and returning to the late

subject of conversation, he said, “As to what Señor Samson said, that

he would like to know by whom, or how, or when my ass was stolen, I say

in reply that the same night we went into the Sierra Morena, flying

from the Holy Brotherhood after that unlucky adventure of the galley

slaves, and the other of the corpse that was going to Segovia, my

master and I ensconced ourselves in a thicket, and there, my master

leaning on his lance, and I seated on my Dapple, battered and weary

with the late frays we fell asleep as if it had been on four feather

mattresses; and I in particular slept so sound, that, whoever he was,

he was able to come and prop me up on four stakes, which he put under

the four corners of the pack-saddle in such a way that he left me

mounted on it, and took away Dapple from under me without my feeling

it.”

p04b.jpg (270K)

Full Size

“That is an easy matter,” said Don Quixote, “and it is no new

occurrence, for the same thing happened to Sacripante at the siege of

Albracca; the famous thief, Brunello, by the same contrivance, took his

horse from between his legs.”

“Day came,” continued Sancho, “and the moment I stirred the stakes gave

way and I fell to the ground with a mighty come down; I looked about

for the ass, but could not see him; the tears rushed to my eyes and I

raised such a lamentation that, if the author of our history has not

put it in, he may depend upon it he has left out a good thing. Some

days after, I know not how many, travelling with her ladyship the

Princess Micomicona, I saw my ass, and mounted upon him, in the dress

of a gipsy, was that Gines de Pasamonte, the great rogue and rascal

that my master and I freed from the chain.”

“That is not where the mistake is,” replied Samson; “it is, that before

the ass has turned up, the author speaks of Sancho as being mounted on

it.”

“I don’t know what to say to that,” said Sancho, “unless that the

historian made a mistake, or perhaps it might be a blunder of the

printer’s.”

“No doubt that’s it,” said Samson; “but what became of the hundred

crowns? Did they vanish?”

To which Sancho answered, “I spent them for my own good, and my wife’s,

and my children’s, and it is they that have made my wife bear so

patiently all my wanderings on highways and byways, in the service of

my master, Don Quixote; for if after all this time I had come back to

the house without a rap and without the ass, it would have been a poor

look-out for me; and if anyone wants to know anything more about me,

here I am, ready to answer the king himself in person; and it is no

affair of anyone’s whether I took or did not take, whether I spent or

did not spend; for the whacks that were given me in these journeys were

to be paid for in money, even if they were valued at no more than four

maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not pay me for half of

them. Let each look to himself and not try to make out white black, and

black white; for each of us is as God made him, aye, and often worse.”

“I will take care,” said Carrasco, “to impress upon the author of the

history that, if he prints it again, he must not forget what worthy

Sancho has said, for it will raise it a good span higher.”

“Is there anything else to correct in the history, señor bachelor?”

asked Don Quixote.

“No doubt there is,” replied he; “but not anything that will be of the

same importance as those I have mentioned.”

“Does the author promise a second part at all?” said Don Quixote.

“He does promise one,” replied Samson; “but he says he has not found

it, nor does he know who has got it; and we cannot say whether it will

appear or not; and so, on that head, as some say that no second part

has ever been good, and others that enough has been already written

about Don Quixote, it is thought there will be no second part; though

some, who are jovial rather than saturnine, say, ‘Let us have more

Quixotades, let Don Quixote charge and Sancho chatter, and no matter

what it may turn out, we shall be satisfied with that.’”

“And what does the author mean to do?” said Don Quixote.

“What?” replied Samson; “why, as soon as he has found the history which

he is now searching for with extraordinary diligence, he will at once

give it to the press, moved more by the profit that may accrue to him

from doing so than by any thought of praise.”

Whereat Sancho observed, “The author looks for money and profit, does

he? It will be a wonder if he succeeds, for it will be only hurry,

hurry, with him, like the tailor on Easter Eve; and works done in a

hurry are never finished as perfectly as they ought to be. Let master

Moor, or whatever he is, pay attention to what he is doing, and I and

my master will give him as much grouting ready to his hand, in the way

of adventures and accidents of all sorts, as would make up not only one

second part, but a hundred. The good man fancies, no doubt, that we are

fast asleep in the straw here, but let him hold up our feet to be shod

and he will see which foot it is we go lame on. All I say is, that if

my master would take my advice, we would be now afield, redressing

outrages and righting wrongs, as is the use and custom of good

knights-errant.”

Sancho had hardly uttered these words when the neighing of Rocinante

fell upon their ears, which neighing Don Quixote accepted as a happy

omen, and he resolved to make another sally in three or four days from

that time. Announcing his intention to the bachelor, he asked his

advice as to the quarter in which he ought to commence his expedition,

and the bachelor replied that in his opinion he ought to go to the

kingdom of Aragon, and the city of Saragossa, where there were to be

certain solemn joustings at the festival of St. George, at which he

might win renown above all the knights of Aragon, which would be

winning it above all the knights of the world. He commended his very

praiseworthy and gallant resolution, but admonished him to proceed with

greater caution in encountering dangers, because his life did not

belong to him, but to all those who had need of him to protect and aid

them in their misfortunes.

“There’s where it is, what I abominate, Señor Samson,” said Sancho

here; “my master will attack a hundred armed men as a greedy boy would

half a dozen melons. Body of the world, señor bachelor! there is a time

to attack and a time to retreat, and it is not to be always ‘Santiago,

and close Spain!’ Moreover, I have heard it said (and I think by my

master himself, if I remember rightly) that the mean of valour lies

between the extremes of cowardice and rashness; and if that be so, I

don’t want him to fly without having good reason, or to attack when the

odds make it better not. But, above all things, I warn my master that

if he is to take me with him it must be on the condition that he is to

do all the fighting, and that I am not to be called upon to do anything

except what concerns keeping him clean and comfortable; in this I will

dance attendance on him readily; but to expect me to draw sword, even

against rascally churls of the hatchet and hood, is idle. I don’t set

up to be a fighting man, Señor Samson, but only the best and most loyal

squire that ever served knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, in

consideration of my many faithful services, is pleased to give me some

island of the many his worship says one may stumble on in these parts,

I will take it as a great favour; and if he does not give it to me, I

was born like everyone else, and a man must not live in dependence on

anyone except God; and what is more, my bread will taste as well, and

perhaps even better, without a government than if I were a governor;

and how do I know but that in these governments the devil may have

prepared some trip for me, to make me lose my footing and fall and

knock my grinders out? Sancho I was born and Sancho I mean to die. But

for all that, if heaven were to make me a fair offer of an island or

something else of the kind, without much trouble and without much risk,

I am not such a fool as to refuse it; for they say, too, ‘when they

offer thee a heifer, run with a halter; and ‘when good luck comes to

thee, take it in.’”

“Brother Sancho,” said Carrasco, “you have spoken like a professor;

but, for all that, put your trust in God and in Señor Don Quixote, for

he will give you a kingdom, not to say an island.”

“It is all the same, be it more or be it less,” replied Sancho; “though

I can tell Señor Carrasco that my master would not throw the kingdom he

might give me into a sack all in holes; for I have felt my own pulse

and I find myself sound enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands; and

I have before now told my master as much.”

“Take care, Sancho,” said Samson; “honours change manners, and perhaps

when you find yourself a governor you won’t know the mother that bore

you.”

“That may hold good of those that are born in the ditches,” said

Sancho, “not of those who have the fat of an old Christian four fingers

deep on their souls, as I have. Nay, only look at my disposition, is

that likely to show ingratitude to anyone?”

“God grant it,” said Don Quixote; “we shall see when the government

comes; and I seem to see it already.”

He then begged the bachelor, if he were a poet, to do him the favour of

composing some verses for him conveying the farewell he meant to take

of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and to see that a letter of her name

was placed at the beginning of each line, so that, at the end of the

verses, “Dulcinea del Toboso” might be read by putting together the

first letters. The bachelor replied that although he was not one of the

famous poets of Spain, who were, they said, only three and a half, he

would not fail to compose the required verses; though he saw a great

difficulty in the task, as the letters which made up the name were

seventeen; so, if he made four ballad stanzas of four lines each, there

would be a letter over, and if he made them of five, what they called

decimas or redondillas, there were three letters short; nevertheless he

would try to drop a letter as well as he could, so that the name

“Dulcinea del Toboso” might be got into four ballad stanzas.

“It must be, by some means or other,” said Don Quixote, “for unless the

name stands there plain and manifest, no woman would believe the verses

were made for her.”

They agreed upon this, and that the departure should take place in

three days from that time. Don Quixote charged the bachelor to keep it

a secret, especially from the curate and Master Nicholas, and from his

niece and the housekeeper, lest they should prevent the execution of

his praiseworthy and valiant purpose. Carrasco promised all, and then

took his leave, charging Don Quixote to inform him of his good or evil

fortunes whenever he had an opportunity; and thus they bade each other

farewell, and Sancho went away to make the necessary preparations for

their expedition.

p04e.jpg (55K)

CHAPTER V.

OF THE SHREWD AND DROLL CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA

AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, AND OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF BEING DULY

RECORDED

p05a.jpg (129K)

Full Size

The translator of this history, when he comes to write this fifth

chapter, says that he considers it apocryphal, because in it Sancho

Panza speaks in a style unlike that which might have been expected from

his limited intelligence, and says things so subtle that he does not

think it possible he could have conceived them; however, desirous of

doing what his task imposed upon him, he was unwilling to leave it

untranslated, and therefore he went on to say:

Sancho came home in such glee and spirits that his wife noticed his

happiness a bowshot off, so much so that it made her ask him, “What

have you got, Sancho friend, that you are so glad?”

To which he replied, “Wife, if it were God’s will, I should be very

glad not to be so well pleased as I show myself.”

“I don’t understand you, husband,” said she, “and I don’t know what you

mean by saying you would be glad, if it were God’s will, not to be well

pleased; for, fool as I am, I don’t know how one can find pleasure in

not having it.”

“Hark ye, Teresa,” replied Sancho, “I am glad because I have made up my

mind to go back to the service of my master Don Quixote, who means to

go out a third time to seek for adventures; and I am going with him

again, for my necessities will have it so, and also the hope that

cheers me with the thought that I may find another hundred crowns like

those we have spent; though it makes me sad to have to leave thee and

the children; and if God would be pleased to let me have my daily

bread, dry-shod and at home, without taking me out into the byways and

cross-roads—and he could do it at small cost by merely willing it—it is

clear my happiness would be more solid and lasting, for the happiness I

have is mingled with sorrow at leaving thee; so that I was right in

saying I would be glad, if it were God’s will, not to be well pleased.”

“Look here, Sancho,” said Teresa; “ever since you joined on to a

knight-errant you talk in such a roundabout way that there is no

understanding you.”

“It is enough that God understands me, wife,” replied Sancho; “for he

is the understander of all things; that will do; but mind, sister, you

must look to Dapple carefully for the next three days, so that he may

be fit to take arms; double his feed, and see to the pack-saddle and

other harness, for it is not to a wedding we are bound, but to go round

the world, and play at give and take with giants and dragons and

monsters, and hear hissings and roarings and bellowings and howlings;

and even all this would be lavender, if we had not to reckon with

Yanguesans and enchanted Moors.”

“I know well enough, husband,” said Teresa, “that squires-errant don’t

eat their bread for nothing, and so I will be always praying to our

Lord to deliver you speedily from all that hard fortune.”

“I can tell you, wife,” said Sancho, “if I did not expect to see myself

governor of an island before long, I would drop down dead on the spot.”

“Nay, then, husband,” said Teresa; “let the hen live, though it be with

her pip, live, and let the devil take all the governments in the world;

you came out of your mother’s womb without a government, you have lived

until now without a government, and when it is God’s will you will go,

or be carried, to your grave without a government. How many there are

in the world who live without a government, and continue to live all

the same, and are reckoned in the number of the people. The best sauce

in the world is hunger, and as the poor are never without that, they

always eat with a relish. But mind, Sancho, if by good luck you should

find yourself with some government, don’t forget me and your children.

Remember that Sanchico is now full fifteen, and it is right he should

go to school, if his uncle the abbot has a mind to have him trained for

the Church. Consider, too, that your daughter Mari-Sancha will not die

of grief if we marry her; for I have my suspicions that she is as eager

to get a husband as you to get a government; and, after all, a daughter

looks better ill married than well whored.”

“By my faith,” replied Sancho, “if God brings me to get any sort of a

government, I intend, wife, to make such a high match for Mari-Sancha

that there will be no approaching her without calling her ‘my lady.”

“Nay, Sancho,” returned Teresa; “marry her to her equal, that is the

safest plan; for if you put her out of wooden clogs into high-heeled

shoes, out of her grey flannel petticoat into hoops and silk gowns, out

of the plain ‘Marica’ and ‘thou,’ into ‘Doña So-and-so’ and ‘my lady,’

the girl won’t know where she is, and at every turn she will fall into

a thousand blunders that will show the thread of her coarse homespun

stuff.”

“Tut, you fool,” said Sancho; “it will be only to practise it for two

or three years; and then dignity and decorum will fit her as easily as

a glove; and if not, what matter? Let her be ‘my lady,’ and never mind

what happens.”

“Keep to your own station, Sancho,” replied Teresa; “don’t try to raise

yourself higher, and bear in mind the proverb that says, ‘wipe the nose

of your neigbbour’s son, and take him into your house.’ A fine thing it

would be, indeed, to marry our Maria to some great count or grand

gentleman, who, when the humour took him, would abuse her and call her

clown-bred and clodhopper’s daughter and spinning wench. I have not

been bringing up my daughter for that all this time, I can tell you,

husband. Do you bring home money, Sancho, and leave marrying her to my

care; there is Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho’s son, a stout, sturdy young

fellow that we know, and I can see he does not look sour at the girl;

and with him, one of our own sort, she will be well married, and we

shall have her always under our eyes, and be all one family, parents

and children, grandchildren and sons-in-law, and the peace and blessing

of God will dwell among us; so don’t you go marrying her in those

courts and grand palaces where they won’t know what to make of her, or

she what to make of herself.”

“Why, you idiot and wife for Barabbas,” said Sancho, “what do you mean

by trying, without why or wherefore, to keep me from marrying my

daughter to one who will give me grandchildren that will be called

‘your lordship’? Look ye, Teresa, I have always heard my elders say

that he who does not know how to take advantage of luck when it comes

to him, has no right to complain if it gives him the go-by; and now

that it is knocking at our door, it will not do to shut it out; let us

go with the favouring breeze that blows upon us.”

It is this sort of talk, and what Sancho says lower down, that made the

translator of the history say he considered this chapter apocryphal.

“Don’t you see, you animal,” continued Sancho, “that it will be well

for me to drop into some profitable government that will lift us out of

the mire, and marry Mari-Sancha to whom I like; and you yourself will

find yourself called ‘Doña Teresa Panza,’ and sitting in church on a

fine carpet and cushions and draperies, in spite and in defiance of all

the born ladies of the town? No, stay as you are, growing neither

greater nor less, like a tapestry figure—Let us say no more about it,

for Sanchica shall be a countess, say what you will.”

“Are you sure of all you say, husband?” replied Teresa. “Well, for all

that, I am afraid this rank of countess for my daughter will be her

ruin. You do as you like, make a duchess or a princess of her, but I

can tell you it will not be with my will and consent. I was always a

lover of equality, brother, and I can’t bear to see people give

themselves airs without any right. They called me Teresa at my baptism,

a plain, simple name, without any additions or tags or fringes of Dons

or Doñas; Cascajo was my father’s name, and as I am your wife, I am

called Teresa Panza, though by right I ought to be called Teresa

Cascajo; but ‘kings go where laws like,’ and I am content with this

name without having the ‘Don’ put on top of it to make it so heavy that

I cannot carry it; and I don’t want to make people talk about me when

they see me go dressed like a countess or governor’s wife; for they

will say at once, ‘See what airs the slut gives herself! Only yesterday

she was always spinning flax, and used to go to mass with the tail of

her petticoat over her head instead of a mantle, and there she goes

to-day in a hooped gown with her broaches and airs, as if we didn’t

know her!’ If God keeps me in my seven senses, or five, or whatever

number I have, I am not going to bring myself to such a pass; go you,

brother, and be a government or an island man, and swagger as much as

you like; for by the soul of my mother, neither my daughter nor I are

going to stir a step from our village; a respectable woman should have

a broken leg and keep at home; and to be busy at something is a

virtuous damsel’s holiday; be off to your adventures along with your

Don Quixote, and leave us to our misadventures, for God will mend them

for us according as we deserve it. I don’t know, I’m sure, who fixed

the ‘Don’ to him, what neither his father nor grandfather ever had.”

“I declare thou hast a devil of some sort in thy body!” said Sancho.

“God help thee, what a lot of things thou hast strung together, one

after the other, without head or tail! What have Cascajo, and the

broaches and the proverbs and the airs, to do with what I say? Look

here, fool and dolt (for so I may call you, when you don’t understand

my words, and run away from good fortune), if I had said that my

daughter was to throw herself down from a tower, or go roaming the

world, as the Infanta Doña Urraca wanted to do, you would be right in

not giving way to my will; but if in an instant, in less than the

twinkling of an eye, I put the ‘Don’ and ‘my lady’ on her back, and

take her out of the stubble, and place her under a canopy, on a dais,

and on a couch, with more velvet cushions than all the Almohades of

Morocco ever had in their family, why won’t you consent and fall in

with my wishes?”

“Do you know why, husband?” replied Teresa; “because of the proverb

that says ‘who covers thee, discovers thee.’ At the poor man people

only throw a hasty glance; on the rich man they fix their eyes; and if

the said rich man was once on a time poor, it is then there is the

sneering and the tattle and spite of backbiters; and in the streets

here they swarm as thick as bees.”

“Look here, Teresa,” said Sancho, “and listen to what I am now going to

say to you; maybe you never heard it in all your life; and I do not

give my own notions, for what I am about to say are the opinions of his

reverence the preacher, who preached in this town last Lent, and who

said, if I remember rightly, that all things present that our eyes

behold, bring themselves before us, and remain and fix themselves on

our memory much better and more forcibly than things past.”

These observations which Sancho makes here are the other ones on

account of which the translator says he regards this chapter as

apocryphal, inasmuch as they are beyond Sancho’s capacity.

“Whence it arises,” he continued, “that when we see any person well

dressed and making a figure with rich garments and retinue of servants,

it seems to lead and impel us perforce to respect him, though memory

may at the same moment recall to us some lowly condition in which we

have seen him, but which, whether it may have been poverty or low

birth, being now a thing of the past, has no existence; while the only

thing that has any existence is what we see before us; and if this

person whom fortune has raised from his original lowly state (these

were the very words the padre used) to his present height of

prosperity, be well bred, generous, courteous to all, without seeking

to vie with those whose nobility is of ancient date, depend upon it,

Teresa, no one will remember what he was, and everyone will respect

what he is, except indeed the envious, from whom no fair fortune is

safe.”

“I do not understand you, husband,” replied Teresa; “do as you like,

and don’t break my head with any more speechifying and rethoric; and if

you have revolved to do what you say—”

“Resolved, you should say, woman,” said Sancho, “not revolved.”

“Don’t set yourself to wrangle with me, husband,” said Teresa; “I speak

as God pleases, and don’t deal in out-of-the-way phrases; and I say if

you are bent upon having a government, take your son Sancho with you,

and teach him from this time on how to hold a government; for sons

ought to inherit and learn the trades of their fathers.”

“As soon as I have the government,” said Sancho, “I will send for him

by post, and I will send thee money, of which I shall have no lack, for

there is never any want of people to lend it to governors when they

have not got it; and do thou dress him so as to hide what he is and

make him look what he is to be.”

“You send the money,” said Teresa, “and I’ll dress him up for you as

fine as you please.”

“Then we are agreed that our daughter is to be a countess,” said

Sancho.

“The day that I see her a countess,” replied Teresa, “it will be the

same to me as if I was burying her; but once more I say do as you

please, for we women are born to this burden of being obedient to our

husbands, though they be dogs;” and with this she began to weep in

earnest, as if she already saw Sanchica dead and buried.

Sancho consoled her by saying that though he must make her a countess,

he would put it off as long as possible. Here their conversation came

to an end, and Sancho went back to see Don Quixote, and make

arrangements for their departure.

p05e.jpg (49K)

Full Size

CHAPTER VI.

OF WHAT TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER;

ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS IN THE WHOLE HISTORY

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While Sancho Panza and his wife, Teresa Cascajo, held the above

irrelevant conversation, Don Quixote’s niece and housekeeper were not

idle, for by a thousand signs they began to perceive that their uncle

and master meant to give them the slip the third time, and once more

betake himself to his, for them, ill-errant chivalry. They strove by

all the means in their power to divert him from such an unlucky scheme;

but it was all preaching in the desert and hammering cold iron.

Nevertheless, among many other representations made to him, the

housekeeper said to him, “In truth, master, if you do not keep still

and stay quiet at home, and give over roaming mountains and valleys

like a troubled spirit, looking for what they say are called

adventures, but what I call misfortunes, I shall have to make complaint

to God and the king with loud supplication to send some remedy.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “What answer God will give to your

complaints, housekeeper, I know not, nor what his Majesty will answer

either; I only know that if I were king I should decline to answer the

numberless silly petitions they present every day; for one of the

greatest among the many troubles kings have is being obliged to listen

to all and answer all, and therefore I should be sorry that any affairs

of mine should worry him.”

Whereupon the housekeeper said, “Tell us, señor, at his Majesty’s court

are there no knights?”

“There are,” replied Don Quixote, “and plenty of them; and it is right

there should be, to set off the dignity of the prince, and for the

greater glory of the king’s majesty.”

“Then might not your worship,” said she, “be one of those that, without

stirring a step, serve their king and lord in his court?”

“Recollect, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “all knights cannot be

courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights-errant, nor need they be.

There must be all sorts in the world; and though we may be all knights,

there is a great difference between one and another; for the courtiers,

without quitting their chambers, or the threshold of the court, range

the world over by looking at a map, without its costing them a

farthing, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst; but we,

the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet,

exposed to the sun, to the cold, to the air, to the inclemencies of

heaven, by day and night, on foot and on horseback; nor do we only know

enemies in pictures, but in their own real shapes; and at all risks and

on all occasions we attack them, without any regard to childish points

or rules of single combat, whether one has or has not a shorter lance

or sword, whether one carries relics or any secret contrivance about

him, whether or not the sun is to be divided and portioned out, and

other niceties of the sort that are observed in set combats of man to

man, that you know nothing about, but I do. And you must know besides,

that the true knight-errant, though he may see ten giants, that not

only touch the clouds with their heads but pierce them, and that go,

each of them, on two tall towers by way of legs, and whose arms are

like the masts of mighty ships, and each eye like a great mill-wheel,

and glowing brighter than a glass furnace, must not on any account be

dismayed by them. On the contrary, he must attack and fall upon them

with a gallant bearing and a fearless heart, and, if possible, vanquish

and destroy them, even though they have for armour the shells of a

certain fish, that they say are harder than diamonds, and in place of

swords wield trenchant blades of Damascus steel, or clubs studded with

spikes also of steel, such as I have more than once seen. All this I

say, housekeeper, that you may see the difference there is between the

one sort of knight and the other; and it would be well if there were no

prince who did not set a higher value on this second, or more properly

speaking first, kind of knights-errant; for, as we read in their

histories, there have been some among them who have been the salvation,

not merely of one kingdom, but of many.”

“Ah, señor,” here exclaimed the niece, “remember that all this you are

saying about knights-errant is fable and fiction; and their histories,

if indeed they were not burned, would deserve, each of them, to have a

sambenito put on it, or some mark by which it might be known as

infamous and a corrupter of good manners.”

“By the God that gives me life,” said Don Quixote, “if thou wert not my

full niece, being daughter of my own sister, I would inflict a

chastisement upon thee for the blasphemy thou hast uttered that all the

world should ring with. What! can it be that a young hussy that hardly

knows how to handle a dozen lace-bobbins dares to wag her tongue and

criticise the histories of knights-errant? What would Señor Amadis say

if he heard of such a thing? He, however, no doubt would forgive thee,

for he was the most humble-minded and courteous knight of his time, and

moreover a great protector of damsels; but some there are that might

have heard thee, and it would not have been well for thee in that case;

for they are not all courteous or mannerly; some are ill-conditioned

scoundrels; nor is it everyone that calls himself a gentleman, that is

so in all respects; some are gold, others pinchbeck, and all look like

gentlemen, but not all can stand the touchstone of truth. There are men

of low rank who strain themselves to bursting to pass for gentlemen,

and high gentlemen who, one would fancy, were dying to pass for men of

low rank; the former raise themselves by their ambition or by their

virtues, the latter debase themselves by their lack of spirit or by

their vices; and one has need of experience and discernment to

distinguish these two kinds of gentlemen, so much alike in name and so

different in conduct.”

“God bless me!” said the niece, “that you should know so much,

uncle—enough, if need be, to get up into a pulpit and go preach in the

streets—and yet that you should fall into a delusion so great and a

folly so manifest as to try to make yourself out vigorous when you are

old, strong when you are sickly, able to put straight what is crooked

when you yourself are bent by age, and, above all, a caballero when you

are not one; for though gentlefolk may be so, poor men are nothing of

the kind!”

“There is a great deal of truth in what you say, niece,” returned Don

Quixote, “and I could tell you somewhat about birth that would astonish

you; but, not to mix up things human and divine, I refrain. Look you,

my dears, all the lineages in the world (attend to what I am saying)

can be reduced to four sorts, which are these: those that had humble

beginnings, and went on spreading and extending themselves until they

attained surpassing greatness; those that had great beginnings and

maintained them, and still maintain and uphold the greatness of their

origin; those, again, that from a great beginning have ended in a point

like a pyramid, having reduced and lessened their original greatness

till it has come to nought, like the point of a pyramid, which,

relatively to its base or foundation, is nothing; and then there are

those—and it is they that are the most numerous—that have had neither

an illustrious beginning nor a remarkable mid-course, and so will have

an end without a name, like an ordinary plebeian line. Of the first,

those that had an humble origin and rose to the greatness they still

preserve, the Ottoman house may serve as an example, which from an

humble and lowly shepherd, its founder, has reached the height at which

we now see it. For examples of the second sort of lineage, that began

with greatness and maintains it still without adding to it, there are

the many princes who have inherited the dignity, and maintain

themselves in their inheritance, without increasing or diminishing it,

keeping peacefully within the limits of their states. Of those that

began great and ended in a point, there are thousands of examples, for

all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, and the

whole herd (if I may apply such a word to them) of countless princes,

monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and barbarians,

all these lineages and lordships have ended in a point and come to

nothing, they themselves as well as their founders, for it would be

impossible now to find one of their descendants, and, even should we

find one, it would be in some lowly and humble condition. Of plebeian

lineages I have nothing to say, save that they merely serve to swell

the number of those that live, without any eminence to entitle them to

any fame or praise beyond this. From all I have said I would have you

gather, my poor innocents, that great is the confusion among lineages,

and that only those are seen to be great and illustrious that show

themselves so by the virtue, wealth, and generosity of their

possessors. I have said virtue, wealth, and generosity, because a great

man who is vicious will be a great example of vice, and a rich man who

is not generous will be merely a miserly beggar; for the possessor of

wealth is not made happy by possessing it, but by spending it, and not

by spending as he pleases, but by knowing how to spend it well. The

poor gentleman has no way of showing that he is a gentleman but by

virtue, by being affable, well-bred, courteous, gentle-mannered, and

kindly, not haughty, arrogant, or censorious, but above all by being

charitable; for by two maravedis given with a cheerful heart to the

poor, he will show himself as generous as he who distributes alms with

bell-ringing, and no one that perceives him to be endowed with the

virtues I have named, even though he know him not, will fail to

recognise and set him down as one of good blood; and it would be

strange were it not so; praise has ever been the reward of virtue, and

those who are virtuous cannot fail to receive commendation. There are

two roads, my daughters, by which men may reach wealth and honours; one

is that of letters, the other that of arms. I have more of arms than of

letters in my composition, and, judging by my inclination to arms, was

born under the influence of the planet Mars. I am, therefore, in a

measure constrained to follow that road, and by it I must travel in

spite of all the world, and it will be labour in vain for you to urge

me to resist what heaven wills, fate ordains, reason requires, and,

above all, my own inclination favours; for knowing as I do the

countless toils that are the accompaniments of knight-errantry, I know,

too, the infinite blessings that are attained by it; I know that the

path of virtue is very narrow, and the road of vice broad and spacious;

I know their ends and goals are different, for the broad and easy road

of vice ends in death, and the narrow and toilsome one of virtue in

life, and not transitory life, but in that which has no end; I know, as

our great Castilian poet says, that-

It is by rugged paths like these they go

That scale the heights of immortality,

Unreached by those that falter here below.”

“Woe is me!” exclaimed the niece, “my lord is a poet, too! He knows

everything, and he can do everything; I will bet, if he chose to turn

mason, he could make a house as easily as a cage.”

“I can tell you, niece,” replied Don Quixote, “if these chivalrous

thoughts did not engage all my faculties, there would be nothing that I

could not do, nor any sort of knickknack that would not come from my

hands, particularly cages and tooth-picks.”

At this moment there came a knocking at the door, and when they asked

who was there, Sancho Panza made answer that it was he. The instant the

housekeeper knew who it was, she ran to hide herself so as not to see

him; in such abhorrence did she hold him. The niece let him in, and his

master Don Quixote came forward to receive him with open arms, and the

pair shut themselves up in his room, where they had another

conversation not inferior to the previous one.

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CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE, TOGETHER WITH OTHER

VERY NOTABLE INCIDENTS

p07a.jpg (140K)

Full Size

The instant the housekeeper saw Sancho Panza shut himself in with her

master, she guessed what they were about; and suspecting that the

result of the consultation would be a resolve to undertake a third

sally, she seized her mantle, and in deep anxiety and distress, ran to

find the bachelor Samson Carrasco, as she thought that, being a

well-spoken man, and a new friend of her master’s, he might be able to

persuade him to give up any such crazy notion. She found him pacing the

patio of his house, and, perspiring and flurried, she fell at his feet

the moment she saw him.

Carrasco, seeing how distressed and overcome she was, said to her,

“What is this, mistress housekeeper? What has happened to you? One

would think you heart-broken.”

“Nothing, Señor Samson,” said she, “only that my master is breaking

out, plainly breaking out.”

“Whereabouts is he breaking out, señora?” asked Samson; “has any part

of his body burst?”

“He is only breaking out at the door of his madness,” she replied; “I

mean, dear señor bachelor, that he is going to break out again (and

this will be the third time) to hunt all over the world for what he

calls ventures, though I can’t make out why he gives them that name.

The first time he was brought back to us slung across the back of an

ass, and belaboured all over; and the second time he came in an

ox-cart, shut up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was

enchanted, and the poor creature was in such a state that the mother

that bore him would not have known him; lean, yellow, with his eyes

sunk deep in the cells of his skull; so that to bring him round again,

ever so little, cost me more than six hundred eggs, as God knows, and

all the world, and my hens too, that won’t let me tell a lie.”

“That I can well believe,” replied the bachelor, “for they are so good

and so fat, and so well-bred, that they would not say one thing for

another, though they were to burst for it. In short then, mistress

housekeeper, that is all, and there is nothing the matter, except what

it is feared Don Quixote may do?”

“No, señor,” said she.

“Well then,” returned the bachelor, “don’t be uneasy, but go home in

peace; get me ready something hot for breakfast, and while you are on

the way say the prayer of Santa Apollonia, that is if you know it; for

I will come presently and you will see miracles.”

“Woe is me,” cried the housekeeper, “is it the prayer of Santa

Apollonia you would have me say? That would do if it was the toothache

my master had; but it is in the brains, what he has got.”

“I know what I am saying, mistress housekeeper; go, and don’t set

yourself to argue with me, for you know I am a bachelor of Salamanca,

and one can’t be more of a bachelor than that,” replied Carrasco; and

with this the housekeeper retired, and the bachelor went to look for

the curate, and arrange with him what will be told in its proper place.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were shut up together, they had a

discussion which the history records with great precision and

scrupulous exactness. Sancho said to his master, “Señor, I have educed

my wife to let me go with your worship wherever you choose to take me.”

“Induced, you should say, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “not educed.”

“Once or twice, as well as I remember,” replied Sancho, “I have begged

of your worship not to mend my words, if so be as you understand what I

mean by them; and if you don’t understand them to say ‘Sancho,’ or

‘devil,’ ‘I don’t understand thee; and if I don’t make my meaning

plain, then you may correct me, for I am so focile—”

“I don’t understand thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote at once; “for I

know not what ‘I am so focile’ means.”

“‘So focile’ means I am so much that way,” replied Sancho.

“I understand thee still less now,” said Don Quixote.

“Well, if you can’t understand me,” said Sancho, “I don’t know how to

put it; I know no more, God help me.”

“Oh, now I have hit it,” said Don Quixote; “thou wouldst say thou art

so docile, tractable, and gentle that thou wilt take what I say to

thee, and submit to what I teach thee.”

“I would bet,” said Sancho, “that from the very first you understood

me, and knew what I meant, but you wanted to put me out that you might

hear me make another couple of dozen blunders.”

“May be so,” replied Don Quixote; “but to come to the point, what does

Teresa say?”

“Teresa says,” replied Sancho, “that I should make sure with your

worship, and ‘let papers speak and beards be still,’ for ‘he who binds

does not wrangle,’ since one ‘take’ is better than two ‘I’ll give

thee’s;’ and I say a woman’s advice is no great thing, and he who won’t

take it is a fool.”

“And so say I,” said Don Quixote; “continue, Sancho my friend; go on;

you talk pearls to-day.”

“The fact is,” continued Sancho, “that, as your worship knows better

than I do, we are all of us liable to death, and to-day we are, and

to-morrow we are not, and the lamb goes as soon as the sheep, and

nobody can promise himself more hours of life in this world than God

may be pleased to give him; for death is deaf, and when it comes to

knock at our life’s door, it is always urgent, and neither prayers, nor

struggles, nor sceptres, nor mitres, can keep it back, as common talk

and report say, and as they tell us from the pulpits every day.”

“All that is very true,” said Don Quixote; “but I cannot make out what

thou art driving at.”

“What I am driving at,” said Sancho, “is that your worship settle some

fixed wages for me, to be paid monthly while I am in your service, and

that the same be paid me out of your estate; for I don’t care to stand

on rewards which either come late, or ill, or never at all; God help me

with my own. In short, I would like to know what I am to get, be it

much or little; for the hen will lay on one egg, and many littles make

a much, and so long as one gains something there is nothing lost. To be

sure, if it should happen (what I neither believe nor expect) that your

worship were to give me that island you have promised me, I am not so

ungrateful nor so grasping but that I would be willing to have the

revenue of such island valued and stopped out of my wages in due

promotion.”

“Sancho, my friend,” replied Don Quixote, “sometimes proportion may be

as good as promotion.”

“I see,” said Sancho; “I’ll bet I ought to have said proportion, and

not promotion; but it is no matter, as your worship has understood me.”

“And so well understood,” returned Don Quixote, “that I have seen into

the depths of thy thoughts, and know the mark thou art shooting at with

the countless shafts of thy proverbs. Look here, Sancho, I would

readily fix thy wages if I had ever found any instance in the histories

of the knights-errant to show or indicate, by the slightest hint, what

their squires used to get monthly or yearly; but I have read all or the

best part of their histories, and I cannot remember reading of any

knight-errant having assigned fixed wages to his squire; I only know

that they all served on reward, and that when they least expected it,

if good luck attended their masters, they found themselves recompensed

with an island or something equivalent to it, or at the least they were

left with a title and lordship. If with these hopes and additional

inducements you, Sancho, please to return to my service, well and good;

but to suppose that I am going to disturb or unhinge the ancient usage

of knight-errantry, is all nonsense. And so, my Sancho, get you back to

your house and explain my intentions to your Teresa, and if she likes

and you like to be on reward with me, \_bene quidem;\_ if not, we remain

friends; for if the pigeon-house does not lack food, it will not lack

pigeons; and bear in mind, my son, that a good hope is better than a

bad holding, and a good grievance better than a bad compensation. I

speak in this way, Sancho, to show you that I can shower down proverbs

just as well as yourself; and in short, I mean to say, and I do say,

that if you don’t like to come on reward with me, and run the same

chance that I run, God be with you and make a saint of you; for I shall

find plenty of squires more obedient and painstaking, and not so

thickheaded or talkative as you are.”

When Sancho heard his master’s firm, resolute language, a cloud came

over the sky with him and the wings of his heart drooped, for he had

made sure that his master would not go without him for all the wealth

of the world; and as he stood there dumbfoundered and moody, Samson

Carrasco came in with the housekeeper and niece, who were anxious to

hear by what arguments he was about to dissuade their master from going

to seek adventures. The arch wag Samson came forward, and embracing him

as he had done before, said with a loud voice, “O flower of

knight-errantry! O shining light of arms! O honour and mirror of the

Spanish nation! may God Almighty in his infinite power grant that any

person or persons, who would impede or hinder thy third sally, may find

no way out of the labyrinth of their schemes, nor ever accomplish what

they most desire!” And then, turning to the housekeeper, he said,

“Mistress housekeeper may just as well give over saying the prayer of

Santa Apollonia, for I know it is the positive determination of the

spheres that Señor Don Quixote shall proceed to put into execution his

new and lofty designs; and I should lay a heavy burden on my conscience

did I not urge and persuade this knight not to keep the might of his

strong arm and the virtue of his valiant spirit any longer curbed and

checked, for by his inactivity he is defrauding the world of the

redress of wrongs, of the protection of orphans, of the honour of

virgins, of the aid of widows, and of the support of wives, and other

matters of this kind appertaining, belonging, proper and peculiar to

the order of knight-errantry. On, then, my lord Don Quixote, beautiful

and brave, let your worship and highness set out to-day rather than

to-morrow; and if anything be needed for the execution of your purpose,

here am I ready in person and purse to supply the want; and were it

requisite to attend your magnificence as squire, I should esteem it the

happiest good fortune.”

At this, Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, said, “Did I not tell thee,

Sancho, there would be squires enough and to spare for me? See now who

offers to become one; no less than the illustrious bachelor Samson

Carrasco, the perpetual joy and delight of the courts of the Salamancan

schools, sound in body, discreet, patient under heat or cold, hunger or

thirst, with all the qualifications requisite to make a knight-errant’s

squire! But heaven forbid that, to gratify my own inclination, I should

shake or shatter this pillar of letters and vessel of the sciences, and

cut down this towering palm of the fair and liberal arts. Let this new

Samson remain in his own country, and, bringing honour to it, bring

honour at the same time on the grey heads of his venerable parents; for

I will be content with any squire that comes to hand, as Sancho does

not deign to accompany me.”

“I do deign,” said Sancho, deeply moved and with tears in his eyes; “it

shall not be said of me, master mine,” he continued, “‘the bread eaten

and the company dispersed.’ Nay, I come of no ungrateful stock, for all

the world knows, but particularly my own town, who the Panzas from whom

I am descended were; and, what is more, I know and have learned, by

many good words and deeds, your worship’s desire to show me favour; and

if I have been bargaining more or less about my wages, it was only to

please my wife, who, when she sets herself to press a point, no hammer

drives the hoops of a cask as she drives one to do what she wants; but,

after all, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and as I am a man

anyhow, which I can’t deny, I will be one in my own house too, let who

will take it amiss; and so there’s nothing more to do but for your

worship to make your will with its codicil in such a way that it can’t

be provoked, and let us set out at once, to save Señor Samson’s soul

from suffering, as he says his conscience obliges him to persuade your

worship to sally out upon the world a third time; so I offer again to

serve your worship faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all

the squires that served knights-errant in times past or present.”

The bachelor was filled with amazement when he heard Sancho’s

phraseology and style of talk, for though he had read the first part of

his master’s history he never thought that he could be so droll as he

was there described; but now, hearing him talk of a “will and codicil

that could not be provoked,” instead of “will and codicil that could

not be revoked,” he believed all he had read of him, and set him down

as one of the greatest simpletons of modern times; and he said to

himself that two such lunatics as master and man the world had never

seen. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho embraced one another and made

friends, and by the advice and with the approval of the great Carrasco,

who was now their oracle, it was arranged that their departure should

take place three days thence, by which time they could have all that

was requisite for the journey ready, and procure a closed helmet, which

Don Quixote said he must by all means take. Samson offered him one, as

he knew a friend of his who had it would not refuse it to him, though

it was more dingy with rust and mildew than bright and clean like

burnished steel.

The curses which both housekeeper and niece poured out on the bachelor

were past counting; they tore their hair, they clawed their faces, and

in the style of the hired mourners that were once in fashion, they

raised a lamentation over the departure of their master and uncle, as

if it had been his death. Samson’s intention in persuading him to sally

forth once more was to do what the history relates farther on; all by

the advice of the curate and barber, with whom he had previously

discussed the subject. Finally, then, during those three days, Don

Quixote and Sancho provided themselves with what they considered

necessary, and Sancho having pacified his wife, and Don Quixote his

niece and housekeeper, at nightfall, unseen by anyone except the

bachelor, who thought fit to accompany them half a league out of the

village, they set out for El Toboso, Don Quixote on his good Rocinante

and Sancho on his old Dapple, his alforjas furnished with certain

matters in the way of victuals, and his purse with money that Don

Quixote gave him to meet emergencies. Samson embraced him, and

entreated him to let him hear of his good or evil fortunes, so that he

might rejoice over the former or condole with him over the latter, as

the laws of friendship required. Don Quixote promised him he would do

so, and Samson returned to the village, and the other two took the road

for the great city of El Toboso.

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CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE ON HIS WAY TO SEE HIS LADY

DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

p08a.jpg (65K)

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“Blessed be Allah the all-powerful!” says Hamete Benengeli on beginning

this eighth chapter; “blessed be Allah!” he repeats three times; and he

says he utters these thanksgivings at seeing that he has now got Don

Quixote and Sancho fairly afield, and that the readers of his

delightful history may reckon that the achievements and humours of Don

Quixote and his squire are now about to begin; and he urges them to

forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman and to fix

their eyes on those that are to come, which now begin on the road to El

Toboso, as the others began on the plains of Montiel; nor is it much

that he asks in consideration of all he promises, and so he goes on to

say:

Don Quixote and Sancho were left alone, and the moment Samson took his

departure, Rocinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh, which, by both

knight and squire, was accepted as a good sign and a very happy omen;

though, if the truth is to be told, the sighs and brays of Dapple were

louder than the neighings of the hack, from which Sancho inferred that

his good fortune was to exceed and overtop that of his master,

building, perhaps, upon some judicial astrology that he may have known,

though the history says nothing about it; all that can be said is, that

when he stumbled or fell, he was heard to say he wished he had not come

out, for by stumbling or falling there was nothing to be got but a

damaged shoe or a broken rib; and, fool as he was, he was not much

astray in this.

Said Don Quixote, “Sancho, my friend, night is drawing on upon us as we

go, and more darkly than will allow us to reach El Toboso by daylight;

for there I am resolved to go before I engage in another adventure, and

there I shall obtain the blessing and generous permission of the

peerless Dulcinea, with which permission I expect and feel assured that

I shall conclude and bring to a happy termination every perilous

adventure; for nothing in life makes knights-errant more valorous than

finding themselves favoured by their ladies.”

p08b.jpg (283K)

Full Size

“So I believe,” replied Sancho; “but I think it will be difficult for

your worship to speak with her or see her, at any rate where you will

be able to receive her blessing; unless, indeed, she throws it over the

wall of the yard where I saw her the time before, when I took her the

letter that told of the follies and mad things your worship was doing

in the heart of Sierra Morena.”

“Didst thou take that for a yard wall, Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“where or at which thou sawest that never sufficiently extolled grace

and beauty? It must have been the gallery, corridor, or portico of some

rich and royal palace.”

“It might have been all that,” returned Sancho, “but to me it looked

like a wall, unless I am short of memory.”

“At all events, let us go there, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for, so

that I see her, it is the same to me whether it be over a wall, or at a

window, or through the chink of a door, or the grate of a garden; for

any beam of the sun of her beauty that reaches my eyes will give light

to my reason and strength to my heart, so that I shall be unmatched and

unequalled in wisdom and valour.”

“Well, to tell the truth, señor,” said Sancho, “when I saw that sun of

the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not bright enough to throw out

beams at all; it must have been, that as her grace was sifting that

wheat I told you of, the thick dust she raised came before her face

like a cloud and dimmed it.”

“What! dost thou still persist, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “in saying,

thinking, believing, and maintaining that my lady Dulcinea was sifting

wheat, that being an occupation and task entirely at variance with what

is and should be the employment of persons of distinction, who are

constituted and reserved for other avocations and pursuits that show

their rank a bowshot off? Thou hast forgotten, O Sancho, those lines of

our poet wherein he paints for us how, in their crystal abodes, those

four nymphs employed themselves who rose from their loved Tagus and

seated themselves in a verdant meadow to embroider those tissues which

the ingenious poet there describes to us, how they were worked and

woven with gold and silk and pearls; and something of this sort must

have been the employment of my lady when thou sawest her, only that the

spite which some wicked enchanter seems to have against everything of

mine changes all those things that give me pleasure, and turns them

into shapes unlike their own; and so I fear that in that history of my

achievements which they say is now in print, if haply its author was

some sage who is an enemy of mine, he will have put one thing for

another, mingling a thousand lies with one truth, and amusing himself

by relating transactions which have nothing to do with the sequence of

a true history. O envy, root of all countless evils, and cankerworm of

the virtues! All the vices, Sancho, bring some kind of pleasure with

them; but envy brings nothing but irritation, bitterness, and rage.”

“So I say too,” replied Sancho; “and I suspect in that legend or

history of us that the bachelor Samson Carrasco told us he saw, my

honour goes dragged in the dirt, knocked about, up and down, sweeping

the streets, as they say. And yet, on the faith of an honest man, I

never spoke ill of any enchanter, and I am not so well off that I am to

be envied; to be sure, I am rather sly, and I have a certain spice of

the rogue in me; but all is covered by the great cloak of my

simplicity, always natural and never acted; and if I had no other merit

save that I believe, as I always do, firmly and truly in God, and all

the holy Roman Catholic Church holds and believes, and that I am a

mortal enemy of the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy on me and

treat me well in their writings. But let them say what they like; naked

was I born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor gain; nay, while I

see myself put into a book and passed on from hand to hand over the

world, I don’t care a fig, let them say what they like of me.”

“That, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “reminds me of what happened to a

famous poet of our own day, who, having written a bitter satire against

all the courtesan ladies, did not insert or name in it a certain lady

of whom it was questionable whether she was one or not. She, seeing she

was not in the list of the poet, asked him what he had seen in her that

he did not include her in the number of the others, telling him he must

add to his satire and put her in the new part, or else look out for the

consequences. The poet did as she bade him, and left her without a

shred of reputation, and she was satisfied by getting fame though it

was infamy. In keeping with this is what they relate of that shepherd

who set fire to the famous temple of Diana, by repute one of the seven

wonders of the world, and burned it with the sole object of making his

name live in after ages; and, though it was forbidden to name him, or

mention his name by word of mouth or in writing, lest the object of his

ambition should be attained, nevertheless it became known that he was

called Erostratus. And something of the same sort is what happened in

the case of the great emperor Charles V. and a gentleman in Rome. The

emperor was anxious to see that famous temple of the Rotunda, called in

ancient times the temple ‘of all the gods,’ but now-a-days, by a better

nomenclature, ‘of all the saints,’ which is the best preserved building

of all those of pagan construction in Rome, and the one which best

sustains the reputation of mighty works and magnificence of its

founders. It is in the form of a half orange, of enormous dimensions,

and well lighted, though no light penetrates it save that which is

admitted by a window, or rather round skylight, at the top; and it was

from this that the emperor examined the building. A Roman gentleman

stood by his side and explained to him the skilful construction and

ingenuity of the vast fabric and its wonderful architecture, and when

they had left the skylight he said to the emperor, ‘A thousand times,

your Sacred Majesty, the impulse came upon me to seize your Majesty in

my arms and fling myself down from yonder skylight, so as to leave

behind me in the world a name that would last for ever.’ ‘I am thankful

to you for not carrying such an evil thought into effect,’ said the

emperor, ‘and I shall give you no opportunity in future of again

putting your loyalty to the test; and I therefore forbid you ever to

speak to me or to be where I am; and he followed up these words by

bestowing a liberal bounty upon him. My meaning is, Sancho, that the

desire of acquiring fame is a very powerful motive. What, thinkest

thou, was it that flung Horatius in full armour down from the bridge

into the depths of the Tiber? What burned the hand and arm of Mutius?

What impelled Curtius to plunge into the deep burning gulf that opened

in the midst of Rome? What, in opposition to all the omens that

declared against him, made Julius Cæsar cross the Rubicon? And to come

to more modern examples, what scuttled the ships, and left stranded and

cut off the gallant Spaniards under the command of the most courteous

Cortés in the New World? All these and a variety of other great

exploits are, were and will be, the work of fame that mortals desire as

a reward and a portion of the immortality their famous deeds deserve;

though we Catholic Christians and knights-errant look more to that

future glory that is everlasting in the ethereal regions of heaven than

to the vanity of the fame that is to be acquired in this present

transitory life; a fame that, however long it may last, must after all

end with the world itself, which has its own appointed end. So that, O

Sancho, in what we do we must not overpass the bounds which the

Christian religion we profess has assigned to us. We have to slay pride

in giants, envy by generosity and nobleness of heart, anger by calmness

of demeanour and equanimity, gluttony and sloth by the spareness of our

diet and the length of our vigils, lust and lewdness by the loyalty we

preserve to those whom we have made the mistresses of our thoughts,

indolence by traversing the world in all directions seeking

opportunities of making ourselves, besides Christians, famous knights.

Such, Sancho, are the means by which we reach those extremes of praise

that fair fame carries with it.”

“All that your worship has said so far,” said Sancho, “I have

understood quite well; but still I would be glad if your worship would

dissolve a doubt for me, which has just this minute come into my mind.”

“Solve, thou meanest, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “say on, in God’s

name, and I will answer as well as I can.”

“Tell me, señor,” Sancho went on to say, “those Julys or Augusts, and

all those venturous knights that you say are now dead—where are they

now?”

“The heathens,” replied Don Quixote, “are, no doubt, in hell; the

Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory or in

heaven.”

“Very good,” said Sancho; “but now I want to know—the tombs where the

bodies of those great lords are, have they silver lamps before them, or

are the walls of their chapels ornamented with crutches,

winding-sheets, tresses of hair, legs and eyes in wax? Or what are they

ornamented with?”

To which Don Quixote made answer: “The tombs of the heathens were

generally sumptuous temples; the ashes of Julius Cæsar’s body were

placed on the top of a stone pyramid of vast size, which they now call

in Rome Saint Peter’s needle. The emperor Hadrian had for a tomb a

castle as large as a good-sized village, which they called the \_Moles

Adriani\_, and is now the castle of St. Angelo in Rome. The queen

Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb which was reckoned one

of the seven wonders of the world; but none of these tombs, or of the

many others of the heathens, were ornamented with winding-sheets or any

of those other offerings and tokens that show that they who are buried

there are saints.”

“That’s the point I’m coming to,” said Sancho; “and now tell me, which

is the greater work, to bring a dead man to life or to kill a giant?”

“The answer is easy,” replied Don Quixote; “it is a greater work to

bring to life a dead man.”

“Now I have got you,” said Sancho; “in that case the fame of them who

bring the dead to life, who give sight to the blind, cure cripples,

restore health to the sick, and before whose tombs there are lamps

burning, and whose chapels are filled with devout folk on their knees

adoring their relics be a better fame in this life and in the other

than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant that have

ever been in the world have left or may leave behind them?”

“That I grant, too,” said Don Quixote.

“Then this fame, these favours, these privileges, or whatever you call

it,” said Sancho, “belong to the bodies and relics of the saints who,

with the approbation and permission of our holy mother Church, have

lamps, tapers, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, eyes and legs, by

means of which they increase devotion and add to their own Christian

reputation. Kings carry the bodies or relics of saints on their

shoulders, and kiss bits of their bones, and enrich and adorn their

oratories and favourite altars with them.”

“What wouldst thou have me infer from all thou hast said, Sancho?”

asked Don Quixote.

“My meaning is,” said Sancho, “let us set about becoming saints, and we

shall obtain more quickly the fair fame we are striving after; for you

know, señor, yesterday or the day before yesterday (for it is so lately

one may say so) they canonised and beatified two little barefoot

friars, and it is now reckoned the greatest good luck to kiss or touch

the iron chains with which they girt and tortured their bodies, and

they are held in greater veneration, so it is said, than the sword of

Roland in the armoury of our lord the King, whom God preserve. So that,

señor, it is better to be an humble little friar of no matter what

order, than a valiant knight-errant; with God a couple of dozen of

penance lashings are of more avail than two thousand lance-thrusts, be

they given to giants, or monsters, or dragons.”

“All that is true,” returned Don Quixote, “but we cannot all be friars,

and many are the ways by which God takes his own to heaven; chivalry is

a religion, there are sainted knights in glory.”

“Yes,” said Sancho, “but I have heard say that there are more friars in

heaven than knights-errant.”

“That,” said Don Quixote, “is because those in religious orders are

more numerous than knights.”

“The errants are many,” said Sancho.

“Many,” replied Don Quixote, “but few they who deserve the name of

knights.”

With these, and other discussions of the same sort, they passed that

night and the following day, without anything worth mention happening

to them, whereat Don Quixote was not a little dejected; but at length

the next day, at daybreak, they descried the great city of El Toboso,

at the sight of which Don Quixote’s spirits rose and Sancho’s fell, for

he did not know Dulcinea’s house, nor in all his life had he ever seen

her, any more than his master; so that they were both uneasy, the one

to see her, the other at not having seen her, and Sancho was at a loss

to know what he was to do when his master sent him to El Toboso. In the

end, Don Quixote made up his mind to enter the city at nightfall, and

they waited until the time came among some oak trees that were near El

Toboso; and when the moment they had agreed upon arrived, they made

their entrance into the city, where something happened them that may

fairly be called something.

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CHAPTER IX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT WILL BE SEEN THERE

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’Twas at the very midnight hour—more or less—when Don Quixote and

Sancho quitted the wood and entered El Toboso. The town was in deep

silence, for all the inhabitants were asleep, and stretched on the

broad of their backs, as the saying is. The night was darkish, though

Sancho would have been glad had it been quite dark, so as to find in

the darkness an excuse for his blundering. All over the place nothing

was to be heard except the barking of dogs, which deafened the ears of

Don Quixote and troubled the heart of Sancho. Now and then an ass

brayed, pigs grunted, cats mewed, and the various noises they made

seemed louder in the silence of the night; all which the enamoured

knight took to be of evil omen; nevertheless he said to Sancho,

“Sancho, my son, lead on to the palace of Dulcinea, it may be that we

shall find her awake.”

“Body of the sun! what palace am I to lead to,” said Sancho, “when what

I saw her highness in was only a very little house?”

“Most likely she had then withdrawn into some small apartment of her

palace,” said Don Quixote, “to amuse herself with damsels, as great

ladies and princesses are accustomed to do.”

“Señor,” said Sancho, “if your worship will have it in spite of me that

the house of my lady Dulcinea is a palace, is this an hour, think you,

to find the door open; and will it be right for us to go knocking till

they hear us and open the door; making a disturbance and confusion all

through the household? Are we going, do you fancy, to the house of our

wenches, like gallants who come and knock and go in at any hour,

however late it may be?”

“Let us first of all find out the palace for certain,” replied Don

Quixote, “and then I will tell thee, Sancho, what we had best do; but

look, Sancho, for either I see badly, or that dark mass that one sees

from here should be Dulcinea’s palace.”

“Then let your worship lead the way,” said Sancho, “perhaps it may be

so; though I see it with my eyes and touch it with my hands, I’ll

believe it as much as I believe it is daylight now.”

Don Quixote took the lead, and having gone a matter of two hundred

paces he came upon the mass that produced the shade, and found it was a

great tower, and then he perceived that the building in question was no

palace, but the chief church of the town, and said he, “It’s the church

we have lit upon, Sancho.”

“So I see,” said Sancho, “and God grant we may not light upon our

graves; it is no good sign to find oneself wandering in a graveyard at

this time of night; and that, after my telling your worship, if I don’t

mistake, that the house of this lady will be in an alley without an

outlet.”

“The curse of God on thee for a blockhead!” said Don Quixote; “where

hast thou ever heard of castles and royal palaces being built in alleys

without an outlet?”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “every country has a way of its own; perhaps

here in El Toboso it is the way to build palaces and grand buildings in

alleys; so I entreat your worship to let me search about among these

streets or alleys before me, and perhaps, in some corner or other, I

may stumble on this palace—and I wish I saw the dogs eating it for

leading us such a dance.”

“Speak respectfully of what belongs to my lady, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote; “let us keep the feast in peace, and not throw the rope after

the bucket.”

“I’ll hold my tongue,” said Sancho, “but how am I to take it patiently

when your worship wants me, with only once seeing the house of our

mistress, to know 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 to desperation, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “Look

here, heretic, have I not told thee a thousand times that I have never

once in my life seen the peerless Dulcinea or crossed the threshold of

her palace, and that I am enamoured solely by hearsay and by the great

reputation she bears for beauty and discretion?”

“I hear it now,” returned Sancho; “and I may tell you that if you have

not seen her, no more have I.”

“That cannot be,” said Don Quixote, “for, at any rate, thou saidst, on

bringing back the answer to the letter I sent by thee, that thou sawest

her sifting wheat.”

“Don’t mind that, señor,” said Sancho; “I must tell you that my seeing

her and the answer I brought you back were by hearsay too, for I can no

more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I can hit the sky.”

“Sancho, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “there are times for jests and

times when jests are out of place; if I tell thee that I have neither

seen nor spoken to the lady of my heart, it is no reason why thou

shouldst say thou hast not spoken to her or seen her, when the contrary

is the case, as thou well knowest.”

While the two were engaged in this conversation, they perceived someone

with a pair of mules approaching the spot where they stood, and from

the noise the plough made, as it dragged along the ground, they guessed

him to be some labourer who had got up before daybreak to go to his

work, and so it proved to be. He came along singing the ballad that

says-

Ill did ye fare, ye men of France,

In Roncesvalles chase-

“May I die, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, when he heard him, “if any good

will come to us to-night! Dost thou not hear what that clown is

singing?”

“I do,” said Sancho, “but what has Roncesvalles chase to do with what

we have in hand? He might just as well be singing the ballad of

Calainos, for any good or ill that can come to us in our business.”

By this time the labourer had come up, and Don Quixote asked him, “Can

you tell me, worthy friend, and God speed you, whereabouts here is the

palace of the peerless princess Doña Dulcinea del Toboso?”

“Señor,” replied the lad, “I am a stranger, and I have been only a few

days in the town, doing farm work for a rich farmer. In that house

opposite there live the curate of the village and the sacristan, and

both or either of them will be able to give your worship some account

of this lady princess, for they have a list of all the people of El

Toboso; though it is my belief there is not a princess living in the

whole of it; many ladies there are, of quality, and in her own house

each of them may be a princess.”

“Well, then, she I am inquiring for will be one of these, my friend,”

said Don Quixote.

“May be so,” replied the lad; “God be with you, for here comes the

daylight;” and without waiting for any more of his questions, he

whipped on his mules.

Sancho, seeing his master downcast and somewhat dissatisfied, said to

him, “Señor, daylight will be here before long, and it will not do for

us to let the sun find us in the street; it will be better for us to

quit the city, and for your worship to hide in some forest in the

neighbourhood, and I will come back in the daytime, and I won’t leave a

nook or corner of the whole village that I won’t search for the house,

castle, or palace, of my lady, and it will be hard luck for me if I

don’t find it; and as soon as I have found it I will speak to her

grace, and tell her where and how your worship is waiting for her to

arrange some plan for you to see her without any damage to her honour

and reputation.”

“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou hast delivered a thousand sentences

condensed in the compass of a few words; I thank thee for the advice

thou hast given me, and take it most gladly. Come, my son, let us go

look for some place where I may hide, while thou dost return, as thou

sayest, to seek, and speak with my lady, from whose discretion and

courtesy I look for favours more than miraculous.”

Sancho was in a fever to get his master out of the town, lest he should

discover the falsehood of the reply he had brought to him in the Sierra

Morena on behalf of Dulcinea; so he hastened their departure, which

they took at once, and two miles out of the village they found a forest

or thicket wherein Don Quixote ensconced himself, while Sancho returned

to the city to speak to Dulcinea, in which embassy things befell him

which demand fresh attention and a new chapter.

p09e.jpg (34K)

CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE CRAFTY DEVICE SANCHO ADOPTED TO ENCHANT THE LADY

DULCINEA, AND OTHER INCIDENTS AS LUDICROUS AS THEY ARE TRUE

p10a.jpg (142K)

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When the author of this great history comes to relate what is set down

in this chapter he says he would have preferred to pass it over in

silence, fearing it would not be believed, because here Don Quixote’s

madness reaches the confines of the greatest that can be conceived, and

even goes a couple of bowshots beyond the greatest. But after all,

though still under the same fear and apprehension, he has recorded it

without adding to the story or leaving out a particle of the truth, and

entirely disregarding the charges of falsehood that might be brought

against him; and he was right, for the truth may run fine but will not

break, and always rises above falsehood as oil above water; and so,

going on with his story, he says that as soon as Don Quixote had

ensconced himself in the forest, oak grove, or wood near El Toboso, he

bade Sancho return to the city, and not come into his presence again

without having first spoken on his behalf to his lady, and begged of

her that it might be her good pleasure to permit herself to be seen by

her enslaved knight, and deign to bestow her blessing upon him, so that

he might thereby hope for a happy issue in all his encounters and

difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to execute the task according

to the instructions, and to bring back an answer as good as the one he

brought back before.

“Go, my son,” said Don Quixote, “and be not dazed when thou findest

thyself exposed to the light of that sun of beauty thou art going to

seek. Happy thou, above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and

let it not escape thy memory, how she receives thee; if she changes

colour while thou art giving her my message; if she is agitated and

disturbed at hearing my name; if she cannot rest upon her cushion,

shouldst thou haply find her seated in the sumptuous state chamber

proper to her rank; and should she be standing, observe if she poises

herself now on one foot, now on the other; if she repeats two or three

times the reply she gives thee; if she passes from gentleness to

austerity, from asperity to tenderness; if she raises her hand to

smooth her hair though it be not disarranged. In short, my son, observe

all her actions and motions, for if thou wilt report them to me as they

were, I will gather what she hides in the recesses of her heart as

regards my love; for I would have thee know, Sancho, if thou knowest it

not, that with lovers the outward actions and motions they give way to

when their loves are in question are the faithful messengers that carry

the news of what is going on in the depths of their hearts. Go, my

friend, may better fortune than mine attend thee, and bring thee a

happier issue than that which I await in dread in this dreary

solitude.”

“I will go and return quickly,” said Sancho; “cheer up that little

heart of yours, master mine, for at the present moment you seem to have

got one no bigger than a hazel nut; remember what they say, that a

stout heart breaks bad luck, and that where there are no fletches there

are no pegs; and moreover they say, the hare jumps up where it’s not

looked for. I say this because, if we could not find my lady’s palaces

or castles to-night, now that it is daylight I count upon finding them

when I least expect it, and once found, leave it to me to manage her.”

“Verily, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou dost always bring in thy

proverbs happily, whatever we deal with; may God give me better luck in

what I am anxious about.”

With this, Sancho wheeled about and gave Dapple the stick, and Don

Quixote remained behind, seated on his horse, resting in his stirrups

and leaning on the end of his lance, filled with sad and troubled

forebodings; and there we will leave him, and accompany Sancho, who

went off no less serious and troubled than he left his master; so much

so, that as soon as he had got out of the thicket, and looking round

saw that Don Quixote was not within sight, he dismounted from his ass,

and seating himself at the foot of a tree began to commune with

himself, saying, “Now, brother Sancho, let us know where your worship

is going. Are you going to look for some ass that has been lost? Not at

all. Then what are you going to look for? I am going to look for a

princess, that’s all; and in her for the sun of beauty and the whole

heaven at once. And where do you expect to find all this, Sancho?

Where? Why, in the great city of El Toboso. Well, and for whom are you

going to look for her? For the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha,

who rights wrongs, gives food to those who thirst and drink to the

hungry. That’s all very well, but do you know her house, Sancho? My

master says it will be some royal palace or grand castle. And have you

ever seen her by any chance? Neither I nor my master ever saw her. And

does it strike you that it would be just and right if the El Toboso

people, finding out that you were here with the intention of going to

tamper with their princesses and trouble their ladies, were to come and

cudgel your ribs, and not leave a whole bone in you? They would,

indeed, have very good reason, if they did not see that I am under

orders, and that ‘you are a messenger, my friend, no blame belongs to

you.’ Don’t you trust to that, Sancho, for the Manchegan folk are as

hot-tempered as they are honest, and won’t put up with liberties from

anybody. By the Lord, if they get scent of you, it will be worse for

you, I promise you. Be off, you scoundrel! Let the bolt fall. Why

should I go looking for three feet on a cat, to please another man; and

what is more, when looking for Dulcinea will be looking for Marica in

Ravena, or the bachelor in Salamanca? The devil, the devil and nobody

else, has mixed me up in this business!”

Such was the soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and all the conclusion

he could come to was to say to himself again, “Well, there’s remedy for

everything except death, under whose yoke we have all to pass, whether

we like it or not, when life’s finished. I have seen by a thousand

signs that this master of mine is a madman fit to be tied, and for that

matter, I too, am not behind him; for I’m a greater fool than he is

when I follow him and serve him, if there’s any truth in the proverb

that says, ‘Tell me what company thou keepest, and I’ll tell thee what

thou art,’ or in that other, ‘Not with whom thou art bred, but with

whom thou art fed.’ Well then, if he be mad, as he is, and with a

madness that mostly takes one thing for another, and white for black,

and black for white, as was seen when he said the windmills were

giants, and the monks’ mules dromedaries, flocks of sheep armies of

enemies, and much more to the same tune, it will not be very hard to

make him believe that some country girl, the first I come across here,

is the lady Dulcinea; and if he does not believe it, I’ll swear it; and

if he should swear, I’ll swear again; and if he persists I’ll persist

still more, so as, come what may, to have my quoit always over the peg.

Maybe, by holding out in this way, I may put a stop to his sending me

on messages of this kind another time; or maybe he will think, as I

suspect he will, that one of those wicked enchanters, who he says have

a spite against him, has changed her form for the sake of doing him an

ill turn and injuring him.”

With this reflection Sancho made his mind easy, counting the business

as good as settled, and stayed there till the afternoon so as to make

Don Quixote think he had time enough to go to El Toboso and return; and

things turned out so luckily for him that as he got up to mount Dapple,

he spied, coming from El Toboso towards the spot where he stood, three

peasant girls on three colts, or fillies—for the author does not make

the point clear, though it is more likely they were she-asses, the

usual mount with village girls; but as it is of no great consequence,

we need not stop to prove it.

To be brief, the instant Sancho saw the peasant girls, he returned full

speed to seek his master, and found him sighing and uttering a thousand

passionate lamentations. When Don Quixote saw him he exclaimed, “What

news, Sancho, my friend? Am I to mark this day with a white stone or a

black?”

“Your worship,” replied Sancho, “had better mark it with ruddle, like

the inscriptions on the walls of class rooms, that those who see it may

see it plain.”

“Then thou bringest good news,” said Don Quixote.

“So good,” replied Sancho, “that your worship has only to spur

Rocinante and get out into the open field to see the lady Dulcinea del

Toboso, who, with two others, damsels of hers, is coming to see your

worship.”

“Holy God! what art thou saying, Sancho, my friend?” exclaimed Don

Quixote. “Take care thou art not deceiving me, or seeking by false joy

to cheer my real sadness.”

“What could I get by deceiving your worship,” returned Sancho,

“especially when it will so soon be shown whether I tell the truth or

not? Come, señor, push on, and you will see the princess our mistress

coming, robed and adorned—in fact, like what she is. Her damsels and

she are all one glow of gold, all bunches of pearls, all diamonds, all

rubies, all cloth of brocade of more than ten borders; with their hair

loose on their shoulders like so many sunbeams playing with the wind;

and moreover, they come mounted on three piebald cackneys, the finest

sight ever you saw.”

“Hackneys, you mean, Sancho,” said Don Quixote.

“There is not much difference between cackneys and hackneys,” said

Sancho; “but no matter what they come on, there they are, the finest

ladies one could wish for, especially my lady the princess Dulcinea,

who staggers one’s senses.”

“Let us go, Sancho, my son,” said Don Quixote, “and in guerdon of this

news, as unexpected as it is good, I bestow upon thee the best spoil I

shall win in the first adventure I may have; or if that does not

satisfy thee, I promise thee the foals I shall have this year from my

three mares that thou knowest are in foal on our village common.”

“I’ll take the foals,” said Sancho; “for it is not quite certain that

the spoils of the first adventure will be good ones.”

By this time they had cleared the wood, and saw the three village

lasses close at hand. Don Quixote looked all along the road to El

Toboso, and as he could see nobody except the three peasant girls, he

was completely puzzled, and asked Sancho if it was outside the city he

had left them.

“How outside the city?” returned Sancho. “Are your worship’s eyes in

the back of your head, that you can’t see that they are these who are

coming here, shining like the very sun at noonday?”

“I see nothing, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “but three country girls on

three jackasses.”

“Now, may God deliver me from the devil!” said Sancho, “and can it be

that your worship takes three hackneys—or whatever they’re called—as

white as the driven snow, for jackasses? By the Lord, I could tear my

beard if that was the case!”

“Well, I can only say, Sancho, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “that it

is as plain they are jackasses—or jennyasses—as that I am Don Quixote,

and thou Sancho Panza: at any rate, they seem to me to be so.”

“Hush, señor,” said Sancho, “don’t talk that way, but open your eyes,

and come and pay your respects to the lady of your thoughts, who is

close upon us now;” and with these words he advanced to receive the

three village lasses, and dismounting from Dapple, caught hold of one

of the asses of the three country girls by the halter, and dropping on

both knees on the ground, he said, “Queen and princess and duchess of

beauty, may it please your haughtiness and greatness to receive into

your favour and good-will your captive knight who stands there turned

into marble stone, and quite stupefied and benumbed at finding himself

in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he the

vagabond knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called ‘The Knight

of the Rueful Countenance.’”

Don Quixote had by this time placed himself on his knees beside Sancho,

and, with eyes starting out of his head and a puzzled gaze, was

regarding her whom Sancho called queen and lady; and as he could see

nothing in her except a village lass, and not a very well-favoured one,

for she was platter-faced and snub-nosed, he was perplexed and

bewildered, and did not venture to open his lips. The country girls, at

the same time, were astonished to see these two men, so different in

appearance, on their knees, preventing their companion from going on.

She, however, who had been stopped, breaking silence, said angrily and

testily, “Get out of the way, bad luck to you, and let us pass, for we

are in a hurry.”

p10b.jpg (319K)

Full Size

To which Sancho returned, “Oh, princess and universal lady of El

Toboso, is not your magnanimous heart softened by seeing the pillar and

prop of knight-errantry on his knees before your sublimated presence?”

On hearing this, one of the others exclaimed, “Woa then! why, I’m

rubbing thee down, she-ass of my father-in-law! See how the lordlings

come to make game of the village girls now, as if we here could not

chaff as well as themselves. Go your own way, and let us go ours, and

it will be better for you.”

“Get up, Sancho,” said Don Quixote at this; “I see that fortune, ‘with

evil done to me unsated still,’ has taken possession of all the roads

by which any comfort may reach ‘this wretched soul’ that I carry in my

flesh. And thou, highest perfection of excellence that can be desired,

utmost limit of grace in human shape, sole relief of this afflicted

heart that adores thee, though the malign enchanter that persecutes me

has brought clouds and cataracts on my eyes, and to them, and them

only, transformed thy unparagoned beauty and changed thy features into

those of a poor peasant girl, if so be he has not at the same time

changed mine into those of some monster to render them loathsome in thy

sight, refuse not to look upon me with tenderness and love; seeing in

this submission that I make on my knees to thy transformed beauty the

humility with which my soul adores thee.”

“Hey-day! My grandfather!” cried the girl, “much I care for your

love-making! Get out of the way and let us pass, and we’ll thank you.”

Sancho stood aside and let her go, very well pleased to have got so

well out of the hobble he was in. The instant the village lass who had

done duty for Dulcinea found herself free, prodding her “cackney” with

a spike she had at the end of a stick, she set off at full speed across

the field. The she-ass, however, feeling the point more acutely than

usual, began cutting such capers, that it flung the lady Dulcinea to

the ground; seeing which, Don Quixote ran to raise her up, and Sancho

to fix and girth the pack-saddle, which also had slipped under the

ass’s belly. The pack-saddle being secured, as Don Quixote was about to

lift up his enchanted mistress in his arms and put her upon her beast,

the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him the trouble, for, going

back a little, she took a short run, and putting both hands on the

croup of the ass she dropped into the saddle more lightly than a

falcon, and sat astride like a man, whereat Sancho said, “Rogue! but

our lady is lighter than a lanner, and might teach the cleverest

Cordovan or Mexican how to mount; she cleared the back of the saddle in

one jump, and without spurs she is making the hackney go like a zebra;

and her damsels are no way behind her, for they all fly like the wind;”

which was the truth, for as soon as they saw Dulcinea mounted, they

pushed on after her, and sped away without looking back, for more than

half a league.

Don Quixote followed them with his eyes, and when they were no longer

in sight, he turned to Sancho and said, “How now, Sancho? thou seest

how I am hated by enchanters! And see to what a length the malice and

spite they bear me go, when they seek to deprive me of the happiness it

would give me to see my lady in her own proper form. The fact is I was

born to be an example of misfortune, and the target and mark at which

the arrows of adversity are aimed and directed. Observe too, Sancho,

that these traitors were not content with changing and transforming my

Dulcinea, but they transformed and changed her into a shape as mean and

ill-favoured as that of the village girl yonder; and at the same time

they robbed her of that which is such a peculiar property of ladies of

distinction, that is to say, the sweet fragrance that comes of being

always among perfumes and flowers. For I must tell thee, Sancho, that

when I approached to put Dulcinea upon her hackney (as thou sayest it

was, though to me it appeared a she-ass), she gave me a whiff of raw

garlic that made my head reel, and poisoned my very heart.”

“O scum of the earth!” cried Sancho at this, “O miserable, spiteful

enchanters! O that I could see you all strung by the gills, like

sardines on a twig! Ye know a great deal, ye can do a great deal, and

ye do a great deal more. It ought to have been enough for you, ye

scoundrels, to have changed the pearls of my lady’s eyes into oak

galls, and her hair of purest gold into the bristles of a red ox’s

tail, and in short, all her features from fair to foul, without

meddling with her smell; for by that we might somehow have found out

what was hidden underneath that ugly rind; though, to tell the truth, I

never perceived her ugliness, but only her beauty, which was raised to

the highest pitch of perfection by a mole she had on her right lip,

like a moustache, with seven or eight red hairs like threads of gold,

and more than a palm long.”

“From the correspondence which exists between those of the face and

those of the body,” said Don Quixote, “Dulcinea must have another mole

resembling that on the thick of the thigh on that side on which she has

the one on her face; but hairs of the length thou hast mentioned are

very long for moles.”

“Well, all I can say is there they were as plain as could be,” replied

Sancho.

“I believe it, my friend,” returned Don Quixote; “for nature bestowed

nothing on Dulcinea that was not perfect and well-finished; and so, if

she had a hundred moles like the one thou hast described, in her they

would not be moles, but moons and shining stars. But tell me, Sancho,

that which seemed to me to be a pack-saddle as thou wert fixing it, was

it a flat-saddle or a side-saddle?”

“It was neither,” replied Sancho, “but a jineta saddle, with a field

covering worth half a kingdom, so rich is it.”

“And that I could not see all this, Sancho!” said Don Quixote; “once

more I say, and will say a thousand times, I am the most unfortunate of

men.”

Sancho, the rogue, had enough to do to hide his laughter, at hearing

the simplicity of the master he had so nicely befooled. At length,

after a good deal more conversation had passed between them, they

remounted their beasts, and followed the road to Saragossa, which they

expected to reach in time to take part in a certain grand festival

which is held every year in that illustrious city; but before they got

there things happened to them, so many, so important, and so strange,

that they deserve to be recorded and read, as will be seen farther on.

p10e.jpg (56K)

Full Size

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE HAD WITH THE CAR

OR CART OF “THE CORTES OF DEATH”

p11a.jpg (172K)

Full Size

Dejected beyond measure did Don Quixote pursue his journey, turning

over in his mind the cruel trick the enchanters had played him in

changing his lady Dulcinea into the vile shape of the village lass, nor

could he think of any way of restoring her to her original form; and

these reflections so absorbed him, that without being aware of it he

let go Rocinante’s bridle, and he, perceiving the liberty that was

granted him, stopped at every step to crop the fresh grass with which

the plain abounded.

Sancho recalled him from his reverie. “Melancholy, señor,” said he,

“was made, not for beasts, but for men; but if men give way to it

overmuch they turn to beasts; control yourself, your worship; be

yourself again; gather up Rocinante’s reins; cheer up, rouse yourself

and show that gallant spirit that knights-errant ought to have. What

the devil is this? What weakness is this? Are we here or in France? The

devil fly away with all the Dulcineas in the world; for the well-being

of a single knight-errant is of more consequence than all the

enchantments and transformations on earth.”

“Hush, Sancho,” said Don Quixote in a weak and faint voice, “hush and

utter no blasphemies against that enchanted lady; for I alone am to

blame for her misfortune and hard fate; her calamity has come of the

hatred the wicked bear me.”

“So say I,” returned Sancho; “his heart rend in twain, I trow, who saw

her once, to see her now.”

“Thou mayest well say that, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “as thou

sawest her in the full perfection of her beauty; for the enchantment

does not go so far as to pervert thy vision or hide her loveliness from

thee; against me alone and against my eyes is the strength of its venom

directed. Nevertheless, there is one thing which has occurred to me,

and that is that thou didst ill describe her beauty to me, for, as well

as I recollect, thou saidst that her eyes were pearls; but eyes that

are like pearls are rather the eyes of a sea-bream than of a lady, and

I am persuaded that Dulcinea’s must be green emeralds, full and soft,

with two rainbows for eyebrows; take away those pearls from her eyes

and transfer them to her teeth; for beyond a doubt, Sancho, thou hast

taken the one for the other, the eyes for the teeth.”

“Very likely,” said Sancho; “for her beauty bewildered me as much as

her ugliness did your worship; but let us leave it all to God, who

alone knows what is to happen in this vale of tears, in this evil world

of ours, where there is hardly a thing to be found without some mixture

of wickedness, roguery, and rascality. But one thing, señor, troubles

me more than all the rest, and that is thinking what is to be done when

your worship conquers some giant, or some other knight, and orders him

to go and present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where

is this poor giant, or this poor wretch of a vanquished knight, to find

her? I think I can see them wandering all over El Toboso, looking like

noddies, and asking for my lady Dulcinea; and even if they meet her in

the middle of the street they won’t know her any more than they would

my father.”

“Perhaps, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “the enchantment does not go

so far as to deprive conquered and presented giants and knights of the

power of recognising Dulcinea; we will try by experiment with one or

two of the first I vanquish and send to her, whether they see her or

not, by commanding them to return and give me an account of what

happened to them in this respect.”

“I declare, I think what your worship has proposed is excellent,” said

Sancho; “and that by this plan we shall find out what we want to know;

and if it be that it is only from your worship she is hidden, the

misfortune will be more yours than hers; but so long as the lady

Dulcinea is well and happy, we on our part will make the best of it,

and get on as well as we can, seeking our adventures, and leaving Time

to take his own course; for he is the best physician for these and

greater ailments.”

Don Quixote was about to reply to Sancho Panza, but he was prevented by

a cart crossing the road full of the most diverse and strange

personages and figures that could be imagined. He who led the mules and

acted as carter was a hideous demon; the cart was open to the sky,

without a tilt or cane roof, and the first figure that presented itself

to Don Quixote’s eyes was that of Death itself with a human face; next

to it was an angel with large painted wings, and at one side an

emperor, with a crown, to all appearance of gold, on his head. At the

feet of Death was the god called Cupid, without his bandage, but with

his bow, quiver, and arrows; there was also a knight in full armour,

except that he had no morion or helmet, but only a hat decked with

plumes of divers colours; and along with these there were others with a

variety of costumes and faces. All this, unexpectedly encountered, took

Don Quixote somewhat aback, and struck terror into the heart of Sancho;

but the next instant Don Quixote was glad of it, believing that some

new perilous adventure was presenting itself to him, and under this

impression, and with a spirit prepared to face any danger, he planted

himself in front of the cart, and in a loud and menacing tone,

exclaimed, “Carter, or coachman, or devil, or whatever thou art, tell

me at once who thou art, whither thou art going, and who these folk are

thou carriest in thy wagon, which looks more like Charon’s boat than an

ordinary cart.”

To which the devil, stopping the cart, answered quietly, “Señor, we are

players of Angulo el Malo’s company; we have been acting the play of

‘The Cortés of Death’ this morning, which is the octave of Corpus

Christi, in a village behind that hill, and we have to act it this

afternoon in that village which you can see from this; and as it is so

near, and to save the trouble of undressing and dressing again, we go

in the costumes in which we perform. That lad there appears as Death,

that other as an angel, that woman, the manager’s wife, plays the

queen, this one the soldier, that the emperor, and I the devil; and I

am one of the principal characters of the play, for in this company I

take the leading parts. If you want to know anything more about us, ask

me and I will answer with the utmost exactitude, for as I am a devil I

am up to everything.”

“By the faith of a knight-errant,” replied Don Quixote, “when I saw

this cart I fancied some great adventure was presenting itself to me;

but I declare one must touch with the hand what appears to the eye, if

illusions are to be avoided. God speed you, good people; keep your

festival, and remember, if you demand of me ought wherein I can render

you a service, I will do it gladly and willingly, for from a child I

was fond of the play, and in my youth a keen lover of the actor’s art.”

While they were talking, fate so willed it that one of the company in a

mummers’ dress with a great number of bells, and armed with three blown

ox-bladders at the end of a stick, joined them, and this merry-andrew

approaching Don Quixote, began flourishing his stick and banging the

ground with the bladders and cutting capers with great jingling of the

bells, which untoward apparition so startled Rocinante that, in spite

of Don Quixote’s efforts to hold him in, taking the bit between his

teeth he set off across the plain with greater speed than the bones of

his anatomy ever gave any promise of.

p11b.jpg (327K)

Full Size

Sancho, who thought his master was in danger of being thrown, jumped

off Dapple, and ran in all haste to help him; but by the time he

reached him he was already on the ground, and beside him was Rocinante,

who had come down with his master, the usual end and upshot of

Rocinante’s vivacity and high spirits. But the moment Sancho quitted

his beast to go and help Don Quixote, the dancing devil with the

bladders jumped up on Dapple, and beating him with them, more by the

fright and the noise than by the pain of the blows, made him fly across

the fields towards the village where they were going to hold their

festival. Sancho witnessed Dapple’s career and his master’s fall, and

did not know which of the two cases of need he should attend to first;

but in the end, like a good squire and good servant, he let his love

for his master prevail over his affection for his ass; though every

time he saw the bladders rise in the air and come down on the hind

quarters of his Dapple he felt the pains and terrors of death, and he

would have rather had the blows fall on the apples of his own eyes than

on the least hair of his ass’s tail. In this trouble and perplexity he

came to where Don Quixote lay in a far sorrier plight than he liked,

and having helped him to mount Rocinante, he said to him, “Señor, the

devil has carried off my Dapple.”

“What devil?” asked Don Quixote.

“The one with the bladders,” said Sancho.

“Then I will recover him,” said Don Quixote, “even if he be shut up

with him in the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me,

Sancho, for the cart goes slowly, and with the mules of it I will make

good the loss of Dapple.”

“You need not take the trouble, señor,” said Sancho; “keep cool, for as

I now see, the devil has let Dapple go and he is coming back to his old

quarters;” and so it turned out, for, having come down with Dapple, in

imitation of Don Quixote and Rocinante, the devil made off on foot to

the town, and the ass came back to his master.

“For all that,” said Don Quixote, “it will be well to visit the

discourtesy of that devil upon some of those in the cart, even if it

were the emperor himself.”

“Don’t think of it, your worship,” returned Sancho; “take my advice and

never meddle with actors, for they are a favoured class; I myself have

known an actor taken up for two murders, and yet come off scot-free;

remember that, as they are merry folk who give pleasure, everyone

favours and protects them, and helps and makes much of them, above all

when they are those of the royal companies and under patent, all or

most of whom in dress and appearance look like princes.”

“Still, for all that,” said Don Quixote, “the player devil must not go

off boasting, even if the whole human race favours him.”

So saying, he made for the cart, which was now very near the town,

shouting out as he went, “Stay! halt! ye merry, jovial crew! I want to

teach you how to treat asses and animals that serve the squires of

knights-errant for steeds.”

So loud were the shouts of Don Quixote, that those in the cart heard

and understood them, and, guessing by the words what the speaker’s

intention was, Death in an instant jumped out of the cart, and the

emperor, the devil carter and the angel after him, nor did the queen or

the god Cupid stay behind; and all armed themselves with stones and

formed in line, prepared to receive Don Quixote on the points of their

pebbles. Don Quixote, when he saw them drawn up in such a gallant array

with uplifted arms ready for a mighty discharge of stones, checked

Rocinante and began to consider in what way he could attack them with

the least danger to himself. As he halted Sancho came up, and seeing

him disposed to attack this well-ordered squadron, said to him, “It

would be the height of madness to attempt such an enterprise; remember,

señor, that against sops from the brook, and plenty of them, there is

no defensive armour in the world, except to stow oneself away under a

brass bell; and besides, one should remember that it is rashness, and

not valour, for a single man to attack an army that has Death in it,

and where emperors fight in person, with angels, good and bad, to help

them; and if this reflection will not make you keep quiet, perhaps it

will to know for certain that among all these, though they look like

kings, princes, and emperors, there is not a single knight-errant.”

“Now indeed thou hast hit the point, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “which

may and should turn me from the resolution I had already formed. I

cannot and must not draw sword, as I have many a time before told thee,

against anyone who is not a dubbed knight; it is for thee, Sancho, if

thou wilt, to take vengeance for the wrong done to thy Dapple; and I

will help thee from here by shouts and salutary counsels.”

“There is no occasion to take vengeance on anyone, señor,” replied

Sancho; “for it is not the part of good Christians to revenge wrongs;

and besides, I will arrange it with my ass to leave his grievance to my

good-will and pleasure, and that is to live in peace as long as heaven

grants me life.”

“Well,” said Don Quixote, “if that be thy determination, good Sancho,

sensible Sancho, Christian Sancho, honest Sancho, let us leave these

phantoms alone and turn to the pursuit of better and worthier

adventures; for, from what I see of this country, we cannot fail to

find plenty of marvellous ones in it.”

He at once wheeled about, Sancho ran to take possession of his Dapple,

Death and his flying squadron returned to their cart and pursued their

journey, and thus the dread adventure of the cart of Death ended

happily, thanks to the advice Sancho gave his master; who had, the

following day, a fresh adventure, of no less thrilling interest than

the last, with an enamoured knight-errant.

p11e.jpg (20K)

CHAPTER XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE WITH THE

BOLD KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

p12a.jpg (98K)

Full Size

The night succeeding the day of the encounter with Death, Don Quixote

and his squire passed under some tall shady trees, and Don Quixote at

Sancho’s persuasion ate a little from the store carried by Dapple, and

over their supper Sancho said to his master, “Señor, what a fool I

should have looked if I had chosen for my reward the spoils of the

first adventure your worship achieved, instead of the foals of the

three mares. After all, ‘a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture

on the wing.’”

“At the same time, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “if thou hadst let me

attack them as I wanted, at the very least the emperor’s gold crown and

Cupid’s painted wings would have fallen to thee as spoils, for I should

have taken them by force and given them into thy hands.”

“The sceptres and crowns of those play-actor emperors,” said Sancho,

“were never yet pure gold, but only brass foil or tin.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote, “for it would not be right that the

accessories of the drama should be real, instead of being mere fictions

and semblances, like the drama itself; towards which, Sancho—and, as a

necessary consequence, towards those who represent and produce it—I

would that thou wert favourably disposed, for they are all instruments

of great good to the State, placing before us at every step a mirror in

which we may see vividly displayed what goes on in human life; nor is

there any similitude that shows us more faithfully what we are and

ought to be than the play and the players. Come, tell me, hast thou not

seen a play acted in which kings, emperors, pontiffs, knights, ladies,

and divers other personages were introduced? One plays the villain,

another the knave, this one the merchant, that the soldier, one the

sharp-witted fool, another the foolish lover; and when the play is

over, and they have put off the dresses they wore in it, all the actors

become equal.”

“Yes, I have seen that,” said Sancho.

“Well then,” said Don Quixote, “the same thing happens in the comedy

and life of this world, where some play emperors, others popes, and, in

short, all the characters that can be brought into a play; but when it

is over, that is to say when life ends, death strips them all of the

garments that distinguish one from the other, and all are equal in the

grave.”

“A fine comparison!” said Sancho; “though not so new but that I have

heard it many and many a time, as well as that other one of the game of

chess; how, so long as the game lasts, each piece has its own

particular office, and when the game is finished they are all mixed,

jumbled up and shaken together, and stowed away in the bag, which is

much like ending life in the grave.”

“Thou art growing less doltish and more shrewd every day, Sancho,” said

Don Quixote.

“Ay,” said Sancho; “it must be that some of your worship’s shrewdness

sticks to me; land that, of itself, is barren and dry, will come to

yield good fruit if you dung it and till it; what I mean is that your

worship’s conversation has been the dung that has fallen on the barren

soil of my dry wit, and the time I have been in your service and

society has been the tillage; and with the help of this I hope to yield

fruit in abundance that will not fall away or slide from those paths of

good breeding that your worship has made in my parched understanding.”

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho’s affected phraseology, and perceived

that what he said about his improvement was true, for now and then he

spoke in a way that surprised him; though always, or mostly, when

Sancho tried to talk fine and attempted polite language, he wound up by

toppling over from the summit of his simplicity into the abyss of his

ignorance; and where he showed his culture and his memory to the

greatest advantage was in dragging in proverbs, no matter whether they

had any bearing or not upon the subject in hand, as may have been seen

already and will be noticed in the course of this history.

p12b.jpg (298K)

Full Size

In conversation of this kind they passed a good part of the night, but

Sancho felt a desire to let down the curtains of his eyes, as he used

to say when he wanted to go to sleep; and stripping Dapple he left him

at liberty to graze his fill. He did not remove Rocinante’s saddle, as

his master’s express orders were, that so long as they were in the

field or not sleeping under a roof Rocinante was not to be stripped—the

ancient usage established and observed by knights-errant being to take

off the bridle and hang it on the saddle-bow, but to remove the saddle

from the horse—never! Sancho acted accordingly, and gave him the same

liberty he had given Dapple, between whom and Rocinante there was a

friendship so unequalled and so strong, that it is handed down by

tradition from father to son, that the author of this veracious history

devoted some special chapters to it, which, in order to preserve the

propriety and decorum due to a history so heroic, he did not insert

therein; although at times he forgets this resolution of his and

describes how eagerly the two beasts would scratch one another when

they were together and how, when they were tired or full, Rocinante

would lay his neck across Dapple’s, stretching half a yard or more on

the other side, and the pair would stand thus, gazing thoughtfully on

the ground, for three days, or at least so long as they were left

alone, or hunger did not drive them to go and look for food. I may add

that they say the author left it on record that he likened their

friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, and Pylades and Orestes; and

if that be so, it may be perceived, to the admiration of mankind, how

firm the friendship must have been between these two peaceful animals,

shaming men, who preserve friendships with one another so badly. This

was why it was said-

For friend no longer is there friend;

The reeds turn lances now.

And someone else has sung—

Friend to friend the bug, etc.

and let no one fancy that the author was at all astray when he compared

the friendship of these animals to that of men; for men have received

many lessons from beasts, and learned many important things, as, for

example, the clyster from the stork, vomit and gratitude from the dog,

watchfulness from the crane, foresight from the ant, modesty from the

elephant, and loyalty from the horse.

Sancho at last fell asleep at the foot of a cork tree, while Don

Quixote dozed at that of a sturdy oak; but a short time only had

elapsed when a noise he heard behind him awoke him, and rising up

startled, he listened and looked in the direction the noise came from,

and perceived two men on horseback, one of whom, letting himself drop

from the saddle, said to the other, “Dismount, my friend, and take the

bridles off the horses, for, so far as I can see, this place will

furnish grass for them, and the solitude and silence my love-sick

thoughts need of.” As he said this he stretched himself upon the

ground, and as he flung himself down, the armour in which he was clad

rattled, whereby Don Quixote perceived that he must be a knight-errant;

and going over to Sancho, who was asleep, he shook him by the arm and

with no small difficulty brought him back to his senses, and said in a

low voice to him, “Brother Sancho, we have got an adventure.”

“God send us a good one,” said Sancho; “and where may her ladyship the

adventure be?”

“Where, Sancho?” replied Don Quixote; “turn thine eyes and look, and

thou wilt see stretched there a knight-errant, who, it strikes me, is

not over and above happy, for I saw him fling himself off his horse and

throw himself on the ground with a certain air of dejection, and his

armour rattled as he fell.”

“Well,” said Sancho, “how does your worship make out that to be an

adventure?”

“I do not mean to say,” returned Don Quixote, “that it is a complete

adventure, but that it is the beginning of one, for it is in this way

adventures begin. But listen, for it seems he is tuning a lute or

guitar, and from the way he is spitting and clearing his chest he must

be getting ready to sing something.”

“Faith, you are right,” said Sancho, “and no doubt he is some enamoured

knight.”

“There is no knight-errant that is not,” said Don Quixote; “but let us

listen to him, for, if he sings, by that thread we shall extract the

ball of his thoughts; because out of the abundance of the heart the

mouth speaketh.”

Sancho was about to reply to his master, but the Knight of the Grove’s

voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, stopped him, and

listening attentively the pair heard him sing this

SONNET

Your pleasure, prithee, lady mine, unfold;

Declare the terms that I am to obey;

My will to yours submissively I mould,

And from your law my feet shall never stray.

Would you I die, to silent grief a prey?

Then count me even now as dead and cold;

Would you I tell my woes in some new way?

Then shall my tale by Love itself be told.

The unison of opposites to prove,

Of the soft wax and diamond hard am I;

But still, obedient to the laws of love,

Here, hard or soft, I offer you my breast,

Whate’er you grave or stamp thereon shall rest

Indelible for all eternity.

With an “Ah me!” that seemed to be drawn from the inmost recesses of

his heart, the Knight of the Grove brought his lay to an end, and

shortly afterwards exclaimed in a melancholy and piteous voice, “O

fairest and most ungrateful woman on earth! What! can it be, most

serene Casildea de Vandalia, that thou wilt suffer this thy captive

knight to waste away and perish in ceaseless wanderings and rude and

arduous toils? It is not enough that I have compelled all the knights

of Navarre, all the Leonese, all the Tartesians, all the Castilians,

and finally all the knights of La Mancha, to confess thee the most

beautiful in the world?”

“Not so,” said Don Quixote at this, “for I am of La Mancha, and I have

never confessed anything of the sort, nor could I nor should I confess

a thing so much to the prejudice of my lady’s beauty; thou seest how

this knight is raving, Sancho. But let us listen, perhaps he will tell

us more about himself.”

“That he will,” returned Sancho, “for he seems in a mood to bewail

himself for a month at a stretch.”

But this was not the case, for the Knight of the Grove, hearing voices

near him, instead of continuing his lamentation, stood up and exclaimed

in a distinct but courteous tone, “Who goes there? What are you? Do you

belong to the number of the happy or of the miserable?”

“Of the miserable,” answered Don Quixote.

“Then come to me,” said he of the Grove, “and rest assured that it is

to woe itself and affliction itself you come.”

Don Quixote, finding himself answered in such a soft and courteous

manner, went over to him, and so did Sancho.

The doleful knight took Don Quixote by the arm, saying, “Sit down here,

sir knight; for, that you are one, and of those that profess

knight-errantry, it is to me a sufficient proof to have found you in

this place, where solitude and night, the natural couch and proper

retreat of knights-errant, keep you company.” To which Don made answer,

“A knight I am of the profession you mention, and though sorrows,

misfortunes, and calamities have made my heart their abode, the

compassion I feel for the misfortunes of others has not been thereby

banished from it. From what you have just now sung I gather that yours

spring from love, I mean from the love you bear that fair ingrate you

named in your lament.”

In the meantime, they had seated themselves together on the hard ground

peaceably and sociably, just as if, as soon as day broke, they were not

going to break one another’s heads.

“Are you, sir knight, in love perchance?” asked he of the Grove of Don

Quixote.

“By mischance I am,” replied Don Quixote; “though the ills arising from

well-bestowed affections should be esteemed favours rather than

misfortunes.”

“That is true,” returned he of the Grove, “if scorn did not unsettle

our reason and understanding, for if it be excessive it looks like

revenge.”

“I was never scorned by my lady,” said Don Quixote.

“Certainly not,” said Sancho, who stood close by, “for my lady is as a

lamb, and softer than a roll of butter.”

“Is this your squire?” asked he of the Grove.

“He is,” said Don Quixote.

“I never yet saw a squire,” said he of the Grove, “who ventured to

speak when his master was speaking; at least, there is mine, who is as

big as his father, and it cannot be proved that he has ever opened his

lips when I am speaking.”

“By my faith then,” said Sancho, “I have spoken, and am fit to speak,

in the presence of one as much, or even—but never mind—it only makes it

worse to stir it.”

The squire of the Grove took Sancho by the arm, saying to him, “Let us

two go where we can talk in squire style as much as we please, and

leave these gentlemen our masters to fight it out over the story of

their loves; and, depend upon it, daybreak will find them at it without

having made an end of it.”

“So be it by all means,” said Sancho; “and I will tell your worship who

I am, that you may see whether I am to be reckoned among the number of

the most talkative squires.”

With this the two squires withdrew to one side, and between them there

passed a conversation as droll as that which passed between their

masters was serious.

p12e.jpg (15K)

CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE,

TOGETHER WITH THE SENSIBLE, ORIGINAL, AND TRANQUIL COLLOQUY THAT PASSED

BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES

p13a.jpg (126K)

Full Size

The knights and the squires made two parties, these telling the story

of their lives, the others the story of their loves; but the history

relates first of all the conversation of the servants, and afterwards

takes up that of the masters; and it says that, withdrawing a little

from the others, he of the Grove said to Sancho, “A hard life it is we

lead and live, señor, we that are squires to knights-errant; verily, we

eat our bread in the sweat of our faces, which is one of the curses God

laid on our first parents.”

“It may be said, too,” added Sancho, “that we eat it in the chill of

our bodies; for who gets more heat and cold than the miserable squires

of knight-errantry? Even so it would not be so bad if we had something

to eat, for woes are lighter if there’s bread; but sometimes we go a

day or two without breaking our fast, except with the wind that blows.”

“All that,” said he of the Grove, “may be endured and put up with when

we have hopes of reward; for, unless the knight-errant he serves is

excessively unlucky, after a few turns the squire will at least find

himself rewarded with a fine government of some island or some fair

county.”

“I,” said Sancho, “have already told my master that I shall be content

with the government of some island, and he is so noble and generous

that he has promised it to me ever so many times.”

“I,” said he of the Grove, “shall be satisfied with a canonry for my

services, and my master has already assigned me one.”

“Your master,” said Sancho, “no doubt is a knight in the Church line,

and can bestow rewards of that sort on his good squire; but mine is

only a layman; though I remember some clever, but, to my mind,

designing people, strove to persuade him to try and become an

archbishop. He, however, would not be anything but an emperor; but I

was trembling all the time lest he should take a fancy to go into the

Church, not finding myself fit to hold office in it; for I may tell

you, though I seem a man, I am no better than a beast for the Church.”

“Well, then, you are wrong there,” said he of the Grove; “for those

island governments are not all satisfactory; some are awkward, some are

poor, some are dull, and, in short, the highest and choicest brings

with it a heavy burden of cares and troubles which the unhappy wight to

whose lot it has fallen bears upon his shoulders. Far better would it

be for us who have adopted this accursed service to go back to our own

houses, and there employ ourselves in pleasanter occupations—in hunting

or fishing, for instance; for what squire in the world is there so poor

as not to have a hack and a couple of greyhounds and a fishingrod to

amuse himself with in his own village?”

“I am not in want of any of those things,” said Sancho; “to be sure I

have no hack, but I have an ass that is worth my master’s horse twice

over; God send me a bad Easter, and that the next one I am to see, if I

would swap, even if I got four bushels of barley to boot. You will

laugh at the value I put on my Dapple—for dapple is the colour of my

beast. As to greyhounds, I can’t want for them, for there are enough

and to spare in my town; and, moreover, there is more pleasure in sport

when it is at other people’s expense.”

“In truth and earnest, sir squire,” said he of the Grove, “I have made

up my mind and determined to have done with these drunken vagaries of

these knights, and go back to my village, and bring up my children; for

I have three, like three Oriental pearls.”

“I have two,” said Sancho, “that might be presented before the Pope

himself, especially a girl whom I am breeding up for a countess, please

God, though in spite of her mother.”

“And how old is this lady that is being bred up for a countess?” asked

he of the Grove.

“Fifteen, a couple of 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 gifts to fit her to be not only a countess but a nymph of

the greenwood,” said he of the Grove; “whoreson strumpet! what pith the

rogue must have!”

To which Sancho made answer, somewhat sulkily, “She’s no strumpet, nor

was her mother, nor will either of them be, please God, while I live;

speak more civilly; for one bred up among knights-errant, who are

courtesy itself, your words don’t seem to me to be very becoming.”

“O how little you know about compliments, sir squire,” returned he of

the Grove. “What! don’t you know that when a horseman delivers a good

lance thrust at the bull in the plaza, or when anyone does anything

very well, the people are wont to say, ‘Ha, whoreson rip! how well he

has done it!’ and that what seems to be abuse in the expression is high

praise? Disown sons and daughters, señor, who don’t do what deserves

that compliments of this sort should be paid to their parents.”

“I do disown them,” replied Sancho, “and in this way, and by the same

reasoning, you might call me and my children and my wife all the

strumpets in the world, for all they do and say is of a kind that in

the highest degree deserves the same praise; and to see them again I

pray God to deliver me from mortal sin, or, what comes to the same

thing, to deliver me from this perilous calling of squire into which I

have fallen a second time, decayed and beguiled by a purse with a

hundred ducats that I found one day in the heart of the Sierra Morena;

and the devil is always putting a bag full of doubloons before my eyes,

here, there, everywhere, until I fancy at every stop I am putting my

hand on it, and hugging it, and carrying it home with me, and making

investments, and getting interest, and living like a prince; and so

long as I think of this I make light of all the hardships I endure with

this simpleton of a master of mine, who, I well know, is more of a

madman than a knight.”

“There’s why they say that ‘covetousness bursts the bag,’” said he of

the Grove; “but if you come to talk of that sort, there is not a

greater one in the world than my master, for he is one of those of whom

they say, ‘the cares of others kill the ass;’ for, in order that

another knight may recover the senses he has lost, he makes a madman of

himself and goes looking for what, when found, may, for all I know, fly

in his own face.” “And is he in love perchance?” asked Sancho.

“He is,” said of the Grove, “with one Casildea de Vandalia, the rawest

and best roasted lady the whole world could produce; but that rawness

is not the only foot he limps on, for he has greater schemes rumbling

in his bowels, as will be seen before many hours are over.”

“There’s no road so smooth but it has some hole or hindrance in it,”

said Sancho; “in other houses they cook beans, but in mine it’s by the

potful; madness will have more followers and hangers-on than sound

sense; but if there be any truth in the common saying, that to have

companions in trouble gives some relief, I may take consolation from

you, inasmuch as you serve a master as crazy as my own.”

“Crazy but valiant,” replied he of the Grove, “and more roguish than

crazy or valiant.”

“Mine is not that,” said Sancho; “I mean he has nothing of the rogue in

him; on the contrary, he has the soul of a pitcher; he has no thought

of doing harm to anyone, only good to all, nor has he any malice

whatever in him; a child might persuade him that it is night at

noonday; and for this simplicity I love him as the core of my heart,

and I can’t bring myself to leave him, let him do ever such foolish

things.”

“For all that, brother and señor,” said he of the Grove, “if the blind

lead the blind, both are in danger of falling into the pit. It is

better for us to beat a quiet retreat and get back to our own quarters;

for those who seek adventures don’t always find good ones.”

Sancho kept spitting from time to time, and his spittle seemed somewhat

ropy and dry, observing which the compassionate squire of the Grove

said, “It seems to me that with all this talk of ours our tongues are

sticking to the roofs of our mouths; but I have a pretty good loosener

hanging from the saddle-bow of my horse,” and getting up he came back

the next minute with a large bota of wine and a pasty half a yard

across; and this is no exaggeration, for it was made of a house rabbit

so big that Sancho, as he handled it, took it to be made of a goat, not

to say a kid, and looking at it he said, “And do you carry this with

you, señor?”

“Why, what are you thinking about?” said the other; “do you take me for

some paltry squire? I carry a better larder on my horse’s croup than a

general takes with him when he goes on a march.”

Sancho ate without requiring to be pressed, and in the dark bolted

mouthfuls like the knots on a tether, and said he, “You are a proper

trusty squire, one of the right sort, sumptuous and grand, as this

banquet shows, which, if it has not come here by magic art, at any rate

has the look of it; not like me, unlucky beggar, that have nothing more

in my alforjas than a scrap of cheese, so hard that one might brain a

giant with it, and, to keep it company, a few dozen carobs and as many

more filberts and walnuts; thanks to the austerity of my master, and

the idea he has and the rule he follows, that knights-errant must not

live or sustain themselves on anything except dried fruits and the

herbs of the field.”

“By my faith, brother,” said he of the Grove, “my stomach is not made

for thistles, or wild pears, or roots of the woods; let our masters do

as they like, with their chivalry notions and laws, and eat what those

enjoin; I carry my prog-basket and this bota hanging to the saddle-bow,

whatever they may say; and it is such an object of worship with me, and

I love it so, that there is hardly a moment but I am kissing and

embracing it over and over again;” and so saying he thrust it into

Sancho’s hands, who raising it aloft pointed to his mouth, gazed at the

stars for a quarter of an hour; and when he had done drinking let his

head fall on one side, and giving a deep sigh, exclaimed, “Ah, whoreson

rogue, how catholic it is!”

“There, you see,” said he of the Grove, hearing Sancho’s exclamation,

“how you have called this wine whoreson by way of praise.”

“Well,” said Sancho, “I own it, and I grant it is no dishonour to call

anyone whoreson when it is to be understood as praise. But tell me,

señor, by what you love best, is this Ciudad Real wine?”

“O rare wine-taster!” said he of the Grove; “nowhere else indeed does

it come from, and it has some years’ age too.”

“Leave me alone for that,” said Sancho; “never fear but I’ll hit upon

the place it came from somehow. What would you say, sir squire, to my

having such a great natural instinct in judging wines that you have

only to let me smell one and I can tell positively its country, its

kind, its flavour and soundness, the changes it will undergo, and

everything that appertains to a wine? But it is no wonder, for I have

had in my family, on my father’s side, the two best wine-tasters that

have been known in La Mancha for many a long year, and to prove it I’ll

tell you now a thing that happened them. They gave the two of them some

wine out of a cask, to try, asking their opinion as to the condition,

quality, goodness or badness of the wine. One of them tried it with the

tip of his tongue, the other did no more than bring it to his nose. The

first said the wine had a flavour of iron, the second said it had a

stronger flavour of cordovan. The owner said the cask was clean, and

that nothing had been added to the wine from which it could have got a

flavour of either iron or leather. Nevertheless, these two great

wine-tasters held to what they had said. Time went by, the wine was

sold, and when they came to clean out the cask, they found in it a

small key hanging to a thong of cordovan; see now if one who comes of

the same stock has not a right to give his opinion in such like cases.”

“Therefore, I say,” said he of the Grove, “let us give up going in

quest of adventures, and as we have loaves let us not go looking for

cakes, but return to our cribs, for God will find us there if it be his

will.”

“Until my master reaches Saragossa,” said Sancho, “I’ll remain in his

service; after that we’ll see.”

The end of it was that the two squires talked so much and drank so much

that sleep had to tie their tongues and moderate their thirst, for to

quench it was impossible; and so the pair of them fell asleep clinging

to the now nearly empty bota and with half-chewed morsels in their

mouths; and there we will leave them for the present, to relate what

passed between the Knight of the Grove and him of the Rueful

Countenance.

p13e.jpg (43K)

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE

p14a.jpg (120K)

Full Size

Among the things that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the

Wood, the history tells us he of the Grove said to Don Quixote, “In

fine, sir knight, I would have you know that my destiny, or, more

properly speaking, my choice led me to fall in love with the peerless

Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless because she has no peer,

whether it be in bodily stature or in the supremacy of rank and beauty.

This same Casildea, then, that I speak of, requited my honourable

passion and gentle aspirations by compelling me, as his stepmother did

Hercules, to engage in many perils of various sorts, at the end of each

promising me that, with the end of the next, the object of my hopes

should be attained; but my labours have gone on increasing link by link

until they are past counting, nor do I know what will be the last one

that is to be the beginning of the accomplishment of my chaste desires.

On one occasion she bade me go and challenge the famous giantess of

Seville, La Giralda by name, who is as mighty and strong as if made of

brass, and though never stirring from one spot, is the most restless

and changeable woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered, and I

made her stay quiet and behave herself, for nothing but north winds

blew for more than a week. Another time I was ordered to lift those

ancient stones, the mighty bulls of Guisando, an enterprise that might

more fitly be entrusted to porters than to knights. Again, she bade me

fling myself into the cavern of Cabra—an unparalleled and awful

peril—and bring her a minute account of all that is concealed in those

gloomy depths. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I lifted the bulls

of Guisando, I flung myself into the cavern and brought to light the

secrets of its abyss; and my hopes are as dead as dead can be, and her

scorn and her commands as lively as ever. To be brief, last of all she

has commanded me to go through all the provinces of Spain and compel

all the knights-errant wandering therein to confess that she surpasses

all women alive to-day in beauty, and that I am the most valiant and

the most deeply enamoured knight on earth; in support of which claim I

have already travelled over the greater part of Spain, and have there

vanquished several knights who have dared to contradict me; but what I

most plume and pride myself upon is having vanquished in single combat

that so famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, and made him confess

that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea; and in this one

victory I hold myself to have conquered all the knights in the world;

for this Don Quixote that I speak of has vanquished them all, and I

having vanquished him, his glory, his fame, and his honour have passed

and are transferred to my person; for

The more the vanquished hath of fair renown,

The greater glory gilds the victor’s crown.

Thus the innumerable achievements of the said Don Quixote are now set

down to my account and have become mine.”

Don Quixote was amazed when he heard the Knight of the Grove, and was a

thousand times on the point of telling him he lied, and had the lie

direct already on the tip of his tongue; but he restrained himself as

well as he could, in order to force him to confess the lie with his own

lips; so he said to him quietly, “As to what you say, sir knight, about

having vanquished most of the knights of Spain, or even of the whole

world, I say nothing; but that you have vanquished Don Quixote of La

Mancha I consider doubtful; it may have been some other that resembled

him, although there are few like him.”

“How! not vanquished?” said he of the Grove; “by the heaven that is

above us I fought Don Quixote and overcame him and made him yield; and

he is a man of tall stature, gaunt features, long, lank limbs, with

hair turning grey, an aquiline nose rather hooked, and large black

drooping moustaches; he does battle under the name of ‘The

Countenance,’ and he has for squire a peasant called Sancho Panza; he

presses the loins and rules the reins of a famous steed called

Rocinante; and lastly, he has for the mistress of his will a certain

Dulcinea del Toboso, once upon a time called Aldonza Lorenzo, just as I

call mine Casildea de Vandalia because her name is Casilda and she is

of Andalusia. If all these tokens are not enough to vindicate the truth

of what I say, here is my sword, that will compel incredulity itself to

give credence to it.”

“Calm yourself, sir knight,” said Don Quixote, “and give ear to what I

am about to say to you. I would have you know that this Don Quixote you

speak of is the greatest friend I have in the world; so much so that I

may say I regard him in the same light as my own person; and from the

precise and clear indications you have given I cannot but think that he

must be the very one you have vanquished. On the other hand, I see with

my eyes and feel with my hands that it is impossible it can have been

the same; unless indeed it be that, as he has many enemies who are

enchanters, and one in particular who is always persecuting him,

someone of these may have taken his shape in order to allow himself to

be vanquished, so as to defraud him of the fame that his exalted

achievements as a knight have earned and acquired for him throughout

the known world. And in confirmation of this, I must tell you, too,

that it is but ten hours since these said enchanters his enemies

transformed the shape and person of the fair Dulcinea del Toboso into a

foul and mean village lass, and in the same way they must have

transformed Don Quixote; and if all this does not suffice to convince

you of the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will

maintain it by arms, on foot or on horseback or in any way you please.”

And so saying he stood up and laid his hand on his sword, waiting to

see what the Knight of the Grove would do, who in an equally calm voice

said in reply, “Pledges don’t distress a good payer; he who has

succeeded in vanquishing you once when transformed, Sir Don Quixote,

may fairly hope to subdue you in your own proper shape; but as it is

not becoming for knights to perform their feats of arms in the dark,

like highwaymen and bullies, let us wait till daylight, that the sun

may behold our deeds; and the conditions of our combat shall be that

the vanquished shall be at the victor’s disposal, to do all that he may

enjoin, provided the injunction be such as shall be becoming a knight.”

“I am more than satisfied with these conditions and terms,” replied Don

Quixote; and so saying, they betook themselves to where their squires

lay, and found them snoring, and in the same posture they were in when

sleep fell upon them. They roused them up, and bade them get the horses

ready, as at sunrise they were to engage in a bloody and arduous single

combat; at which intelligence Sancho was aghast and thunderstruck,

trembling for the safety of his master because of the mighty deeds he

had heard the squire of the Grove ascribe to his; but without a word

the two squires went in quest of their cattle; for by this time the

three horses and the ass had smelt one another out, and were all

together.

On the way, he of the Grove said to Sancho, “You must know, brother,

that it is the custom with the fighting men of Andalusia, when they are

godfathers in any quarrel, not to stand idle with folded arms while

their godsons fight; I say so to remind you that while our masters are

fighting, we, too, have to fight, and knock one another to shivers.”

“That custom, sir squire,” replied Sancho, “may hold good among those

bullies and fighting men you talk of, but certainly not among the

squires of knights-errant; at least, I have never heard my master speak

of any custom of the sort, and he knows all the laws of knight-errantry

by heart; but granting it true that there is an express law that

squires are to fight while their masters are fighting, I don’t mean to

obey it, but to pay the penalty that may be laid on peacefully minded

squires like myself; for I am sure it cannot be more than two pounds of

wax, and I would rather pay that, for I know it will cost me less than

the lint I shall be at the expense of to mend my head, which I look

upon as broken and split already; there’s another thing that makes it

impossible for me to fight, that I have no sword, for I never carried

one in my life.”

“I know a good remedy for that,” said he of the Grove; “I have here two

linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and

we will fight at bag blows with equal arms.”

“If that’s the way, so be it with all my heart,” said Sancho, “for that

sort of battle will serve to knock the dust out of us instead of

hurting us.”

“That will not do,” said the other, “for we must put into the bags, to

keep the wind from blowing them away, half a dozen nice smooth pebbles,

all of the same weight; and in this way we shall be able to baste one

another without doing ourselves any harm or mischief.”

“Body of my father!” said Sancho, “see what marten and sable, and pads

of carded cotton he is putting into the bags, that our heads may not be

broken and our bones beaten to jelly! But even if they are filled with

toss silk, I can tell you, señor, I am not going to fight; let our

masters fight, that’s their lookout, and let us drink and live; for

time will take care to ease us of our lives, without our going to look

for fillips so that they may be finished off before their proper time

comes and they drop from ripeness.”

“Still,” returned he of the Grove, “we must fight, if it be only for

half an hour.”

“By no means,” said Sancho; “I am not going to be so discourteous or so

ungrateful as to have any quarrel, be it ever so small, with one I have

eaten and drunk with; besides, who the devil could bring himself to

fight in cold blood, without anger or provocation?”

“I can remedy that entirely,” said he of the Grove, “and in this way:

before we begin the battle, I will come up to your worship fair and

softly, and give you three or four buffets, with which I shall stretch

you at my feet and rouse your anger, though it were sleeping sounder

than a dormouse.”

“To match that plan,” said Sancho, “I have another that is not a whit

behind it; I will take a cudgel, and before your worship comes near

enough to waken my anger I will send yours so sound to sleep with

whacks, that it won’t waken unless it be in the other world, where it

is known that I am not a man to let my face be handled by anyone; let

each look out for the arrow—though the surer way would be to let

everyone’s anger sleep, for nobody knows the heart of anyone, and a man

may come for wool and go back shorn; God gave his blessing to peace and

his curse to quarrels; if a hunted cat, surrounded and hard pressed,

turns into a lion, God knows what I, who am a man, may turn into; and

so from this time forth I warn you, sir squire, that all the harm and

mischief that may come of our quarrel will be put down to your

account.”

“Very good,” said he of the Grove; “God will send the dawn and we shall

be all right.”

And now gay-plumaged birds of all sorts began to warble in the trees,

and with their varied and gladsome notes seemed to welcome and salute

the fresh morn that was beginning to show the beauty of her countenance

at the gates and balconies of the east, shaking from her locks a

profusion of liquid pearls; in which dulcet moisture bathed, the

plants, too, seemed to shed and shower down a pearly spray, the willows

distilled sweet manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks babbled, the

woods rejoiced, and the meadows arrayed themselves in all their glory

at her coming. But hardly had the light of day made it possible to see

and distinguish things, when the first object that presented itself to

the eyes of Sancho Panza was the squire of the Grove’s nose, which was

so big that it almost overshadowed his whole body. It is, in fact,

stated, that it was of enormous size, hooked in the middle, covered

with warts, and of a mulberry colour like an egg-plant; it hung down

two fingers’ length below his mouth, and the size, the colour, the

warts, and the bend of it, made his face so hideous, that Sancho, as he

looked at him, began to tremble hand and foot like a child in

convulsions, and he vowed in his heart to let himself be given two

hundred buffets, sooner than be provoked to fight that monster. Don

Quixote examined his adversary, and found that he already had his

helmet on and visor lowered, so that he could not see his face; he

observed, however, that he was a sturdily built man, but not very tall

in stature. Over his armour he wore a surcoat or cassock of what seemed

to be the finest cloth of gold, all bespangled with glittering mirrors

like little moons, which gave him an extremely gallant and splendid

appearance; above his helmet fluttered a great quantity of plumes,

green, yellow, and white, and his lance, which was leaning against a

tree, was very long and stout, and had a steel point more than a palm

in length.

Don Quixote observed all, and took note of all, and from what he saw

and observed he concluded that the said knight must be a man of great

strength, but he did not for all that give way to fear, like Sancho

Panza; on the contrary, with a composed and dauntless air, he said to

the Knight of the Mirrors, “If, sir knight, your great eagerness to

fight has not banished your courtesy, by it I would entreat you to

raise your visor a little, in order that I may see if the comeliness of

your countenance corresponds with that of your equipment.”

“Whether you come victorious or vanquished out of this emprise, sir

knight,” replied he of the Mirrors, “you will have more than enough

time and leisure to see me; and if now I do not comply with your

request, it is because it seems to me I should do a serious wrong to

the fair Casildea de Vandalia in wasting time while I stopped to raise

my visor before compelling you to confess what you are already aware I

maintain.”

“Well then,” said Don Quixote, “while we are mounting you can at least

tell me if I am that Don Quixote whom you said you vanquished.”

“To that we answer you,” said he of the Mirrors, “that you are as like

the very knight I vanquished as one egg is like another, but as you say

enchanters persecute you, I will not venture to say positively whether

you are the said person or not.”

“That,” said Don Quixote, “is enough to convince me that you are under

a deception; however, entirely to relieve you of it, let our horses be

brought, and in less time than it would take you to raise your visor,

if God, my lady, and my arm stand me in good stead, I shall see your

face, and you shall see that I am not the vanquished Don Quixote you

take me to be.”

With this, cutting short the colloquy, they mounted, and Don Quixote

wheeled Rocinante round in order to take a proper distance to charge

back upon his adversary, and he of the Mirrors did the same; but Don

Quixote had not moved away twenty paces when he heard himself called by

the other, and, each returning half-way, he of the Mirrors said to him,

“Remember, sir knight, that the terms of our combat are, that the

vanquished, as I said before, shall be at the victor’s disposal.”

“I am aware of it already,” said Don Quixote; “provided what is

commanded and imposed upon the vanquished be things that do not

transgress the limits 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 was no less amazed than Sancho at the sight;

insomuch that he set him down as a monster of some kind, or a human

being of some new species or unearthly breed. Sancho, seeing his master

retiring to run his course, did not like to be left alone with the nosy

man, fearing that with one flap of that nose on his own the battle

would be all over for him and he would be left stretched on the ground,

either by the blow or with fright; so he ran after his master, holding

on to Rocinante’s stirrup-leather, and when it seemed to him time to

turn about, he said, “I implore of your worship, señor, before you turn

to charge, to help me up into this cork tree, from which I will be able

to witness the gallant encounter your worship is going to have with

this knight, more to my taste and better than from the ground.”

“It seems to me rather, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that thou wouldst

mount a scaffold in order to see the bulls without danger.”

“To tell the truth,” returned Sancho, “the monstrous nose of that

squire has filled me with fear and terror, and I dare not stay near

him.”

“It is,” said Don Quixote, “such a one that were I not what I am it

would terrify me too; so, come, I will help thee up where thou wilt.”

While Don Quixote waited for Sancho to mount into the cork tree he of

the Mirrors took as much ground as he considered requisite, and,

supposing Don Quixote to have done the same, without waiting for any

sound of trumpet or other signal to direct them, he wheeled his horse,

which was not more agile or better-looking than Rocinante, and at his

top speed, which was an easy trot, he proceeded to charge his enemy;

seeing him, however, engaged in putting Sancho up, he drew rein, and

halted in mid career, for which his horse was very grateful, as he was

already unable to go. Don Quixote, fancying that his foe was coming

down upon him flying, drove his spurs vigorously into Rocinante’s lean

flanks and made him scud along in such style that the history tells us

that on this occasion only was he known to make something like running,

for on all others it was a simple trot with him; and with this

unparalleled fury he bore down where he of the Mirrors stood digging

his spurs into his horse up to buttons, without being able to make him

stir a finger’s length from the spot where he had come to a standstill

in his course. At this lucky moment and crisis, Don Quixote came upon

his adversary, in trouble with his horse, and embarrassed with his

lance, which he either could not manage, or had no time to lay in rest.

Don Quixote, however, paid no attention to these difficulties, and in

perfect safety to himself and without any risk encountered him of the

Mirrors with such force that he brought him to the ground in spite of

himself over the haunches of his horse, and with so heavy a fall that

he lay to all appearance dead, not stirring hand or foot. The instant

Sancho saw him fall he slid down from the cork tree, and made all haste

to where his master was, who, dismounting from Rocinante, went and

stood over him of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see if he was

dead, and to give him air if he should happen to be alive, he saw—who

can say what he saw, without filling all who hear it with astonishment,

wonder, and awe? He saw, the history says, the very countenance, the

very face, the very look, the very physiognomy, the very effigy, the

very image of the bachelor Samson Carrasco! As soon as he saw it he

called out in a loud voice, “Make haste here, Sancho, and behold what

thou art to see but not to believe; quick, my son, and learn what magic

can do, and wizards and enchanters are capable of.”

Sancho came up, and when he saw the countenance of the bachelor

Carrasco, he fell to crossing himself a thousand times, and blessing

himself as many more. All this time the prostrate knight showed no

signs of life, and Sancho said to Don Quixote, “It is my opinion,

señor, that in any case your worship should take and thrust your sword

into the mouth of this one here that looks like the bachelor Samson

Carrasco; perhaps in him you will kill one of your enemies, the

enchanters.”

“Thy advice is not bad,” said Don Quixote, “for of enemies the fewer

the better;” and he was drawing his sword to carry into effect Sancho’s

counsel and suggestion, when the squire of the Mirrors came up, now

without the nose which had made him so hideous, and cried out in a loud

voice, “Mind what you are about, Señor Don Quixote; that is your

friend, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, you have at your feet, and I am

his squire.”

“And the nose?” said Sancho, seeing him without the hideous feature he

had before; to which he replied, “I have it here in my pocket,” and

putting his hand into his right pocket, he pulled out a masquerade nose

of varnished pasteboard of the make already described; and Sancho,

examining him more and more closely, exclaimed aloud in a voice of

amazement, “Holy Mary be good to me! Isn’t it Tom Cecial, my neighbour

and gossip?”

“Why, to be sure I am!” returned the now unnosed squire; “Tom Cecial I

am, gossip and friend Sancho Panza; and I’ll tell you presently the

means and tricks and falsehoods by which I have been brought here; but

in the meantime, beg and entreat of your master not to touch, maltreat,

wound, or slay the Knight of the Mirrors whom he has at his feet;

because, beyond all dispute, it is the rash and ill-advised bachelor

Samson Carrasco, our fellow townsman.”

At this moment he of the Mirrors came to himself, and Don Quixote

perceiving it, held the naked point of his sword over his face, and

said to him, “You are a dead man, knight, unless you confess that the

peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels your Casildea de Vandalia in

beauty; and in addition to this you must promise, if you should survive

this encounter and fall, to go to the city of El Toboso and present

yourself before her on my behalf, that she deal with you according to

her good pleasure; and if she leaves you free to do yours, you are in

like manner to return and seek me out (for the trail of my mighty deeds

will serve you as a guide to lead you to where I may be), and tell me

what may have passed between you and her—conditions which, in

accordance with what we stipulated before our combat, do not transgress

the just limits of knight-errantry.”

“I confess,” said the fallen knight, “that the dirty tattered shoe of

the lady Dulcinea del Toboso is better than the ill-combed though clean

beard of Casildea; and I promise to go and to return from her presence

to yours, and to give you a full and particular account of all you

demand of me.”

“You must also confess and believe,” added Don Quixote, “that the

knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote of La

Mancha, but someone else in his likeness, just as I confess and believe

that you, though you seem to be the bachelor Samson Carrasco, are not

so, but some other resembling him, whom my enemies have here put before

me in his shape, in order that I may restrain and moderate the

vehemence of my wrath, and make a gentle use of the glory of my

victory.”

“I confess, hold, and think everything to be as you believe, hold, and

think it,” the crippled knight; “let me rise, I entreat you; if,

indeed, the shock of my fall will allow me, for it has left me in a

sorry plight enough.”

Don Quixote helped him to rise, with the assistance of his squire Tom

Cecial; from whom Sancho never took his eyes, and to whom he put

questions, the replies to which furnished clear proof that he was

really and truly the Tom Cecial he said; but the impression made on

Sancho’s mind by what his master said about the enchanters having

changed the face of the Knight of the Mirrors into that of the bachelor

Samson Carrasco, would not permit him to believe what he saw with his

eyes. In fine, both master and man remained under the delusion; and,

down in the mouth, and out of luck, he of the Mirrors and his squire

parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, he meaning to go look for some

village where he could plaster and strap his ribs. Don Quixote and

Sancho resumed their journey to Saragossa, and on it the history leaves

them in order that it may tell who the Knight of the Mirrors and his

long-nosed squire were.

p14e.jpg (56K)

CHAPTER XV.

WHEREIN IT IS TOLD AND KNOWN WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS

SQUIRE WERE

p15a.jpg (122K)

Full Size

Don Quixote went off satisfied, elated, and vain-glorious in the

highest degree at having won a victory over such a valiant knight as he

fancied him of the Mirrors to be, and one from whose knightly word he

expected to learn whether the enchantment of his lady still continued;

inasmuch as the said vanquished knight was bound, under the penalty of

ceasing to be one, to return and render him an account of what took

place between him and her. But Don Quixote was of one mind, he of the

Mirrors of another, for he just then had no thought of anything but

finding some village where he could plaster himself, as has been said

already. The history goes on to say, then, that when the bachelor

Samson Carrasco recommended Don Quixote to resume his knight-errantry

which he had laid aside, it was in consequence of having been

previously in conclave with the curate and the barber on the means to

be adopted to induce Don Quixote to stay at home in peace and quiet

without worrying himself with his ill-starred adventures; at which

consultation it was decided by the unanimous vote of all, and on the

special advice of Carrasco, that Don Quixote should be allowed to go,

as it seemed impossible to restrain him, and that Samson should sally

forth to meet him as a knight-errant, and do battle with him, for there

would be no difficulty about a cause, and vanquish him, that being

looked upon as an easy matter; and that it should be agreed and settled

that the vanquished was to be at the mercy of the victor. Then, Don

Quixote being vanquished, the bachelor knight was to command him to

return to his village and his house, and not quit it for two years, or

until he received further orders from him; all which it was clear Don

Quixote would unhesitatingly obey, rather than contravene or fail to

observe the laws of chivalry; and during the period of his seclusion he

might perhaps forget his folly, or there might be an opportunity of

discovering some ready remedy for his madness. Carrasco undertook the

task, and Tom Cecial, a gossip and neighbour of Sancho Panza’s, a

lively, feather-headed fellow, offered himself as his squire. Carrasco

armed himself in the fashion described, and Tom Cecial, that he might

not be known by his gossip when they met, fitted on over his own

natural nose the false masquerade one that has been mentioned; and so

they followed the same route Don Quixote took, and almost came up with

him in time to be present at the adventure of the cart of Death and

finally encountered them in the grove, where all that the sagacious

reader has been reading about took place; and had it not been for the

extraordinary fancies of Don Quixote, and his conviction that the

bachelor was not the bachelor, señor bachelor would have been

incapacitated for ever from taking his degree of licentiate, all

through not finding nests where he thought to find birds.

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had succeeded, and what a sorry end

their expedition had come to, said to the bachelor, “Sure enough, Señor

Samson Carrasco, we are served right; it is easy enough to plan and set

about an enterprise, but it is often a difficult matter to come well

out of it. Don Quixote a madman, and we sane; he goes off laughing,

safe, and sound, and you are left sore and sorry! I’d like to know now

which is the madder, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who

is so of his own choice?”

To which Samson replied, “The difference between the two sorts of

madmen is, that he who is so will he nil he, will be one always, while

he who is so of his own accord can leave off being one whenever he

likes.”

“In that case,” said Tom Cecial, “I was a madman of my own accord when

I volunteered to become your squire, and, of my own accord, I’ll leave

off being one and go home.”

“That’s your affair,” returned Samson, “but to suppose that I am going

home until I have given Don Quixote a thrashing is absurd; and it is

not any wish that he may recover his senses that will make me hunt him

out now, but a wish for the sore pain I am in with my ribs won’t let me

entertain more charitable thoughts.”

Thus discoursing, the pair proceeded until they reached a town where it

was their good luck to find a bone-setter, with whose help the

unfortunate Samson was cured. Tom Cecial left him and went home, while

he stayed behind meditating vengeance; and the history will return to

him again at the proper time, so as not to omit making merry with Don

Quixote now.

p15e.jpg (17K)

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA

p16a.jpg (85K)

Full Size

Don Quixote pursued his journey in the high spirits, satisfaction, and

self-complacency already described, fancying himself the most valorous

knight-errant of the age in the world because of his late victory. All

the adventures that could befall him from that time forth he regarded

as already done and brought to a happy issue; he made light of

enchantments and enchanters; he thought no more of the countless

drubbings that had been administered to him in the course of his

knight-errantry, nor of the volley of stones that had levelled half his

teeth, nor of the ingratitude of the galley slaves, nor of the audacity

of the Yanguesans and the shower of stakes that fell upon him; in

short, he said to himself that could he discover any means, mode, or

way of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he would not envy the highest

fortune that the most fortunate knight-errant of yore ever reached or

could reach.

He was going along entirely absorbed in these fancies, when Sancho said

to him, “Isn’t it odd, señor, that I have still before my eyes that

monstrous enormous nose of my gossip, Tom Cecial?”

“And dost thou, then, believe, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the

Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire Tom

Cecial thy gossip?”

“I don’t know what to say to that,” replied Sancho; “all I know is that

the tokens he gave me about my own house, wife and children, nobody

else but himself could have given me; and the face, once the nose was

off, was the very face of Tom Cecial, as I have seen it many a time in

my town and next door to my own house; and the sound of the voice was

just the same.”

“Let us reason the matter, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “Come now, by

what process of thinking can it be supposed that the bachelor Samson

Carrasco would come as a knight-errant, in arms offensive and

defensive, to fight with me? Have I ever been by any chance his enemy?

Have I ever given him any occasion to owe me a grudge? Am I his rival,

or does he profess arms, that he should envy the fame I have acquired

in them?”

“Well, but what are we to say, señor,” returned Sancho, “about that

knight, whoever he is, being so like the bachelor Carrasco, and his

squire so like my gossip, Tom Cecial? And if that be enchantment, as

your worship says, was there no other pair in the world for them to

take the likeness of?”

“It is all,” said Don Quixote, “a scheme and plot of the malignant

magicians that persecute me, who, foreseeing that I was to be

victorious in the conflict, arranged that the vanquished knight should

display the countenance of my friend the bachelor, in order that the

friendship I bear him should interpose to stay the edge of my sword and

might of my arm, and temper the just wrath of my heart; so that he who

sought to take my life by fraud and falsehood should save his own. And

to prove it, thou knowest already, Sancho, by experience which cannot

lie or deceive, how easy it is for enchanters to change one countenance

into another, turning fair into foul, and foul into fair; for it is not

two days since thou sawest with thine own eyes the beauty and elegance

of the peerless Dulcinea in all its perfection and natural harmony,

while I saw her in the repulsive and mean form of a coarse country

wench, with cataracts in her eyes and a foul smell in her mouth; and

when the perverse enchanter ventured to effect so wicked a

transformation, it is no wonder if he effected that of Samson Carrasco

and thy gossip in order to snatch the glory of victory out of my grasp.

For all that, however, I console myself, because, after all, in

whatever shape he may have been, I have been victorious over my enemy.”

“God knows what’s the truth of it all,” said Sancho; and knowing as he

did that the transformation of Dulcinea had been a device and

imposition of his own, his master’s illusions were not satisfactory to

him; but he did not like to reply lest he should say something that

might disclose his trickery.

As they were engaged in this conversation they were overtaken by a man

who was following the same road behind them, mounted on a very handsome

flea-bitten mare, and dressed in a gaban of fine green cloth, with

tawny velvet facings, and a montera of the same velvet. The trappings

of the mare were of the field and jineta fashion, and of mulberry

colour and green. He carried a Moorish cutlass hanging from a broad

green and gold baldric; the buskins were of the same make as the

baldric; the spurs were not gilt, but lacquered green, and so brightly

polished that, matching as they did the rest of his apparel, they

looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveller came up with them he saluted them courteously, and

spurring his mare was passing them without stopping, but Don Quixote

called out to him, “Gallant sir, if so be your worship is going our

road, and has no occasion for speed, it would be a pleasure to me if we

were to join company.”

“In truth,” replied he on the mare, “I would not pass you so hastily

but for fear that horse might turn restive in the company of my mare.”

“You may safely hold in your mare, señor,” said Sancho in reply to

this, “for our horse is the most virtuous and well-behaved horse in the

world; he never does anything wrong on such occasions, and the only

time he misbehaved, my master and I suffered for it sevenfold; I say

again your worship may pull up if you like; for if she was offered to

him between two plates the horse would not hanker after her.”

The traveller drew rein, amazed at the trim and features of Don

Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a

valise in front of Dapple’s pack-saddle; and if the man in green

examined Don Quixote closely, still more closely did Don Quixote

examine the man in green, who struck him as being a man of

intelligence. In appearance he was about fifty years of age, with but

few grey hairs, an aquiline cast of features, and an expression between

grave and gay; and his dress and accoutrements showed him to be a man

of good condition. What he in green thought of Don Quixote of La Mancha

was that a man of that sort and shape he had never yet seen; he

marvelled at the length of his hair, his lofty stature, the lankness

and sallowness of his countenance, his armour, his bearing and his

gravity—a figure and picture such as had not been seen in those regions

for many a long day.

Don Quixote saw very plainly the attention with which the traveller was

regarding him, and read his curiosity in his astonishment; and

courteous as he was and ready to please everybody, before the other

could ask him any question he anticipated him by saying, “The

appearance I present to your worship being so strange and so out of the

common, I should not be surprised if it filled you with wonder; but you

will cease to wonder when I tell you, as I do, that I am one of those

knights who, as people say, go seeking adventures. I have left my home,

I have mortgaged my estate, I have given up my comforts, and committed

myself to the arms of Fortune, to bear me whithersoever she may please.

My desire was to bring to life again knight-errantry, now dead, and for

some time past, stumbling here, falling there, now coming down

headlong, now raising myself up again, I have carried out a great

portion of my design, succouring widows, protecting maidens, and giving

aid to wives, orphans, and minors, the proper and natural duty of

knights-errant; and, therefore, because of my many valiant and

Christian achievements, I have been already found worthy to make my way

in print to well-nigh all, or most, of the nations of the earth. Thirty

thousand volumes of my history have been printed, and it is on the

high-road to be printed thirty thousand thousands of times, if heaven

does not put a stop to it. In short, to sum up all in a few words, or

in a single one, I may tell you I am Don Quixote of La Mancha,

otherwise called ‘The Knight of the Rueful Countenance;’ for though

self-praise is degrading, I must perforce sound my own sometimes, that

is to say, when there is no one at hand to do it for me. So that,

gentle sir, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor

this squire, nor all these arms put together, nor the sallowness of my

countenance, nor my gaunt leanness, will henceforth astonish you, now

that you know who I am and what profession I follow.”

With these words Don Quixote held his peace, and, from the time he took

to answer, the man in green seemed to be at a loss for a reply; after a

long pause, however, he said to him, “You were right when you saw

curiosity in my amazement, sir knight; but you have not succeeded in

removing the astonishment I feel at seeing you; for although you say,

señor, that knowing who you are ought to remove it, it has not done so;

on the contrary, now that I know, I am left more amazed and astonished

than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant in the

world in these days, and histories of real chivalry printed? I cannot

realise the fact that there can be anyone on earth now-a-days who aids

widows, or protects maidens, or defends wives, or succours orphans; nor

should I believe it had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes.

Blessed be heaven! for by means of this history of your noble and

genuine chivalrous deeds, which you say has been printed, the countless

stories of fictitious knights-errant with which the world is filled, so

much to the injury of morality and the prejudice and discredit of good

histories, will have been driven into oblivion.”

“There is a good deal to be said on that point,” said Don Quixote, “as

to whether the histories of the knights-errant are fiction or not.”

“Why, is there anyone who doubts that those histories are false?” said

the man in green.

“I doubt it,” said Don Quixote, “but never mind that just now; if our

journey lasts long enough, I trust in God I shall show your worship

that you do wrong in going with the stream of those who regard it as a

matter of certainty that they are not true.”

From this last observation of Don Quixote’s, the traveller began to

have a suspicion that he was some crazy being, and was waiting for him

to confirm it by something further; but before they could turn to any

new subject Don Quixote begged him to tell him who he was, since he

himself had rendered account of his station and life. To this, he in

the green gaban replied “I, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, am a

gentleman by birth, native of the village where, please God, we are

going to dine to-day; I am more than fairly well off, and my name is

Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my life with my wife, children, and

friends; my pursuits are hunting and fishing, but I keep neither hawks

nor greyhounds, nothing but a tame partridge or a bold ferret or two; I

have six dozen or so of books, some in our mother tongue, some Latin,

some of them history, others devotional; those of chivalry have not as

yet crossed the threshold of my door; I am more given to turning over

the profane than the devotional, so long as they are books of honest

entertainment that charm by their style and attract and interest by the

invention they display, though of these there are very few in Spain.

Sometimes I dine with my neighbours and friends, and often invite them;

my entertainments are neat and well served without stint of anything. I

have no taste for tattle, nor do I allow tattling in my presence; I pry

not into my neighbours’ lives, nor have I lynx-eyes for what others do.

I hear mass every day; I share my substance with the poor, making no

display of good works, lest I let hypocrisy and vainglory, those

enemies that subtly take possession of the most watchful heart, find an

entrance into mine. I strive to make peace between those whom I know to

be at variance; I am the devoted servant of Our Lady, and my trust is

ever in the infinite mercy of God our Lord.”

Sancho listened with the greatest attention to the account of the

gentleman’s life and occupation; and thinking it a good and a holy

life, and that he who led it ought to work miracles, he threw himself

off Dapple, and running in haste seized his right stirrup and kissed

his foot again and again with a devout heart and almost with tears.

Seeing this the gentleman asked him, “What are you about, brother? What

are these kisses for?”

“Let me kiss,” said Sancho, “for I think your worship is the first

saint in the saddle I ever saw all the days of my life.”

“I am no saint,” replied the gentleman, “but a great sinner; but you

are, brother, for you must be a good fellow, as your simplicity shows.”

Sancho went back and regained his pack-saddle, having extracted a laugh

from his master’s profound melancholy, and excited fresh amazement in

Don Diego. Don Quixote then asked him how many children he had, and

observed that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who

were without the true knowledge of God, placed the \_summum bonum\_ was

in the gifts of nature, in those of fortune, in having many friends,

and many and good children.

“I, Señor Don Quixote,” answered the gentleman, “have one son, without

whom, perhaps, I should count myself happier than I am, not because he

is a bad son, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He is

eighteen years of age; he has been for six at Salamanca studying Latin

and Greek, and when I wished him to turn to the study of other sciences

I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry (if that can be called a

science) that there is no getting him to take kindly to the law, which

I wished him to study, or to theology, the queen of them all. I would

like him to be an honour to his family, as we live in days when our

kings liberally reward learning that is virtuous and worthy; for

learning without virtue is a pearl on a dunghill. He spends the whole

day in settling whether Homer expressed himself correctly or not in

such and such a line of the Iliad, whether Martial was indecent or not

in such and such an epigram, whether such and such lines of Virgil are

to be understood in this way or in that; in short, all his talk is of

the works of these poets, and those of Horace, Perseus, Juvenal, and

Tibullus; for of the moderns in our own language he makes no great

account; but with all his seeming indifference to Spanish poetry, just

now his thoughts are absorbed in making a gloss on four lines that have

been sent him from Salamanca, which I suspect are for some poetical

tournament.”

To all this Don Quixote said in reply, “Children, señor, are portions

of their parents’ bowels, and therefore, be they good or bad, are to be

loved as we love the souls that give us life; it is for the parents to

guide them from infancy in the ways of virtue, propriety, and worthy

Christian conduct, so that when grown up they may be the staff of their

parents’ old age, and the glory of their posterity; and to force them

to study this or that science I do not think wise, though it may be no

harm to persuade them; and when there is no need to study for the sake

of \_pane lucrando\_, and it is the student’s good fortune that heaven

has given him parents who provide him with it, it would be my advice to

them to let him pursue whatever science they may see him most inclined

to; and though that of poetry is less useful than pleasurable, it is

not one of those that bring discredit upon the possessor. Poetry,

gentle sir, is, as I take it, like a tender young maiden of supreme

beauty, to array, bedeck, and adorn whom is the task of several other

maidens, who are all the rest of the sciences; and she must avail

herself of the help of all, and all derive their lustre from her. But

this maiden will not bear to be handled, nor dragged through the

streets, nor exposed either at the corners of the market-places, or in

the closets of palaces. She is the product of an Alchemy of such virtue

that he who is able to practise it, will turn her into pure gold of

inestimable worth. He that possesses her must keep her within bounds,

not permitting her to break out in ribald satires or soulless sonnets.

She must on no account be offered for sale, unless, indeed, it be in

heroic poems, moving tragedies, or sprightly and ingenious comedies.

She must not be touched by the buffoons, nor by the ignorant vulgar,

incapable of comprehending or appreciating her hidden treasures. And do

not suppose, señor, that I apply the term vulgar here merely to

plebeians and the lower orders; for everyone who is ignorant, be he

lord or prince, may and should be included among the vulgar. He, then,

who shall embrace and cultivate poetry under the conditions I have

named, shall become famous, and his name honoured throughout all the

civilised nations of the earth. And with regard to what you say, señor,

of your son having no great opinion of Spanish poetry, I am inclined to

think that he is not quite right there, and for this reason: the great

poet Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor did

Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin; in short, all the

ancient poets wrote in the language they imbibed with their mother’s

milk, and never went in quest of foreign ones to express their sublime

conceptions; and that being so, the usage should in justice extend to

all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued because he

writes in his own language, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan,

for writing in his. But your son, señor, I suspect, is not prejudiced

against Spanish poetry, but against those poets who are mere Spanish

verse writers, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences to

adorn and give life and vigour to their natural inspiration; and yet

even in this he may be wrong; for, according to a true belief, a poet

is born one; that is to say, the poet by nature comes forth a poet from

his mother’s womb; and following the bent that heaven has bestowed upon

him, without the aid of study or art, he produces things that show how

truly he spoke who said, ‘\_Est Deus in nobis\_,’ etc. At the same time,

I say that the poet by nature who calls in art to his aid will be a far

better poet, and will surpass him who tries to be one relying upon his

knowledge of art alone. The reason is, that art does not surpass

nature, but only brings it to perfection; and thus, nature combined

with art, and art with nature, will produce a perfect poet. To bring my

argument to a close, I would say then, gentle sir, let your son go on

as his star leads him, for being so studious as he seems to be, and

having already successfully surmounted the first step of the sciences,

which is that of the languages, with their help he will by his own

exertions reach the summit of polite literature, which so well becomes

an independent gentleman, and adorns, honours, and distinguishes him,

as much as the mitre does the bishop, or the gown the learned

counsellor. If your son write satires reflecting on the honour of

others, chide and correct him, and tear them up; but if he compose

discourses in which he rebukes vice in general, in the style of Horace,

and with elegance like his, commend him; for it is legitimate for a

poet to write against envy and lash the envious in his verse, and the

other vices too, provided he does not single out individuals; there

are, however, poets who, for the sake of saying something spiteful,

would run the risk of being banished to the coast of Pontus. If the

poet be pure in his morals, he will be pure in his verses too; the pen

is the tongue of the mind, and as the thought engendered there, so will

be the things that it writes down. And when kings and princes observe

this marvellous science of poetry in wise, virtuous, and thoughtful

subjects, they honour, value, exalt them, and even crown them with the

leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt strikes not, as if to show

that they whose brows are honoured and adorned with such a crown are

not to be assailed by anyone.”

He of the green gaban was filled with astonishment at Don Quixote’s

argument, so much so that he began to abandon the notion he had taken

up about his being crazy. But in the middle of the discourse, it being

not very much to his taste, Sancho had turned aside out of the road to

beg a little milk from some shepherds, who were milking their ewes hard

by; and just as the gentleman, highly pleased, was about to renew the

conversation, Don Quixote, raising his head, perceived a cart covered

with royal flags coming along the road they were travelling; and

persuaded that this must be some new adventure, he called aloud to

Sancho to come and bring him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself

called, quitted the shepherds, and, prodding Dapple vigorously, came up

to his master, to whom there fell a terrific and desperate adventure.

p16e.jpg (49K)

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN IS SHOWN THE FURTHEST AND HIGHEST POINT WHICH THE UNEXAMPLED

COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE REACHED OR COULD REACH; TOGETHER WITH THE

HAPPILY ACHIEVED ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS

p17a.jpg (137K)

Full Size

The history tells that when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring

him his helmet, Sancho was buying some curds the shepherds agreed to

sell him, and flurried by the great haste his master was in did not

know what to do with them or what to carry them in; so, not to lose

them, for he had already paid for them, he thought it best to throw

them into his master’s helmet, and acting on this bright idea he went

to see what his master wanted with him. He, as he approached, exclaimed

to him:

“Give me that helmet, my friend, for either I know little of

adventures, or what I observe yonder is one that will, and does, call

upon me to arm myself.”

He of the green gaban, on hearing this, looked in all directions, but

could perceive nothing, except a cart coming towards them with two or

three small flags, which led him to conclude it must be carrying

treasure of the King’s, and he said so to Don Quixote. He, however,

would not believe him, being always persuaded and convinced that all

that happened to him must be adventures and still more adventures; so

he replied to the gentleman, “He who is prepared has his battle half

fought; nothing is lost by my preparing myself, for I know by

experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, and I know not

when, or where, or at what moment, or in what shapes they will attack

me;” and turning to Sancho, he called for his helmet; and Sancho, as he

had no time to take out the curds, had to give it just as it was. Don

Quixote took it, and without perceiving what was in it thrust it down

in hot haste upon his head; but as the curds were pressed and squeezed

the whey began to run all over his face and beard, whereat he was so

startled that he cried out to Sancho:

“Sancho, what’s this? I think my head is softening, or my brains are

melting, or I am sweating from head to foot! If I am sweating it is not

indeed from fear. I am convinced beyond a doubt that the adventure

which is about to befall me is a terrible one. Give me something to

wipe myself with, if thou hast it, for this profuse sweat is blinding

me.”

Sancho held his tongue, and gave him a cloth, and gave thanks to God at

the same time that his master had not found out what was the matter.

Don Quixote then wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it

was that made his head feel so cool, and seeing all that white mash

inside his helmet he put it to his nose, and as soon as he had smelt it

he exclaimed:

“By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, but it is curds thou hast

put here, thou treacherous, impudent, ill-mannered squire!”

To which, with great composure and pretended innocence, Sancho replied,

“If they are curds let me have them, your worship, and I’ll eat them;

but let the devil eat them, for it must have been he who put them

there. I dare to dirty your helmet! You have guessed the offender

finely! Faith, sir, by the light God gives me, it seems I must have

enchanters too, that persecute me as a creature and limb of your

worship, and they must have put that nastiness there in order to

provoke your patience to anger, and make you baste my ribs as you are

wont to do. Well, this time, indeed, they have missed their aim, for I

trust to my master’s good sense to see that I have got no curds or

milk, or anything of the sort; and that if I had it is in my stomach I

would put it and not in the helmet.”

“May be so,” said Don Quixote. All this the gentleman was observing,

and with astonishment, more especially when, after having wiped himself

clean, his head, face, beard, and helmet, Don Quixote put it on, and

settling himself firmly in his stirrups, easing his sword in the

scabbard, and grasping his lance, he cried, “Now, come who will, here

am I, ready to try conclusions with Satan himself in person!”

By this time the cart with the flags had come up, unattended by anyone

except the carter on a mule, and a man sitting in front. Don Quixote

planted himself before it and said, “Whither are you going, brothers?

What cart is this? What have you got in it? What flags are those?”

To this the carter replied, “The cart is mine; what is in it is a pair

of wild caged lions, which the governor of Oran is sending to court as

a present to his Majesty; and the flags are our lord the King’s, to

show that what is here is his property.”

“And are the lions large?” asked Don Quixote.

“So large,” replied the man who sat at the door of the cart, “that

larger, or as large, have never crossed from Africa to Spain; I am the

keeper, and I have brought over others, but never any like these. They

are male and female; the male is in that first cage and the female in

the one behind, and they are hungry now, for they have eaten nothing

to-day, so let your worship stand aside, for we must make haste to the

place where we are to feed them.”

Hereupon, smiling slightly, Don Quixote exclaimed, “Lion-whelps to me!

to me whelps of lions, and at such a time! Then, by God! those

gentlemen who send them here shall see if I am a man to be frightened

by lions. Get down, my good fellow, and as you are the keeper open the

cages, and turn me out those beasts, and in the midst of this plain I

will let them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and in the

teeth of the enchanters who send them to me.”

“So, so,” said the gentleman to himself at this; “our worthy knight has

shown of what sort he is; the curds, no doubt, have softened his skull

and brought his brains to a head.”

At this instant Sancho came up to him, saying, “Señor, for God’s sake

do something to keep my master, Don Quixote, from tackling these lions;

for if he does they’ll tear us all to pieces here.”

“Is your master then so mad,” asked the gentleman, “that you believe

and are afraid he will engage such fierce animals?”

“He is not mad,” said Sancho, “but he is venturesome.”

“I will prevent it,” said the gentleman; and going over to Don Quixote,

who was insisting upon the keeper’s opening the cages, he said to him,

“Sir knight, knights-errant should attempt adventures which encourage

the hope of a successful issue, not those which entirely withhold it;

for valour that trenches upon temerity savours rather of madness than

of courage; moreover, these lions do not come to oppose you, nor do

they dream of such a thing; they are going as presents to his Majesty,

and it will not be right to stop them or delay their journey.”

“Gentle sir,” replied Don Quixote, “you go and mind your tame partridge

and your bold ferret, and leave everyone to manage his own business;

this is mine, and I know whether these gentlemen the lions come to me

or not;” and then turning to the keeper he exclaimed, “By all that’s

good, sir scoundrel, if you don’t open the cages this very instant,

I’ll pin you to the cart with this lance.”

The carter, seeing the determination of this apparition in armour, said

to him, “Please your worship, for charity’s sake, señor, let me unyoke

the mules and place myself in safety along with them before the lions

are turned out; for if they kill them on me I am ruined for life, for

all I possess is this cart and mules.”

“O man of little faith,” replied Don Quixote, “get down and unyoke; you

will soon see that you are exerting yourself for nothing, and that you

might have spared yourself the trouble.”

The carter got down and with all speed unyoked the mules, and the

keeper called out at the top of his voice, “I call all here to witness

that against my will and under compulsion I open the cages and let the

lions loose, and that I warn this gentleman that he will be accountable

for all the harm and mischief which these beasts may do, and for my

salary and dues as well. You, gentlemen, place yourselves in safety

before I open, for I know they will do me no harm.”

Once more the gentleman strove to persuade Don Quixote not to do such a

mad thing, as it was tempting God to engage in such a piece of folly.

To this, Don Quixote replied that he knew what he was about. The

gentleman in return entreated him to reflect, for he knew he was under

a delusion.

“Well, señor,” answered Don Quixote, “if you do not like to be a

spectator of this tragedy, as in your opinion it will be, spur your

flea-bitten mare, and place yourself in safety.”

Hearing this, Sancho with tears in his eyes entreated him to give up an

enterprise compared with which the one of the windmills, and the awful

one of the fulling mills, and, in fact, all the feats he had attempted

in the whole course of his life, were cakes and fancy bread. “Look ye,

señor,” said Sancho, “there’s no enchantment here, nor anything of the

sort, for between the bars and chinks of the cage I have seen the paw

of a real lion, and judging by that I reckon the lion such a paw could

belong to must be bigger than a mountain.”

“Fear at any rate,” replied Don Quixote, “will make him look bigger to

thee than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die

here thou knowest our old compact; thou wilt repair to Dulcinea—I say

no more.” To these he added some further words that banished all hope

of his giving up his insane project. He of the green gaban would have

offered resistance, but he found himself ill-matched as to arms, and

did not think it prudent to come to blows with a madman, for such Don

Quixote now showed himself to be in every respect; and the latter,

renewing his commands to the keeper and repeating his threats, gave

warning to the gentleman to spur his mare, Sancho his Dapple, and the

carter his mules, all striving to get away from the cart as far as they

could before the lions broke loose. Sancho was weeping over his

master’s death, for this time he firmly believed it was in store for

him from the claws of the lions; and he cursed his fate and called it

an unlucky hour when he thought of taking service with him again; but

with all his tears and lamentations he did not forget to thrash Dapple

so as to put a good space between himself and the cart. The keeper,

seeing that the fugitives were now some distance off, once more

entreated and warned him as before; but he replied that he heard him,

and that he need not trouble himself with any further warnings or

entreaties, as they would be fruitless, and bade him make haste.

During the delay that occurred while the keeper was opening the first

cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would not be well to do

battle on foot, instead of on horseback, and finally resolved to fight

on foot, fearing that Rocinante might take fright at the sight of the

lions; he therefore sprang off his horse, flung his lance aside, braced

his buckler on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced slowly with

marvellous intrepidity and resolute courage, to plant himself in front

of the cart, commending himself with all his heart to God and to his

lady Dulcinea.

It is to be observed, that on coming to this passage, the author of

this veracious history breaks out into exclamations. “O doughty Don

Quixote! high-mettled past extolling! Mirror, wherein all the heroes of

the world may see themselves! Second modern Don Manuel de Leon, once

the glory and honour of Spanish knighthood! In what words shall I

describe this dread exploit, by what language shall I make it credible

to ages to come, what eulogies are there unmeet for thee, though they

be hyperboles piled on hyperboles! On foot, alone, undaunted,

high-souled, with but a simple sword, and that no trenchant blade of

the Perrillo brand, a shield, but no bright polished steel one, there

stoodst thou, biding and awaiting the two fiercest lions that Africa’s

forests ever bred! Thy own deeds be thy praise, valiant Manchegan, and

here I leave them as they stand, wanting the words wherewith to glorify

them!”

p17b.jpg (352K)

Full Size

Here the author’s outburst came to an end, and he proceeded to take up

the thread of his story, saying that the keeper, seeing that Don

Quixote had taken up his position, and that it was impossible for him

to avoid letting out the male without incurring the enmity of the fiery

and daring knight, flung open the doors of the first cage, containing,

as has been said, the lion, which was now seen to be of enormous size,

and grim and hideous mien. The first thing he did was to turn round in

the cage in which he lay, and protrude his claws, and stretch himself

thoroughly; he next opened his mouth, and yawned very leisurely, and

with near two palms’ length of tongue that he had thrust forth, he

licked the dust out of his eyes and washed his face; having done this,

he put his head out of the cage and looked all round with eyes like

glowing coals, a spectacle and demeanour to strike terror into temerity

itself. Don Quixote merely observed him steadily, longing for him to

leap from the cart and come to close quarters with him, when he hoped

to hew him in pieces.

So far did his unparalleled madness go; but the noble lion, more

courteous than arrogant, not troubling himself about silly bravado,

after having looked all round, as has been said, turned about and

presented his hind-quarters to Don Quixote, and very coolly and

tranquilly lay down again in the cage. Seeing this, Don Quixote ordered

the keeper to take a stick to him and provoke him to make him come out.

“That I won’t,” said the keeper; “for if I anger him, the first he’ll

tear in pieces will be myself. Be satisfied, sir knight, with what you

have done, which leaves nothing more to be said on the score of

courage, and do not seek to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has

the door open; he is free to come out or not to come out; but as he has

not come out so far, he will not come out to-day. Your worship’s great

courage has been fully manifested already; no brave champion, so it

strikes me, is bound to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for

him on the field; if his adversary does not come, on him lies the

disgrace, and he who waits for him carries off the crown of victory.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote; “close the door, my friend, and let

me have, in the best form thou canst, what thou hast seen me do, by way

of certificate; to wit, that thou didst open for the lion, that I

waited for him, that he did not come out, that I still waited for him,

and that still he did not come out, and lay down again. I am not bound

to do more; enchantments avaunt, and God uphold the right, the truth,

and true chivalry! Close the door as I bade thee, while I make signals

to the fugitives that have left us, that they may learn this exploit

from thy lips.”

The keeper obeyed, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance

the cloth he had wiped his face with after the deluge of curds,

proceeded to recall the others, who still continued to fly, looking

back at every step, all in a body, the gentleman bringing up the rear.

Sancho, however, happening to observe the signal of the white cloth,

exclaimed, “May I die, if my master has not overcome the wild beasts,

for he is calling to us.”

They all stopped, and perceived that it was Don Quixote who was making

signals, and shaking off their fears to some extent, they approached

slowly until they were near enough to hear distinctly Don Quixote’s

voice calling to them. They returned at length to the cart, and as they

came up, Don Quixote said to the carter, “Put your mules to once more,

brother, and continue your journey; and do thou, Sancho, give him two

gold crowns for himself and the keeper, to compensate for the delay

they have incurred through me.”

“That will I give with all my heart,” said Sancho; “but what has become

of the lions? Are they dead or alive?”

The keeper, then, in full detail, and bit by bit, described the end of

the contest, exalting to the best of his power and ability the valour

of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion quailed, and would not

and dared not come out of the cage, although he had held the door open

ever so long; and showing how, in consequence of his having represented

to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion in order to

force him out, which he wished to have done, he very reluctantly, and

altogether against his will, had allowed the door to be closed.

“What dost thou think of this, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “Are there

any enchantments that can prevail against true valour? The enchanters

may be able to rob me of good fortune, but of fortitude and courage

they cannot.”

Sancho paid the crowns, the carter put to, the keeper kissed Don

Quixote’s hands for the bounty bestowed upon him, and promised to give

an account of the valiant exploit to the King himself, as soon as he

saw him at court.

“Then,” said Don Quixote, “if his Majesty should happen to ask who

performed it, you must say THE KNIGHT OF THE LIONS; for it is my desire

that into this the name I have hitherto borne of Knight of the Rueful

Countenance be from this time forward changed, altered, transformed,

and turned; and in this I follow the ancient usage of knights-errant,

who changed their names when they pleased, or when it suited their

purpose.”

The cart went its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he of the green

gaban went theirs. All this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a

word, being entirely taken up with observing and noting all that Don

Quixote did and said, and the opinion he formed was that he was a man

of brains gone mad, and a madman on the verge of rationality. The first

part of his history had not yet reached him, for, had he read it, the

amazement with which his words and deeds filled him would have

vanished, as he would then have understood the nature of his madness;

but knowing nothing of it, he took him to be rational one moment, and

crazy the next, for what he said was sensible, elegant, and well

expressed, and what he did, absurd, rash, and foolish; and said he to

himself, “What could be madder than putting on a helmet full of curds,

and then persuading oneself that enchanters are softening one’s skull;

or what could be greater rashness and folly than wanting to fight lions

tooth and nail?”

Don Quixote roused him from these reflections and this soliloquy by

saying, “No doubt, Señor Don Diego de Miranda, you set me down in your

mind as a fool and a madman, and it would be no wonder if you did, for

my deeds do not argue anything else. But for all that, I would have you

take notice that I am neither so mad nor so foolish as I must have

seemed to you. A gallant knight shows to advantage bringing his lance

to bear adroitly upon a fierce bull under the eyes of his sovereign, in

the midst of a spacious plaza; a knight shows to advantage arrayed in

glittering armour, pacing the lists before the ladies in some joyous

tournament, and all those knights show to advantage that entertain,

divert, and, if we may say so, honour the courts of their princes by

warlike exercises, or what resemble them; but to greater advantage than

all these does a knight-errant show when he traverses deserts,

solitudes, cross-roads, forests, and mountains, in quest of perilous

adventures, bent on bringing them to a happy and successful issue, all

to win a glorious and lasting renown. To greater advantage, I maintain,

does the knight-errant show bringing aid to some widow in some lonely

waste, than the court knight dallying with some city damsel. All

knights have their own special parts to play; let the courtier devote

himself to the ladies, let him add lustre to his sovereign’s court by

his liveries, let him entertain poor gentlemen with the sumptuous fare

of his table, let him arrange joustings, marshal tournaments, and prove

himself noble, generous, and magnificent, and above all a good

Christian, and so doing he will fulfil the duties that are especially

his; but let the knight-errant explore the corners of the earth and

penetrate the most intricate labyrinths, at each step let him attempt

impossibilities, on desolate heaths let him endure the burning rays of

the midsummer sun, and the bitter inclemency of the winter winds and

frosts; let no lions daunt him, no monsters terrify him, no dragons

make him quail; for to seek these, to attack those, and to vanquish

all, are in truth his main duties. I, then, as it has fallen to my lot

to be a member of knight-errantry, cannot avoid attempting all that to

me seems to come within the sphere of my duties; thus it was my bounden

duty to attack those lions that I just now attacked, although I knew it

to be the height of rashness; for I know well what valour is, that it

is a virtue that occupies a place between two vicious extremes,

cowardice and temerity; but it will be a lesser evil for him who is

valiant to rise till he reaches the point of rashness, than to sink

until he reaches the point of cowardice; for, as it is easier for the

prodigal than for the miser to become generous, so it is easier for a

rash man to prove truly valiant than for a coward to rise to true

valour; and believe me, Señor Don Diego, in attempting adventures it is

better to lose by a card too many than by a card too few; for to hear

it said, ‘such a knight is rash and daring,’ sounds better than ‘such a

knight is timid and cowardly.’”

“I protest, Señor Don Quixote,” said Don Diego, “everything you have

said and done is proved correct by the test of reason itself; and I

believe, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost,

they might be found in your worship’s breast as in their own proper

depository and muniment-house; but let us make haste, and reach my

village, where you shall take rest after your late exertions; for if

they have not been of the body they have been of the spirit, and these

sometimes tend to produce bodily fatigue.”

“I take the invitation as a great favour and honour, Señor Don Diego,”

replied Don Quixote; and pressing forward at a better pace than before,

at about two in the afternoon they reached the village and house of Don

Diego, or, as Don Quixote called him, “The Knight of the Green Gaban.”

p17e.jpg (76K)

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF WHAT HAPPENED DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF

THE GREEN GABAN, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS OUT OF THE COMMON

p18a.jpg (133K)

Full Size

Don Quixote found Don Diego de Miranda’s house built in village style,

with his arms in rough stone over the street door; in the patio was the

store-room, and at the entrance the cellar, with plenty of wine-jars

standing round, which, coming from El Toboso, brought back to his

memory his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea; and with a sigh, and not

thinking of what he was saying, or in whose presence he was, he

exclaimed-

“O ye sweet treasures, to my sorrow found!

Once sweet and welcome when ’twas heaven’s good-will.

“O ye Tobosan jars, how ye bring back to my memory the

sweet object of my bitter regrets!”

p18b.jpg (300K)

Full Size

The student poet, Don Diego’s son, who had come out with his mother to

receive him, heard this exclamation, and both mother and son were

filled with amazement at the extraordinary figure he presented; he,

however, dismounting from Rocinante, advanced with great politeness to

ask permission to kiss the lady’s hand, while Don Diego said, “Señora,

pray receive with your wonted kindness Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha,

whom you see before you, a knight-errant, and the bravest and wisest in

the world.”

The lady, whose name was Doña Christina, received him with every sign

of good-will and great courtesy, and Don Quixote placed himself at her

service with an abundance of well-chosen and polished phrases. Almost

the same civilities were exchanged between him and the student, who

listening to Don Quixote, took him to be a sensible, clear-headed

person.

Here the author describes minutely everything belonging to Don Diego’s

mansion, putting before us in his picture the whole contents of a rich

gentleman-farmer’s house; but the translator of the history thought it

best to pass over these and other details of the same sort in silence,

as they are not in harmony with the main purpose of the story, the

strong point of which is truth rather than dull digressions.

They led Don Quixote into a room, and Sancho removed his armour,

leaving him in loose Walloon breeches and chamois-leather doublet, all

stained with the rust of his armour; his collar was a falling one of

scholastic cut, without starch or lace, his buskins buff-coloured, and

his shoes polished. He wore his good sword, which hung in a baldric of

sea-wolf’s skin, for he had suffered for many years, they say, from an

ailment of the kidneys; and over all he threw a long cloak of good grey

cloth. But first of all, with five or six buckets of water (for as

regard the number of buckets there is some dispute), he washed his head

and face, and still the water remained whey-coloured, thanks to

Sancho’s greediness and purchase of those unlucky curds that turned his

master so white. Thus arrayed, and with an easy, sprightly, and gallant

air, Don Quixote passed out into another room, where the student was

waiting to entertain him while the table was being laid; for on the

arrival of so distinguished a guest, Doña Christina was anxious to show

that she knew how and was able to give a becoming reception to those

who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was taking off his armour, Don Lorenzo (for so Don

Diego’s son was called) took the opportunity to say to his father,

“What are we to make of this gentleman you have brought home to us,

sir? For his name, his appearance, and your describing him as a

knight-errant have completely puzzled my mother and me.”

“I don’t know what to say, my son,” replied. Don Diego; “all I can tell

thee is that I have seen him act the acts of the greatest madman in the

world, and heard him make observations so sensible that they efface and

undo all he does; do thou talk to him and feel the pulse of his wits,

and as thou art shrewd, form the most reasonable conclusion thou canst

as to his wisdom or folly; though, to tell the truth, I am more

inclined to take him to be mad than sane.”

With this Don Lorenzo went away to entertain Don Quixote as has been

said, and in the course of the conversation that passed between them

Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo, “Your father, Señor Don Diego de

Miranda, has told me of the rare abilities and subtle intellect you

possess, and, above all, that you are a great poet.”

“A poet, it may be,” replied Don Lorenzo, “but a great one, by no

means. It is true that I am somewhat given to poetry and to reading

good poets, but not so much so as to justify the title of ‘great’ which

my father gives me.”

“I do not dislike that modesty,” said Don Quixote; “for there is no

poet who is not conceited and does not think he is the best poet in the

world.”

“There is no rule without an exception,” said Don Lorenzo; “there may

be some who are poets and yet do not think they are.”

“Very few,” said Don Quixote; “but tell me, what verses are those which

you have now in hand, and which your father tells me keep you somewhat

restless and absorbed? If it be some gloss, I know something about

glosses, and I should like to hear them; and if they are for a poetical

tournament, contrive to carry off the second prize; for the first

always goes by favour or personal standing, the second by simple

justice; and so the third comes to be the second, and the first,

reckoning in this way, will be third, in the same way as licentiate

degrees are conferred at the universities; but, for all that, the title

of first is a great distinction.”

“So far,” said Don Lorenzo to himself, “I should not take you to be a

madman; but let us go on.” So he said to him, “Your worship has

apparently attended the schools; what sciences have you studied?”

“That of knight-errantry,” said Don Quixote, “which is as good as that

of poetry, and even a finger or two above it.”

“I do not know what science that is,” said Don Lorenzo, “and until now

I have never heard of it.”

“It is a science,” said Don Quixote, “that comprehends in itself all or

most of the sciences in the world, for he who professes it must be a

jurist, and must know the rules of justice, distributive and equitable,

so as to give to each one what belongs to him and is due to him. He

must be a theologian, so as to be able to give a clear and distinctive

reason for the Christian faith he professes, wherever it may be asked

of him. He must be a physician, and above all a herbalist, so as in

wastes and solitudes to know the herbs that have the property of

healing wounds, for a knight-errant must not go looking for someone to

cure him at every step. He must be an astronomer, so as to know by the

stars how many hours of the night have passed, and what clime and

quarter of the world he is in. He must know mathematics, for at every

turn some occasion for them will present itself to him; and, putting it

aside that he must be adorned with all the virtues, cardinal and

theological, to come down to minor particulars, he must, I say, be able

to swim as well as Nicholas or Nicolao the Fish could, as the story

goes; he must know how to shoe a horse, and repair his saddle and

bridle; and, to return to higher matters, he must be faithful to God

and to his lady; he must be pure in thought, decorous in words,

generous in works, valiant in deeds, patient in suffering,

compassionate towards the needy, and, lastly, an upholder of the truth

though its defence should cost him his life. Of all these qualities,

great and small, is a true knight-errant made up; judge then, Señor Don

Lorenzo, whether it be a contemptible science which the knight who

studies and professes it has to learn, and whether it may not compare

with the very loftiest that are taught in the schools.”

“If that be so,” replied Don Lorenzo, “this science, I protest,

surpasses all.”

“How, if that be so?” said Don Quixote.

“What I mean to say,” said Don Lorenzo, “is, that I doubt whether there

are now, or ever were, any knights-errant, and adorned with such

virtues.”

“Many a time,” replied Don Quixote, “have I said what I now say once

more, that the majority of the world are of opinion that there never

were any knights-errant in it; and as it is my opinion that, unless

heaven by some miracle brings home to them the truth that there were

and are, all the pains one takes will be in vain (as experience has

often proved to me), I will not now stop to disabuse you of the error

you share with the multitude. All I shall do is to pray to heaven to

deliver you from it, and show you how beneficial and necessary

knights-errant were in days of yore, and how useful they would be in

these days were they but in vogue; but now, for the sins of the people,

sloth and indolence, gluttony and luxury are triumphant.”

“Our guest has broken out on our hands,” said Don Lorenzo to himself at

this point; “but, for all that, he is a glorious madman, and I should

be a dull blockhead to doubt it.”

Here, being summoned to dinner, they brought their colloquy to a close.

Don Diego asked his son what he had been able to make out as to the

wits of their guest. To which he replied, “All the doctors and clever

scribes in the world will not make sense of the scrawl of his madness;

he is a madman full of streaks, full of lucid intervals.”

They went in to dinner, and the repast was such as Don Diego said on

the road he was in the habit of giving to his guests, neat, plentiful,

and tasty; but what pleased Don Quixote most was the marvellous silence

that reigned throughout the house, for it was like a Carthusian

monastery.

When the cloth had been removed, grace said and their hands washed, Don

Quixote earnestly pressed Don Lorenzo to repeat to him his verses for

the poetical tournament, to which he replied, “Not to be like those

poets who, when they are asked to recite their verses, refuse, and when

they are not asked for them vomit them up, I will repeat my gloss, for

which I do not expect any prize, having composed it merely as an

exercise of ingenuity.”

“A discerning friend of mine,” said Don Quixote, “was of opinion that

no one ought to waste labour in glossing verses; and the reason he gave

was that the gloss can never come up to the text, and that often or

most frequently it wanders away from the meaning and purpose aimed at

in the glossed lines; and besides, that the laws of the gloss were too

strict, as they did not allow interrogations, nor ‘said he,’ nor ‘I

say,’ nor turning verbs into nouns, or altering the construction, not

to speak of other restrictions and limitations that fetter

gloss-writers, as you no doubt know.”

“Verily, Señor Don Quixote,” said Don Lorenzo, “I wish I could catch

your worship tripping at a stretch, but I cannot, for you slip through

my fingers like an eel.”

“I don’t understand what you say, or mean by slipping,” said Don

Quixote.

“I will explain myself another time,” said Don Lorenzo; “for the

present pray attend to the glossed verses and the gloss, which run

thus:

Could ‘was’ become an ‘is’ for me,

Then would I ask no more than this;

Or could, for me, the time that is

Become the time that is to be!—

GLOSS

Dame Fortune once upon a day

To me was bountiful and kind;

But all things change; she changed her mind,

And what she gave she took away.

O Fortune, long I’ve sued to thee;

The gifts thou gavest me restore,

For, trust me, I would ask no more,

Could ‘was’ become an ‘is’ for me.

No other prize I seek to gain,

No triumph, glory, or success,

Only the long-lost happiness,

The memory whereof is pain.

One taste, methinks, of bygone bliss

The heart-consuming fire might stay;

And, so it come without delay,

Then would I ask no more than this.

I ask what cannot be, alas!

That time should ever be, and then

Come back to us, and be again,

No power on earth can bring to pass;

For fleet of foot is he, I wis,

And idly, therefore, do we pray

That what for aye hath left us may

Become for us the time that is.

Perplexed, uncertain, to remain

’Twixt hope and fear, is death, not life;

’Twere better, sure, to end the strife,

And dying, seek release from pain.

And yet, thought were the best for me.

Anon the thought aside I fling,

And to the present fondly cling,

And dread the time that is to be.”

When Don Lorenzo had finished reciting his gloss, Don Quixote stood up,

and in a loud voice, almost a shout, exclaimed as he grasped Don

Lorenzo’s right hand in his, “By the highest heavens, noble youth, but

you are the best poet on earth, and deserve to be crowned with laurel,

not by Cyprus or by Gaeta—as a certain poet, God forgive him, said—but

by the Academies of Athens, if they still flourished, and by those that

flourish now, Paris, Bologna, Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges

who rob you of the first prize—that Phœbus may pierce them with his

arrows, and the Muses never cross the thresholds of their doors. Repeat

me some of your long-measure verses, señor, if you will be so good, for

I want thoroughly to feel the pulse of your rare genius.”

Is there any need to say that Don Lorenzo enjoyed hearing himself

praised by Don Quixote, albeit he looked upon him as a madman? power of

flattery, how far-reaching art thou, and how wide are the bounds of thy

pleasant jurisdiction! Don Lorenzo gave a proof of it, for he complied

with Don Quixote’s request and entreaty, and repeated to him this

sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

SONNET

The lovely maid, she pierces now the wall;

Heart-pierced by her young Pyramus doth lie;

And Love spreads wing from Cyprus isle to fly,

A chink to view so wondrous great and small.

There silence speaketh, for no voice at all

Can pass so strait a strait; but love will ply

Where to all other power ’twere vain to try;

For love will find a way whate’er befall.

Impatient of delay, with reckless pace

The rash maid wins the fatal spot where she

Sinks not in lover’s arms but death’s embrace.

So runs the strange tale, how the lovers twain

One sword, one sepulchre, one memory,

Slays, and entombs, and brings to life again.

“Blessed be God,” said Don Quixote when he had heard Don Lorenzo’s

sonnet, “that among the hosts there are of irritable poets I have found

one consummate one, which, señor, the art of this sonnet proves to me

that you are!”

For four days was Don Quixote most sumptuously entertained in Don

Diego’s house, at the end of which time he asked his permission to

depart, telling him he thanked him for the kindness and hospitality he

had received in his house, but that, as it did not become

knights-errant to give themselves up for long to idleness and luxury,

he was anxious to fulfill the duties of his calling in seeking

adventures, of which he was informed there was an abundance in that

neighbourhood, where he hoped to employ his time until the day came

round for the jousts at Saragossa, for that was his proper destination;

and that, first of all, he meant to enter the cave of Montesinos, of

which so many marvellous things were reported all through the country,

and at the same time to investigate and explore the origin and true

source of the seven lakes commonly called the lakes of Ruidera.

Don Diego and his son commended his laudable resolution, and bade him

furnish himself with all he wanted from their house and belongings, as

they would most gladly be of service to him; which, indeed, his

personal worth and his honourable profession made incumbent upon them.

The day of his departure came at length, as welcome to Don Quixote as

it was sad and sorrowful to Sancho Panza, who was very well satisfied

with the abundance of Don Diego’s house, and objected to return to the

starvation of the woods and wilds and the short-commons of his

ill-stocked alforjas; these, however, he filled and packed with what he

considered needful. On taking leave, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo,

“I know not whether I have told you already, but if I have I tell you

once more, that if you wish to spare yourself fatigue and toil in

reaching the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have

nothing to do but to turn aside out of the somewhat narrow path of

poetry and take the still narrower one of knight-errantry, wide enough,

however, to make you an emperor in the twinkling of an eye.”

In this speech Don Quixote wound up the evidence of his madness, but

still better in what he added when he said, “God knows, I would gladly

take Don Lorenzo with me to teach him how to spare the humble, and

trample the proud under foot, virtues that are part and parcel of the

profession I belong to; but since his tender age does not allow of it,

nor his praiseworthy pursuits permit it, I will simply content myself

with impressing it upon your worship that you will become famous as a

poet if you are guided by the opinion of others rather than by your

own; because no fathers or mothers ever think their own children

ill-favoured, and this sort of deception prevails still more strongly

in the case of the children of the brain.”

Both father and son were amazed afresh at the strange medley Don

Quixote talked, at one moment sense, at another nonsense, and at the

pertinacity and persistence he displayed in going through thick and

thin in quest of his unlucky adventures, which he made the end and aim

of his desires. There was a renewal of offers of service and

civilities, and then, with the gracious permission of the lady of the

castle, they took their departure, Don Quixote on Rocinante, and Sancho

on Dapple.

p18e.jpg (18K)

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMOURED SHEPHERD, TOGETHER

WITH OTHER TRULY DROLL INCIDENTS

p19a.jpg (131K)

Full Size

Don Quixote had gone but a short distance beyond Don Diego’s village,

when he fell in with a couple of either priests or students, and a

couple of peasants, mounted on four beasts of the ass kind. One of the

students carried, wrapped up in a piece of green buckram by way of a

portmanteau, what seemed to be a little linen and a couple of pairs of

ribbed stockings; the other carried nothing but a pair of new

fencing-foils with buttons. The peasants carried divers articles that

showed they were on their way from some large town where they had

bought them, and were taking them home to their village; and both

students and peasants were struck with the same amazement that

everybody felt who saw Don Quixote for the first time, and were dying

to know who this man, so different from ordinary men, could be. Don

Quixote saluted them, and after ascertaining that their road was the

same as his, made them an offer of his company, and begged them to

slacken their pace, as their young asses travelled faster than his

horse; and then, to gratify them, he told them in a few words who he

was and the calling and profession he followed, which was that of a

knight-errant seeking adventures in all parts of the world. He informed

them that his own name was Don Quixote of La Mancha, and that he was

called, by way of surname, the Knight of the Lions.

All this was Greek or gibberish to the peasants, but not so to the

students, who very soon perceived the crack in Don Quixote’s pate; for

all that, however, they regarded him with admiration and respect, and

one of them said to him, “If you, sir knight, have no fixed road, as it

is the way with those who seek adventures not to have any, let your

worship come with us; you will see one of the finest and richest

weddings that up to this day have ever been celebrated in La Mancha, or

for many a league round.”

Don Quixote asked him if it was some prince’s, that he spoke of it in

this way. “Not at all,” said the student; “it is the wedding of a

farmer and a farmer’s daughter, he the richest in all this country, and

she the fairest mortal ever set eyes on. The display with which it is

to be attended will be something rare and out of the common, for it

will be celebrated in a meadow adjoining the town of the bride, who is

called, \_par excellence\_, Quiteria the fair, as the bridegroom is

called Camacho the rich. She is eighteen, and he twenty-two, and they

are fairly matched, though some knowing ones, who have all the

pedigrees in the world by heart, will have it that the family of the

fair Quiteria is better than Camacho’s; but no one minds that

now-a-days, for wealth can solder a great many flaws. At any rate,

Camacho is free-handed, and it is his fancy to screen the whole meadow

with boughs and cover it in overhead, so that the sun will have hard

work if he tries to get in to reach the grass that covers the soil. He

has provided dancers too, not only sword but also bell-dancers, for in

his own town there are those who ring the changes and jingle the bells

to perfection; of shoe-dancers I say nothing, for of them he has

engaged a host. But none of these things, nor of the many others I have

omitted to mention, will do more to make this a memorable wedding than

the part which I suspect the despairing Basilio will play in it. This

Basilio is a youth of the same village as Quiteria, and he lived in the

house next door to that of her parents, of which circumstance Love took

advantage to reproduce to the word the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus

and Thisbe; for Basilio loved Quiteria from his earliest years, and she

responded to his passion with countless modest proofs of affection, so

that the loves of the two children, Basilio and Quiteria, were the talk

and the amusement of the town. As they grew up, the father of Quiteria

made up his mind to refuse Basilio his wonted freedom of access to the

house, and to relieve himself of constant doubts and suspicions, he

arranged a match for his daughter with the rich Camacho, as he did not

approve of marrying her to Basilio, who had not so large a share of the

gifts of fortune as of nature; for if the truth be told ungrudgingly,

he is the most agile youth we know, a mighty thrower of the bar, a

first-rate wrestler, and a great ball-player; he runs like a deer, and

leaps better than a goat, bowls over the nine-pins as if by magic,

sings like a lark, plays the guitar so as to make it speak, and, above

all, handles a sword as well as the best.”

“For that excellence alone,” said Don Quixote at this, “the youth

deserves to marry, not merely the fair Quiteria, but Queen Guinevere

herself, were she alive now, in spite of Launcelot and all who would

try to prevent it.”

“Say that to my wife,” said Sancho, who had until now listened in

silence, “for she won’t hear of anything but each one marrying his

equal, holding with the proverb ‘each ewe to her like.’ What I would

like is that this good Basilio (for I am beginning to take a fancy to

him already) should marry this lady Quiteria; and a blessing and good

luck—I meant to say the opposite—on people who would prevent those who

love one another from marrying.”

“If all those who love one another were to marry,” said Don Quixote,

“it would deprive parents of the right to choose, and marry their

children to the proper person and at the proper time; and if it was

left to daughters to choose husbands as they pleased, one would be for

choosing her father’s servant, and another, someone she has seen

passing in the street and fancies gallant and dashing, though he may be

a drunken bully; for love and fancy easily blind the eyes of the

judgment, so much wanted in choosing one’s way of life; and the

matrimonial choice is very liable to error, and it needs great caution

and the special favour of heaven to make it a good one. He who has to

make a long journey, will, if he is wise, look out for some trusty and

pleasant companion to accompany him before he sets out. Why, then,

should not he do the same who has to make the whole journey of life

down to the final halting-place of death, more especially when the

companion has to be his companion in bed, at board, and everywhere, as

the wife is to her husband? The companionship of one’s wife is no

article of merchandise, that, after it has been bought, may be

returned, or bartered, or changed; for it is an inseparable accident

that lasts as long as life lasts; it is a noose that, once you put it

round your neck, turns into a Gordian knot, which, if the scythe of

Death does not cut it, there is no untying. I could say a great deal

more on this subject, were I not prevented by the anxiety I feel to

know if the señor licentiate has anything more to tell about the story

of Basilio.”

To this the student, bachelor, or, as Don Quixote called him,

licentiate, replied, “I have nothing whatever to say further, but that

from the moment Basilio learned that the fair Quiteria was to be

married to Camacho the rich, he has never been seen to smile, or heard

to utter rational word, and he always goes about moody and dejected,

talking to himself in a way that shows plainly he is out of his senses.

He eats little and sleeps little, and all he eats is fruit, and when he

sleeps, if he sleeps at all, it is in the field on the hard earth like

a brute beast. Sometimes he gazes at the sky, at other times he fixes

his eyes on the earth in such an abstracted way that he might be taken

for a clothed statue, with its drapery stirred by the wind. In short,

he shows such signs of a heart crushed by suffering, that all we who

know him believe that when to-morrow the fair Quiteria says ‘yes,’ it

will be his sentence of death.”

“God will guide it better,” said Sancho, “for God who gives the wound

gives the salve; nobody knows what will happen; there are a good many

hours between this and to-morrow, and any one of them, or any moment,

the house may fall; I have seen the rain coming down and the sun

shining all at one time; many a one goes to bed in good health who

can’t stir the next day. And tell me, is there anyone who can boast of

having driven a nail into the wheel of fortune? No, faith; and between

a woman’s ‘yes’ and ‘no’ I wouldn’t venture to put the point of a pin,

for there would not be room for it; if you tell me Quiteria loves

Basilio heart and soul, then I’ll give him a bag of good luck; for

love, I have heard say, looks through spectacles that make copper seem

gold, poverty wealth, and bleary eyes pearls.”

“What art thou driving at, Sancho? curses on thee!” said Don Quixote;

“for when thou takest to stringing proverbs and sayings together, no

one can understand thee but Judas himself, and I wish he had thee. Tell

me, thou animal, what dost thou know about nails or wheels, or anything

else?”

“Oh, if you don’t understand me,” replied Sancho, “it is no wonder my

words are taken for nonsense; but no matter; I understand myself, and I

know I have not said anything very foolish in what I have said; only

your worship, señor, is always gravelling at everything I say, nay,

everything I do.”

“Cavilling, not gravelling,” said Don Quixote, “thou prevaricator of

honest language, God confound thee!”

“Don’t find fault with me, your worship,” returned Sancho, “for you

know I have not been bred up at court or trained at Salamanca, to know

whether I am adding or dropping a letter or so in my words. Why! God

bless me, it’s not fair to force a Sayago-man to speak like a Toledan;

maybe there are Toledans who do not hit it off when it comes to

polished talk.”

“That is true,” said the licentiate, “for those who have been bred up

in the Tanneries and the Zocodover cannot talk like those who are

almost all day pacing the cathedral cloisters, and yet they are all

Toledans. Pure, correct, elegant and lucid language will be met with in

men of courtly breeding and discrimination, though they may have been

born in Majalahonda; I say of discrimination, because there are many

who are not so, and discrimination is the grammar of good language, if

it be accompanied by practice. I, sirs, for my sins have studied canon

law at Salamanca, and I rather pique myself on expressing my meaning in

clear, plain, and intelligible language.”

“If you did not pique yourself more on your dexterity with those foils

you carry than on dexterity of tongue,” said the other student, “you

would have been head of the degrees, where you are now tail.”

“Look here, bachelor Corchuelo,” returned the licentiate, “you have the

most mistaken idea in the world about skill with the sword, if you

think it useless.”

“It is no idea on my part, but an established truth,” replied

Corchuelo; “and if you wish me to prove it to you by experiment, you

have swords there, and it is a good opportunity; I have a steady hand

and a strong arm, and these joined with my resolution, which is not

small, will make you confess that I am not mistaken. Dismount and put

in practice your positions and circles and angles and science, for I

hope to make you see stars at noonday with my rude raw swordsmanship,

in which, next to God, I place my trust that the man is yet to be born

who will make me turn my back, and that there is not one in the world I

will not compel to give ground.”

“As to whether you turn your back or not, I do not concern myself,”

replied the master of fence; “though it might be that your grave would

be dug on the spot where you planted your foot the first time; I mean

that you would be stretched dead there for despising skill with the

sword.”

“We shall soon see,” replied Corchuelo, and getting off his ass

briskly, he drew out furiously one of the swords the licentiate carried

on his beast.

“It must not be that way,” said Don Quixote at this point; “I will be

the director of this fencing match, and judge of this often disputed

question;” and dismounting from Rocinante and grasping his lance, he

planted himself in the middle of the road, just as the licentiate, with

an easy, graceful bearing and step, advanced towards Corchuelo, who

came on against him, darting fire from his eyes, as the saying is. The

other two of the company, the peasants, without dismounting from their

asses, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The cuts, thrusts,

down strokes, back strokes and doubles, that Corchuelo delivered were

past counting, and came thicker than hops or hail. He attacked like an

angry lion, but he was met by a tap on the mouth from the button of the

licentiate’s sword that checked him in the midst of his furious onset,

and made him kiss it as if it were a relic, though not as devoutly as

relics are and ought to be kissed. The end of it was that the

licentiate reckoned up for him by thrusts every one of the buttons of

the short cassock he wore, tore the skirts into strips, like the tails

of a cuttlefish, knocked off his hat twice, and so completely tired him

out, that in vexation, anger, and rage, he took the sword by the hilt

and flung it away with such force, that one of the peasants that were

there, who was a notary, and who went for it, made an affidavit

afterwards that he sent it nearly three-quarters of a league, which

testimony will serve, and has served, to show and establish with all

certainty that strength is overcome by skill.

Corchuelo sat down wearied, and Sancho approaching him said, “By my

faith, señor bachelor, if your worship takes my advice, you will never

challenge anyone to fence again, only to wrestle and throw the bar, for

you have the youth and strength for that; but as for these fencers as

they call them, I have heard say they can put the point of a sword

through the eye of a needle.”

“I am satisfied with having tumbled off my donkey,” said Corchuelo,

“and with having had the truth I was so ignorant of proved to me by

experience;” and getting up he embraced the licentiate, and they were

better friends than ever; and not caring to wait for the notary who had

gone for the sword, as they saw he would be a long time about it, they

resolved to push on so as to reach the village of Quiteria, to which

they all belonged, in good time.

During the remainder of the journey the licentiate held forth to them

on the excellences of the sword, with such conclusive arguments, and

such figures and mathematical proofs, that all were convinced of the

value of the science, and Corchuelo cured of his dogmatism.

It grew dark; but before they reached the town it seemed to them all as

if there was a heaven full of countless glittering stars in front of

it. They heard, too, the pleasant mingled notes of a variety of

instruments, flutes, drums, psalteries, pipes, tabors, and timbrels,

and as they drew near they perceived that the trees of a leafy arcade

that had been constructed at the entrance of the town were filled with

lights unaffected by the wind, for the breeze at the time was so gentle

that it had not power to stir the leaves on the trees. The musicians

were the life of the wedding, wandering through the pleasant grounds in

separate bands, some dancing, others singing, others playing the

various instruments already mentioned. In short, it seemed as though

mirth and gaiety were frisking and gambolling all over the meadow.

Several other persons were engaged in erecting raised benches from

which people might conveniently see the plays and dances that were to

be performed the next day on the spot dedicated to the celebration of

the marriage of Camacho the rich and the obsequies of Basilio. Don

Quixote would not enter the village, although the peasant as well as

the bachelor pressed him; he excused himself, however, on the grounds,

amply sufficient in his opinion, that it was the custom of

knights-errant to sleep in the fields and woods in preference to towns,

even were it under gilded ceilings; and so turned aside a little out of

the road, very much against Sancho’s will, as the good quarters he had

enjoyed in the castle or house of Don Diego came back to his mind.

p19e.jpg (29K)

CHAPTER XX.

WHEREIN AN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH,

TOGETHER WITH THE INCIDENT OF BASILIO THE POOR

p20a.jpg (125K)

Full Size

Scarce had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus time to dry the liquid

pearls upon her golden locks with the heat of his fervent rays, when

Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his limbs, sprang to his feet and

called to his squire Sancho, who was still snoring; seeing which Don

Quixote ere he roused him thus addressed him: “Happy thou, above all

the dwellers on the face of the earth, that, without envying or being

envied, sleepest with tranquil mind, and that neither enchanters

persecute nor enchantments affright. Sleep, I say, and will say a

hundred times, without any jealous thoughts of thy mistress to make

thee keep ceaseless vigils, or any cares as to how thou art to pay the

debts thou owest, or find to-morrow’s food for thyself and thy needy

little family, to interfere with thy repose. Ambition breaks not thy

rest, nor doth this world’s empty pomp disturb thee, for the utmost

reach of thy anxiety is to provide for thy ass, since upon my shoulders

thou hast laid the support of thyself, the counterpoise and burden that

nature and custom have imposed upon masters. The servant sleeps and the

master lies awake thinking how he is to feed him, advance him, and

reward him. The distress of seeing the sky turn brazen, and withhold

its needful moisture from the earth, is not felt by the servant but by

the master, who in time of scarcity and famine must support him who has

served him in times of plenty and abundance.”

p20b.jpg (365K)

Full Size

To all this Sancho made no reply because he was asleep, nor would he

have wakened up so soon as he did had not Don Quixote brought him to

his senses with the butt of his lance. He awoke at last, drowsy and

lazy, and casting his eyes about in every direction, observed, “There

comes, if I don’t mistake, from the quarter of that arcade a steam and

a smell a great deal more like fried rashers than galingale or thyme; a

wedding that begins with smells like that, by my faith, ought to be

plentiful and unstinting.”

“Have done, thou glutton,” said Don Quixote; “come, let us go and

witness this bridal, and see what the rejected Basilio does.”

“Let him do what he likes,” returned Sancho; “be he not poor, he would

marry Quiteria. To make a grand match for himself, and he without a

farthing; is there nothing else? Faith, señor, it’s my opinion the poor

man should be content with what he can get, and not go looking for

dainties in the bottom of the sea. I will bet my arm that Camacho could

bury Basilio in reals; and if that be so, as no doubt it is, what a

fool Quiteria would be to refuse the fine dresses and jewels Camacho

must have given her and will give her, and take Basilio’s bar-throwing

and sword-play. They won’t give a pint of wine at the tavern for a good

cast of the bar or a neat thrust of the sword. Talents and

accomplishments that can’t be turned into money, let Count Dirlos have

them; but when such gifts fall to one that has hard cash, I wish my

condition of life was as becoming as they are. On a good foundation you

can raise a good building, and the best foundation in the world is

money.”

“For God’s sake, Sancho,” said Don Quixote here, “stop that harangue;

it is my belief, if thou wert allowed to continue all thou beginnest

every instant, thou wouldst have no time left for eating or sleeping;

for thou wouldst spend it all in talking.”

“If your worship had a good memory,” replied Sancho, “you would

remember the articles of our agreement before we started from home this

last time; one of them was that I was to be let say all I liked, so

long as it was not against my neighbour or your worship’s authority;

and so far, it seems to me, I have not broken the said article.”

“I remember no such article, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “and even if it

were so, I desire you to hold your tongue and come along; for the

instruments we heard last night are already beginning to enliven the

valleys again, and no doubt the marriage will take place in the cool of

the morning, and not in the heat of the afternoon.”

Sancho did as his master bade him, and putting the saddle on Rocinante

and the pack-saddle on Dapple, they both mounted and at a leisurely

pace entered the arcade. The first thing that presented itself to

Sancho’s eyes was a whole ox spitted on a whole elm tree, and in the

fire at which it was to be roasted there was burning a middling-sized

mountain of faggots, and six stewpots that stood round the blaze had

not been made in the ordinary mould of common pots, for they were six

half wine-jars, each fit to hold the contents of a slaughter-house;

they swallowed up whole sheep and hid them away in their insides

without showing any more sign of them than if they were pigeons.

Countless were the hares ready skinned and the plucked fowls that hung

on the trees for burial in the pots, numberless the wildfowl and game

of various sorts suspended from the branches that the air might keep

them cool. Sancho counted more than sixty wine skins of over six

gallons each, and all filled, as it proved afterwards, with generous

wines. There were, besides, piles of the whitest bread, like the heaps

of corn one sees on the threshing-floors. There was a wall made of

cheeses arranged like open brick-work, and two cauldrons full of oil,

bigger than those of a dyer’s shop, served for cooking fritters, which

when fried were taken out with two mighty shovels, and plunged into

another cauldron of prepared honey that stood close by. Of cooks and

cook-maids there were over fifty, all clean, brisk, and blithe. In the

capacious belly of the ox were a dozen soft little sucking-pigs, which,

sewn up there, served to give it tenderness and flavour. The spices of

different kinds did not seem to have been bought by the pound but by

the quarter, and all lay open to view in a great chest. In short, all

the preparations made for the wedding were in rustic style, but

abundant enough to feed an army.

p20c.jpg (415K)

Full Size

Sancho observed all, contemplated all, and everything won his heart.

The first to captivate and take his fancy were the pots, out of which

he would have very gladly helped himself to a moderate pipkinful; then

the wine skins secured his affections; and lastly, the produce of the

frying-pans, if, indeed, such imposing cauldrons may be called

frying-pans; and unable to control himself or bear it any longer, he

approached one of the busy cooks and civilly but hungrily begged

permission to soak a scrap of bread in one of the pots; to which the

cook made answer, “Brother, this is not a day on which hunger is to

have any sway, thanks to the rich Camacho; get down and look about for

a ladle and skim off a hen or two, and much good may they do you.”

“I don’t see one,” said Sancho.

“Wait a bit,” said the cook; “sinner that I am! how particular and

bashful you are!” and so saying, he seized a bucket and plunging it

into one of the half jars took up three hens and a couple of geese, and

said to Sancho, “Fall to, friend, and take the edge off your appetite

with these skimmings until dinner-time comes.”

p20d.jpg (351K)

Full Size

“I have nothing to put them in,” said Sancho.

“Well then,” said the cook, “take spoon and all; for Camacho’s wealth

and happiness furnish everything.”

While Sancho fared thus, Don Quixote was watching the entrance, at one

end of the arcade, of some twelve peasants, all in holiday and gala

dress, mounted on twelve beautiful mares with rich handsome field

trappings and a number of little bells attached to their petrals, who,

marshalled in regular order, ran not one but several courses over the

meadow, with jubilant shouts and cries of “Long live Camacho and

Quiteria! he as rich as she is fair; and she the fairest on earth!”

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to himself, “It is easy to see these

folk have never seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for if they had they would

be more moderate in their praises of this Quiteria of theirs.”

Shortly after this, several bands of dancers of various sorts began to

enter the arcade at different points, and among them one of

sword-dancers composed of some four-and-twenty lads of gallant and

high-spirited mien, clad in the finest and whitest of linen, and with

handkerchiefs embroidered in various colours with fine silk; and one of

those on the mares asked an active youth who led them if any of the

dancers had been wounded. “As yet, thank God, no one has been wounded,”

said he, “we are all safe and sound;” and he at once began to execute

complicated figures with the rest of his comrades, with so many turns

and so great dexterity, that although Don Quixote was well used to see

dances of the same kind, he thought he had never seen any so good as

this. He also admired another that came in composed of fair young

maidens, none of whom seemed to be under fourteen or over eighteen

years of age, all clad in green stuff, with their locks partly braided,

partly flowing loose, but all of such bright gold as to vie with the

sunbeams, and over them they wore garlands of jessamine, roses,

amaranth, and honeysuckle. At their head were a venerable old man and

an ancient dame, more brisk and active, however, than might have been

expected from their years. The notes of a Zamora bagpipe accompanied

them, and with modesty in their countenances and in their eyes, and

lightness in their feet, they looked the best dancers in the world.

p20e.jpg (361K)

Full Size

Following these there came an artistic dance of the sort they call

“speaking dances.” It was composed of eight nymphs in two files, with

the god Cupid leading one and Interest the other, the former furnished

with wings, bow, quiver and arrows, the latter in a rich dress of gold

and silk of divers colours. The nymphs that followed Love bore their

names written on white parchment in large letters on their backs.

“Poetry” was the name of the first, “Wit” of the second, “Birth” of the

third, and “Valour” of the fourth. Those that followed Interest were

distinguished in the same way; the badge of the first announced

“Liberality,” that of the second “Largess,” the third “Treasure,” and

the fourth “Peaceful Possession.” In front of them all came a wooden

castle drawn by four wild men, all clad in ivy and hemp stained green,

and looking so natural that they nearly terrified Sancho. On the front

of the castle and on each of the four sides of its frame it bore the

inscription “Castle of Caution.” Four skillful tabor and flute players

accompanied them, and the dance having been opened, Cupid, after

executing two figures, raised his eyes and bent his bow against a

damsel who stood between the turrets of the castle, and thus addressed

her:

I am the mighty God whose sway

Is potent over land and sea.

The heavens above us own me; nay,

The shades below acknowledge me.

I know not fear, I have my will,

Whate’er my whim or fancy be;

For me there’s no impossible,

I order, bind, forbid, set free.

Having concluded the stanza he discharged an arrow at the top of the

castle, and went back to his place. Interest then came forward and went

through two more figures, and as soon as the tabors ceased, he said:

But mightier than Love am I,

Though Love it be that leads me on,

Than mine no lineage is more high,

Or older, underneath the sun.

To use me rightly few know how,

To act without me fewer still,

For I am Interest, and I vow

For evermore to do thy will.

Interest retired, and Poetry came forward, and when she had gone

through her figures like the others, fixing her eyes on the damsel of

the castle, she said:

With many a fanciful conceit,

Fair Lady, winsome Poesy

Her soul, an offering at thy feet,

Presents in sonnets unto thee.

If thou my homage wilt not scorn,

Thy fortune, watched by envious eyes,

On wings of poesy upborne

Shall be exalted to the skies.

Poetry withdrew, and on the side of Interest Liberality advanced, and

after having gone through her figures, said:

To give, while shunning each extreme,

The sparing hand, the over-free,

Therein consists, so wise men deem,

The virtue Liberality.

But thee, fair lady, to enrich,

Myself a prodigal I’ll prove,

A vice not wholly shameful, which

May find its fair excuse in love.

In the same manner all the characters of the two bands advanced and

retired, and each executed its figures, and delivered its verses, some

of them graceful, some burlesque, but Don Quixote’s memory (though he

had an excellent one) only carried away those that have been just

quoted. All then mingled together, forming chains and breaking off

again with graceful, unconstrained gaiety; and whenever Love passed in

front of the castle he shot his arrows up at it, while Interest broke

gilded pellets against it. At length, after they had danced a good

while, Interest drew out a great purse, made of the skin of a large

brindled cat and to all appearance full of money, and flung it at the

castle, and with the force of the blow the boards fell asunder and

tumbled down, leaving the damsel exposed and unprotected. Interest and

the characters of his band advanced, and throwing a great chain of gold

over her neck pretended to take her and lead her away captive, on

seeing which, Love and his supporters made as though they would release

her, the whole action being to the accompaniment of the tabors and in

the form of a regular dance. The wild men made peace between them, and

with great dexterity readjusted and fixed the boards of the castle, and

the damsel once more ensconced herself within; and with this the dance

wound up, to the great enjoyment of the beholders.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who it was that had composed and

arranged it. She replied that it was a beneficiary of the town who had

a nice taste in devising things of the sort. “I will lay a wager,” said

Don Quixote, “that the same bachelor or beneficiary is a greater friend

of Camacho’s than of Basilio’s, and that he is better at satire than at

vespers; he has introduced the accomplishments of Basilio and the

riches of Camacho very neatly into the dance.” Sancho Panza, who was

listening to all this, exclaimed, “The king is my cock; I stick to

Camacho.” “It is easy to see thou art a clown, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote, “and one of that sort that cry ‘Long life to the conqueror.’”

“I don’t know of what sort I am,” returned Sancho, “but I know very

well I’ll never get such elegant skimmings off Basilio’s pots as these

I have got off Camacho’s;” and he showed him the bucketful of geese and

hens, and seizing one began to eat with great gaiety and appetite,

saying, “A fig for the accomplishments of Basilio! As much as thou hast

so much art thou worth, and as much as thou art worth so much hast

thou. As a grandmother of mine used to say, there are only two families

in the world, the Haves and the Haven’ts; and she stuck to the Haves;

and to this day, Señor Don Quixote, people would sooner feel the pulse

of ‘Have,’ than of ‘Know;’ an ass covered with gold looks better than a

horse with a pack-saddle. So once more I say I stick to Camacho, the

bountiful skimmings of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and

rabbits; but of Basilio’s, if any ever come to hand, or even to foot,

they’ll be only rinsings.”

“Hast thou finished thy harangue, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “Of course

I have finished it,” replied Sancho, “because I see your worship takes

offence at it; but if it was not for that, there was work enough cut

out for three days.”

“God grant I may see thee dumb before I die, Sancho,” said Don Quixote.

“At the rate we are going,” said Sancho, “I’ll be chewing clay before

your worship dies; and then, maybe, I’ll be so dumb that I’ll not say a

word until the end of the world, or, at least, till the day of

judgment.”

“Even should that happen, O Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thy silence

will never come up to all thou hast talked, art talking, and wilt talk

all thy life; moreover, it naturally stands to reason, that my death

will come before thine; so I never expect to see thee dumb, not even

when thou art drinking or sleeping, and that is the utmost I can say.”

“In good faith, señor,” replied Sancho, “there’s no trusting that

fleshless one, I mean Death, who devours the lamb as soon as the sheep,

and, as I have heard our curate say, treads with equal foot upon the

lofty towers of kings and the lowly huts of the poor. That lady is more

mighty than dainty, she is in no way squeamish, she devours all and is

ready for all, and fills her alforjas with people of all sorts, ages,

and ranks. She is no reaper that sleeps out the noontide; at all times

she is reaping and cutting down, as well the dry grass as the green;

she never seems to chew, but bolts and swallows all that is put before

her, for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied; and though

she has no belly, she shows she has a dropsy and is athirst to drink

the lives of all that live, as one would drink a jug of cold water.”

“Say no more, Sancho,” said Don Quixote at this; “don’t try to better

it, and risk a fall; for in truth what thou hast said about death in

thy rustic phrase is what a good preacher might have said. I tell thee,

Sancho, if thou hadst discretion equal to thy mother wit, thou mightst

take a pulpit in hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons.”

“He preaches well who lives well,” said Sancho, “and I know no more

theology than that.”

“Nor needst thou,” said Don Quixote, “but I cannot conceive or make out

how it is that, the fear of God being the beginning of wisdom, thou,

who art more afraid of a lizard than of him, knowest so much.”

“Pass judgment on your chivalries, señor,” returned Sancho, “and don’t

set yourself up to judge of other men’s fears or braveries, for I am as

good a fearer of God as my neighbours; but leave me to despatch these

skimmings, for all the rest is only idle talk that we shall be called

to account for in the other world;” and so saying, he began a fresh

attack on the bucket, with such a hearty appetite that he aroused Don

Quixote’s, who no doubt would have helped him had he not been prevented

by what must be told farther on.

p20f.jpg (41K)

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH CAMACHO’S WEDDING IS CONTINUED, WITH OTHER DELIGHTFUL

INCIDENTS

p21a.jpg (118K)

Full Size

While Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the discussion set forth

the last chapter, they heard loud shouts and a great noise, which were

uttered and made by the men on the mares as they went at full gallop,

shouting, to receive the bride and bridegroom, who were approaching

with musical instruments and pageantry of all sorts around them, and

accompanied by the priest and the relatives of both, and all the most

distinguished people of the surrounding villages. When Sancho saw the

bride, he exclaimed, “By my faith, she is not dressed like a country

girl, but like some fine court lady; egad, as well as I can make out,

the patena she wears rich coral, and her green Cuenca stuff is

thirty-pile velvet; and then the white linen trimming—by my oath, but

it’s satin! Look at her hands—jet rings on them! May I never have luck

if they’re not gold rings, and real gold, and set with pearls as white

as a curdled milk, and every one of them worth an eye of one’s head!

Whoreson baggage, what hair she has! if it’s not a wig, I never saw

longer or fairer all the days of my life. See how bravely she bears

herself—and her shape! Wouldn’t you say she was like a walking palm

tree loaded with clusters of dates? for the trinkets she has hanging

from her hair and neck look just like them. I swear in my heart she is

a brave lass, and fit ‘to pass over the banks of Flanders.’”

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho’s boorish eulogies and thought that,

saving his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful

woman. The fair Quiteria appeared somewhat pale, which was, no doubt,

because of the bad night brides always pass dressing themselves out for

their wedding on the morrow. They advanced towards a theatre that stood

on one side of the meadow decked with carpets and boughs, where they

were to plight their troth, and from which they were to behold the

dances and plays; but at the moment of their arrival at the spot they

heard a loud outcry behind them, and a voice exclaiming, “Wait a

little, ye, as inconsiderate as ye are hasty!” At these words all

turned round, and perceived that the speaker was a man clad in what

seemed to be a loose black coat garnished with crimson patches like

flames. He was crowned (as was presently seen) with a crown of gloomy

cypress, and in his hand he held a long staff. As he approached he was

recognised by everyone as the gay Basilio, and all waited anxiously to

see what would come of his words, in dread of some catastrophe in

consequence of his appearance at such a moment. He came up at last

weary and breathless, and planting himself in front of the bridal pair,

drove his staff, which had a steel spike at the end, into the ground,

and, with a pale face and eyes fixed on Quiteria, he thus addressed her

in a hoarse, trembling voice:

“Well dost thou know, ungrateful Quiteria, that according to the holy

law we acknowledge, so long as live thou canst take no husband; nor art

thou ignorant either that, in my hopes that time and my own exertions

would improve my fortunes, I have never failed to observe the respect

due to thy honour; but thou, casting behind thee all thou owest to my

true love, wouldst surrender what is mine to another whose wealth

serves to bring him not only good fortune but supreme happiness; and

now to complete it (not that I think he deserves it, but inasmuch as

heaven is pleased to bestow it upon him), I will, with my own hands, do

away with the obstacle that may interfere with it, and remove myself

from between you. Long live the rich Camacho! many a happy year may he

live with the ungrateful Quiteria! and let the poor Basilio die,

Basilio whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness, and brought

him to the grave!”

And so saying, he seized the staff he had driven into the ground, and

leaving one half of it fixed there, showed it to be a sheath that

concealed a tolerably long rapier; and, what may be called its hilt

being planted in the ground, he swiftly, coolly, and deliberately threw

himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point and half the steel

blade appeared at his back, the unhappy man falling to the earth bathed

in his blood, and transfixed by his own weapon.

His friends at once ran to his aid, filled with grief at his misery and

sad fate, and Don Quixote, dismounting from Rocinante, hastened to

support him, and took him in his arms, and found he had not yet ceased

to breathe. They were about to draw out the rapier, but the priest who

was standing by objected to its being withdrawn before he had confessed

him, as the instant of its withdrawal would be that of this death.

Basilio, however, reviving slightly, said in a weak voice, as though in

pain, “If thou wouldst consent, cruel Quiteria, to give me thy hand as

my bride in this last fatal moment, I might still hope that my rashness

would find pardon, as by its means I attained the bliss of being

thine.”

Hearing this the priest bade him think of the welfare of his soul

rather than of the cravings of the body, and in all earnestness implore

God’s pardon for his sins and for his rash resolve; to which Basilio

replied that he was determined not to confess unless Quiteria first

gave him her hand in marriage, for that happiness would compose his

mind and give him courage to make his confession.

Don Quixote hearing the wounded man’s entreaty, exclaimed aloud that

what Basilio asked was just and reasonable, and moreover a request that

might be easily complied with; and that it would be as much to Señor

Camacho’s honour to receive the lady Quiteria as the widow of the brave

Basilio as if he received her direct from her father.

“In this case,” said he, “it will be only to say ‘yes,’ and no

consequences can follow the utterance of the word, for the nuptial

couch of this marriage must be the grave.”

Camacho was listening to all this, perplexed and bewildered and not

knowing what to say or do; but so urgent were the entreaties of

Basilio’s friends, imploring him to allow Quiteria to give him her

hand, so that his soul, quitting this life in despair, should not be

lost, that they moved, nay, forced him, to say that if Quiteria were

willing to give it he was satisfied, as it was only putting off the

fulfillment of his wishes for a moment. At once all assailed Quiteria

and pressed her, some with prayers, and others with tears, and others

with persuasive arguments, to give her hand to poor Basilio; but she,

harder than marble and more unmoved than any statue, seemed unable or

unwilling to utter a word, nor would she have given any reply had not

the priest bade her decide quickly what she meant to do, as Basilio now

had his soul at his teeth, and there was no time for hesitation.

p21b.jpg (374K)

Full Size

On this the fair Quiteria, to all appearance distressed, grieved, and

repentant, advanced without a word to where Basilio lay, his eyes

already turned in his head, his breathing short and painful, murmuring

the name of Quiteria between his teeth, and apparently about to die

like a heathen and not like a Christian. Quiteria approached him, and

kneeling, demanded his hand by signs without speaking. Basilio opened

his eyes and gazing fixedly at her, said, “O Quiteria, why hast thou

turned compassionate at a moment when thy compassion will serve as a

dagger to rob me of life, for I have not now the strength left either

to bear the happiness thou givest me in accepting me as thine, or to

suppress the pain that is rapidly drawing the dread shadow of death

over my eyes? What I entreat of thee, O thou fatal star to me, is that

the hand thou demandest of me and wouldst give me, be not given out of

complaisance or to deceive me afresh, but that thou confess and declare

that without any constraint upon thy will thou givest it to me as to

thy lawful husband; for it is not meet that thou shouldst trifle with

me at such a moment as this, or have recourse to falsehoods with one

who has dealt so truly by thee.”

While uttering these words he showed such weakness that the bystanders

expected each return of faintness would take his life with it. Then

Quiteria, overcome with modesty and shame, holding in her right hand

the hand of Basilio, said, “No force would bend my will; as freely,

therefore, as it is possible for me to do so, I give thee the hand of a

lawful wife, and take thine if thou givest it to me of thine own free

will, untroubled and unaffected by the calamity thy hasty act has

brought upon thee.”

“Yes, I give it,” said Basilio, “not agitated or distracted, but with

unclouded reason that heaven is pleased to grant me, thus do I give

myself to be thy husband.”

“And I give myself to be thy wife,” said Quiteria, “whether thou livest

many years, or they carry thee from my arms to the grave.”

“For one so badly wounded,” observed Sancho at this point, “this young

man has a great deal to say; they should make him leave off billing and

cooing, and attend to his soul; for to my thinking he has it more on

his tongue than at his teeth.”

Basilio and Quiteria having thus joined hands, the priest, deeply moved

and with tears in his eyes, pronounced the blessing upon them, and

implored heaven to grant an easy passage to the soul of the newly

wedded man, who, the instant he received the blessing, started nimbly

to his feet and with unparalleled effrontery pulled out the rapier that

had been sheathed in his body. All the bystanders were astounded, and

some, more simple than inquiring, began shouting, “A miracle, a

miracle!” But Basilio replied, “No miracle, no miracle; only a trick, a

trick!” The priest, perplexed and amazed, made haste to examine the

wound with both hands, and found that the blade had passed, not through

Basilio’s flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron tube full of blood,

which he had adroitly fixed at the place, the blood, as was afterwards

ascertained, having been so prepared as not to congeal. In short, the

priest and Camacho and most of those present saw they were tricked and

made fools of. The bride showed no signs of displeasure at the

deception; on the contrary, hearing them say that the marriage, being

fraudulent, would not be valid, she said that she confirmed it afresh,

whence they all concluded that the affair had been planned by agreement

and understanding between the pair, whereat Camacho and his supporters

were so mortified that they proceeded to revenge themselves by

violence, and a great number of them drawing their swords attacked

Basilio, in whose protection as many more swords were in an instant

unsheathed, while Don Quixote taking the lead on horseback, with his

lance over his arm and well covered with his shield, made all give way

before him. Sancho, who never found any pleasure or enjoyment in such

doings, retreated to the wine-jars from which he had taken his

delectable skimmings, considering that, as a holy place, that spot

would be respected.

“Hold, sirs, hold!” cried Don Quixote in a loud voice; “we have no

right to take vengeance for wrongs that love may do to us: remember

love and war are the same thing, and as in war it is allowable and

common to make use of wiles and stratagems to overcome the enemy, so in

the contests and rivalries of love the tricks and devices employed to

attain the desired end are justifiable, provided they be not to the

discredit or dishonour of the loved object. Quiteria belonged to

Basilio and Basilio to Quiteria by the just and beneficent disposal of

heaven. Camacho is rich, and can purchase his pleasure when, where, and

as it pleases him. Basilio has but this ewe-lamb, and no one, however

powerful he may be, shall take her from him; these two whom God hath

joined man cannot separate; and he who attempts it must first pass the

point of this lance;” and so saying he brandished it so stoutly and

dexterously that he overawed all who did not know him.

But so deep an impression had the rejection of Quiteria made on

Camacho’s mind that it banished her at once from his thoughts; and so

the counsels of the priest, who was a wise and kindly disposed man,

prevailed with him, and by their means he and his partisans were

pacified and tranquillised, and to prove it put up their swords again,

inveighing against the pliancy of Quiteria rather than the craftiness

of Basilio; Camacho maintaining that, if Quiteria as a maiden had such

a love for Basilio, she would have loved him too as a married woman,

and that he ought to thank heaven more for having taken her than for

having given her.

Camacho and those of his following, therefore, being consoled and

pacified, those on Basilio’s side were appeased; and the rich Camacho,

to show that he felt no resentment for the trick, and did not care

about it, desired the festival to go on just as if he were married in

reality. Neither Basilio, however, nor his bride, nor their followers

would take any part in it, and they withdrew to Basilio’s village; for

the poor, if they are persons of virtue and good sense, have those who

follow, honour, and uphold them, just as the rich have those who

flatter and dance attendance on them. With them they carried Don

Quixote, regarding him as a man of worth and a stout one. Sancho alone

had a cloud on his soul, for he found himself debarred from waiting for

Camacho’s splendid feast and festival, which lasted until night; and

thus dragged away, he moodily followed his master, who accompanied

Basilio’s party, and left behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt; though in

his heart he took them with him, and their now nearly finished

skimmings that he carried in the bucket conjured up visions before his

eyes of the glory and abundance of the good cheer he was losing. And

so, vexed and dejected though not hungry, without dismounting from

Dapple he followed in the footsteps of Rocinante.

p21c.jpg (417K)

Full Size

p21e.jpg (49K)

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE GRAND ADVENTURE OF THE CAVE OF MONTESINOS IN THE

HEART OF LA MANCHA, WHICH THE VALIANT DON QUIXOTE BROUGHT TO A HAPPY

TERMINATION

p22a.jpg (112K)

Full Size

Many and great were the attentions shown to Don Quixote by the newly

married couple, who felt themselves under an obligation to him for

coming forward in defence of their cause; and they exalted his wisdom

to the same level with his courage, rating him as a Cid in arms, and a

Cicero in eloquence. Worthy Sancho enjoyed himself for three days at

the expense of the pair, from whom they learned that the sham wound was

not a scheme arranged with the fair Quiteria, but a device of

Basilio’s, who counted on exactly the result they had seen; he

confessed, it is true, that he had confided his idea to some of his

friends, so that at the proper time they might aid him in his purpose

and insure the success of the deception.

p22b.jpg (344K)

Full Size

“That,” said Don Quixote, “is not and ought not to be called deception

which aims at virtuous ends;” and the marriage of lovers he maintained

to be a most excellent end, reminding them, however, that love has no

greater enemy than hunger and constant want; for love is all gaiety,

enjoyment, and happiness, especially when the lover is in the

possession of the object of his love, and poverty and want are the

declared enemies of all these; which he said to urge Señor Basilio to

abandon the practice of those accomplishments he was skilled in, for

though they brought him fame, they brought him no money, and apply

himself to the acquisition of wealth by legitimate industry, which will

never fail those who are prudent and persevering. The poor man who is a

man of honour (if indeed a poor man can be a man of honour) has a jewel

when he has a fair wife, and if she is taken from him, his honour is

taken from him and slain. The fair woman who is a woman of honour, and

whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with the laurels and

crowns of victory and triumph. Beauty by itself attracts the desires of

all who behold it, and the royal eagles and birds of towering flight

stoop on it as on a dainty lure; but if beauty be accompanied by want

and penury, then the ravens and the kites and other birds of prey

assail it, and she who stands firm against such attacks well deserves

to be called the crown of her husband. “Remember, O prudent Basilio,”

added Don Quixote, “it was the opinion of a certain sage, I know not

whom, that there was not more than one good woman in the whole world;

and his advice was that each one should think and believe that this one

good woman was his own wife, and in this way he would live happy. I

myself am not married, nor, so far, has it ever entered my thoughts to

be so; nevertheless I would venture to give advice to anyone who might

ask it, as to the mode in which he should seek a wife such as he would

be content to marry. The first thing I would recommend him, would be to

look to good name rather than to wealth, for a good woman does not win

a good name merely by being good, but by letting it be seen that she is

so, and open looseness and freedom do much more damage to a woman’s

honour than secret depravity. If you take a good woman into your house

it will be an easy matter to keep her good, and even to make her still

better; but if you take a bad one you will find it hard work to mend

her, for it is no very easy matter to pass from one extreme to another.

I do not say it is impossible, but I look upon it as difficult.”

Sancho, listening to all this, said to himself, “This master of mine,

when I say anything that has weight and substance, says I might take a

pulpit in hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons; but I

say of him that, when he begins stringing maxims together and giving

advice not only might he take a pulpit in hand, but two on each finger,

and go into the market-places to his heart’s content. Devil take you

for a knight-errant, what a lot of things you know! I used to think in

my heart that the only thing he knew was what belonged to his chivalry;

but there is nothing he won’t have a finger in.”

Sancho muttered this somewhat aloud, and his master overheard him, and

asked, “What art thou muttering there, Sancho?”

“I’m not saying anything or muttering anything,” said Sancho; “I was

only saying to myself that I wish I had heard what your worship has

said just now before I married; perhaps I’d say now, ‘The ox that’s

loose licks himself well.’”

“Is thy Teresa so bad then, Sancho?”

“She is not very bad,” replied Sancho; “but she is not very good; at

least she is not as good as I could wish.”

“Thou dost wrong, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “to speak ill of thy wife;

for after all she is the mother of thy children.” “We are quits,”

returned Sancho; “for she speaks ill of me whenever she takes it into

her head, especially when she is jealous; and Satan himself could not

put up with her then.”

In fine, they remained three days with the newly married couple, by

whom they were entertained and treated like kings. Don Quixote begged

the fencing licentiate to find him a guide to show him the way to the

cave of Montesinos, as he had a great desire to enter it and see with

his own eyes if the wonderful tales that were told of it all over the

country were true. The licentiate said he would get him a cousin of his

own, a famous scholar, and one very much given to reading books of

chivalry, who would have great pleasure in conducting him to the mouth

of the very cave, and would show him the lakes of Ruidera, which were

likewise famous all over La Mancha, and even all over Spain; and he

assured him he would find him entertaining, for he was a youth who

could write books good enough to be printed and dedicated to princes.

The cousin arrived at last, leading an ass in foal, with a pack-saddle

covered with a parti-coloured carpet or sackcloth; Sancho saddled

Rocinante, got Dapple ready, and stocked his alforjas, along with which

went those of the cousin, likewise well filled; and so, commending

themselves to God and bidding farewell to all, they set out, taking the

road for the famous cave of Montesinos.

On the way Don Quixote asked the cousin of what sort and character his

pursuits, avocations, and studies were, to which he replied that he was

by profession a humanist, and that his pursuits and studies were making

books for the press, all of great utility and no less entertainment to

the nation. One was called “The Book of Liveries,” in which he

described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours,

mottoes, and ciphers, from which gentlemen of the court might pick and

choose any they fancied for festivals and revels, without having to go

a-begging for them from anyone, or puzzling their brains, as the saying

is, to have them appropriate to their objects and purposes; “for,” said

he, “I give the jealous, the rejected, the forgotten, the absent, what

will suit them, and fit them without fail. I have another book, too,

which I shall call ‘Metamorphoses, or the Spanish Ovid,’ one of rare

and original invention, for imitating Ovid in burlesque style, I show

in it who the Giralda of Seville and the Angel of the Magdalena were,

what the sewer of Vecinguerra at Cordova was, what the bulls of

Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the Leganitos and Lavapies fountains at

Madrid, not forgetting those of the Piojo, of the Cano Dorado, and of

the Priora; and all with their allegories, metaphors, and changes, so

that they are amusing, interesting, and instructive, all at once.

Another book I have which I call ‘The Supplement to Polydore Vergil,’

which treats of the invention of things, and is a work of great

erudition and research, for I establish and elucidate elegantly some

things of great importance which Polydore omitted to mention. He forgot

to tell us who was the first man in the world that had a cold in his

head, and who was the first to try salivation for the French disease,

but I give it accurately set forth, and quote more than five-and-twenty

authors in proof of it, so you may perceive I have laboured to good

purpose and that the book will be of service to the whole world.”

Sancho, who had been very attentive to the cousin’s words, said to him,

“Tell me, señor—and God give you luck in printing your books—can you

tell me (for of course you know, as you know everything) who was the

first man that scratched his head? For to my thinking it must have been

our father Adam.”

“So it must,” replied the cousin; “for there is no doubt but Adam had a

head and hair; and being the first man in the world he would have

scratched himself sometimes.”

“So I think,” said Sancho; “but now tell me, who was the first tumbler

in the world?”

“Really, brother,” answered the cousin, “I could not at this moment say

positively without having investigated it; I will look it up when I go

back to where I have my books, and will satisfy you the next time we

meet, for this will not be the last time.”

“Look here, señor,” said Sancho, “don’t give yourself any trouble about

it, for I have just this minute hit upon what I asked you. The first

tumbler in the world, you must know, was Lucifer, when they cast or

pitched him out of heaven; for he came tumbling into the bottomless

pit.”

“You are right, friend,” said the cousin; and said Don Quixote,

“Sancho, that question and answer are not thine own; thou hast heard

them from someone else.”

“Hold your peace, señor,” said Sancho; “faith, if I take to asking

questions and answering, I’ll go on from this till to-morrow morning.

Nay! to ask foolish things and answer nonsense I needn’t go looking for

help from my neighbours.”

“Thou hast said more than thou art aware of, Sancho,” said Don Quixote;

“for there are some who weary themselves out in learning and proving

things that, after they are known and proved, are not worth a farthing

to the understanding or memory.”

In this and other pleasant conversation the day went by, and that night

they put up at a small hamlet whence it was not more than two leagues

to the cave of Montesinos, so the cousin told Don Quixote, adding, that

if he was bent upon entering it, it would be requisite for him to

provide himself with ropes, so that he might be tied and lowered into

its depths. Don Quixote said that even if it reached to the bottomless

pit he meant to see where it went to; so they bought about a hundred

fathoms of rope, and next day at two in the afternoon they arrived at

the cave, the mouth of which is spacious and wide, but full of thorn

and wild-fig bushes and brambles and briars, so thick and matted that

they completely close it up and cover it over.

On coming within sight of it the cousin, Sancho, and Don Quixote

dismounted, and the first two immediately tied the latter very firmly

with the ropes, and as they were girding and swathing him Sancho said

to him, “Mind what you are about, master mine; don’t go burying

yourself alive, or putting yourself where you’ll be like a bottle put

to cool in a well; it’s no affair or business of your worship’s to

become the explorer of this, which must be worse than a Moorish

dungeon.”

“Tie me and hold thy peace,” said Don Quixote, “for an emprise like

this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me;” and said the guide, “I beg

of you, Señor Don Quixote, to observe carefully and examine with a

hundred eyes everything that is within there; perhaps there may be some

things for me to put into my book of ‘Transformations.’”

“The drum is in hands that will know how to beat it well enough,” said

Sancho Panza.

When he had said this and finished the tying (which was not over the

armour but only over the doublet) Don Quixote observed, “It was

careless of us not to have provided ourselves with a small cattle-bell

to be tied on the rope close to me, the sound of which would show that

I was still descending and alive; but as that is out of the question

now, in God’s hand be it to guide me;” and forthwith he fell on his

knees and in a low voice offered up a prayer to heaven, imploring God

to aid him and grant him success in this to all appearance perilous and

untried adventure, and then exclaimed aloud, “O mistress of my actions

and movements, illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if so be

the prayers and supplications of this fortunate lover can reach thy

ears, by thy incomparable beauty I entreat thee to listen to them, for

they but ask thee not to refuse me thy favour and protection now that I

stand in such need of them. I am about to precipitate, to sink, to

plunge myself into the abyss that is here before me, only to let the

world know that while thou dost favour me there is no impossibility I

will not attempt and accomplish.” With these words he approached the

cavern, and perceived that it was impossible to let himself down or

effect an entrance except by sheer force or cleaving a passage; so

drawing his sword he began to demolish and cut away the brambles at the

mouth of the cave, at the noise of which a vast multitude of crows and

choughs flew out of it so thick and so fast that they knocked Don

Quixote down; and if he had been as much of a believer in augury as he

was a Catholic Christian he would have taken it as a bad omen and

declined to bury himself in such a place. He got up, however, and as

there came no more crows, or night-birds like the bats that flew out at

the same time with the crows, the cousin and Sancho giving him rope, he

lowered himself into the depths of the dread cavern; and as he entered

it Sancho sent his blessing after him, making a thousand crosses over

him and saying, “God, and the Peña de Francia, and the Trinity of Gaeta

guide thee, flower and cream of knights-errant. There thou goest, thou

dare-devil of the earth, heart of steel, arm of brass; once more, God

guide thee and send thee back safe, sound, and unhurt to the light of

this world thou art leaving to bury thyself in the darkness thou art

seeking there;” and the cousin offered up almost the same prayers and

supplications.

p22c.jpg (365K)

Full Size

Don Quixote kept calling to them to give him rope and more rope, and

they gave it out little by little, and by the time the calls, which

came out of the cave as out of a pipe, ceased to be heard they had let

down the hundred fathoms of rope. They were inclined to pull Don

Quixote up again, as they could give him no more rope; however, they

waited about half an hour, at the end of which time they began to

gather in the rope again with great ease and without feeling any

weight, which made them fancy Don Quixote was remaining below; and

persuaded that it was so, Sancho wept bitterly, and hauled away in

great haste in order to settle the question. When, however, they had

come to, as it seemed, rather more than eighty fathoms they felt a

weight, at which they were greatly delighted; and at last, at ten

fathoms more, they saw Don Quixote distinctly, and Sancho called out to

him, saying, “Welcome back, señor, for we had begun to think you were

going to stop there to found a family.” But Don Quixote answered not a

word, and drawing him out entirely they perceived he had his eyes shut

and every appearance of being fast asleep.

They stretched him on the ground and untied him, but still he did not

awake; however, they rolled him back and forwards and shook and pulled

him about, so that after some time he came to himself, stretching

himself just as if he were waking up from a deep and sound sleep, and

looking about him he said, “God forgive you, friends; ye have taken me

away from the sweetest and most delightful existence and spectacle that

ever human being enjoyed or beheld. Now indeed do I know that all the

pleasures of this life pass away like a shadow and a dream, or fade

like the flower of the field. O ill-fated Montesinos! O sore-wounded

Durandarte! O unhappy Belerma! O tearful Guadiana, and ye O hapless

daughters of Ruidera who show in your waves the tears that flowed from

your beauteous eyes!”

p22d.jpg (318K)

Full Size

The cousin and Sancho Panza listened with deep attention to the words

of Don Quixote, who uttered them as though with immense pain he drew

them up from his very bowels. They begged of him to explain himself,

and tell them what he had seen in that hell down there.

“Hell do you call it?” said Don Quixote; “call it by no such name, for

it does not deserve it, as ye shall soon see.”

He then begged them to give him something to eat, as he was very

hungry. They spread the cousin’s sackcloth on the grass, and put the

stores of the alforjas into requisition, and all three sitting down

lovingly and sociably, they made a luncheon and a supper of it all in

one; and when the sackcloth was removed, Don Quixote of La Mancha said,

“Let no one rise, and attend to me, my sons, both of you.”

p22e.jpg (48K)

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS THE INCOMPARABLE DON QUIXOTE SAID HE SAW IN THE

PROFOUND CAVE OF MONTESINOS, THE IMPOSSIBILITY AND MAGNITUDE OF WHICH

CAUSE THIS ADVENTURE TO BE DEEMED APOCRYPHAL

p23a.jpg (148K)

Full Size

It was about four in the afternoon when the sun, veiled in clouds, with

subdued light and tempered beams, enabled Don Quixote to relate,

without heat or inconvenience, what he had seen in the cave of

Montesinos to his two illustrious hearers, and he began as follows:

“A matter of some twelve or fourteen times a man’s height down in this

pit, on the right-hand side, there is a recess or space, roomy enough

to contain a large cart with its mules. A little light reaches it

through some chinks or crevices, communicating with it and open to the

surface of the earth. This recess or space I perceived when I was

already growing weary and disgusted at finding myself hanging suspended

by the rope, travelling downwards into that dark region without any

certainty or knowledge of where I was going, so I resolved to enter it

and rest myself for a while. I called out, telling you not to let out

more rope until I bade you, but you cannot have heard me. I then

gathered in the rope you were sending me, and making a coil or pile of

it I seated myself upon it, ruminating and considering what I was to do

to lower myself to the bottom, having no one to hold me up; and as I

was thus deep in thought and perplexity, suddenly and without

provocation a profound sleep fell upon me, and when I least expected

it, I know not how, I awoke and found myself in the midst of the most

beautiful, delightful meadow that nature could produce or the most

lively human imagination conceive. I opened my eyes, I rubbed them, and

found I was not asleep but thoroughly awake. Nevertheless, I felt my

head and breast to satisfy myself whether it was I myself who was there

or some empty delusive phantom; but touch, feeling, the collected

thoughts that passed through my mind, all convinced me that I was the

same then and there that I am this moment. Next there presented itself

to my sight a stately royal palace or castle, with walls that seemed

built of clear transparent crystal; and through two great doors that

opened wide therein, I saw coming forth and advancing towards me a

venerable old man, clad in a long gown of mulberry-coloured serge that

trailed upon the ground. On his shoulders and breast he had a green

satin collegiate hood, and covering his head a black Milanese bonnet,

and his snow-white beard fell below his girdle. He carried no arms

whatever, nothing but a rosary of beads bigger than fair-sized

filberts, each tenth bead being like a moderate ostrich egg; his

bearing, his gait, his dignity and imposing presence held me spellbound

and wondering. He approached me, and the first thing he did was to

embrace me closely, and then he said to me, ‘For a long time now, O

valiant knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, we who are here enchanted in

these solitudes have been hoping to see thee, that thou mayest make

known to the world what is shut up and concealed in this deep cave,

called the cave of Montesinos, which thou hast entered, an achievement

reserved for thy invincible heart and stupendous courage alone to

attempt. Come with me, illustrious sir, and I will show thee the

marvels hidden within this transparent castle, whereof I am the alcaide

and perpetual warden; for I am Montesinos himself, from whom the cave

takes its name.’

“The instant he told me he was Montesinos, I asked him if the story

they told in the world above here was true, that he had taken out the

heart of his great friend Durandarte from his breast with a little

dagger, and carried it to the lady Belerma, as his friend when at the

point of death had commanded him. He said in reply that they spoke the

truth in every respect except as to the dagger, for it was not a

dagger, nor little, but a burnished poniard sharper than an awl.”

“That poniard must have been made by Ramon de Hoces the Sevillian,”

said Sancho.

“I do not know,” said Don Quixote; “it could not have been by that

poniard maker, however, because Ramon de Hoces was a man of yesterday,

and the affair of Roncesvalles, where this mishap occurred, was long

ago; but the question is of no great importance, nor does it affect or

make any alteration in the truth or substance of the story.”

“That is true,” said the cousin; “continue, Señor Don Quixote, for I am

listening to you with the greatest pleasure in the world.”

“And with no less do I tell the tale,” said Don Quixote; “and so, to

proceed—the venerable Montesinos led me into the palace of crystal,

where, in a lower chamber, strangely cool and entirely of alabaster,

was an elaborately wrought marble tomb, upon which I beheld, stretched

at full length, a knight, not of bronze, or marble, or jasper, as are

seen on other tombs, but of actual flesh and bone. His right hand

(which seemed to me somewhat hairy and sinewy, a sign of great strength

in its owner) lay on the side of his heart; but before I could put any

question to Montesinos, he, seeing me gazing at the tomb in amazement,

said to me, ‘This is my friend Durandarte, flower and mirror of the

true lovers and valiant knights of his time. He is held enchanted here,

as I myself and many others are, by that French enchanter Merlin, who,

they say, was the devil’s son; but my belief is, not that he was the

devil’s son, but that he knew, as the saying is, a point more than the

devil. How or why he enchanted us, no one knows, but time will tell,

and I suspect that time is not far off. What I marvel at is, that I

know it to be as sure 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 indeed it must have weighed more than two pounds,

for, according to naturalists, he who has a large heart is more largely

endowed with valour than he who has a small one. Then, as this is the

case, and as the knight did really die, how comes it that he now moans

and sighs from time to time, as if he were still alive?’

p23b.jpg (243K)

Full Size

“As he said this, the wretched Durandarte cried out in a loud voice:

O cousin Montesinos!

’Twas my last request of thee,

When my soul hath left the body,

And that lying dead I be,

With thy poniard or thy dagger

Cut the heart from out my breast,

And bear it to Belerma.

This was my last request.”

“On hearing which, the venerable Montesinos fell on his knees before

the unhappy knight, and with tearful eyes exclaimed, ‘Long since, Señor

Durandarte, my beloved cousin, long since have I done what you bade me

on that sad day when I lost you; I took out your heart as well as I

could, not leaving an atom of it in your breast, I wiped it with a lace

handkerchief, and I took the road to France with it, having first laid

you in the bosom of the earth with tears enough to wash and cleanse my

hands of the blood that covered them after wandering among your bowels;

and more by token, O cousin of my soul, at the first village I came to

after leaving Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt upon your heart

to keep it sweet, and bring it, if not fresh, at least pickled, into

the presence of the lady Belerma, whom, together with you, myself,

Guadiana your squire, the duenna Ruidera and her seven daughters and

two nieces, and many more of your friends and acquaintances, the sage

Merlin has been keeping enchanted here these many years; and although

more than five hundred have gone by, not one of us has died; Ruidera

and her daughters and nieces alone are missing, and these, because of

the tears they shed, Merlin, out of the compassion he seems to have

felt for them, changed into so many lakes, which to this day in the

world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the

Lakes of Ruidera. The seven daughters belong to the kings of Spain and

the two nieces to the knights of a very holy order called the Order of

St. John. Guadiana your squire, likewise bewailing your fate, was

changed into a river of his own name, but when he came to the surface

and beheld the sun of another heaven, so great was his grief at finding

he was leaving you, that he plunged into the bowels of the earth;

however, as he cannot help following his natural course, he from time

to time comes forth and shows himself to the sun and the world. The

lakes aforesaid send him their waters, and with these, and others that

come to him, he makes a grand and imposing entrance into Portugal; but

for all that, go where he may, he shows his melancholy and sadness, and

takes no pride in breeding dainty choice fish, only coarse and

tasteless sorts, very different from those of the golden Tagus. All

this that I tell you now, O cousin mine, I have told you many times

before, and as you make no answer, I fear that either you believe me

not, or do not hear me, whereat I feel God knows what grief. I have now

news to give you, which, if it serves not to alleviate your sufferings,

will not in any wise increase them. Know that you have here before you

(open your eyes and you will see) that great knight of whom the sage

Merlin has prophesied such great things; that Don Quixote of La Mancha

I mean, who has again, and to better purpose than in past times,

revived in these days knight-errantry, long since forgotten, and by

whose intervention and aid it may be we shall be disenchanted; for

great deeds are reserved for great men.’

“‘And if that may not be,’ said the wretched Durandarte in a low and

feeble voice, ‘if that may not be, then, my cousin, I say “patience and

shuffle;”’ and turning over on his side, he relapsed into his former

silence without uttering another word.

p23c.jpg (331K)

Full Size

“And now there was heard a great outcry and lamentation, accompanied by

deep sighs and bitter sobs. I looked round, and through the crystal

wall I saw passing through another chamber a procession of two lines of

fair damsels all clad in mourning, and with white turbans of Turkish

fashion on their heads. Behind, in the rear of these, there came a

lady, for so from her dignity she seemed to be, also clad in black,

with a white veil so long and ample that it swept the ground. Her

turban was twice as large as the largest of any of the others; her

eyebrows met, her nose was rather flat, her mouth was large but with

ruddy lips, and her teeth, of which at times she allowed a glimpse,

were seen to be sparse and ill-set, though as white as peeled almonds.

She carried in her hands a fine cloth, and in it, as well as I could

make out, a heart that had been mummied, so parched and dried was it.

Montesinos told me that all those forming the procession were the

attendants of Durandarte and Belerma, who were enchanted there with

their master and mistress, and that the last, she who carried the heart

in the cloth, was the lady Belerma, who, with her damsels, four days in

the week went in procession singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the

body and miserable heart of his cousin; and that if she appeared to me

somewhat ill-favoured or not so beautiful as fame reported her, it was

because of the bad nights and worse days that she passed in that

enchantment, as I could see by the great dark circles round her eyes,

and her sickly complexion; ‘her sallowness, and the rings round her

eyes,’ said he, ‘are not caused by the periodical ailment usual with

women, for it is many months and even years since she has had any, but

by the grief her own heart suffers because of that which she holds in

her hand perpetually, and which recalls and brings back to her memory

the sad fate of her lost lover; were it not for this, hardly would the

great Dulcinea del Toboso, so celebrated in all these parts, and even

in the world, come up to her for beauty, grace, and gaiety.’

“‘Hold hard!’ said I at this, ‘tell your story as you ought, Señor Don

Montesinos, for you know very well that all comparisons are odious, and

there is no occasion to compare one person with another; the peerless

Dulcinea del Toboso is what she is, and the lady Doña Belerma is what

\_she\_ is and has been, and that’s enough.’ To which he made answer,

‘Forgive me, Señor Don Quixote; I own I was wrong and spoke unadvisedly

in saying that the lady Dulcinea could scarcely come up to the lady

Belerma; for it were enough for me to have learned, by what means I

know not, that you are her knight, to make me bite my tongue out before

I compared her to anything save heaven itself.’ After this apology

which the great Montesinos made me, my heart recovered itself from the

shock I had received in hearing my lady compared with Belerma.”

“Still I wonder,” said Sancho, “that your worship did not get upon the

old fellow and bruise every bone of him with kicks, and pluck his beard

until you didn’t leave a hair in it.”

“Nay, Sancho, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “it would not have been

right in me to do that, for we are all bound to pay respect to the

aged, even though they be not knights, but especially to those who are,

and who are enchanted; I only know I gave him as good as he brought in

the many other questions and answers we exchanged.”

“I cannot understand, Señor Don Quixote,” remarked the cousin here,

“how it is that your worship, in such a short space of time as you have

been below there, could have seen so many things, and said and answered

so much.”

“How long is it since I went down?” asked Don Quixote.

“Little better than an hour,” replied Sancho.

“That cannot be,” returned Don Quixote, “because night overtook me

while I was there, and day came, and it was night again and day again

three times; so that, by my reckoning, I have been three days in those

remote regions beyond our ken.”

“My master must be right,” replied Sancho; “for as everything that has

happened to him is by enchantment, maybe what seems to us an hour would

seem three days and nights there.”

“That’s it,” said Don Quixote.

“And did your worship eat anything all that time, señor?” asked the

cousin.

“I never touched a morsel,” answered Don Quixote, “nor did I feel

hunger, or think of it.”

“And do the enchanted eat?” said the cousin.

“They neither eat,” said Don Quixote; “nor are they subject to the

greater excrements, though it is thought that their nails, beards, and

hair grow.”

“And do the enchanted sleep, now, señor?” asked Sancho.

“Certainly not,” replied Don Quixote; “at least, during those three

days I was with them not one of them closed an eye, nor did I either.”

“The proverb, ‘Tell me what company thou keepest and I’ll tell thee

what thou art,’ is to the point here,” said Sancho; “your worship keeps

company with enchanted people that are always fasting and watching;

what wonder is it, then, that you neither eat nor sleep while you are

with them? But forgive me, señor, if I say that of all this you have

told us now, may God take me—I was just going to say the devil—if I

believe a single particle.”

“What!” said the cousin, “has Señor Don Quixote, then, been lying? Why,

even if he wished it he has not had time to imagine and put together

such a host of lies.”

“I don’t believe my master lies,” said Sancho.

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

“I believe,” replied Sancho, “that this Merlin, or those enchanters who

enchanted the whole crew your worship says you saw and discoursed with

down there, stuffed your imagination or your mind with all this

rigmarole you have been treating us to, and all that is still to come.”

“All that might be, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “but it is not so,

for everything that I have told you I saw with my own eyes, and touched

with my own hands. But what will you say when I tell you now how, among

the countless other marvellous things Montesinos showed me (of which at

leisure and at the proper time I will give thee an account in the

course of our journey, for they would not be all in place here), he

showed me three country girls who went skipping and capering like goats

over the pleasant fields there, and the instant I beheld them I knew

one to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two those

same country girls that were with her and that we spoke to on the road

from El Toboso! I asked Montesinos if he knew them, and he told me he

did not, but he thought they must be some enchanted ladies of

distinction, for it was only a few days before that they had made their

appearance in those meadows; but I was not to be surprised at that,

because there were a great many other ladies there of times past and

present, enchanted in various strange shapes, and among them he had

recognised Queen Guinevere and her dame Quintañona, she who poured out

the wine for Lancelot when he came from Britain.”

When Sancho Panza heard his master say this he was ready to take leave

of his senses, or die with laughter; for, as he knew the real truth

about the pretended enchantment of Dulcinea, in which he himself had

been the enchanter and concocter of all the evidence, he made up his

mind at last that, beyond all doubt, his master was out of his wits and

stark mad, so he said to him, “It was an evil hour, a worse season, and

a sorrowful day, when your worship, dear master mine, went down to the

other world, and an unlucky moment when you met with Señor Montesinos,

who has sent you back to us like this. You were well enough here above

in your full senses, such as God had given you, delivering maxims and

giving advice at every turn, and not as you are now, talking the

greatest nonsense that can be imagined.”

“As I know thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “I heed not thy words.”

“Nor I your worship’s,” said Sancho, “whether you beat me or kill me

for those I have spoken, and will speak if you don’t correct and mend

your own. But tell me, while we are still at peace, how or by what did

you recognise the lady our mistress; and if you spoke to her, what did

you say, and what did she answer?”

“I recognised her,” said Don Quixote, “by her wearing the same garments

she wore when thou didst point her out to me. I spoke to her, but she

did not utter a word in reply; on the contrary, she turned her back on

me and took to flight, at such a pace that crossbow bolt could not have

overtaken her. I wished to follow her, and would have done so had not

Montesinos recommended me not to take the trouble as it would be

useless, particularly as the time was drawing near when it would be

necessary for me to quit the cavern. He told me, moreover, that in

course of time he would let me know how he and Belerma, and Durandarte,

and all who were there, were to be disenchanted. But of all I saw and

observed down there, what gave me most pain was, that while Montesinos

was speaking to me, one of the two companions of the hapless Dulcinea

approached me on one without my having seen her coming, and with tears

in her eyes said to me, in a low, agitated voice, ‘My lady Dulcinea del

Toboso kisses your worship’s hands, and entreats you to do her the

favour of letting her know how you are; and, being in great need, she

also entreats your worship as earnestly as she can to be so good as to

lend her half a dozen reals, or as much as you may have about you, on

this new dimity petticoat that I have here; and she promises to repay

them very speedily.’ I was amazed and taken aback by such a message,

and turning to Señor Montesinos I asked him, ‘Is it possible, Señor

Montesinos, that persons of distinction under enchantment can be in

need?’ To which he replied, ‘Believe me, Señor Don Quixote, that which

is called need is to be met with everywhere, and penetrates all

quarters and reaches everyone, and does not spare even the enchanted;

and as the lady Dulcinea del Toboso sends to beg those six reals, and

the pledge is to all appearance a good one, there is nothing for it but

to give them to her, for no doubt she must be in some great strait.’ ‘I

will take no pledge of her,’ I replied, ‘nor yet can I give her what

she asks, for all I have is four reals; which I gave (they were those

which thou, Sancho, gavest me the other day to bestow in alms upon the

poor I met along the road), and I said, ‘Tell your mistress, my dear,

that I am grieved to the heart because of her distresses, and wish I

was a Fucar to remedy them, and that I would have her know that I

cannot be, and ought not be, in health while deprived of the happiness

of seeing her and enjoying her discreet conversation, and that I

implore her as earnestly as I can, to allow herself to be seen and

addressed by this her captive servant and forlorn knight. Tell her,

too, that when she least expects it she will hear it announced that I

have made an oath and vow after the fashion of that which the Marquis

of Mantua made to avenge his nephew Baldwin, when he found him at the

point of death in the heart of the mountains, which was, not to eat

bread off a tablecloth, and other trifling matters which he added,

until he had avenged him; and I will make the same to take no rest, and

to roam the seven regions of the earth more thoroughly than the Infante

Don Pedro of Portugal ever roamed them, until I have disenchanted her.’

‘All that and more, you owe my lady,’ the damsel’s answer to me, and

taking the four reals, instead of making me a curtsey she cut a caper,

springing two full yards into the air.”

“O blessed God!” exclaimed Sancho aloud at this, “is it possible that

such things can be in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments

can have such power in it as to have changed my master’s right senses

into a craze so full of absurdity! O señor, señor, for God’s sake,

consider yourself, have a care for your honour, and give no credit to

this silly stuff that has left you scant and short of wits.”

“Thou talkest in this way because thou lovest me, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote; “and not being experienced in the things of the world,

everything that has some difficulty about it seems to thee impossible;

but time will pass, as I said before, and I will tell thee some of the

things I saw down there which will make thee believe what I have

related now, the truth of which admits of neither reply nor question.”

p23e.jpg (54K)

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN ARE RELATED A THOUSAND TRIFLING MATTERS, AS TRIVIAL AS THEY ARE

NECESSARY TO THE RIGHT UNDERSTANDING OF THIS GREAT HISTORY

p24a.jpg (137K)

Full Size

He who translated this great history from the original written by its

first author, Cide Hamete Benengeli, says that on coming to the chapter

giving the adventures of the cave of Montesinos he found written on the

margin of it, in Hamete’s own hand, these exact words:

“I cannot convince or persuade myself that everything that is written

in the preceding chapter could have precisely happened to the valiant

Don Quixote; and for this reason, that all the adventures that have

occurred up to the present have been possible and probable; but as for

this one of the cave, I see no way of accepting it as true, as it

passes all reasonable bounds. For me to believe that Don Quixote could

lie, he being the most truthful gentleman and the noblest knight of his

time, is impossible; he would not have told a lie though he were shot

to death with arrows. On the other hand, I reflect that he related and

told the story with all the circumstances detailed, and that he could

not in so short a space have fabricated such a vast complication of

absurdities; if, then, this adventure seems apocryphal, it is no fault

of mine; and so, without affirming its falsehood or its truth, I write

it down. Decide for thyself in thy wisdom, reader; for I am not bound,

nor is it in my power, to do more; though certain it is they say that

at the time of his death he retracted, and said he had invented it,

thinking it matched and tallied with the adventures he had read of in

his histories.” And then he goes on to say:

The cousin was amazed as well at Sancho’s boldness as at the patience

of his master, and concluded that the good temper the latter displayed

arose from the happiness he felt at having seen his lady Dulcinea, even

enchanted as she was; because otherwise the words and language Sancho

had addressed to him deserved a thrashing; for indeed he seemed to him

to have been rather impudent to his master, to whom he now observed,

“I, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, look upon the time I have spent in

travelling with your worship as very well employed, for I have gained

four things in the course of it; the first is that I have made your

acquaintance, which I consider great good fortune; the second, that I

have learned what the cave of Montesinos contains, together with the

transformations of Guadiana and of the lakes of Ruidera; which will be

of use to me for the Spanish Ovid that I have in hand; the third, to

have discovered the antiquity of cards, that they were in use at least

in the time of Charlemagne, as may be inferred from the words you say

Durandarte uttered when, at the end of that long spell while Montesinos

was talking to him, he woke up and said, ‘Patience and shuffle.’ This

phrase and expression he could not have learned while he was enchanted,

but only before he had become so, in France, and in the time of the

aforesaid emperor Charlemagne. And this demonstration is just the thing

for me for that other book I am writing, the ‘Supplement to Polydore

Vergil on the Invention of Antiquities;’ for I believe he never thought

of inserting that of cards in his book, as I mean to do in mine, and it

will be a matter of great importance, particularly when I can cite so

grave and veracious an authority as Señor Durandarte. And the fourth

thing is, that I have ascertained the source of the river Guadiana,

heretofore unknown to mankind.”

“You are right,” said Don Quixote; “but I should like to know, if by

God’s favour they grant you a licence to print those books of

yours—which I doubt—to whom do you mean to dedicate them?”

“There are lords and grandees in Spain to whom they can be dedicated,”

said the cousin.

“Not many,” said Don Quixote; “not that they are unworthy of it, but

because they do not care to accept books and incur the obligation of

making the return that seems due to the author’s labour and courtesy.

One prince I know who makes up for all the rest, and more—how much

more, if I ventured to say, perhaps I should stir up envy in many a

noble breast; but let this stand over for some more convenient time,

and let us go and look for some place to shelter ourselves in

to-night.”

“Not far from this,” said the cousin, “there is a hermitage, where

there lives a hermit, who they say was a soldier, and who has the

reputation of being a good Christian and a very intelligent and

charitable man. Close to the hermitage he has a small house which he

built at his own cost, but though small it is large enough for the

reception of guests.”

“Has this hermit any hens, do you think?” asked Sancho.

“Few hermits are without them,” said Don Quixote; “for those we see

now-a-days are not like the hermits of the Egyptian deserts who were

clad in palm-leaves, and lived on the roots of the earth. But do not

think that by praising these I am disparaging the others; all I mean to

say is that the penances of those of the present day do not come up to

the asceticism and austerity of former times; but it does not follow

from this that they are not all worthy; at least I think them so; and

at the worst the hypocrite who pretends to be good does less harm than

the open sinner.”

At this point they saw approaching the spot where they stood a man on

foot, proceeding at a rapid pace, and beating a mule loaded with lances

and halberds. When he came up to them, he saluted them and passed on

without stopping. Don Quixote called to him, “Stay, good fellow; you

seem to be making more haste than suits that mule.”

“I cannot stop, señor,” answered the man; “for the arms you see I carry

here are to be used to-morrow, so I must not delay; God be with you.

But if you want to know what I am carrying them for, I mean to lodge

to-night at the inn that is beyond the hermitage, and if you be going

the same road you will find me there, and I will tell you some curious

things; once more God be with you;” and he urged on his mule at such a

pace that Don Quixote had no time to ask him what these curious things

were that he meant to tell them; and as he was somewhat inquisitive,

and always tortured by his anxiety to learn something new, he decided

to set out at once, and go and pass the night at the inn instead of

stopping at the hermitage, where the cousin would have had them halt.

Accordingly they mounted and all three took the direct road for the

inn, which they reached a little before nightfall. On the road the

cousin proposed they should go up to the hermitage to drink a sup. The

instant Sancho heard this he steered his Dapple towards it, and Don

Quixote and the cousin did the same; but it seems Sancho’s bad luck so

ordered it that the hermit was not at home, for so a sub-hermit they

found in the hermitage told them. They called for some of the best. She

replied that her master had none, but that if they liked cheap water

she would give it with great pleasure.

“If I found any in water,” said Sancho, “there are wells along the road

where I could have had enough of it. Ah, Camacho’s wedding, and

plentiful house of Don Diego, how often do I miss you!”

Leaving the hermitage, they pushed on towards the inn, and a little

farther they came upon a youth who was pacing along in front of them at

no great speed, so that they overtook him. He carried a sword over his

shoulder, and slung on it a budget or bundle of his clothes apparently,

probably his breeches or pantaloons, and his cloak and a shirt or two;

for he had on a short jacket of velvet with a gloss like satin on it in

places, and had his shirt out; his stockings were of silk, and his

shoes square-toed as they wear them at court. His age might have been

eighteen or nineteen; he was of a merry countenance, and to all

appearance of an active habit, and he went along singing seguidillas to

beguile the wearisomeness of the road. As they came up with him he was

just finishing one, which the cousin got by heart and they say ran

thus—

I’m off to the wars

For the want of pence,

Oh, had I but money

I’d show more sense.

The first to address him was Don Quixote, who said, “You travel very

airily, sir gallant; whither bound, may we ask, if it is your pleasure

to tell us?”

To which the youth replied, “The heat and my poverty are the reason of

my travelling so airily, and it is to the wars that I am bound.”

“How poverty?” asked Don Quixote; “the heat one can understand.”

“Señor,” replied the youth, “in this bundle I carry velvet pantaloons

to match this jacket; if I wear them out on the road, I shall not be

able to make a decent appearance in them in the city, and I have not

the wherewithal to buy others; and so for this reason, as well as to

keep myself cool, I am making my way in this fashion to overtake some

companies of infantry that are not twelve leagues off, in which I shall

enlist, and there will be no want of baggage trains to travel with

after that to the place of embarkation, which they say will be

Carthagena; I would rather have the King for a master, and serve him in

the wars, than serve a court pauper.”

“And did you get any bounty, now?” asked the cousin.

“If I had been in the service of some grandee of Spain or personage of

distinction,” replied the youth, “I should have been safe to get it;

for that is the advantage of serving good masters, that out of the

servants’ hall men come to be ancients or captains, or get a good

pension. But I, to my misfortune, always served place-hunters and

adventurers, whose keep and wages were so miserable and scanty that

half went in paying for the starching of one’s collars; it would be a

miracle indeed if a page volunteer ever got anything like a reasonable

bounty.”

“And tell me, for heaven’s sake,” asked Don Quixote, “is it possible,

my friend, that all the time you served you never got any livery?”

“They gave me two,” replied the page; “but just as when one quits a

religious community before making profession, they strip him of the

dress of the order and give him back his own clothes, so did my masters

return me mine; for as soon as the business on which they came to court

was finished, they went home and took back the liveries they had given

merely for show.”

“What spilorceria!—as an Italian would say,” said Don Quixote; “but for

all that, consider yourself happy in having left court with as worthy

an object as you have, for there is nothing on earth more honourable or

profitable than serving, first of all God, and then one’s king and

natural lord, particularly in the profession of arms, by which, if not

more wealth, at least more honour is to be won than by letters, as I

have said many a time; for though letters may have founded more great

houses than arms, still those founded by arms have I know not what

superiority over those founded by letters, and a certain splendour

belonging to them that distinguishes them above all. And bear in mind

what I am now about to say to you, for it will be of great use and

comfort to you in time of trouble; it is, not to let your mind dwell on

the adverse chances that may befall you; for the worst of all is death,

and if it be a good death, the best of all is to die. They asked Julius

Cæsar, the valiant Roman emperor, what was the best death. He answered,

that which is unexpected, which comes suddenly and unforeseen; and

though he answered like a pagan, and one without the knowledge of the

true God, yet, as far as sparing our feelings is concerned, he was

right; for suppose you are killed in the first engagement or skirmish,

whether by a cannon ball or blown up by mine, what matters it? It is

only dying, and all is over; and according to Terence, a soldier shows

better dead in battle, than alive and safe in flight; and the good

soldier wins fame in proportion as he is obedient to his captains and

those in command over him. And remember, my son, that it is better for

the soldier to smell of gunpowder than of civet, and that if old age

should come upon you in this honourable calling, though you may be

covered with wounds and crippled and lame, it will not come upon you

without honour, and that such as poverty cannot lessen; especially now

that provisions are being made for supporting and relieving old and

disabled soldiers; for it is not right to deal with them after the

fashion of those who set free and get rid of their black slaves when

they are old and useless, and, turning them out of their houses under

the pretence of making them free, make them slaves to hunger, from

which they cannot expect to be released except by death. But for the

present I won’t say more than get ye up behind me on my horse as far as

the inn, and sup with me there, and to-morrow you shall pursue your

journey, and God give you as good speed as your intentions deserve.”

The page did not accept the invitation to mount, though he did that to

supper at the inn; and here they say Sancho said to himself, “God be

with you for a master; is it possible that a man who can say things so

many and so good as he has said just now, can say that he saw the

impossible absurdities he reports about the cave of Montesinos? Well,

well, we shall see.”

And now, just as night was falling, they reached the inn, and it was

not without satisfaction that Sancho perceived his master took it for a

real inn, and not for a castle as usual. The instant they entered Don

Quixote asked the landlord after the man with the lances and halberds,

and was told that he was in the stable seeing to his mule; which was

what Sancho and the cousin proceeded to do for their beasts, giving the

best manger and the best place in the stable to Rocinante.

p24e.jpg (61K)

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEREIN IS SET DOWN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, AND THE DROLL ONE OF THE

PUPPET-SHOWMAN, TOGETHER WITH THE MEMORABLE DIVINATIONS OF THE DIVINING

APE

p25a.jpg (154K)

Full Size

Don Quixote’s bread would not bake, as the common saying is, until he

had heard and learned the curious things promised by the man who

carried the arms. He went to seek him where the innkeeper said he was

and having found him, bade him say now at any rate what he had to say

in answer to the question he had asked him on the road. “The tale of my

wonders must be taken more leisurely and not standing,” said the man;

“let me finish foddering my beast, good sir; and then I’ll tell you

things that will astonish you.”

“Don’t wait for that,” said Don Quixote; “I’ll help you in everything,”

and so he did, sifting the barley for him and cleaning out the manger;

a degree of humility which made the other feel bound to tell him with a

good grace what he had asked; so seating himself on a bench, with Don

Quixote beside him, and the cousin, the page, Sancho Panza, and the

landlord, for a senate and an audience, he began his story in this way:

“You must know that in a village four leagues and a half from this inn,

it so happened that one of the regidors, by the tricks and roguery of a

servant girl of his (it’s too long a tale to tell), lost an ass; and

though he did all he possibly could to find it, it was all to no

purpose. A fortnight might have gone by, so the story goes, since the

ass had been missing, when, as the regidor who had lost it was standing

in the plaza, another regidor of the same town said to him, ‘Pay me for

good news, gossip; your ass has turned up.’ ‘That I will, and well,

gossip,’ said the other; ‘but tell us, where has he turned up?’ ‘In the

forest,’ said the finder; ‘I saw him this morning without pack-saddle

or harness of any sort, and so lean that it went to one’s heart to see

him. I tried to drive him before me and bring him to you, but he is

already so wild and shy that when I went near him he made off into the

thickest part of the forest. If you have a mind that we two should go

back and look for him, let me put up this she-ass at my house and I’ll

be back at once.’ ‘You will be doing me a great kindness,’ said the

owner of the ass, ‘and I’ll try to pay it back in the same coin.’ It is

with all these circumstances, and in the very same way I am telling it

now, that those who know all about the matter tell the story. Well

then, the two regidors set off on foot, arm in arm, for the forest, and

coming to the place where they hoped to find the ass they could not

find him, nor was he to be seen anywhere about, search as they might.

Seeing, then, that there was no sign of him, the regidor who had seen

him said to the other, ‘Look here, gossip; a plan has occurred to me,

by which, beyond a doubt, we shall manage to discover the animal, even

if he is stowed away in the bowels of the earth, not to say the forest.

Here it is. I can bray to perfection, and if you can ever so little,

the thing’s as good as done.’ ‘Ever so little did you say, gossip?’

said the other; ‘by God, I’ll not give in to anybody, not even to the

asses themselves.’ ‘We’ll soon see,’ said the second regidor, ‘for my

plan is that you should go one side of the forest, and I the other, so

as to go all round about it; and every now and then you will bray and I

will bray; and it cannot be but that the ass will hear us, and answer

us if he is in the forest.’ To which the owner of the ass replied,

‘It’s an excellent plan, I declare, gossip, and worthy of your great

genius;’ and the two separating as agreed, it so fell out that they

brayed almost at the same moment, and each, deceived by the braying of

the other, ran to look, fancying the ass had turned up at last. When

they came in sight of one another, said the loser, ‘Is it possible,

gossip, that it was not my ass that brayed?’ ‘No, it was I,’ said the

other. ‘Well then, I can tell you, gossip,’ said the ass’s owner, ‘that

between you and an ass there is not an atom of difference as far as

braying goes, for I never in all my life saw or heard anything more

natural.’ ‘Those praises and compliments belong to you more justly than

to me, gossip,’ said the inventor of the plan; ‘for, by the God that

made me, you might give a couple of brays odds to the best and most

finished brayer in the world; the tone you have got is deep, your voice

is well kept up as to time and pitch, and your finishing notes come

thick and fast; in fact, I own myself beaten, and yield the palm to

you, and give in to you in this rare accomplishment.’ ‘Well then,’ said

the owner, ‘I’ll set a higher value on myself for the future, and

consider that I know something, as I have an excellence of some sort;

for though I always thought I brayed well, I never supposed I came up

to the pitch of perfection you say.’ ‘And I say too,’ said the second,

‘that there are rare gifts going to loss in the world, and that they

are ill bestowed upon those who don’t know how to make use of them.’

‘Ours,’ said the owner of the ass, ‘unless it is in cases like this we

have now in hand, cannot be of any service to us, and even in this God

grant they may be of some use.’ So saying they separated, and took to

their braying once more, but every instant they were deceiving one

another, and coming to meet one another again, until they arranged by

way of countersign, so as to know that it was they and not the ass, to

give two brays, one after the other. In this way, doubling the brays at

every step, they made the complete circuit of the forest, but the lost

ass never gave them an answer or even the sign of one. How could the

poor ill-starred brute have answered, when, in the thickest part of the

forest, they found him devoured by wolves? As soon as he saw him his

owner said, ‘I was wondering he did not answer, for if he wasn’t dead

he’d have brayed when he heard us, or he’d have been no ass; but for

the sake of having heard you bray to such perfection, gossip, I count

the trouble I have taken to look for him well bestowed, even though I

have found him dead.’ ‘It’s in a good hand, gossip,’ said the other;

‘if the abbot sings well, the acolyte is not much behind him.’ So they

returned disconsolate and hoarse to their village, where they told

their friends, neighbours, and acquaintances what had befallen them in

their search for the ass, each crying up the other’s perfection in

braying. The whole story came to be known and spread abroad through the

villages of the neighbourhood; and the devil, who never sleeps, with

his love for sowing dissensions and scattering discord everywhere,

blowing mischief about and making quarrels out of nothing, contrived to

make the people of the other towns fall to braying whenever they saw

anyone from our village, as if to throw the braying of our regidors in

our teeth. Then the boys took to it, which was the same thing for it as

getting into the hands and mouths of all the devils of hell; and

braying spread from one town to another in such a way that the men of

the braying town are as easy to be known as blacks are to be known from

whites, and the unlucky joke has gone so far that several times the

scoffed have come out in arms and in a body to do battle with the

scoffers, and neither king nor rook, fear nor shame, can mend matters.

To-morrow or the day after, I believe, the men of my town, that is, of

the braying town, are going to take the field against another village

two leagues away from ours, one of those that persecute us most; and

that we may turn out well prepared I have bought these lances and

halberds you have seen. These are the curious things I told you I had

to tell, and if you don’t think them so, I have got no others;” and

with this the worthy fellow brought his story to a close.

Just at this moment there came in at the gate of the inn a man entirely

clad in chamois leather, hose, breeches, and doublet, who said in a

loud voice, “Señor host, have you room? Here’s the divining ape and the

show of the Release of Melisendra just coming.”

“Ods body!” said the landlord, “why, it’s Master Pedro! We’re in for a

grand night!” I forgot to mention that the said Master Pedro had his

left eye and nearly half his cheek covered with a patch of green

taffety, showing that something ailed all that side. “Your worship is

welcome, Master Pedro,” continued the landlord; “but where are the ape

and the show, for I don’t see them?” “They are close at hand,” said he

in the chamois leather, “but I came on first to know if there was any

room.” “I’d make the Duke of Alva himself clear out to make room for

Master Pedro,” said the landlord; “bring in the ape and the show;

there’s company in the inn to-night that will pay to see that and the

cleverness of the ape.” “So be it by all means,” said the man with the

patch; “I’ll lower the price, and be well satisfied if I only pay my

expenses; and now I’ll go back and hurry on the cart with the ape and

the show;” and with this he went out of the inn.

Don Quixote at once asked the landlord what this Master Pedro was, and

what was the show and what was the ape he had with him; which the

landlord replied, “This is a famous puppet-showman, who for some time

past has been going about this Mancha de Aragon, exhibiting a show of

the release of Melisendra by the famous Don Gaiferos, one of the best

and best-represented stories that have been seen in this part of the

kingdom for many a year; he has also with him an ape with the most

extraordinary gift ever seen in an ape or imagined in a human being;

for if you ask him anything, he listens attentively to the question,

and then jumps on his master’s shoulder, and pressing close to his ear

tells him the answer which Master Pedro then delivers. He says a great

deal more about things past than about things to come; and though he

does not always hit the truth in every case, most times he is not far

wrong, so that he makes us fancy he has got the devil in him. He gets

two reals for every question if the ape answers; I mean if his master

answers for him after he has whispered into his ear; and so it is

believed that this same Master Pedro is very rich. He is a ‘gallant

man’ as they say in Italy, and good company, and leads the finest life

in the world; talks more than six, drinks more than a dozen, and all by

his tongue, and his ape, and his show.”

Master Pedro now came back, and in a cart followed the show and the

ape—a big one, without a tail and with buttocks as bare as felt, but

not vicious-looking. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he asked him, “Can

you tell me, sir fortune-teller, what fish do we catch, and how will it

be with us? See, here are my two reals,” and he bade Sancho give them

to Master Pedro; but he answered for the ape and said, “Señor, this

animal does not give any answer or information touching things that are

to come; of things past he knows something, and more or less of things

present.”

“Gad,” said Sancho, “I would not give a farthing to be told what’s past

with me, for who knows that better than I do myself? And to pay for

being told what I know would be mighty foolish. But as you know things

present, here are my two reals, and tell me, most excellent sir ape,

what is my wife Teresa Panza doing now, and what is she diverting

herself with?”

Master Pedro refused to take the money, saying, “I will not receive

payment in advance or until the service has been first rendered;” and

then with his right hand he gave a couple of slaps on his left

shoulder, and with one spring the ape perched himself upon it, and

putting his mouth to his master’s ear began chattering his teeth

rapidly; and having kept this up as long as one would be saying a

credo, with another spring he brought himself to the ground, and the

same instant Master Pedro ran in great haste and fell upon his knees

before Don Quixote, and embracing his legs exclaimed, “These legs do I

embrace as I would embrace the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious

reviver of knight-errantry, so long consigned to oblivion! O never yet

duly extolled knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, courage of the

faint-hearted, prop of the tottering, arm of the fallen, staff and

counsel of all who are unfortunate!”

p25b.jpg (373K)

Full Size

Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho astounded, the cousin staggered,

the page astonished, the man from the braying town agape, the landlord

in perplexity, and, in short, everyone amazed at the words of the

puppet-showman, who went on to say, “And thou, worthy Sancho Panza, the

best squire and squire to the best knight in the world! Be of good

cheer, for thy good wife Teresa is well, and she is at this moment

hackling a pound of flax; and more by token she has at her left hand a

jug with a broken spout that holds a good drop of wine, with which she

solaces herself at her work.”

“That I can well believe,” said Sancho. “She is a lucky one, and if it

was not for her jealousy I would not change her for the giantess

Andandona, who by my master’s account was a very clever and worthy

woman; my Teresa is one of those that won’t let themselves want for

anything, though their heirs may have to pay for it.”

“Now I declare,” said Don Quixote, “he who reads much and travels much

sees and knows a great deal. I say so because what amount of persuasion

could have persuaded me that there are apes in the world that can

divine as I have seen now with my own eyes? For I am that very Don

Quixote of La Mancha this worthy animal refers to, though he has gone

rather too far in my praise; but whatever I may be, I thank heaven that

it has endowed me with a tender and compassionate heart, always

disposed to do good to all and harm to none.”

“If I had money,” said the page, “I would ask señor ape what will

happen to me in the peregrination I am making.”

To this Master Pedro, who had by this time risen from Don Quixote’s

feet, replied, “I have already said that this little beast gives no

answer as to the future; but if he did, not having money would be of no

consequence, for to oblige Señor Don Quixote, here present, I would

give up all the profits in the world. And now, because I have promised

it, and to afford him pleasure, I will set up my show and offer

entertainment to all who are in the inn, without any charge whatever.”

As soon as he heard this, the landlord, delighted beyond measure,

pointed out a place where the show might be fixed, which was done at

once.

Don Quixote was not very well satisfied with the divinations of the

ape, as he did not think it proper that an ape should divine anything,

either past or future; so while Master Pedro was arranging the show, he

retired with Sancho into a corner of the stable, where, without being

overheard by anyone, he said to him, “Look here, Sancho, I have been

seriously thinking over this ape’s extraordinary gift, and have come to

the conclusion that beyond doubt this Master Pedro, his master, has a

pact, tacit or express, with the devil.”

“If the packet is express from the devil,” said Sancho, “it must be a

very dirty packet no doubt; but what good can it do Master Pedro to

have such packets?”

“Thou dost not understand me, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “I only mean

he must have made some compact with the devil to infuse this power into

the ape, that he may get his living, and after he has grown rich he

will give him his soul, which is what the enemy of mankind wants; this

I am led to believe by observing that the ape only answers about things

past or present, and the devil’s knowledge extends no further; for the

future he knows only by guesswork, and that not always; for it is

reserved for God alone to know the times and the seasons, and for him

there is neither past nor future; all is present. This being as it is,

it is clear that this ape speaks by the spirit of the devil; and I am

astonished they have not denounced him to the Holy Office, and put him

to the question, and forced it out of him by whose virtue it is that he

divines; because it is certain this ape is not an astrologer; neither

his master nor he sets up, or knows how to set up, those figures they

call judiciary, which are now so common in Spain that there is not a

jade, or page, or old cobbler, that will not undertake to set up a

figure as readily as pick up a knave of cards from the ground, bringing

to nought the marvellous truth of the science by their lies and

ignorance. I know of a lady who asked one of these figure schemers

whether her little lap-dog would be in pup and would breed, and how

many and of what colour the little pups would be. To which señor

astrologer, after having set up his figure, made answer that the bitch

would be in pup, and would drop three pups, one green, another bright

red, and the third parti-coloured, provided she conceived between

eleven and twelve either of the day or night, and on a Monday or

Saturday; but as things turned out, two days after this the bitch died

of a surfeit, and señor planet-ruler had the credit all over the place

of being a most profound astrologer, as most of these planet-rulers

have.”

“Still,” said Sancho, “I would be glad if your worship would make

Master Pedro ask his ape whether what happened your worship in the cave

of Montesinos is true; for, begging your worship’s pardon, I, for my

part, take it to have been all flam and lies, or at any rate something

you dreamt.”

“That may be,” replied Don Quixote; “however, I will do what you

suggest; though I have my own scruples about it.”

At this point Master Pedro came up in quest of Don Quixote, to tell him

the show was now ready and to come and see it, for it was worth seeing.

Don Quixote explained his wish, and begged him to ask his ape at once

to tell him whether certain things which had happened to him in the

cave of Montesinos were dreams or realities, for to him they appeared

to partake of both. Upon this Master Pedro, without answering, went

back to fetch the ape, and, having placed it in front of Don Quixote

and Sancho, said: “See here, señor ape, this gentleman wishes to know

whether certain things which happened to him in the cave called the

cave of Montesinos were false or true.” On his making the usual sign

the ape mounted on his left shoulder and seemed to whisper in his ear,

and Master Pedro said at once, “The ape says that the things you saw or

that happened to you in that cave are, part of them false, part true;

and that he only knows this and no more as regards this question; but

if your worship wishes to know more, on Friday next he will answer all

that may be asked him, for his virtue is at present exhausted, and will

not return to him till Friday, as he has said.”

“Did I not say, señor,” said Sancho, “that I could not bring myself to

believe that all your worship said about the adventures in the cave was

true, or even the half of it?”

“The course of events will tell, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “time,

that discloses all things, leaves nothing that it does not drag into

the light of day, though it be buried in the bosom of the earth. But

enough of that for the present; let us go and see Master Pedro’s show,

for I am sure there must be something novel in it.”

“Something!” said Master Pedro; “this show of mine has sixty thousand

novel things in it; let me tell you, Señor Don Quixote, it is one of

the best-worth-seeing things in the world this day; but \_operibus

credite et non verbis\_, and now let’s get to work, for it is growing

late, and we have a great deal to do and to say and show.”

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed him and went to where the show was

already put up and uncovered, set all around with lighted wax tapers

which made it look splendid and bright. When they came to it Master

Pedro ensconced himself inside it, for it was he who had to work the

puppets, and a boy, a servant of his, posted himself outside to act as

showman and explain the mysteries of the exhibition, having a wand in

his hand to point to the figures as they came out. And so, all who were

in the inn being arranged in front of the show, some of them standing,

and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and cousin, accommodated with the

best places, the interpreter began to say what he will hear or see who

reads or hears the next chapter.

p25e.jpg (28K)

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE DROLL ADVENTURE OF THE PUPPET-SHOWMAN,

TOGETHER WITH OTHER THINGS IN TRUTH RIGHT GOOD

p26a.jpg (157K)

Full Size

All were silent, Tyrians and Trojans; I mean all who were watching the

show were hanging on the lips of the interpreter of its wonders, when

drums and trumpets were heard to sound inside it and cannon to go off.

The noise was soon over, and then the boy lifted up his voice and said,

“This true story which is here represented to your worships is taken

word for word from the French chronicles and from the Spanish ballads

that are in everybody’s mouth, and in the mouth of the boys about the

streets. Its subject is the release by Señor Don Gaiferos of his wife

Melisendra, when a captive in Spain at the hands of the Moors in the

city of Sansueña, for so they called then what is now called Saragossa;

and there you may see how Don Gaiferos is playing at the tables, just

as they sing it-

At tables playing Don Gaiferos sits,

For Melisendra is forgotten now.

And that personage who appears there with a crown on his head and a

sceptre in his hand is the Emperor Charlemagne, the supposed father of

Melisendra, who, angered to see his son-in-law’s inaction and

unconcern, comes in to chide him; and observe with what vehemence and

energy he chides him, so that you would fancy he was going to give him

half a dozen raps with his sceptre; and indeed there are authors who

say he did give them, and sound ones too; and after having said a great

deal to him about imperilling his honour by not effecting the release

of his wife, he said, so the tale runs,

Enough I’ve said, see to it now.

Observe, too, how the emperor turns away, and leaves Don Gaiferos

fuming; and you see now how in a burst of anger, he flings the table

and the board far from him and calls in haste for his armour, and asks

his cousin Don Roland for the loan of his sword, Durindana, and how Don

Roland refuses to lend it, offering him his company in the difficult

enterprise he is undertaking; but he, in his valour and anger, will not

accept it, and says that he alone will suffice to rescue his wife, even

though she were imprisoned deep in the centre of the earth, and with

this he retires to arm himself and set out on his journey at once. Now

let your worships turn your eyes to that tower that appears there,

which is supposed to be one of the towers of the alcazar of Saragossa,

now called the Aljaferia; that lady who appears on that balcony dressed

in Moorish fashion is the peerless Melisendra, for many a time she used

to gaze from thence upon the road to France, and seek consolation in

her captivity by thinking of Paris and her husband. Observe, too, a new

incident which now occurs, such as, perhaps, never was seen. Do you not

see that Moor, who silently and stealthily, with his finger on his lip,

approaches Melisendra from behind? Observe now how he prints a kiss

upon her lips, and what a hurry she is in to spit, and wipe them with

the white sleeve of her smock, and how she bewails herself, and tears

her fair hair as though it were to blame for the wrong. Observe, too,

that the stately Moor who is in that corridor is King Marsilio of

Sansueña, who, having seen the Moor’s insolence, at once orders him

(though his kinsman and a great favourite of his) to be seized and

given two hundred lashes, while carried through the streets of the city

according to custom, with criers going before him and officers of

justice behind; and here you see them come out to execute the sentence,

although the offence has been scarcely committed; for among the Moors

there are no indictments nor remands as with us.”

Here Don Quixote called out, “Child, child, go straight on with your

story, and don’t run into curves and slants, for to establish a fact

clearly there is need of a great deal of proof and confirmation;” and

said Master Pedro from within, “Boy, stick to your text and do as the

gentleman bids you; it’s the best plan; keep to your plain song, and

don’t attempt harmonies, for they are apt to break down from being over

fine.”

“I will,” said the boy, and he went on to say, “This figure that you

see here on horseback, covered with a Gascon cloak, is Don Gaiferos

himself, whom his wife, now avenged of the insult of the amorous Moor,

and taking her stand on the balcony of the tower with a calmer and more

tranquil countenance, has perceived without recognising him; and she

addresses her husband, supposing him to be some traveller, and holds

with him all that conversation and colloquy in the ballad that runs—

If you, sir knight, to France are bound,

Oh! for Gaiferos ask—

which I do not repeat here because prolixity begets disgust; suffice it

to observe how Don Gaiferos discovers himself, and that by her joyful

gestures Melisendra shows us she has recognised him; and what is more,

we now see she lowers herself from the balcony to place herself on the

haunches of her good husband’s horse. But ah! unhappy lady, the edge of

her petticoat has caught on one of the bars of the balcony and she is

left hanging in the air, unable to reach the ground. But you see how

compassionate heaven sends aid in our sorest need; Don Gaiferos

advances, and without minding whether the rich petticoat is torn or

not, he seizes her and by force brings her to the ground, and then with

one jerk places her on the haunches of his horse, astraddle like a man,

and bids her hold on tight and clasp her arms round his neck, crossing

them on his breast so as not to fall, for the lady Melisendra was not

used to that style of riding. You see, too, how the neighing of the

horse shows his satisfaction with the gallant and beautiful burden he

bears in his lord and lady. You see how they wheel round and quit the

city, and in joy and gladness take the road to Paris. Go in peace, O

peerless pair of true lovers! May you reach your longed-for fatherland

in safety, and may fortune interpose no impediment to your prosperous

journey; may the eyes of your friends and kinsmen behold you enjoying

in peace and tranquillity the remaining days of your life—and that they

may be as many as those of Nestor!”

Here Master Pedro called out again and said, “Simplicity, boy! None of

your high flights; all affectation is bad.”

The interpreter made no answer, but went on to say, “There was no want

of idle eyes, that see everything, to see Melisendra come down and

mount, and word was brought to King Marsilio, who at once gave orders

to sound the alarm; and see what a stir there is, and how the city is

drowned with the sound of the bells pealing in the towers of all the

mosques.”

“Nay, nay,” said Don Quixote at this; “on that point of the bells

Master Pedro is very inaccurate, for bells are not in use among the

Moors; only kettledrums, and a kind of small trumpet somewhat like our

clarion; to ring bells this way in Sansueña is unquestionably a great

absurdity.”

On hearing this, Master Pedro stopped ringing, and said, “Don’t look

into trifles, Señor Don Quixote, or want to have things up to a pitch

of perfection that is out of reach. Are there not almost every day a

thousand comedies represented all round us full of thousands of

inaccuracies and absurdities, and, for all that, they have a successful

run, and are listened to not only with applause, but with admiration

and all the rest of it? Go on, boy, and don’t mind; for so long as I

fill my pouch, no matter if I show as many inaccuracies as there are

motes in a sunbeam.”

“True enough,” said Don Quixote; and the boy went on: “See what a

numerous and glittering crowd of horsemen issues from the city in

pursuit of the two faithful lovers, what a blowing of trumpets there

is, what sounding of horns, what beating of drums and tabors; I fear me

they will overtake them and bring them back tied to the tail of their

own horse, which would be a dreadful sight.”

p26b.jpg (342K)

Full Size

Don Quixote, however, seeing such a swarm of Moors and hearing such a

din, thought it would be right to aid the fugitives, and standing up he

exclaimed in a loud voice, “Never, while I live, will I permit foul

play to be practised in my presence on such a famous knight and

fearless lover as Don Gaiferos. Halt! ill-born rabble, follow him not

nor pursue him, or ye will have to reckon with me in battle!” and

suiting the action to the word, he drew his sword, and with one bound

placed himself close to the show, and with unexampled rapidity and fury

began to shower down blows on the puppet troop of Moors, knocking over

some, decapitating others, maiming this one and demolishing that; and

among many more he delivered one down stroke which, if Master Pedro had

not ducked, made himself small, and got out of the way, would have

sliced off his head as easily as if it had been made of almond-paste.

Master Pedro kept shouting, “Hold hard! Señor Don Quixote! can’t you

see they’re not real Moors you’re knocking down and killing and

destroying, but only little pasteboard figures! Look—sinner that I

am!—how you’re wrecking and ruining all that I’m worth!” But in spite

of this, Don Quixote did not leave off discharging a continuous rain of

cuts, slashes, downstrokes, and backstrokes, and at length, in less

than the space of two credos, he brought the whole show to the ground,

with all its fittings and figures shivered and knocked to pieces, King

Marsilio badly wounded, and the Emperor Charlemagne with his crown and

head split in two. The whole audience was thrown into confusion, the

ape fled to the roof of the inn, the cousin was frightened, and even

Sancho Panza himself was in mighty fear, for, as he swore after the

storm was over, he had never seen his master in such a furious passion.

The complete destruction of the show being thus accomplished, Don

Quixote became a little calmer, said, “I wish I had here before me now

all those who do not or will not believe how useful knights-errant are

in the world; just think, if I had not been here present, what would

have become of the brave Don Gaiferos and the fair Melisendra! Depend

upon it, by this time those dogs would have overtaken them and

inflicted some outrage upon them. So, then, long live knight-errantry

beyond everything living on earth this day!”

“Let it live, and welcome,” said Master Pedro at this in a feeble

voice, “and let me die, for I am so unfortunate that I can say with

King Don Rodrigo—

Yesterday was I lord of Spain

To-day I’ve not a turret left

That I may call mine own.

Not half an hour, nay, barely a minute ago, I saw myself lord of kings

and emperors, with my stables filled with countless horses, and my

trunks and bags with gay dresses unnumbered; and now I find myself

ruined and laid low, destitute and a beggar, and above all without my

ape, for, by my faith, my teeth will have to sweat for it before I have

him caught; and all through the reckless fury of sir knight here, who,

they say, protects the fatherless, and rights wrongs, and does other

charitable deeds; but whose generous intentions have been found wanting

in my case only, blessed and praised be the highest heavens! Verily,

knight of the rueful figure he must be to have disfigured mine.”

Sancho Panza was touched by Master Pedro’s words, and said to him,

“Don’t weep and lament, Master Pedro; you break my heart; let me tell

you my master, Don Quixote, is so catholic and scrupulous a Christian

that, if he can make out that he has done you any wrong, he will own

it, and be willing to pay for it and make it good, and something over

and above.”

“Only let Señor Don Quixote pay me for some part of the work he has

destroyed,” said Master Pedro, “and I would be content, and his worship

would ease his conscience, for he cannot be saved who keeps what is

another’s against the owner’s will, and makes no restitution.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote; “but at present I am not aware that I

have got anything of yours, Master Pedro.”

“What!” returned Master Pedro; “and these relics lying here on the bare

hard ground—what scattered and shattered them but the invincible

strength of that mighty arm? And whose were the bodies they belonged to

but mine? And what did I get my living by but by them?”

“Now am I fully convinced,” said Don Quixote, “of what I had many a

time before believed; that the enchanters who persecute me do nothing

more than put figures like these before my eyes, and then change and

turn them into what they please. In truth and earnest, I assure you

gentlemen who now hear me, that to me everything that has taken place

here seemed to take place literally, that Melisendra was Melisendra,

Don Gaiferos Don Gaiferos, Marsilio Marsilio, and Charlemagne

Charlemagne. That was why my anger was roused; and to be faithful to my

calling as a knight-errant I sought to give aid and protection to those

who fled, and with this good intention I did what you have seen. If the

result has been the opposite of what I intended, it is no fault of

mine, but of those wicked beings that persecute me; but, for all that,

I am willing to condemn myself in costs for this error of mine, though

it did not proceed from malice; let Master Pedro see what he wants for

the spoiled figures, for I agree to pay it at once in good and current

money of Castile.”

Master Pedro made him a bow, saying, “I expected no less of the rare

Christianity of the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, true helper and

protector of all destitute and needy vagabonds; master landlord here

and the great Sancho Panza shall be the arbitrators and appraisers

between your worship and me of what these dilapidated figures are worth

or may be worth.”

The landlord and Sancho consented, and then Master Pedro picked up from

the ground King Marsilio of Saragossa with his head off, and said,

“Here you see how impossible it is to restore this king to his former

state, so I think, saving your better judgments, that for his death,

decease, and demise, four reals and a half may be given me.”

“Proceed,” said Don Quixote.

“Well then, for this cleavage from top to bottom,” continued Master

Pedro, taking up the split Emperor Charlemagne, “it would not be much

if I were to ask five reals and a quarter.”

“It’s not little,” said Sancho.

“Nor is it much,” said the landlord; “make it even, and say five

reals.”

“Let him have the whole five and a quarter,” said Don Quixote; “for the

sum total of this notable disaster does not stand on a quarter more or

less; and make an end of it quickly, Master Pedro, for it’s getting on

to supper-time, and I have some hints of hunger.”

“For this figure,” said Master Pedro, “that is without a nose, and

wants an eye, and is the fair Melisendra, I ask, and I am reasonable in

my charge, two reals and twelve maravedis.”

“The very devil must be in it,” said Don Quixote, “if Melisendra and

her husband are not by this time at least on the French border, for the

horse they rode on seemed to me to fly rather than gallop; so you

needn’t try to sell me the cat for the hare, showing me here a noseless

Melisendra when she is now, may be, enjoying herself at her ease with

her husband in France. God help every one to his own, Master Pedro, and

let us all proceed fairly and honestly; and now go on.”

Master Pedro, perceiving that Don Quixote was beginning to wander, and

return to his original fancy, was not disposed to let him escape, so he

said to him, “This cannot be Melisendra, but must be one of the damsels

that waited on her; so if I’m given sixty maravedis for her, I’ll be

content and sufficiently paid.”

And so he went on, putting values on ever so many more smashed figures,

which, after the two arbitrators had adjusted them to the satisfaction

of both parties, came to forty reals and three-quarters; and over and

above this sum, which Sancho at once disbursed, Master Pedro asked for

two reals for his trouble in catching the ape.

“Let him have them, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “not to catch the ape,

but to get drunk; and two hundred would I give this minute for the good

news, to anyone who could tell me positively, that the lady Doña

Melisandra and Señor Don Gaiferos were now in France and with their own

people.”

“No one could tell us that better than my ape,” said Master Pedro; “but

there’s no devil that could catch him now; I suspect, however, that

affection and hunger will drive him to come looking for me to-night;

but to-morrow will soon be here and we shall see.”

In short, the puppet-show storm passed off, and all supped in peace and

good fellowship at Don Quixote’s expense, for he was the height of

generosity. Before it was daylight the man with the lances and halberds

took his departure, and soon after daybreak the cousin and the page

came to bid Don Quixote farewell, the former returning home, the latter

resuming his journey, towards which, to help him, Don Quixote gave him

twelve reals. Master Pedro did not care to engage in any more palaver

with Don Quixote, whom he knew right well; so he rose before the sun,

and having got together the remains of his show and caught his ape, he

too went off to seek his adventures. The landlord, who did not know Don

Quixote, was as much astonished at his mad freaks as at his generosity.

To conclude, Sancho, by his master’s orders, paid him very liberally,

and taking leave of him they quitted the inn at about eight in the

morning and took to the road, where we will leave them to pursue their

journey, for this is necessary in order to allow certain other matters

to be set forth, which are required to clear up this famous history.

p26e.jpg (34K)

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN WHO MASTER PEDRO AND HIS APE WERE, TOGETHER WITH

THE MISHAP DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH HE DID NOT

CONCLUDE AS HE WOULD HAVE LIKED OR AS HE HAD EXPECTED

p27a.jpg (135K)

Full Size

Cide Hamete, the chronicler of this great history, begins this chapter

with these words, “I swear as a Catholic Christian;” with regard to

which his translator says that Cide Hamete’s swearing as a Catholic

Christian, he being—as no doubt he was—a Moor, only meant that, just as

a Catholic Christian taking an oath swears, or ought to swear, what is

true, and tell the truth in what he avers, so he was telling the truth,

as much as if he swore as a Catholic Christian, in all he chose to

write about Quixote, especially in declaring who Master Pedro was and

what was the divining ape that astonished all the villages with his

divinations. He says, then, that he who has read the First Part of this

history will remember well enough the Gines de Pasamonte whom, with

other galley slaves, Don Quixote set free in the Sierra Morena: a

kindness for which he afterwards got poor thanks and worse payment from

that evil-minded, ill-conditioned set. This Gines de Pasamonte—Don

Ginesillo de Parapilla, Don Quixote called him—it was that stole Dapple

from Sancho Panza; which, because by the fault of the printers neither

the how nor the when was stated in the First Part, has been a puzzle to

a good many people, who attribute to the bad memory of the author what

was the error of the press. In fact, however, Gines stole him while

Sancho Panza was asleep on his back, adopting the plan and device that

Brunello had recourse to when he stole Sacripante’s horse from between

his legs at the siege of Albracca; and, as has been told, Sancho

afterwards recovered him. This Gines, then, afraid of being caught by

the officers of justice, who were looking for him to punish him for his

numberless rascalities and offences (which were so many and so great

that he himself wrote a big book giving an account of them), resolved

to shift his quarters into the kingdom of Aragon, and cover up his left

eye, and take up the trade of a puppet-showman; for this, as well as

juggling, he knew how to practise to perfection. From some released

Christians returning from Barbary, it so happened, he bought the ape,

which he taught to mount upon his shoulder on his making a certain

sign, and to whisper, or seem to do so, in his ear. Thus prepared,

before entering any village whither he was bound with his show and his

ape, he used to inform himself at the nearest village, or from the most

likely person he could find, as to what particular things had happened

there, and to whom; and bearing them well in mind, the first thing he

did was to exhibit his show, sometimes one story, sometimes another,

but all lively, amusing, and familiar. As soon as the exhibition was

over he brought forward the accomplishments of his ape, assuring the

public that he divined all the past and the present, but as to the

future he had no skill. For each question answered he asked two reals,

and for some he made a reduction, just as he happened to feel the pulse

of the questioners; and when now and then he came to houses where

things that he knew of had happened to the people living there, even if

they did not ask him a question, not caring to pay for it, he would

make the sign to the ape and then declare that it had said so and so,

which fitted the case exactly. In this way he acquired a prodigious

name and all ran after him; on other occasions, being very crafty, he

would answer in such a way that the answers suited the questions; and

as no one cross-questioned him or pressed him to tell how his ape

divined, he made fools of them all and filled his pouch. The instant he

entered the inn he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, and with that knowledge

it was easy for him to astonish them and all who were there; but it

would have cost him dear had Don Quixote brought down his hand a little

lower when he cut off King Marsilio’s head and destroyed all his

horsemen, as related in the preceeding chapter.

So much for Master Pedro and his ape; and now to return to Don Quixote

of La Mancha. After he had left the inn he determined to visit, first

of all, the banks of the Ebro and that neighbourhood, before entering

the city of Saragossa, for the ample time there was still to spare

before the jousts left him enough for all. With this object in view he

followed the road and travelled along it for two days, without meeting

any adventure worth committing to writing until on the third day, as he

was ascending a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and

musket-shots. At first he imagined some regiment of soldiers was

passing that way, and to see them he spurred Rocinante and mounted the

hill. On reaching the top he saw at the foot of it over two hundred

men, as it seemed to him, armed with weapons of various sorts, lances,

crossbows, partisans, halberds, and pikes, and a few muskets and a

great many bucklers. He descended the slope and approached the band

near enough to see distinctly the flags, make out the colours and

distinguish the devices they bore, especially one on a standard or

ensign of white satin, on which there was painted in a very life-like

style an ass like a little sard, with its head up, its mouth open and

its tongue out, as if it were in the act and attitude of braying; and

round it were inscribed in large characters these two lines—

They did not bray in vain,

Our alcaldes twain.

From this device Don Quixote concluded that these people must be from

the braying town, and he said so to Sancho, explaining to him what was

written on the standard. At the same time be observed that the man who

had told them about the matter was wrong in saying that the two who

brayed were regidors, for according to the lines of the standard they

were alcaldes. To which Sancho replied, “Señor, there’s nothing to

stick at in that, for maybe the regidors who brayed then came to be

alcaldes of their town afterwards, and so they may go by both titles;

moreover, it has nothing to do with the truth of the story whether the

brayers were alcaldes or regidors, provided at any rate they did bray;

for an alcalde is just as likely to bray as a regidor.” They perceived,

in short, clearly that the town which had been twitted had turned out

to do battle with some other that had jeered it more than was fair or

neighbourly.

Don Quixote proceeded to join them, not a little to Sancho’s

uneasiness, for he never relished mixing himself up in expeditions of

that sort. The members of the troop received him into the midst of

them, taking him to be someone who was on their side. Don Quixote,

putting up his visor, advanced with an easy bearing and demeanour to

the standard with the ass, and all the chief men of the army gathered

round him to look at him, staring at him with the usual amazement that

everybody felt on seeing him for the first time. Don Quixote, seeing

them examining him so attentively, and that none of them spoke to him

or put any question to him, determined to take advantage of their

silence; so, breaking his own, he lifted up his voice and said, “Worthy

sirs, I entreat you as earnestly as I can not to interrupt an argument

I wish to address to you, until you find it displeases or wearies you;

and if that come to pass, on the slightest hint you give me I will put

a seal upon my lips and a gag upon my tongue.”

They all bade him say what he liked, for they would listen to him

willingly.

p27b.jpg (330K)

Full Size

With this permission Don Quixote went on to say, “I, sirs, am a

knight-errant whose calling is that of arms, and whose profession is to

protect those who require protection, and give help to such as stand in

need of it. Some days ago I became acquainted with your misfortune and

the cause which impels you to take up arms again and again to revenge

yourselves upon your enemies; and having many times thought over your

business in my mind, I find that, according to the laws of combat, you

are mistaken in holding yourselves insulted; for a private individual

cannot insult an entire community; unless it be by defying it

collectively as a traitor, because he cannot tell who in particular is

guilty of the treason for which he defies it. Of this we have an

example in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who defied the whole town of

Zamora, because he did not know that Vellido Dolfos alone had committed

the treachery of slaying his king; and therefore he defied them all,

and the vengeance and the reply concerned all; though, to be sure,

Señor Don Diego went rather too far, indeed very much beyond the limits

of a defiance; for he had no occasion to defy the dead, or the waters,

or the fishes, or those yet unborn, and all the rest of it as set

forth; but let that pass, for when anger breaks out there’s no father,

governor, or bridle to check the tongue. The case being, then, that no

one person can insult a kingdom, province, city, state, or entire

community, it is clear there is no reason for going out to avenge the

defiance of such an insult, inasmuch as it is not one. A fine thing it

would be if the people of the clock town were to be at loggerheads

every moment with everyone who called them by that name,—or the

Cazoleros, Berengeneros, Ballenatos, Jaboneros, or the bearers of all

the other names and titles that are always in the mouth of the boys and

common people! It would be a nice business indeed if all these

illustrious cities were to take huff and revenge themselves and go

about perpetually making trombones of their swords in every petty

quarrel! No, no; God forbid! There are four things for which sensible

men and well-ordered States ought to take up arms, draw their swords,

and risk their persons, lives, and properties. The first is to defend

the Catholic faith; the second, to defend one’s life, which is in

accordance with natural and divine law; the third, in defence of one’s

honour, family, and property; the fourth, in the service of one’s king

in a just war; and if to these we choose to add a fifth (which may be

included in the second), in defence of one’s country. To these five, as

it were capital causes, there may be added some others that may be just

and reasonable, and make it a duty to take up arms; but to take them up

for trifles and things to laugh at and be amused by rather than

offended, looks as though he who did so was altogether wanting in

common sense. Moreover, to take an unjust revenge (and there cannot be

any just one) is directly opposed to the sacred law that we

acknowledge, wherein we are commanded to do good to our enemies and to

love them that hate us; a command which, though it seems somewhat

difficult to obey, is only so to those who have in them less of God

than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for Jesus

Christ, God and true man, who never lied, and could not and cannot lie,

said, as our law-giver, that his yoke was easy and his burden light; he

would not, therefore, have laid any command upon us that it was

impossible to obey. Thus, sirs, you are bound to keep quiet by human

and divine law.”

“The devil take me,” said Sancho to himself at this, “but this master

of mine is a theologian; or, if not, faith, he’s as like one as one egg

is like another.”

Don Quixote stopped to take breath, and, observing that silence was

still preserved, had a mind to continue his discourse, and would have

done so had not Sancho interposed with his smartness; for he, seeing

his master pause, took the lead, saying, “My lord Don Quixote of La

Mancha, who once was called the Knight of the Rueful Countenance, but

now is called the Knight of the Lions, is a gentleman of great

discretion who knows Latin and his mother tongue like a bachelor, and

in everything that he deals with or advises proceeds like a good

soldier, and has all the laws and ordinances of what they call combat

at his fingers’ ends; so you have nothing to do but to let yourselves

be guided by what he says, and on my head be it if it is wrong. Besides

which, you have been told that it is folly to take offence at merely

hearing a bray. I remember when I was a boy I brayed as often as I had

a fancy, without anyone hindering me, and so elegantly and naturally

that when I brayed all the asses in the town would bray; but I was none

the less for that the son of my parents who were greatly respected; and

though I was envied because of the gift by more than one of the high

and mighty ones of the town, I did not care two farthings for it; and

that you may see I am telling the truth, wait a bit and listen, for

this art, like swimming, once learnt is never forgotten;” and then,

taking hold of his nose, he began to bray so vigorously that all the

valleys around rang again.

One of those, however, that stood near him, fancying he was mocking

them, lifted up a long staff he had in his hand and smote him such a

blow with it that Sancho dropped helpless to the ground. Don Quixote,

seeing him so roughly handled, attacked the man who had struck him

lance in hand, but so many thrust themselves between them that he could

not avenge him. Far from it, finding a shower of stones rained upon

him, and crossbows and muskets unnumbered levelled at him, he wheeled

Rocinante round and, as fast as his best gallop could take him, fled

from the midst of them, commending himself to God with all his heart to

deliver him out of this peril, in dread every step of some ball coming

in at his back and coming out at his breast, and every minute drawing

his breath to see whether it had gone from him. The members of the

band, however, were satisfied with seeing him take to flight, and did

not fire on him. They put up Sancho, scarcely restored to his senses,

on his ass, and let him go after his master; not that he was

sufficiently in his wits to guide the beast, but Dapple followed the

footsteps of Rocinante, from whom he could not remain a moment

separated. Don Quixote having got some way off looked back, and seeing

Sancho coming, waited for him, as he perceived that no one followed

him. The men of the troop stood their ground till night, and as the

enemy did not come out to battle, they returned to their town exulting;

and had they been aware of the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would

have erected a trophy on the spot.

p27e.jpg (47K)

Full Size

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OF MATTERS THAT BENENGELI SAYS HE WHO READS THEM WILL KNOW, IF HE READS

THEM WITH ATTENTION

p28a.jpg (111K)

Full Size

When the brave man flees, treachery is manifest and it is for wise men

to reserve themselves for better occasions. This proved to be the case

with Don Quixote, who, giving way before the fury of the townsfolk and

the hostile intentions of the angry troop, took to flight and, without

a thought of Sancho or the danger in which he was leaving him,

retreated to such a distance as he thought made him safe. Sancho, lying

across his ass, followed him, as has been said, and at length came up,

having by this time recovered his senses, and on joining him let

himself drop off Dapple at Rocinante’s feet, sore, bruised, and

belaboured. Don Quixote dismounted to examine his wounds, but finding

him whole from head to foot, he said to him, angrily enough, “In an

evil hour didst thou take to braying, Sancho! Where hast thou learned

that it is well done to mention the rope in the house of the man that

has been hanged? To the music of brays what harmonies couldst thou

expect to get but cudgels? Give thanks to God, Sancho, that they signed

the cross on thee just now with a stick, and did not mark thee \_per

signum crucis\_ with a cutlass.”

“I’m not equal to answering,” said Sancho, “for I feel as if I was

speaking through my shoulders; let us mount and get away from this;

I’ll keep from braying, but not from saying that knights-errant fly and

leave their good squires to be pounded like privet, or made meal of at

the hands of their enemies.”

“He does not fly who retires,” returned Don Quixote; “for I would have

thee know, Sancho, that the valour which is not based upon a foundation

of prudence is called rashness, and the exploits of the rash man are to

be attributed rather to good fortune than to courage; and so I own that

I retired, but not that I fled; and therein I have followed the example

of many valiant men who have reserved themselves for better times; the

histories are full of instances of this, but as it would not be any

good to thee or pleasure to me, I will not recount them to thee now.”

Sancho was by this time mounted with the help of Don Quixote, who then

himself mounted Rocinante, and at a leisurely pace they proceeded to

take shelter in a grove which was in sight about a quarter of a league

off. Every now and then Sancho gave vent to deep sighs and dismal

groans, and on Don Quixote asking him what caused such acute suffering,

he replied that, from the end of his back-bone up to the nape of his

neck, he was so sore that it nearly drove him out of his senses.

“The cause of that soreness,” said Don Quixote, “will be, no doubt,

that the staff wherewith they smote thee being a very long one, it

caught thee all down the back, where all the parts that are sore are

situated, and had it reached any further thou wouldst be sorer still.”

“By God,” said Sancho, “your worship has relieved me of a great doubt,

and cleared up the point for me in elegant style! Body o’ me! is the

cause of my soreness such a mystery that there’s any need to tell me I

am sore everywhere the staff hit me? If it was my ankles that pained me

there might be something in going divining why they did, but it is not

much to divine that I’m sore where they thrashed me. By my faith,

master mine, the ills of others hang by a hair; every day I am

discovering more and more how little I have to hope for from keeping

company with your worship; for if this time you have allowed me to be

drubbed, the next time, or a hundred times more, we’ll have the

blanketings of the other day over again, and all the other pranks

which, if they have fallen on my shoulders now, will be thrown in my

teeth by-and-by. I would do a great deal better (if I was not an

ignorant brute that will never do any good all my life), I would do a

great deal better, I say, to go home to my wife and children and

support them and bring them up on what God may please to give me,

instead of following your worship along roads that lead nowhere and

paths that are none at all, with little to drink and less to eat. And

then when it comes to sleeping! Measure out seven feet on the earth,

brother squire, and if that’s not enough for you, take as many more,

for you may have it all your own way and stretch yourself to your

heart’s content. Oh that I could see burnt and turned to ashes the

first man that meddled with knight-errantry or at any rate the first

who chose to be squire to such fools as all the knights-errant of past

times must have been! Of those of the present day I say nothing,

because, as your worship is one of them, I respect them, and because I

know your worship knows a point more than the devil in all you say and

think.”

“I would lay a good wager with you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that

now that you are talking on without anyone to stop you, you don’t feel

a pain in your whole body. Talk away, my son, say whatever comes into

your head or mouth, for so long as you feel no pain, the irritation

your impertinences give me will be a pleasure to me; and if you are so

anxious to go home to your wife and children, God forbid that I should

prevent you; you have money of mine; see how long it is since we left

our village this third time, and how much you can and ought to earn

every month, and pay yourself out of your own hand.”

“When I worked for Tom Carrasco, the father of the bachelor Samson

Carrasco that your worship knows,” replied Sancho, “I used to earn two

ducats a month besides my food; I can’t tell what I can earn with your

worship, though I know a knight-errant’s squire has harder times of it

than he who works for a farmer; for after all, we who work for farmers,

however much we toil all day, at the worst, at night, we have our olla

supper and sleep in a bed, which I have not slept in since I have been

in your worship’s service, if it wasn’t the short time we were in Don

Diego de Miranda’s house, and the feast I had with the skimmings I took

off Camacho’s pots, and what I ate, drank, and slept in Basilio’s

house; all the rest of the time I have been sleeping on the hard ground

under the open sky, exposed to what they call the inclemencies of

heaven, keeping life in me with scraps of cheese and crusts of bread,

and drinking water either from the brooks or from the springs we come

to on these by-paths we travel.”

“I own, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that all thou sayest is true; how

much, thinkest thou, ought I to give thee over and above what Tom

Carrasco gave thee?”

“I think,” said Sancho, “that if your worship was to add on two reals a

month I’d consider myself well paid; that is, as far as the wages of my

labour go; but to make up to me for your worship’s pledge and promise

to me to give me the government of an island, it would be fair to add

six reals more, making thirty in all.”

“Very good,” said Don Quixote; “it is twenty-five days since we left

our village, so reckon up, Sancho, according to the wages you have made

out for yourself, and see how much I owe you in proportion, and pay

yourself, as I said before, out of your own hand.”

“O body o’ me!” said Sancho, “but your worship is very much out in that

reckoning; for when it comes to the promise of the island we must count

from the day your worship promised it to me to this present hour we are

at now.”

“Well, how long is it, Sancho, since I promised it to you?” said Don

Quixote.

“If I remember rightly,” said Sancho, “it must be over twenty years,

three days more or less.”

Don Quixote gave himself a great slap on the forehead and began to

laugh heartily, and said he, “Why, I have not been wandering, either in

the Sierra Morena or in the whole course of our sallies, but barely two

months, and thou sayest, Sancho, that it is twenty years since I

promised thee the island. I believe now thou wouldst have all the money

thou hast of mine go in thy wages. If so, and if that be thy pleasure,

I give it to thee now, once and for all, and much good may it do thee,

for so long as I see myself rid of such a good-for-nothing squire I’ll

be glad to be left a pauper without a rap. But tell me, thou perverter

of the squirely rules of knight-errantry, where hast thou ever seen or

read that any knight-errant’s squire made terms with his lord, ‘you

must give me so much a month for serving you’? Plunge, scoundrel,

rogue, monster—for such I take thee to be—plunge, I say, into the \_mare

magnum\_ of their histories; and if thou shalt find that any squire ever

said or thought what thou hast said now, I will let thee nail it on my

forehead, and give me, over and above, four sound slaps in the face.

Turn the rein, or the halter, of thy Dapple, and begone home; for one

single step further thou shalt not make in my company. O bread

thanklessly received! O promises ill-bestowed! O man more beast than

human being! Now, when I was about to raise thee to such a position,

that, in spite of thy wife, they would call thee ‘my lord,’ thou art

leaving me? Thou art going now when I had a firm and fixed intention of

making thee lord of the best island in the world? Well, as thou thyself

hast said before now, honey is not for the mouth of the ass. Ass thou

art, ass thou wilt be, and ass thou wilt end when the course of thy

life is run; for I know it will come to its close before thou dost

perceive or discern that thou art a beast.”

Sancho regarded Don Quixote earnestly while he was giving him this

rating, and was so touched by remorse that the tears came to his eyes,

and in a piteous and broken voice he said to him, “Master mine, I

confess that, to be a complete ass, all I want is a tail; if your

worship will only fix one on to me, I’ll look on it as rightly placed,

and I’ll serve you as an ass all the remaining days of my life. Forgive

me and have pity on my folly, and remember I know but little, and, if I

talk much, it’s more from infirmity than malice; but he who sins and

mends commends himself to God.”

“I should have been surprised, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “if thou

hadst not introduced some bit of a proverb into thy speech. Well, well,

I forgive thee, provided thou dost mend and not show thyself in future

so fond of thine own interest, but try to be of good cheer and take

heart, and encourage thyself to look forward to the fulfillment of my

promises, which, by being delayed, does not become impossible.”

Sancho said he would do so, and keep up his heart as best he could.

They then entered the grove, and Don Quixote settled himself at the

foot of an elm, and Sancho at that of a beech, for trees of this kind

and others like them always have feet but no hands. Sancho passed the

night in pain, for with the evening dews the blow of the staff made

itself felt all the more. Don Quixote passed it in his never-failing

meditations; but, for all that, they had some winks of sleep, and with

the appearance of daylight they pursued their journey in quest of the

banks of the famous Ebro, where that befell them which will be told in

the following chapter.

p28e.jpg (36K)

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARK

p29a.jpg (127K)

Full Size

By stages as already described or left undescribed, two days after

quitting the grove Don Quixote and Sancho reached the river Ebro, and

the sight of it was a great delight to Don Quixote as he contemplated

and gazed upon the charms of its banks, the clearness of its stream,

the gentleness of its current and the abundance of its crystal waters;

and the pleasant view revived a thousand tender thoughts in his mind.

Above all, he dwelt upon what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos;

for though Master Pedro’s ape had told him that of those things part

was true, part false, he clung more to their truth than to their

falsehood, the very reverse of Sancho, who held them all to be

downright lies.

As they were thus proceeding, then, they discovered a small boat,

without oars or any other gear, that lay at the water’s edge tied to

the stem of a tree growing on the bank. Don Quixote looked all round,

and seeing nobody, at once, without more ado, dismounted from Rocinante

and bade Sancho get down from Dapple and tie both beasts securely to

the trunk of a poplar or willow that stood there. Sancho asked him the

reason of this sudden dismounting and tying. Don Quixote made answer,

“Thou must know, Sancho, that this bark is plainly, and without the

possibility of any alternative, calling and inviting me to enter it,

and in it go to give aid to some knight or other person of distinction

in need of it, who is no doubt in some sore strait; for this is the way

of the books of chivalry and of the enchanters who figure and speak in

them. When a knight is involved in some difficulty from which he cannot

be delivered save by the hand of another knight, though they may be at

a distance of two or three thousand leagues or more one from the other,

they either take him up on a cloud, or they provide a bark for him to

get into, and in less than the twinkling of an eye they carry him where

they will and where his help is required; and so, Sancho, this bark is

placed here for the same purpose; this is as true as that it is now

day, and ere this one passes tie Dapple and Rocinante together, and

then in God’s hand be it to guide us; for I would not hold back from

embarking, though barefooted friars were to beg me.”

“As that’s the case,” said Sancho, “and your worship chooses to give in

to these—I don’t know if I may call them absurdities—at every turn,

there’s nothing for it but to obey and bow the head, bearing in mind

the proverb, ‘Do as thy master bids thee, and sit down to table with

him;’ but for all that, for the sake of easing my conscience, I warn

your worship that it is my opinion this bark is no enchanted one, but

belongs to some of the fishermen of the river, for they catch the best

shad in the world here.”

As Sancho said this, he tied the beasts, leaving them to the care and

protection of the enchanters with sorrow enough in his heart. Don

Quixote bade him not be uneasy about deserting the animals, “for he who

would carry themselves over such longinquous roads and regions would

take care to feed them.”

“I don’t understand that logiquous,” said Sancho, “nor have I ever

heard the word all the days of my life.”

“Longinquous,” replied Don Quixote, “means far off; but it is no wonder

thou dost not understand it, for thou art not bound to know Latin, like

some who pretend to know it and don’t.”

“Now they are tied,” said Sancho; “what are we to do next?”

“What?” said Don Quixote, “cross ourselves and weigh anchor; I mean,

embark and cut the moorings by which the bark is held;” and the bark

began to drift away slowly from the bank. But when Sancho saw himself

somewhere about two yards out in the river, he began to tremble and

give himself up for lost; but nothing distressed him more than hearing

Dapple bray and seeing Rocinante struggling to get loose, and said he

to his master, “Dapple is braying in grief at our leaving him, and

Rocinante is trying to escape and plunge in after us. O dear friends,

peace be with you, and may this madness that is taking us away from

you, turned into sober sense, bring us back to you.” And with this he

fell weeping so bitterly, that Don Quixote said to him, sharply and

angrily, “What art thou afraid of, cowardly creature? What art thou

weeping at, heart of butter-paste? Who pursues or molests thee, thou

soul of a tame mouse? What dost thou want, unsatisfied in the very

heart of abundance? Art thou, perchance, tramping barefoot over the

Riphaean mountains, instead of being seated on a bench like an archduke

on the tranquil stream of this pleasant river, from which in a short

space we shall come out upon the broad sea? But we must have already

emerged and gone seven hundred or eight hundred leagues; and if I had

here an astrolabe to take the altitude of the pole, I could tell thee

how many we have travelled, though either I know little, or we have

already crossed or shall shortly cross the equinoctial line which parts

the two opposite poles midway.”

“And when we come to that line your worship speaks of,” said Sancho,

“how far shall we have gone?”

“Very far,” said Don Quixote, “for of the three hundred and sixty

degrees that this terraqueous globe contains, as computed by Ptolemy,

the greatest cosmographer known, we shall have travelled one-half when

we come to the line I spoke of.”

“By God,” said Sancho, “your worship gives me a nice authority for what

you say, putrid Dolly something transmogrified, or whatever it is.”

Don Quixote laughed at the interpretation Sancho put upon “computed,”

and the name of the cosmographer Ptolemy, and said he, “Thou must know,

Sancho, that with the Spaniards and those who embark at Cadiz for the

East Indies, one of the signs they have to show them when they have

passed the equinoctial line I told thee of, is, that the lice die upon

everybody on board the ship, and not a single one is left, or to be

found in the whole vessel if they gave its weight in gold for it; so,

Sancho, thou mayest as well pass thy hand down thy thigh, and if thou

comest upon anything alive we shall be no longer in doubt; if not, then

we have crossed.”

“I don’t believe a bit of it,” said Sancho; “still, I’ll do as your

worship bids me; though I don’t know what need there is for trying

these experiments, for I can see with my own eyes that we have not

moved five yards away from the bank, or shifted two yards from where

the animals stand, for there are Rocinante and Dapple in the very same

place where we left them; and watching a point, as I do now, I swear by

all that’s good, we are not stirring or moving at the pace of an ant.”

“Try the test I told thee of, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and don’t

mind any other, for thou knowest nothing about colures, lines,

parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets,

signs, bearings, the measures of which the celestial and terrestrial

spheres are composed; if thou wert acquainted with all these things, or

any portion of them, thou wouldst see clearly how many parallels we

have cut, what signs we have seen, and what constellations we have left

behind and are now leaving behind. But again I tell thee, feel and

hunt, for I am certain thou art cleaner than a sheet of smooth white

paper.”

Sancho felt, and passing his hand gently and carefully down to the

hollow of his left knee, he looked up at his master and said, “Either

the test is a false one, or we have not come to where your worship

says, nor within many leagues of it.”

“Why, how so?” asked Don Quixote; “hast thou come upon aught?”

“Ay, and aughts,” replied Sancho; and shaking his fingers he washed his

whole hand in the river along which the boat was quietly gliding in

midstream, not moved by any occult intelligence or invisible enchanter,

but simply by the current, just there smooth and gentle.

They now came in sight of some large water mills that stood in the

middle of the river, and the instant Don Quixote saw them he cried out,

“Seest thou there, my friend? there stands the castle or fortress,

where there is, no doubt, some knight in durance, or ill-used queen, or

infanta, or princess, in whose aid I am brought hither.”

“What the devil city, fortress, or castle is your worship talking

about, señor?” said Sancho; “don’t you see that those are mills that

stand in the river to grind corn?”

“Hold thy peace, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “though they look like

mills they are not so; I have already told thee that enchantments

transform things and change their proper shapes; I do not mean to say

they really change them from one form into another, but that it seems

as though they did, as experience proved in the transformation of

Dulcinea, sole refuge of my hopes.”

By this time, the boat, having reached the middle of the stream, began

to move less slowly than hitherto. The millers belonging to the mills,

when they saw the boat coming down the river, and on the point of being

sucked in by the draught of the wheels, ran out in haste, several of

them, with long poles to stop it, and being all mealy, with faces and

garments covered with flour, they presented a sinister appearance. They

raised loud shouts, crying, “Devils of men, where are you going to? Are

you mad? Do you want to drown yourselves, or dash yourselves to pieces

among these wheels?”

“Did I not tell thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote at this, “that we had

reached the place where I am to show what the might of my arm can do?

See what ruffians and villains come out against me; see what monsters

oppose me; see what hideous countenances come to frighten us! You shall

soon see, scoundrels!” And then standing up in the boat he began in a

loud voice to hurl threats at the millers, exclaiming, “Ill-conditioned

and worse-counselled rabble, restore to liberty and freedom the person

ye hold in durance in this your fortress or prison, high or low or of

whatever rank or quality he be, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha,

otherwise called the Knight of the Lions, for whom, by the disposition

of heaven above, it is reserved to give a happy issue to this

adventure;” and so saying he drew his sword and began making passes in

the air at the millers, who, hearing but not understanding all this

nonsense, strove to stop the boat, which was now getting into the

rushing channel of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees devoutly

appealing to heaven to deliver him from such imminent peril; which it

did by the activity and quickness of the millers, who, pushing against

the boat with their poles, stopped it, not, however, without upsetting

and throwing Don Quixote and Sancho into the water; and lucky it was

for Don Quixote that he could swim like a goose, though the weight of

his armour carried him twice to the bottom; and had it not been for the

millers, who plunged in and hoisted them both out, it would have been

Troy town with the pair of them. As soon as, more drenched than

thirsty, they were landed, Sancho went down on his knees and with

clasped hands and eyes raised to heaven, prayed a long and fervent

prayer to God to deliver him evermore from the rash projects and

attempts of his master. The fishermen, the owners of the boat, which

the mill-wheels had knocked to pieces, now came up, and seeing it

smashed they proceeded to strip Sancho and to demand payment for it

from Don Quixote; but he with great calmness, just as if nothing had

happened him, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the

bark most cheerfully, on condition that they delivered up to him, free

and unhurt, the person or persons that were in durance in that castle

of theirs.

p29b.jpg (314K)

Full Size

“What persons or what castle art thou talking of, madman? Art thou for

carrying off the people who come to grind corn in these mills?”

“That’s enough,” said Don Quixote to himself, “it would be preaching in

the desert to attempt by entreaties to induce this rabble to do any

virtuous action. In this adventure two mighty enchanters must have

encountered one another, and one frustrates what the other attempts;

one provided the bark for me, and the other upset me; God help us, this

world is all machinations and schemes at cross purposes one with the

other. I can do no more.” And then turning towards the mills he said

aloud, “Friends, whoe’er ye be that are immured in that prison, forgive

me that, to my misfortune and yours, I cannot deliver you from your

misery; this adventure is doubtless reserved and destined for some

other knight.”

So saying he settled with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the

boat, which Sancho handed to them very much against the grain, saying,

“With a couple more bark businesses like this we shall have sunk our

whole capital.”

The fishermen and the millers stood staring in amazement at the two

figures, so very different to all appearance from ordinary men, and

were wholly unable to make out the drift of the observations and

questions Don Quixote addressed to them; and coming to the conclusion

that they were madmen, they left them and betook themselves, the

millers to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote

and Sancho returned to their beasts, and to their life of beasts, and

so ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.

p29e.jpg (54K)

CHAPTER XXX.

OF DON QUIXOTE’S ADVENTURE WITH A FAIR HUNTRESS

p30a.jpg (134K)

Full Size

They reached their beasts in low spirits and bad humour enough, knight

and squire, Sancho particularly, for with him what touched the stock of

money touched his heart, and when any was taken from him he felt as if

he was robbed of the apples of his eyes. In fine, without exchanging a

word, they mounted and quitted the famous river, Don Quixote absorbed

in thoughts of his love, Sancho in thinking of his advancement, which

just then, it seemed to him, he was very far from securing; for, fool

as he was, he saw clearly enough that his master’s acts were all or

most of them utterly senseless; and he began to cast about for an

opportunity of retiring from his service and going home some day,

without entering into any explanations or taking any farewell of him.

Fortune, however, ordered matters after a fashion very much the

opposite of what he contemplated.

It so happened that the next day towards sunset, on coming out of a

wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and at the far end

of it observed some people, and as he drew nearer saw that it was a

hawking party. Coming closer, he distinguished among them a lady of

graceful mien, on a pure white palfrey or hackney caparisoned with

green trappings and a silver-mounted side-saddle. The lady was also in

green, and so richly and splendidly dressed that splendour itself

seemed personified in her. On her left hand she bore a hawk, a proof to

Don Quixote’s mind that she must be some great lady and the mistress of

the whole hunting party, which was the fact; so he said to Sancho, “Run

Sancho, my son, and say to that lady on the palfrey with the hawk that

I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her exalted beauty, and

if her excellence will grant me leave I will go and kiss them in person

and place myself at her service for aught that may be in my power and

her highness may command; and mind, Sancho, how thou speakest, and take

care not to thrust in any of thy proverbs into thy message.”

p30b.jpg (334K)

Full Size

“You’ve got a likely one here to thrust any in!” said Sancho; “leave me

alone for that! Why, this is not the first time in my life I have

carried messages to high and exalted ladies.”

“Except that thou didst carry to the lady Dulcinea,” said Don Quixote,

“I know not that thou hast carried any other, at least in my service.”

“That is true,” replied Sancho; “but pledges don’t distress a good

payer, and in a house where there’s plenty supper is soon cooked; I

mean there’s no need of telling or warning me about anything; for I’m

ready for everything and know a little of everything.”

“That I believe, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “go and good luck to thee,

and God speed thee.”

Sancho went off at top speed, forcing Dapple out of his regular pace,

and came to where the fair huntress was standing, and dismounting knelt

before her and said, “Fair lady, that knight that you see there, the

Knight of the Lions by name, is my master, and I am a squire of his,

and at home they call me Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions,

who was called not long since the Knight of the Rueful Countenance,

sends by me to say may it please your highness to give him leave that,

with your permission, approbation, and consent, he may come and carry

out his wishes, which are, as he says and I believe, to serve your

exalted loftiness and beauty; and if you give it, your ladyship will do

a thing which will redound to your honour, and he will receive a most

distinguished favour and happiness.”

“You have indeed, squire,” said the lady, “delivered your message with

all the formalities such messages require; rise up, for it is not right

that the squire of a knight so great as he of the Rueful Countenance,

of whom we have heard a great deal here, should remain on his knees;

rise, my friend, and bid your master welcome to the services of myself

and the duke my husband, in a country house we have here.”

Sancho got up, charmed as much by the beauty of the good lady as by her

high-bred air and her courtesy, but, above all, by what she had said

about having heard of his master, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance;

for if she did not call him Knight of the Lions it was no doubt because

he had so lately taken the name. “Tell me, brother squire,” asked the

duchess (whose title, however, is not known), “this master of yours, is

he not one of whom there is a history extant in print, called ‘The

Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha,’ who has for the lady of

his heart a certain Dulcinea del Toboso?”

“He is the same, señora,” replied Sancho; “and that squire of his who

figures, or ought to figure, in the said history under the name of

Sancho Panza, is myself, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I

mean in the press.”

“I am rejoiced at all this,” said the duchess; “go, brother Panza, and

tell your master that he is welcome to my estate, and that nothing

could happen to me that could give me greater pleasure.”

Sancho returned to his master mightily pleased with this gratifying

answer, and told him all the great lady had said to him, lauding to the

skies, in his rustic phrase, her rare beauty, her graceful gaiety, and

her courtesy. Don Quixote drew himself up briskly in his saddle, fixed

himself in his stirrups, settled his visor, gave Rocinante the spur,

and with an easy bearing advanced to kiss the hands of the duchess,

who, having sent to summon the duke her husband, told him while Don

Quixote was approaching all about the message; and as both of them had

read the First Part of this history, and from it were aware of Don

Quixote’s crazy turn, they awaited him with the greatest delight and

anxiety to make his acquaintance, meaning to fall in with his humour

and agree with everything he said, and, so long as he stayed with them,

to treat him as a knight-errant, with all the ceremonies usual in the

books of chivalry they had read, for they themselves were very fond of

them.

Don Quixote now came up with his visor raised, and as he seemed about

to dismount Sancho made haste to go and hold his stirrup for him; but

in getting down off Dapple he was so unlucky as to hitch his foot in

one of the ropes of the pack-saddle in such a way that he was unable to

free it, and was left hanging by it with his face and breast on the

ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to dismount without having the

stirrup held, fancying that Sancho had by this time come to hold it for

him, threw himself off with a lurch and brought Rocinante’s saddle

after him, which was no doubt badly girthed, and saddle and he both

came to the ground; not without discomfiture to him and abundant curses

muttered between his teeth against the unlucky Sancho, who had his foot

still in the shackles. The duke ordered his huntsmen to go to the help

of knight and squire, and they raised Don Quixote, sorely shaken by his

fall; and he, limping, advanced as best he could to kneel before the

noble pair. This, however, the duke would by no means permit; on the

contrary, dismounting from his horse, he went and embraced Don Quixote,

saying, “I am grieved, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that your

first experience on my ground should have been such an unfortunate one

as we have seen; but the carelessness of squires is often the cause of

worse accidents.”

“That which has happened me in meeting you, mighty prince,” replied Don

Quixote, “cannot be unfortunate, even if my fall had not stopped short

of the depths of the bottomless pit, for the glory of having seen you

would have lifted me up and delivered me from it. My squire, God’s

curse upon him, is better at unloosing his tongue in talking

impertinence than in tightening the girths of a saddle to keep it

steady; but however I may be, fallen or raised up, on foot or on

horseback, I shall always be at your service and that of my lady the

duchess, your worthy consort, worthy queen of beauty and paramount

princess of courtesy.”

“Gently, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha,” said the duke; “where my lady

Doña Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not right that other beauties should

be praised.”

Sancho, by this time released from his entanglement, was standing by,

and before his master could answer he said, “There is no denying, and

it must be maintained, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very

beautiful; but the hare jumps up where one least expects it; and I have

heard say that what we call nature is like a potter that makes vessels

of clay, and he who makes one fair vessel can as well make two, or

three, or a hundred; I say so because, by my faith, my lady the duchess

is in no way behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.”

Don Quixote turned to the duchess and said, “Your highness may conceive

that never had knight-errant in this world a more talkative or a

droller squire than I have, and he will prove the truth of what I say,

if your highness is pleased to accept of my services for a few days.”

To which the duchess made answer, “that worthy Sancho is droll I

consider a very good thing, because it is a sign that he is shrewd; for

drollery and sprightliness, Señor Don Quixote, as you very well know,

do not take up their abode with dull wits; and as good Sancho is droll

and sprightly I here set him down as shrewd.”

“And talkative,” added Don Quixote.

“So much the better,” said the duke, “for many droll things cannot be

said in few words; but not to lose time in talking, come, great Knight

of the Rueful Countenance—”

“Of the Lions, your highness must say,” said Sancho, “for there is no

Rueful Countenance nor any such character now.”

“He of the Lions be it,” continued the duke; “I say, let Sir Knight of

the Lions come to a castle of mine close by, where he shall be given

that reception which is due to so exalted a personage, and which the

duchess and I are wont to give to all knights-errant who come there.”

By this time Sancho had fixed and girthed Rocinante’s saddle, and Don

Quixote having got on his back and the duke mounted a fine horse, they

placed the duchess in the middle and set out for the castle. The

duchess desired Sancho to come to her side, for she found infinite

enjoyment in listening to his shrewd remarks. Sancho required no

pressing, but pushed himself in between them and the duke, who thought

it rare good fortune to receive such a knight-errant and such a homely

squire in their castle.

p30e.jpg (54K)

CHAPTER XXXI.br/> WHICH TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT MATTERS

p31a.jpg (155K)

Full Size

Supreme was the satisfaction that Sancho felt at seeing himself, as it

seemed, an established favourite with the duchess, for he looked

forward to finding in her castle what he had found in Don Diego’s house

and in Basilio’s; he was always fond of good living, and always seized

by the forelock any opportunity of feasting himself whenever it

presented itself. The history informs us, then, that before they

reached the country house or castle, the duke went on in advance and

instructed all his servants how they were to treat Don Quixote; and so

the instant he came up to the castle gates with the duchess, two

lackeys or equerries, clad in what they call morning gowns of fine

crimson satin reaching to their feet, hastened out, and catching Don

Quixote in their arms before he saw or heard them, said to him, “Your

highness should go and take my lady the duchess off her horse.”

p31b.jpg (334K)

Full Size

Don Quixote obeyed, and great bandying of compliments followed between

the two over the matter; but in the end the duchess’s determination

carried the day, and she refused to get down or dismount from her

palfrey except in the arms of the duke, saying she did not consider

herself worthy to impose so unnecessary a burden on so great a knight.

At length the duke came out to take her down, and as they entered a

spacious court two fair damsels came forward and threw over Don

Quixote’s shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet cloth, and at

the same instant all the galleries of the court were lined with the

men-servants and women-servants of the household, crying, “Welcome,

flower and cream of knight-errantry!” while all or most of them flung

pellets filled with scented water over Don Quixote and the duke and

duchess; at all which Don Quixote was greatly astonished, and this was

the first time that he thoroughly felt and believed himself to be a

knight-errant in reality and not merely in fancy, now that he saw

himself treated in the same way as he had read of such knights being

treated in days of yore.

Sancho, deserting Dapple, hung on to the duchess and entered the

castle, but feeling some twinges of conscience at having left the ass

alone, he approached a respectable duenna who had come out with the

rest to receive the duchess, and in a low voice he said to her, “Señora

Gonzalez, or however your grace may be called—”

“I am called Doña Rodriguez de Grijalba,” replied the duenna; “what is

your will, brother?” To which Sancho made answer, “I should be glad if

your worship would do me the favour to go out to the castle gate, where

you will find a grey ass of mine; make them, if you please, put him in

the stable, or put him there yourself, for the poor little beast is

rather easily frightened, and cannot bear being alone at all.”

“If the master is as wise as the man,” said the duenna, “we have got a

fine bargain. Be off with you, brother, and bad luck to you and him who

brought you here; go, look after your ass, for we, the duennas of this

house, are not used to work of that sort.”

“Well then, in troth,” returned Sancho, “I have heard my master, who is

the very treasure-finder of stories, telling the story of Lancelot when

he came from Britain, say that ladies waited upon him and duennas upon

his hack; and, if it comes to my ass, I wouldn’t change him for Señor

Lancelot’s hack.”

“If you are a jester, brother,” said the duenna, “keep your drolleries

for some place where they’ll pass muster and be paid for; for you’ll

get nothing from me but a fig.”

“At any rate, it will be a very ripe one,” said Sancho, “for you won’t

lose the trick in years by a point too little.”

“Son of a bitch,” said the duenna, all aglow with anger, “whether I’m

old or not, it’s with God I have to reckon, not with you, you

garlic-stuffed scoundrel!” and she said it so loud, that the duchess

heard it, and turning round and seeing the duenna in such a state of

excitement, and her eyes flaming so, asked whom she was wrangling with.

“With this good fellow here,” said the duenna, “who has particularly

requested me to go and put an ass of his that is at the castle gate

into the stable, holding it up to me as an example that they did the

same I don’t know where—that some ladies waited on one Lancelot, and

duennas on his hack; and what is more, to wind up with, he called me

old.”

“That,” said the duchess, “I should have considered the greatest

affront that could be offered me;” and addressing Sancho, she said to

him, “You must know, friend Sancho, that Doña Rodriguez is very

youthful, and that she wears that hood more for authority and custom’s

sake than because of her years.”

“May all the rest of mine be unlucky,” said Sancho, “if I meant it that

way; I only spoke because the affection I have for my ass is so great,

and I thought I could not commend him to a more kind-hearted person

than the lady Doña Rodriguez.”

Don Quixote, who was listening, said to him, “Is this proper

conversation for the place, Sancho?”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “every one must mention what he wants wherever

he may be; I thought of Dapple here, and I spoke of him here; if I had

thought of him in the stable I would have spoken there.”

On which the duke observed, “Sancho is quite right, and there is no

reason at all to find fault with him; Dapple shall be fed to his

heart’s content, and Sancho may rest easy, for he shall be treated like

himself.”

While this conversation, amusing to all except Don Quixote, was

proceeding, they ascended the staircase and ushered Don Quixote into a

chamber hung with rich cloth of gold and brocade; six damsels relieved

him of his armour and waited on him like pages, all of them prepared

and instructed 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

they were treating him like a knight-errant. When his armour was

removed, there stood Don Quixote in his tight-fitting breeches and

chamois doublet, lean, lanky, and long, with cheeks that seemed to be

kissing each other inside; such a figure, that if the damsels waiting

on him had not taken care to check their merriment (which was one of

the particular directions their master and mistress had given them),

they would have burst with laughter. They asked him to let himself be

stripped that they might put a shirt on him, but he would not on any

account, saying that modesty became knights-errant just as much as

valour. However, he said they might give the shirt to Sancho; and

shutting himself in with him in a room where there was a sumptuous bed,

he undressed and put on the shirt; and then, finding himself alone with

Sancho, he said to him, “Tell me, thou new-fledged buffoon and old

booby, dost thou think it right to offend and insult a duenna so

deserving of reverence and respect as that one just now? Was that a

time to bethink thee of thy Dapple, or are these noble personages

likely to let the beasts fare badly when they treat their owners in

such elegant style? For God’s sake, Sancho, restrain thyself, and don’t

show the thread so as to let them see what a coarse, boorish texture

thou art of. Remember, sinner that thou art, the master is the more

esteemed the more respectable and well-bred his servants are; and that

one of the greatest advantages that princes have over other men is that

they have servants as good as themselves to wait on them. Dost thou not

see—shortsighted being that thou art, and unlucky mortal that I

am!—that if they perceive thee to be a coarse clown or a dull

blockhead, they will suspect me to be some impostor or swindler? Nay,

nay, Sancho friend, keep clear, oh, keep clear of these

stumbling-blocks; for he who falls into the way of being a chatterbox

and droll, drops into a wretched buffoon the first time he trips;

bridle thy tongue, consider and weigh thy words before they escape thy

mouth, and bear in mind we are now in quarters whence, by God’s help,

and the strength of my arm, we shall come forth mightily advanced in

fame and fortune.”

Sancho promised him with much earnestness to keep his mouth shut, and

to bite off his tongue before he uttered a word that was not altogether

to the purpose and well considered, and told him he might make his mind

easy on that point, for it should never be discovered through him what

they were.

Don Quixote dressed himself, put on his baldric with his sword, threw

the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, placed on his head a montera of

green satin that the damsels had given him, and thus arrayed passed out

into the large room, where he found the damsels drawn up in double

file, the same number on each side, all with the appliances for washing

the hands, which they presented to him with profuse obeisances and

ceremonies. Then came twelve pages, together with the seneschal, to

lead him to dinner, as his hosts were already waiting for him. They

placed him in the midst of them, and with much pomp and stateliness

they conducted him into another room, where there was a sumptuous table

laid with but four covers. The duchess and the duke came out to the

door of the room to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic,

one of those who rule noblemen’s houses; one of those who, not being

born magnates themselves, never know how to teach those who are how to

behave as such; one of those who would have the greatness of great folk

measured by their own narrowness of mind; one of those who, when they

try to introduce economy into the household they rule, lead it into

meanness. One of this sort, I say, must have been the grave churchman

who came out with the duke and duchess to receive Don Quixote.

A vast number of polite speeches were exchanged, and at length, taking

Don Quixote between them, they proceeded to sit down to table. The duke

pressed Don Quixote to take the head of the table, and, though he

refused, the entreaties of the duke were so urgent that he had to

accept it.

The ecclesiastic took his seat opposite to him, and the duke and

duchess those at the sides. All this time Sancho stood by, gaping with

amazement at the honour he saw shown to his master by these illustrious

persons; and observing all the ceremonious pressing that had passed

between the duke and Don Quixote to induce him to take his seat at the

head of the table, he said, “If your worship will give me leave I will

tell you a story of what happened in my village about this matter of

seats.”

The moment Sancho said this Don Quixote trembled, making sure that he

was about to say something foolish. Sancho glanced at him, and guessing

his thoughts, said, “Don’t be afraid of my going astray, señor, or

saying anything that won’t be pat to the purpose; I haven’t forgotten

the advice your worship gave me just now about talking much or little,

well or ill.”

“I have no recollection of anything, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “say

what thou wilt, only say it quickly.”

“Well then,” said Sancho, “what I am going to say is so true that my

master Don Quixote, who is here present, will keep me from lying.”

“Lie as much as thou wilt for all I care, Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“for I am not going to stop thee, but consider what thou art going to

say.”

“I have so considered and reconsidered,” said Sancho, “that the

bell-ringer’s in a safe berth; as will be seen by what follows.”

“It would be well,” said Don Quixote, “if your highnesses would order

them to turn out this idiot, for he will talk a heap of nonsense.”

“By the life of the duke, Sancho shall not be taken away from me for a

moment,” said the duchess; “I am very fond of him, for I know he is

very discreet.”

“Discreet be the days of your holiness,” said Sancho, “for the good

opinion you have of my wit, though there’s none in me; but the story I

want to tell is this. There was an invitation given by a gentleman of

my town, a very rich one, and one of quality, for he was one of the

Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married to Doña Mencia de Quiñones, the

daughter of Don Alonso de Marañon, Knight of the Order of Santiago,

that was drowned at the Herradura—him there was that quarrel about

years ago in our village, that my master Don Quixote was mixed up in,

to the best of my belief, that Tomasillo the scapegrace, the son of

Balbastro the smith, was wounded in.—Isn’t all this true, master mine?

As you live, say so, that these gentlefolk may not take me for some

lying chatterer.”

“So far,” said the ecclesiastic, “I take you to be more a chatterer

than a liar; but I don’t know what I shall take you for by-and-by.”

“Thou citest so many witnesses and proofs, Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“that I have no choice but to say thou must be telling the truth; go

on, and cut the story short, for thou art taking the way not to make an

end for two days to come.”

“He is not to cut it short,” said the duchess; “on the contrary, for my

gratification, he is to tell it as he knows it, though he should not

finish it these six days; and if he took so many they would be to me

the pleasantest I ever spent.”

“Well then, sirs, I say,” continued Sancho, “that this same gentleman,

whom I know as well as I do my own hands, for it’s not a bowshot from

my house to his, invited a poor but respectable labourer—”

“Get on, brother,” said the churchman; “at the rate you are going you

will not stop with your story short of the next world.”

“I’ll stop less than half-way, please God,” said Sancho; “and so I say

this labourer, coming to the house of the gentleman I spoke of that

invited him—rest his soul, he is now dead; and more by token he died

the death of an angel, so they say; for I was not there, for just at

that time I had gone to reap at Tembleque—”

“As you live, my son,” said the churchman, “make haste back from

Tembleque, and finish your story without burying the gentleman, unless

you want to make more funerals.”

“Well then, it so happened,” said Sancho, “that as the pair of them

were going to sit down to table—and I think I can see them now plainer

than ever—”

Great was the enjoyment the duke and duchess derived from the

irritation the worthy churchman showed at the long-winded, halting way

Sancho had of telling his story, while Don Quixote was chafing with

rage and vexation.

“So, as I was saying,” continued Sancho, “as the pair of them were

going to sit down to table, as I said, the labourer insisted upon the

gentleman’s taking the head of the table, and the gentleman insisted

upon the labourer’s taking it, as his orders should be obeyed in his

house; but the labourer, who plumed himself on his politeness and good

breeding, would not on any account, until the gentleman, out of

patience, putting his hands on his shoulders, compelled him by force to

sit down, saying, ‘Sit down, you stupid lout, for wherever I sit will

be the head to you; and that’s the story, and, troth, I think it hasn’t

been brought in amiss here.”

Don Quixote turned all colours, which, on his sunburnt face, mottled it

till it looked like jasper. The duke and duchess suppressed their

laughter so as not altogether to mortify Don Quixote, for they saw

through Sancho’s impertinence; and to change the conversation, and keep

Sancho from uttering more absurdities, the duchess asked Don Quixote

what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and if he had sent her any

presents of giants or miscreants lately, for he could not but have

vanquished a good many.

To which Don Quixote replied, “Señora, my misfortunes, though they had

a beginning, will never have an end. I have vanquished giants and I

have sent her caitiffs and miscreants; but where are they to find her

if she is enchanted and turned into the most ill-favoured peasant wench

that can be imagined?”

“I don’t know,” said Sancho Panza; “to me she seems the fairest

creature in the world; at any rate, in nimbleness and jumping she won’t

give in to a tumbler; by my faith, señora duchess, she leaps from the

ground on to the back of an ass like a cat.”

“Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?” asked the duke.

“What, seen her!” said Sancho; “why, who the devil was it but myself

that first thought of the enchantment business? She is as much

enchanted as my father.”

The ecclesiastic, when he heard them talking of giants and caitiffs and

enchantments, began to suspect that this must be Don Quixote of La

Mancha, whose story the duke was always reading; and he had himself

often reproved him for it, telling him it was foolish to read such

fooleries; and becoming convinced that his suspicion was correct,

addressing the duke, he said very angrily to him, “Señor, your

excellence will have to give account to God for what this good man

does. This Don Quixote, or Don Simpleton, or whatever his name is,

cannot, I imagine, be such a blockhead as your excellence would have

him, holding out encouragement to him to go on with his vagaries and

follies.” Then turning to address Don Quixote he said, “And you,

num-skull, who put it into your head that you are a knight-errant, and

vanquish giants and capture miscreants? Go your ways in a good hour,

and in a good hour be it said to you. Go home and bring up your

children if you have any, and attend to your business, and give over

going wandering about the world, gaping and making a laughing-stock of

yourself to all who know you and all who don’t. Where, in heaven’s

name, have you discovered that there are or ever were knights-errant?

Where are there giants in Spain or miscreants in La Mancha, or

enchanted Dulcineas, or all the rest of the silly things they tell

about you?”

Don Quixote listened attentively to the reverend gentleman’s words, and

as soon as he perceived he had done speaking, regardless of the

presence of the duke and duchess, he sprang to his feet with angry

looks and an agitated countenance, and said—But the reply deserves a

chapter to itself.

p31e.jpg (46K)

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE REPLY DON QUIXOTE GAVE HIS CENSURER, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS, GRAVE

AND DROLL

p32a.jpg (152K)

Full Size

Don Quixote, then, having risen to his feet, trembling from head to

foot like a man dosed with mercury, said in a hurried, agitated voice,

“The place I am in, the presence in which I stand, and the respect I

have and always have had for the profession to which your worship

belongs, hold and bind the hands of my just indignation; and as well

for these reasons as because I know, as everyone knows, that a

gownsman’s weapon is the same as a woman’s, the tongue, I will with

mine engage in equal combat with your worship, from whom one might have

expected good advice instead of foul abuse. Pious, well-meant reproof

requires a different demeanour and arguments of another sort; at any

rate, to have reproved me in public, and so roughly, exceeds the bounds

of proper reproof, for that comes better with gentleness than with

rudeness; and it is not seemly to call the sinner roundly blockhead and

booby, without knowing anything of the sin that is reproved. Come, tell

me, for which of the stupidities you have observed in me do you condemn

and abuse me, and bid me go home and look after my house and wife and

children, without knowing whether I have any? Is nothing more needed

than to get a footing, by hook or by crook, in other people’s houses to

rule over the masters (and that, perhaps, after having been brought up

in all the straitness of some seminary, and without having ever seen

more of the world than may lie within twenty or thirty leagues round),

to fit one to lay down the law rashly for chivalry, and pass judgment

on knights-errant? Is it, haply, an idle occupation, or is the time

ill-spent that is spent in roaming the world in quest, not of its

enjoyments, but of those arduous toils whereby the good mount upwards

to the abodes of everlasting life? If gentlemen, great lords, nobles,

men of high birth, were to rate me as a fool I should take it as an

irreparable insult; but I care not a farthing if clerks who have never

entered upon or trod the paths of chivalry should think me foolish.

Knight I am, and knight I will die, if such be the pleasure of the Most

High. Some take the broad road of overweening ambition; others that of

mean and servile flattery; others that of deceitful hypocrisy, and some

that of true religion; but I, led by my star, follow the narrow path of

knight-errantry, and in pursuit of that calling I despise wealth, but

not honour. I have redressed injuries, righted wrongs, punished

insolences, vanquished giants, and crushed monsters; I am in love, for

no other reason than that it is incumbent on knights-errant to be so;

but though I am, I am no carnal-minded lover, but one of the chaste,

platonic sort. My intentions are always directed to worthy ends, to do

good to all and evil to none; and if he who means this, does this, and

makes this his practice deserves to be called a fool, it is for your

highnesses to say, O most excellent duke and duchess.”

“Good, by God!” cried Sancho; “say no more in your own defence, master

mine, for there’s nothing more in the world to be said, thought, or

insisted on; and besides, when this gentleman denies, as he has, that

there are or ever have been any knights-errant in the world, is it any

wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking about?”

“Perhaps, brother,” said the ecclesiastic, “you are that Sancho Panza

that is mentioned, to whom your master has promised an island?”

“Yes, I am,” said Sancho, “and what’s more, I am one who deserves it as

much as anyone; I am one of the sort—‘Attach thyself to the good, and

thou wilt be one of them,’ and of those, ‘Not with whom thou art bred,

but with whom thou art fed,’ and of those, ‘Who leans against a good

tree, a good shade covers him;’ I have leant upon a good master, and I

have been for months going about with him, and please God I shall be

just such another; long life to him and long life to me, for neither

will he be in any want of empires to rule, or I of islands to govern.”

“No, Sancho my friend, certainly not,” said the duke, “for in the name

of Señor Don Quixote I confer upon you the government of one of no

small importance that I have at my disposal.”

“Go down on thy knees, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and kiss the feet of

his excellence for the favour he has bestowed upon thee.”

Sancho obeyed, and on seeing this the ecclesiastic stood up from table

completely out of temper, exclaiming, “By the gown I wear, I am almost

inclined to say that your excellence is as great a fool as these

sinners. No wonder they are mad, when people who are in their senses

sanction their madness! I leave your excellence with them, for so long

as they are in the house, I will remain in my own, and spare myself the

trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy;” and without uttering

another word, or eating another morsel, he went off, the entreaties of

the duke and duchess being entirely unavailing to stop him; not that

the duke said much to him, for he could not, because of the laughter

his uncalled-for anger provoked.

When he had done laughing, he said to Don Quixote, “You have replied on

your own behalf so stoutly, Sir Knight of the Lions, that there is no

occasion to seek further satisfaction for this, which, though it may

look like an offence, is not so at all, for, as women can give no

offence, no more can ecclesiastics, as you very well know.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote, “and the reason is, that he who is

not liable to offence cannot give offence to anyone. Women, children,

and ecclesiastics, as they cannot defend themselves, though they may

receive offence cannot be insulted, because between the offence and the

insult there is, as your excellence very well knows, this difference:

the insult comes from one who is capable of offering it, and does so,

and maintains it; the offence may come from any quarter without

carrying insult. To take an example: a man is standing unsuspectingly

in the street and ten others come up armed and beat him; he draws his

sword and quits himself like a man, but the number of his antagonists

makes it impossible for him to effect his purpose and avenge himself;

this man suffers an offence but not an insult. Another example will

make the same thing plain: a man is standing with his back turned,

another comes up and strikes him, and after striking him takes to

flight, without waiting an instant, and the other pursues him but does

not overtake him; he who received the blow received an offence, but not

an insult, because an insult must be maintained. If he who struck him,

though he did so sneakingly and treacherously, had drawn his sword and

stood and faced him, then he who had been struck would have received

offence and insult at the same time; offence because he was struck

treacherously, insult because he who struck him maintained what he had

done, standing his ground without taking to flight. And so, according

to the laws of the accursed duel, I may have received offence, but not

insult, for neither women nor children can maintain it, nor can they

wound, nor have they any way of standing their ground, and it is just

the same with those connected with religion; for these three sorts of

persons are without arms offensive or defensive, and so, though

naturally they are bound to defend themselves, they have no right to

offend anybody; and though I said just now I might have received

offence, I say now certainly not, for he who cannot receive an insult

can still less give one; for which reasons I ought not to feel, nor do

I feel, aggrieved at what that good man said to me; I only wish he had

stayed a little longer, that I might have shown him the mistake he

makes in supposing and maintaining that there are not and never have

been any knights-errant in the world; had Amadis or any of his

countless descendants heard him say as much, I am sure it would not

have gone well with his worship.”

“I will take my oath of that,” said Sancho; “they would have given him

a slash that would have slit him down from top to toe like a

pomegranate or a ripe melon; they were likely fellows to put up with

jokes of that sort! By my faith, I’m certain if Reinaldos of Montalvan

had heard the little man’s words he would have given him such a spank

on the mouth that he wouldn’t have spoken for the next three years; ay,

let him tackle them, and he’ll see how he’ll get out of their hands!”

The duchess, as she listened to Sancho, was ready to die with laughter,

and in her own mind she set him down as droller and madder than his

master; and there were a good many just then who were of the same

opinion.

Don Quixote finally grew calm, and dinner came to an end, and as the

cloth was removed four damsels came in, one of them with a silver

basin, another with a jug also of silver, a third with two fine white

towels on her shoulder, and the fourth with her arms bared to the

elbows, and in her white hands (for white they certainly were) a round

ball of Naples soap. The one with the basin approached, and with arch

composure and impudence, thrust it under Don Quixote’s chin, who,

wondering at such a ceremony, said never a word, supposing it to be the

custom of that country to wash beards instead of hands; he therefore

stretched his out as far as he could, and at the same instant the jug

began to pour and the damsel with the soap rubbed his beard briskly,

raising snow-flakes, for the soap lather was no less white, not only

over the beard, but all over the face, and over the eyes of the

submissive knight, so that they were perforce obliged to keep shut. The

duke and duchess, who had not known anything about this, waited to see

what came of this strange washing. The barber damsel, when she had him

a hand’s breadth deep in lather, pretended that there was no more

water, and bade the one with the jug go and fetch some, while Señor Don

Quixote waited. She did so, and Don Quixote was left the strangest and

most ludicrous figure that could be imagined. All those present, and

there were a good many, were watching him, and as they saw him there

with half a yard of neck, and that uncommonly brown, his eyes shut, and

his beard full of soap, it was a great wonder, and only by great

discretion, that they were able to restrain their laughter. The

damsels, the concocters of the joke, kept their eyes down, not daring

to look at their master and mistress; and as for them, laughter and

anger struggled within them, and they knew not what to do, whether to

punish the audacity of the girls, or to reward them for the amusement

they had received from seeing Don Quixote in such a plight.

At length the damsel with the jug returned and they made an end of

washing Don Quixote, and the one who carried the towels very

deliberately wiped him and dried him; and all four together making him

a profound obeisance and curtsey, they were about to go, when the duke,

lest Don Quixote should see through the joke, called out to the one

with the basin saying, “Come and wash me, and take care that there is

water enough.” The girl, sharp-witted and prompt, came and placed the

basin for the duke as she had done for Don Quixote, and they soon had

him well soaped and washed, and having wiped him dry they made their

obeisance and retired. It appeared afterwards that the duke had sworn

that if they had not washed him as they had Don Quixote he would have

punished them for their impudence, which they adroitly atoned for by

soaping him as well.

Sancho observed the ceremony of the washing very attentively, and said

to himself, “God bless me, if it were only the custom in this country

to wash squires’ beards too as well as knights’. For by God and upon my

soul I want it badly; and if they gave me a scrape of the razor besides

I’d take it as a still greater kindness.”

“What are you saying to yourself, Sancho?” asked the duchess.

“I was saying, señora,” he replied, “that in the courts of other

princes, when the cloth is taken away, I have always heard say they

give water for the hands, but not lye for the beard; and that shows it

is good to live long that you may see much; to be sure, they say too

that he who lives a long life must undergo much evil, though to undergo

a washing of that sort is pleasure rather than pain.”

“Don’t be uneasy, friend Sancho,” said the duchess; “I will take care

that my damsels wash you, and even put you in the tub if necessary.”

“I’ll be content with the beard,” said Sancho, “at any rate for the

present; and as for the future, God has decreed what is to be.”

“Attend to worthy Sancho’s request, seneschal,” said the duchess, “and

do exactly what he wishes.”

The seneschal replied that Señor Sancho should be obeyed in everything;

and with that he went away to dinner and took Sancho along with him,

while the duke and duchess and Don Quixote remained at table discussing

a great variety of things, but all bearing on the calling of arms and

knight-errantry.

The duchess begged Don Quixote, as he seemed to have a retentive

memory, to describe and portray to her the beauty and features of the

lady Dulcinea del Toboso, for, judging by what fame trumpeted abroad of

her beauty, she felt sure she must be the fairest creature in the

world, nay, in all La Mancha.

Don Quixote sighed on hearing the duchess’s request, and said, “If I

could pluck out my heart, and lay it on a plate on this table here

before your highness’s eyes, it would spare my tongue the pain of

telling what can hardly be thought of, for in it your excellence would

see her portrayed in full. But why should I attempt to depict and

describe in detail, and feature by feature, the beauty of the peerless

Dulcinea, the burden being one worthy of other shoulders than mine, an

enterprise wherein the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles,

and the graver of Lysippus ought to be employed, to paint it in

pictures and carve it in marble and bronze, and Ciceronian and

Demosthenian eloquence to sound its praises?”

“What does Demosthenian mean, Señor Don Quixote?” said the duchess; “it

is a word I never heard in all my life.”

“Demosthenian eloquence,” said Don Quixote, “means the eloquence of

Demosthenes, as Ciceronian means that of Cicero, who were the two most

eloquent orators in the world.”

“True,” said the duke; “you must have lost your wits to ask such a

question. Nevertheless, Señor Don Quixote would greatly gratify us if

he would depict her to us; for never fear, even in an outline or sketch

she will be something to make the fairest envious.”

“I would do so certainly,” said Don Quixote, “had she not been blurred

to my mind’s eye by the misfortune that fell upon her a short time

since, one of such a nature that I am more ready to weep over it than

to describe it. For your highnesses must know that, going a few days

back to kiss her hands and receive her benediction, approbation, and

permission for this third sally, I found her altogether a different

being from the one I sought; I found her enchanted and changed from a

princess into a peasant, from fair to foul, from an angel into a devil,

from fragrant to pestiferous, from refined to clownish, from a

dignified lady into a jumping tomboy, and, in a word, from Dulcinea del

Toboso into a coarse Sayago wench.”

“God bless me!” said the duke aloud at this, “who can have done the

world such an injury? Who can have robbed it of the beauty that

gladdened it, of the grace and gaiety that charmed it, of the modesty

that shed a lustre upon it?”

“Who?” replied Don Quixote; “who could it be but some malignant

enchanter of the many that persecute me out of envy—that accursed race

born into the world to obscure and bring to naught the achievements of

the good, and glorify and exalt the deeds of the wicked? Enchanters

have persecuted me, enchanters persecute me still, and enchanters will

continue to persecute me until they have sunk me and my lofty chivalry

in the deep abyss of oblivion; and they injure and wound me where they

know I feel it most. For to deprive a knight-errant of his lady is to

deprive him of the eyes he sees with, of the sun that gives him light,

of the food whereby he lives. Many a time before have I said it, and I

say it now once more, a knight-errant without a lady is like a tree

without leaves, a building without a foundation, or a shadow without

the body that causes it.”

“There is no denying it,” said the duchess; “but still, if we are to

believe the history of Don Quixote that has come out here lately with

general applause, it is to be inferred from it, if I mistake not, that

you never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that the said lady is nothing in

the world but an imaginary lady, one that you yourself begot and gave

birth to in your brain, and adorned with whatever charms and

perfections you chose.”

“There is a good deal to be said on that point,” said Don Quixote; “God

knows whether there be any Dulcinea or not in the world, or whether she

is imaginary or not imaginary; these are things the proof of which must

not be pushed to extreme lengths. I have not begotten nor given birth

to my lady, though I behold her as she needs must be, a lady who

contains in herself all the qualities to make her famous throughout the

world, beautiful without blemish, dignified without haughtiness, tender

and yet modest, gracious from courtesy and courteous from good

breeding, and lastly, of exalted lineage, because beauty shines forth

and excels with a higher degree of perfection upon good blood than in

the fair of lowly birth.”

“That is true,” said the duke; “but Señor Don Quixote will give me

leave to say what I am constrained to say by the story of his exploits

that I have read, from which it is to be inferred that, granting there

is a Dulcinea in El Toboso, or out of it, and that she is in the

highest degree beautiful as you have described her to us, as regards

the loftiness of her lineage she is not on a par with the Orianas,

Alastrajareas, Madasimas, or others of that sort, with whom, as you

well know, the histories abound.”

“To that I may reply,” said Don Quixote, “that Dulcinea is the daughter

of her own works, and that virtues rectify blood, and that lowly virtue

is more to be regarded and esteemed than exalted vice. Dulcinea,

besides, has that within her that may raise her to be a crowned and

sceptred queen; for the merit of a fair and virtuous woman is capable

of performing greater miracles; and virtually, though not formally, she

has in herself higher fortunes.”

“I protest, Señor Don Quixote,” said the duchess, “that in all you say,

you go most cautiously and lead in hand, as the saying is; henceforth I

will believe myself, and I will take care that everyone in my house

believes, even my lord the duke if needs be, that there is a Dulcinea

in El Toboso, and that she is living to-day, and that she is beautiful

and nobly born and deserves to have such a knight as Señor Don Quixote

in her service, and that is the highest praise that it is in my power

to give her or that I can think of. But I cannot help entertaining a

doubt, and having a certain grudge against Sancho Panza; the doubt is

this, that the aforesaid history declares that the said Sancho Panza,

when he carried a letter on your worship’s behalf to the said lady

Dulcinea, found her sifting a sack of wheat; and more by token it says

it was red wheat; a thing which makes me doubt the loftiness of her

lineage.”

To this Don Quixote made answer, “Señora, your highness must know that

everything or almost everything that happens me transcends the ordinary

limits of what happens to other knights-errant; whether it be that it

is directed by the inscrutable will of destiny, or by the malice of

some jealous enchanter. Now it is an established fact that all or most

famous knights-errant have some special gift, one that of being proof

against enchantment, another that of being made of such invulnerable

flesh that he cannot be wounded, as was the famous Roland, one of the

twelve peers of France, of whom it is related that he could not be

wounded except in the sole of his left foot, and that it must be with

the point of a stout pin and not with any other sort of weapon

whatever; and so, when Bernardo del Carpio slew him at Roncesvalles,

finding that he could not wound him with steel, he lifted him up from

the ground in his arms and strangled him, calling to mind seasonably

the death which Hercules inflicted on Antæus, the fierce giant that

they say was the son of Terra. I would infer from what I have mentioned

that perhaps I may have some gift of this kind, not that of being

invulnerable, because experience has many times proved to me that I am

of tender flesh and not at all impenetrable; nor that of being proof

against enchantment, for I have already seen myself thrust into a cage,

in which all the world would not have been able to confine me except by

force of enchantments. But as I delivered myself from that one, I am

inclined to believe that there is no other that can hurt me; and so,

these enchanters, seeing that they cannot exert their vile craft

against my person, revenge themselves on what I love most, and seek to

rob me of life by maltreating that of Dulcinea in whom I live; and

therefore I am convinced that when my squire carried my message to her,

they changed her into a common peasant girl, engaged in such a mean

occupation as sifting wheat; I have already said, however, that that

wheat was not red wheat, nor wheat at all, but grains of orient pearl.

And as a proof of all this, I must tell your highnesses that, coming to

El Toboso a short time back, I was altogether unable to discover the

palace of Dulcinea; and that the next day, though Sancho, my squire,

saw her in her own proper shape, which is the fairest in the world, to

me she appeared to be a coarse, ill-favoured farm-wench, and by no

means a well-spoken one, she who is propriety itself. And so, as I am

not and, so far as one can judge, cannot be enchanted, she it is that

is enchanted, that is smitten, that is altered, changed, and

transformed; in her have my enemies revenged themselves upon me, and

for her shall I live in ceaseless tears, until I see her in her

pristine state. I have mentioned this lest anybody should mind what

Sancho said about Dulcinea’s winnowing or sifting; for, as they changed

her to me, it is no wonder if they changed her to him. Dulcinea is

illustrious and well-born, and of one of the gentle families of El

Toboso, which are many, ancient, and good. Therein, most assuredly, not

small is the share of the peerless Dulcinea, through whom her town will

be famous and celebrated in ages to come, as Troy was through Helen,

and Spain through La Cava, though with a better title and tradition.

For another thing; I would have your graces understand that Sancho

Panza is one of the drollest squires that ever served knight-errant;

sometimes there is a simplicity about him so acute that it is an

amusement to try and make out whether he is simple or sharp; he has

mischievous tricks that stamp him rogue, and blundering ways that prove

him a booby; he doubts everything and believes everything; when I fancy

he is on the point of coming down headlong from sheer stupidity, he

comes out with something shrewd that sends him up to the skies. After

all, I would not exchange him for another squire, though I were given a

city to boot, and therefore I am in doubt whether it will be well to

send him to the government your highness has bestowed upon him; though

I perceive in him a certain aptitude for the work of governing, so

that, with a little trimming of his understanding, he would manage any

government as easily as the king does his taxes; and moreover, we know

already ample experience that it does not require much cleverness or

much learning to be a governor, for there are a hundred round about us

that scarcely know how to read, and govern like gerfalcons. The main

point is that they should have good intentions and be desirous of doing

right in all things, for they will never be at a loss for persons to

advise and direct them in what they have to do, like those

knight-governors who, being no lawyers, pronounce sentences with the

aid of an assessor. My advice to him will be to take no bribe and

surrender no right, and I have some other little matters in reserve,

that shall be produced in due season for Sancho’s benefit and the

advantage of the island he is to govern.”

The duke, duchess, and Don Quixote had reached this point in their

conversation, when they heard voices and a great hubbub in the palace,

and Sancho burst abruptly into the room all glowing with anger, with a

straining-cloth by way of a bib, and followed by several servants, or,

more properly speaking, kitchen-boys and other underlings, one of whom

carried a small trough full of water, that from its colour and impurity

was plainly dishwater. The one with the trough pursued him and followed

him everywhere he went, endeavouring with the utmost persistence to

thrust it under his chin, while another kitchen-boy seemed anxious to

wash his beard.

“What is all this, brothers?” asked the duchess. “What is it? What do

you want to do to this good man? Do you forget he is a governor-elect?”

To which the barber kitchen-boy replied, “The gentleman will not let

himself be washed as is customary, and as my lord and the señor his

master have been.”

“Yes, I will,” said Sancho, in a great rage; “but I’d like it to be

with cleaner towels, clearer lye, and not such dirty hands; for there’s

not so much difference between me and my master that he should be

washed with angels’ water and I with devil’s lye. The customs of

countries and princes’ palaces are only good so long as they give no

annoyance; but the way of washing they have here is worse than doing

penance. I have a clean beard, and I don’t require to be refreshed in

that fashion, and whoever comes to wash me or touch a hair of my head,

I mean to say my beard, with all due respect be it said, I’ll give him

a punch that will leave my fist sunk in his skull; for cirimonies and

soapings of this sort are more like jokes than the polite attentions of

one’s host.”

The duchess was ready to die with laughter when she saw Sancho’s rage

and heard his words; but it was no pleasure to Don Quixote to see him

in such a sorry trim, with the dingy towel about him, and the

hangers-on of the kitchen all round him; so making a low bow to the

duke and duchess, as if to ask their permission to speak, he addressed

the rout in a dignified tone: “Holloa, gentlemen! you let that youth

alone, and go back to where you came from, or anywhere else if you

like; my squire is as clean as any other person, and those troughs are

as bad as narrow thin-necked jars to him; take my advice and leave him

alone, for neither he nor I understand joking.”

Sancho took the word out of his mouth and went on, “Nay, let them come

and try their jokes on the country bumpkin, for it’s about as likely

I’ll stand them as that it’s now midnight! Let them bring me a comb

here, or what they please, and curry this beard of mine, and if they

get anything out of it that offends against cleanliness, let them clip

me to the skin.”

Upon this, the duchess, laughing all the while, said, “Sancho Panza is

right, and always will be in all he says; he is clean, and, as he says

himself, he does not require to be washed; and if our ways do not

please him, he is free to choose. Besides, you promoters of cleanliness

have been excessively careless and thoughtless, I don’t know if I ought

not to say audacious, to bring troughs and wooden utensils and kitchen

dishclouts, instead of basins and jugs of pure gold and towels of

holland, to such a person and such a beard; but, after all, you are

ill-conditioned and ill-bred, and spiteful as you are, you cannot help

showing the grudge you have against the squires of knights-errant.”

The impudent servitors, and even the seneschal who came with them, took

the duchess to be speaking in earnest, so they removed the

straining-cloth from Sancho’s neck, and with something like shame and

confusion of face went off all of them and left him; whereupon he,

seeing himself safe out of that extreme danger, as it seemed to him,

ran and fell on his knees before the duchess, saying, “From great

ladies great favours may be looked for; this which your grace has done

me to-day cannot be requited with less than wishing I was dubbed a

knight-errant, to devote myself all the days of my life to the service

of so exalted a lady. I am a labouring man, my name is Sancho Panza, I

am married, I have children, and I am serving as a squire; if in any

one of these ways I can serve your highness, I will not be longer in

obeying than your grace in commanding.”

“It is easy to see, Sancho,” replied the duchess, “that you have

learned to be polite in the school of politeness itself; I mean to say

it is easy to see that you have been nursed in the bosom of Señor Don

Quixote, who is, of course, the cream of good breeding and flower of

ceremony—or cirimony, as you would say yourself. Fair be the fortunes

of such a master and such a servant, the one the cynosure of

knight-errantry, the other the star of squirely fidelity! Rise, Sancho,

my friend; I will repay your courtesy by taking care that my lord the

duke makes good to you the promised gift of the government as soon as

possible.”

With this, the conversation came to an end, and Don Quixote retired to

take his midday sleep; but the duchess begged Sancho, unless he had a

very great desire to go to sleep, to come and spend the afternoon with

her and her damsels in a very cool chamber. Sancho replied that, though

he certainly had the habit of sleeping four or five hours in the heat

of the day in summer, to serve her excellence he would try with all his

might not to sleep even one that day, and that he would come in

obedience to her command, and with that he went off. The duke gave

fresh orders with respect to treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant,

without departing even in smallest particular from the style in which,

as the stories tell us, they used to treat the knights of old.

p32e.jpg (16K)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE DELECTABLE DISCOURSE WHICH THE DUCHESS AND HER DAMSELS HELD WITH

SANCHO PANZA, WELL WORTH READING AND NOTING

p33a.jpg (138K)

Full Size

The history records that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon, but in

order to keep his word came, before he had well done dinner, to visit

the duchess, who, finding enjoyment in listening to him, made him sit

down beside her on a low seat, though Sancho, out of pure good

breeding, wanted not to sit down; the duchess, however, told him he was

to sit down as governor and talk as squire, as in both respects he was

worthy of even the chair of the Cid Ruy Diaz the Campeador. Sancho

shrugged his shoulders, obeyed, and sat down, and all the duchess’s

damsels and duennas gathered round him, waiting in profound silence to

hear what he would say. It was the duchess, however, who spoke first,

saying:

“Now that we are alone, and that there is nobody here to overhear us, I

should be glad if the señor governor would relieve me of certain doubts

I have, rising out of the history of the great Don Quixote that is now

in print. One is: inasmuch as worthy Sancho never saw Dulcinea, I mean

the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor took Don Quixote’s letter to her, for

it was left in the memorandum book in the Sierra Morena, how did he

dare to invent the answer and all that about finding her sifting wheat,

the whole story being a deception and falsehood, and so much to the

prejudice of the peerless Dulcinea’s good name, a thing that is not at

all becoming the character and fidelity of a good squire?”

p33b.jpg (326K)

Full Size

At these words, Sancho, without uttering one in reply, got up from his

chair, and with noiseless steps, with his body bent and his finger on

his lips, went all round the room lifting up the hangings; and this

done, he came back to his seat and said, “Now, señora, that I have seen

that there is no one except the bystanders listening to us on the sly,

I will answer what you have asked me, and all you may ask me, without

fear or dread. And the first thing I have got to say is, that for my

own part I hold my master Don Quixote to be stark mad, though sometimes

he says things that, to my mind, and indeed everybody’s that listens to

him, are so wise, and run in such a straight furrow, that Satan himself

could not have said them better; but for all that, really, and beyond

all question, it’s my firm belief he is cracked. Well, then, as this is

clear to my mind, I can venture to make him believe things that have

neither head nor tail, like that affair of the answer to the letter,

and that other of six or eight days ago, which is not yet in history,

that is to say, the affair of the enchantment of my lady Dulcinea; for

I made him believe she is enchanted, though there’s no more truth in it

than over the hills of Úbeda.”

The duchess begged him to tell her about the enchantment or deception,

so Sancho told the whole story exactly as it had happened, and his

hearers were not a little amused by it; and then resuming, the duchess

said, “In consequence of what worthy Sancho has told me, a doubt starts

up in my mind, and there comes a kind of whisper to my ear that says,

‘If Don Quixote be mad, crazy, and cracked, and Sancho Panza his squire

knows it, and, notwithstanding, serves and follows him, and goes

trusting to his empty promises, there can be no doubt he must be still

madder and sillier than his master; and that being so, it will be cast

in your teeth, señora duchess, if you give the said Sancho an island to

govern; for how will he who does not know how to govern himself know

how to govern others?’”

“By God, señora,” said Sancho, “but that doubt comes timely; but your

grace may say it out, and speak plainly, or as you like; for I know

what you say is true, and if I were wise I should have left my master

long ago; but this was my fate, this was my bad luck; I can’t help it,

I must follow him; we’re from the same village, I’ve eaten his bread,

I’m fond of him, I’m grateful, he gave me his ass-colts, and above all

I’m faithful; so it’s quite impossible for anything to separate us,

except the pickaxe and shovel. And if your highness does not like to

give me the government you promised, God made me without it, and maybe

your not giving it to me will be all the better for my conscience, for

fool as I am I know the proverb ‘to her hurt the ant got wings,’ and it

may be that Sancho the squire will get to heaven sooner than Sancho the

governor. ‘They make as good bread here as in France,’ and ‘by night

all cats are grey,’ and ‘a hard case enough his, who hasn’t broken his

fast at two in the afternoon,’ and ‘there’s no stomach a hand’s breadth

bigger than another,’ and the same can be filled ‘with straw or hay,’

as the saying is, and ‘the little birds of the field have God for their

purveyor and caterer,’ and ‘four yards of Cuenca frieze keep one warmer

than four of Segovia broad-cloth,’ and ‘when we quit this world and are

put underground the prince travels by as narrow a path as the

journeyman,’ and ‘the Pope’s body does not take up more feet of earth

than the sacristan’s,’ for all that the one is higher than the other;

for when we go to our graves we all pack ourselves up and make

ourselves small, or rather they pack us up and make us small in spite

of us, and then—good night to us. And I say once more, if your ladyship

does not like to give me the island because I’m a fool, like a wise man

I will take care to give myself no trouble about it; I have heard say

that ‘behind the cross there’s the devil,’ and that ‘all that glitters

is not gold,’ and that from among the oxen, and the ploughs, and the

yokes, Wamba the husbandman was taken to be made King of Spain, and

from among brocades, and pleasures, and riches, Roderick was taken to

be devoured by adders, if the verses of the old ballads don’t lie.”

“To be sure they don’t lie!” exclaimed Doña Rodriguez, the duenna, who

was one of the listeners. “Why, there’s a ballad that says they put

King Rodrigo alive into a tomb full of toads, and adders, and lizards,

and that two days afterwards the king, in a plaintive, feeble voice,

cried out from within the tomb-

They gnaw me now, they gnaw me now,

There where I most did sin.

And according to that the gentleman has good reason to say he would

rather be a labouring man than a king, if vermin are to eat him.”

The duchess could not help laughing at the simplicity of her duenna, or

wondering at the language and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she said,

“Worthy Sancho knows very well that when once a knight has made a

promise he strives to keep it, though it should cost him his life. My

lord and husband the duke, though not one of the errant sort, is none

the less a knight for that reason, and will keep his word about the

promised island, in spite of the envy and malice of the world. Let

Sancho be of good cheer; for when he least expects it he will find

himself seated on the throne of his island and seat of dignity, and

will take possession of his government that he may discard it for

another of three-bordered brocade. The charge I give him is to be

careful how he governs his vassals, bearing in mind that they are all

loyal and well-born.”

“As to governing them well,” said Sancho, “there’s no need of charging

me to do that, for I’m kind-hearted by nature, and full of compassion

for the poor; there’s no stealing the loaf from him who kneads and

bakes;’ and by my faith it won’t do to throw false dice with me; I am

an old dog, and I know all about ‘tus, tus;’ I can be wide-awake if

need be, and I don’t let clouds come before my eyes, for I know where

the shoe pinches me; I say so, because with me the good will have

support and protection, and the bad neither footing nor access. And it

seems to me that, in governments, to make a beginning is everything;

and maybe, after having been governor a fortnight, I’ll take kindly to

the work and know more about it than the field labour I have been

brought up to.”

“You are right, Sancho,” said the duchess, “for no one is born ready

taught, and the bishops are made out of men and not out of stones. But

to return to the subject we were discussing just now, the enchantment

of the lady Dulcinea, I look upon it as certain, and something more

than evident, that Sancho’s idea of practising a deception upon his

master, making him believe that the peasant girl was Dulcinea and that

if he did not recognise her it must be because she was enchanted, was

all a device of one of the enchanters that persecute Don Quixote. For

in truth and earnest, I know from good authority that the coarse

country wench who jumped up on the ass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso,

and that worthy Sancho, though he fancies himself the deceiver, is the

one that is deceived; and that there is no more reason to doubt the

truth of this, than of anything else we never saw. Señor Sancho Panza

must know that we too have enchanters here that are well disposed to

us, and tell us what goes on in the world, plainly and distinctly,

without subterfuge or deception; and believe me, Sancho, that agile

country lass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as much enchanted

as the mother that bore her; and when we least expect it, we shall see

her in her own proper form, and then Sancho will be disabused of the

error he is under at present.”

“All that’s very possible,” said Sancho Panza; “and now I’m willing to

believe what my master says about what he saw in the cave of

Montesinos, where he says he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the

very same dress and apparel that I said I had seen her in when I

enchanted her all to please myself. It must be all exactly the other

way, as your ladyship says; because it is impossible to suppose that

out of my poor wit such a cunning trick could be concocted in a moment,

nor do I think my master is so mad that by my weak and feeble

persuasion he could be made to believe a thing so out of all reason.

But, señora, your excellence must not therefore think me ill-disposed,

for a dolt like me is not bound to see into the thoughts and plots of

those vile enchanters. I invented all that to escape my master’s

scolding, and not with any intention of hurting him; and if it has

turned out differently, there is a God in heaven who judges our

hearts.”

“That is true,” said the duchess; “but tell me, Sancho, what is this

you say about the cave of Montesinos, for I should like to know.”

Sancho upon this related to her, word for word, what has been said

already touching that adventure, and having heard it the duchess said,

“From this occurrence it may be inferred that, as the great Don Quixote

says he saw there the same country wench Sancho saw on the way from El

Toboso, it is, no doubt, Dulcinea, and that there are some very active

and exceedingly busy enchanters about.”

“So I say,” said Sancho, “and if my lady Dulcinea is enchanted, so much

the worse for her, and I’m not going to pick a quarrel with my master’s

enemies, who seem to be many and spiteful. The truth is that the one I

saw was a country wench, and I set her down to be a country wench; and

if that was Dulcinea it must not be laid at my door, nor should I be

called to answer for it or take the consequences. But they must go

nagging at me at every step—‘Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho

here, Sancho there,’ as if Sancho was nobody at all, and not that same

Sancho Panza that’s now going all over the world in books, so Samson

Carrasco told me, and he’s at any rate one that’s a bachelor of

Salamanca; and people of that sort can’t lie, except when the whim

seizes them or they have some very good reason for it. So there’s no

occasion for anybody to quarrel with me; and then I have a good

character, and, as I have heard my master say, ‘a good name is better

than great riches;’ let them only stick me into this government and

they’ll see wonders, for one who has been a good squire will be a good

governor.”

“All worthy Sancho’s observations,” said the duchess, “are Catonian

sentences, or at any rate out of the very heart of Michael Verino

himself, who \_florentibus occidit annis\_. In fact, to speak in his own

style, ‘under a bad cloak there’s often a good drinker.’”

“Indeed, señora,” said Sancho, “I never yet drank out of wickedness;

from thirst I have very likely, for I have nothing of the hypocrite in

me; I drink when I’m inclined, or, if I’m not inclined, when they offer

it to me, so as not to look either strait-laced or ill-bred; for when a

friend drinks one’s health what heart can be so hard as not to return

it? But if I put on my shoes I don’t dirty them; besides, squires to

knights-errant mostly drink water, for they are always wandering among

woods, forests and meadows, mountains and crags, without a drop of wine

to be had if they gave their eyes for it.”

“So I believe,” said the duchess; “and now let Sancho go and take his

sleep, and we will talk by-and-by at greater length, and settle how he

may soon go and stick himself into the government, as he says.”

Sancho once more kissed the duchess’s hand, and entreated her to let

good care be taken of his Dapple, for he was the light of his eyes.

“What is Dapple?” said the duchess.

“My ass,” said Sancho, “which, not to mention him by that name, I’m

accustomed to call Dapple; I begged this lady duenna here to take care

of him when I came into the castle, and she got as angry as if I had

said she was ugly or old, though it ought to be more natural and proper

for duennas to feed asses than to ornament chambers. God bless me! what

a spite a gentleman of my village had against these ladies!”

“He must have been some clown,” said Doña Rodriguez the duenna; “for if

he had been a gentleman and well-born he would have exalted them higher

than the horns of the moon.”

“That will do,” said the duchess; “no more of this; hush, Doña

Rodriguez, and let Señor Panza rest easy and leave the treatment of

Dapple in my charge, for as he is a treasure of Sancho’s, I’ll put him

on the apple of my eye.”

“It will be enough for him to be in the stable,” said Sancho, “for

neither he nor I are worthy to rest a moment in the apple of your

highness’s eye, and I’d as soon stab myself as consent to it; for

though my master says that in civilities it is better to lose by a card

too many than a card too few, when it comes to civilities to asses we

must mind what we are about and keep within due bounds.”

“Take him to your government, Sancho,” said the duchess, “and there you

will be able to make as much of him as you like, and even release him

from work and pension him off.”

“Don’t think, señora duchess, that you have said anything absurd,” said

Sancho; “I have seen more than two asses go to governments, and for me

to take mine with me would be nothing new.”

Sancho’s words made the duchess laugh again and gave her fresh

amusement, and dismissing him to sleep she went away to tell the duke

the conversation she had had with him, and between them they plotted

and arranged to play a joke upon Don Quixote that was to be a rare one

and entirely in knight-errantry style, and in that same style they

practised several upon him, so much in keeping and so clever that they

form the best adventures this great history contains.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHICH RELATES HOW THEY LEARNED THE WAY IN WHICH THEY WERE TO DISENCHANT

THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, WHICH IS ONE OF THE RAREST ADVENTURES

IN THIS BOOK

p34a.jpg (141K)

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Great was the pleasure the duke and duchess took in the conversation of

Don Quixote and Sancho Panza; and, more bent than ever upon the plan

they had of practising some jokes upon them that should have the look

and appearance of adventures, they took as their basis of action what

Don Quixote had already told them about the cave of Montesinos, in

order to play him a famous one. But what the duchess marvelled at above

all was that Sancho’s simplicity could be so great as to make him

believe as absolute truth that Dulcinea had been enchanted, when it was

he himself who had been the enchanter and trickster in the business.

Having, therefore, instructed their servants in everything they were to

do, six days afterwards they took him out to hunt, with as great a

retinue of huntsmen and beaters as a crowned king.

They presented Don Quixote with a hunting suit, and Sancho with another

of the finest green cloth; but Don Quixote declined to put his on,

saying that he must soon return to the hard pursuit of arms, and could

not carry wardrobes or stores with him. Sancho, however, took what they

gave him, meaning to sell it at the first opportunity.

The appointed day having arrived, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho

arrayed himself, and mounted on his Dapple (for he would not give him

up though they offered him a horse), he placed himself in the midst of

the troop of huntsmen. The duchess came out splendidly attired, and Don

Quixote, in pure courtesy and politeness, held the rein of her palfrey,

though the duke wanted not to allow him; and at last they reached a

wood that lay between two high mountains, where, after occupying

various posts, ambushes, and paths, and distributing the party in

different positions, the hunt began with great noise, shouting, and

hallooing, so that, between the baying of the hounds and the blowing of

the horns, they could not hear one another. The duchess dismounted, and

with a sharp boar-spear in her hand posted herself where she knew the

wild boars were in the habit of passing. The duke and Don Quixote

likewise dismounted and placed themselves one at each side of her.

Sancho took up a position in the rear of all without dismounting from

Dapple, whom he dared not desert lest some mischief should befall him.

Scarcely had they taken their stand in a line with several of their

servants, when they saw a huge boar, closely pressed by the hounds and

followed by the huntsmen, making towards them, grinding his teeth and

tusks, and scattering foam from his mouth. As soon as he saw him Don

Quixote, bracing his shield on his arm, and drawing his sword, advanced

to meet him; the duke with boar-spear did the same; but the duchess

would have gone in front of them all had not the duke prevented her.

Sancho alone, deserting Dapple at the sight of the mighty beast, took

to his heels as hard as he could and strove in vain to mount a tall

oak. As he was clinging to a branch, however, half-way up in his

struggle to reach the top, the bough, such was his ill-luck and hard

fate, gave way, and caught in his fall by a broken limb of the oak, he

hung suspended in the air unable to reach the ground. Finding himself

in this position, and that the green coat was beginning to tear, and

reflecting that if the fierce animal came that way he might be able to

get at him, he began to utter such cries, and call for help so

earnestly, that all who heard him and did not see him felt sure he must

be in the teeth of some wild beast. In the end the tusked boar fell

pierced by the blades of the many spears they held in front of him; and

Don Quixote, turning round at the cries of Sancho, for he knew by them

that it was he, saw him hanging from the oak head downwards, with

Dapple, who did not forsake him in his distress, close beside him; and

Cide Hamete observes that he seldom saw Sancho Panza without seeing

Dapple, or Dapple without seeing Sancho Panza; such was their

attachment and loyalty one to the other. Don Quixote went over and

unhooked Sancho, who, as soon as he found himself on the ground, looked

at the rent in his huntingcoat and was grieved to the heart, for he

thought he had got a patrimonial estate in that suit.

Meanwhile they had slung the mighty boar across the back of a mule, and

having covered 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 middle of the wood, where they found the tables

laid and dinner served, in such grand and sumptuous style that it was

easy to see the rank and magnificence of those who had provided it.

Sancho, as he showed the rents in his torn suit to the duchess,

observed, “If we had been hunting hares, or after small birds, my coat

would have been safe from being in the plight it’s in; I don’t know

what pleasure one can find in lying in wait for an animal that may take

your life with his tusk if he gets at you. I recollect having heard an

old ballad sung that says,

By bears be thou devoured, as erst

Was famous Favila.”

“That,” said Don Quixote, “was a Gothic king, who, going a-hunting, was

devoured by a bear.”

“Just so,” said Sancho; “and I would not have kings and princes expose

themselves to such dangers for the sake of a pleasure which, to my

mind, ought not to be one, as it consists in killing an animal that has

done no harm whatever.”

“Quite the contrary, Sancho; you are wrong there,” said the duke; “for

hunting is more suitable and requisite for kings and princes than for

anybody else. The chase is the emblem of war; it has stratagems, wiles,

and crafty devices for overcoming the enemy in safety; in it extreme

cold and intolerable heat have to be borne, indolence and sleep are

despised, the bodily powers are invigorated, the limbs of him who

engages in it are made supple, and, in a word, it is a pursuit which

may be followed without injury to anyone and with enjoyment to many;

and the best of it is, it is not for everybody, as field-sports of

other sorts are, except hawking, which also is only for kings and great

lords. Reconsider your opinion therefore, Sancho, and when you are

governor take to hunting, and you will find the good of it.”

“Nay,” said Sancho, “the good governor should have a broken leg and

keep at home;” it would be a nice thing if, after people had been at

the trouble of coming to look for him on business, the governor were to

be away in the forest enjoying himself; the government would go on

badly in that fashion. By my faith, señor, hunting and amusements are

more fit for idlers than for governors; what I intend to amuse myself

with is playing all fours at Eastertime, and bowls on Sundays and

holidays; for these huntings don’t suit my condition or agree with my

conscience.”

“God grant it may turn out so,” said the duke; “because it’s a long

step from saying to doing.”

“Be that as it may,” said Sancho, “‘pledges don’t distress a good

payer,’ and ‘he whom God helps does better than he who gets up early,’

and ‘it’s the tripes that carry the feet and not the feet the tripes;’

I mean to say that if God gives me help and I do my duty honestly, no

doubt I’ll govern better than a gerfalcon. Nay, let them only put a

finger in my mouth, and they’ll see whether I can bite or not.”

“The curse of God and all his saints upon thee, thou accursed Sancho!”

exclaimed Don Quixote; “when will the day come—as I have often said to

thee—when I shall hear thee make one single coherent, rational remark

without proverbs? Pray, your highnesses, leave this fool alone, for he

will grind your souls between, not to say two, but two thousand

proverbs, dragged in as much in season, and as much to the purpose

as—may God grant as much health to him, or to me if I want to listen to

them!”

“Sancho Panza’s proverbs,” said the duchess, “though more in number

than the Greek Commander’s, are not therefore less to be esteemed for

the conciseness of the maxims. For my own part, I can say they give me

more pleasure than others that may be better brought in and more

seasonably introduced.”

In pleasant conversation of this sort they passed out of the tent into

the wood, and the day was spent in visiting some of the posts and

hiding-places, and then night closed in, not, however, as brilliantly

or tranquilly as might have been expected at the season, for it was

then midsummer; but bringing with it a kind of haze that greatly aided

the project of the duke and duchess; and thus, as night began to fall,

and a little after twilight set in, suddenly the whole wood on all four

sides seemed to be on fire, and shortly after, here, there, on all

sides, a vast number of trumpets and other military instruments were

heard, as if several troops of cavalry were passing through the wood.

The blaze of the fire and the noise of the warlike instruments almost

blinded the eyes and deafened the ears of those that stood by, and

indeed of all who were in the wood. Then there were heard repeated

lelilies after the fashion of the Moors when they rush to battle;

trumpets and clarions brayed, drums beat, fifes played, so unceasingly

and so fast that he could not have had any senses who did not lose them

with the confused din of so many instruments. The duke was astounded,

the duchess amazed, Don Quixote wondering, Sancho Panza trembling, and

indeed, even they who were aware of the cause were frightened. In their

fear, silence fell upon them, and a postillion, in the guise of a

demon, passed in front of them, blowing, in lieu of a bugle, a huge

hollow horn that gave out a horrible hoarse note.

“Ho there! brother courier,” cried the duke, “who are you? Where are

you going? What troops are these that seem to be passing through the

wood?”

To which the courier replied in a harsh, discordant voice, “I am the

devil; I am in search of Don Quixote of La Mancha; those who are coming

this way are six troops of enchanters, who are bringing on a triumphal

car the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso; she comes under enchantment,

together with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to give instructions to

Don Quixote as to how, she the said lady, may be disenchanted.”

“If you were the devil, as you say and as your appearance indicates,”

said the duke, “you would have known the said knight Don Quixote of La

Mancha, for you have him here before you.”

“By God and upon my conscience,” said the devil, “I never observed it,

for my mind is occupied with so many different things that I was

forgetting the main thing I came about.”

“This demon must be an honest fellow and a good Christian,” said

Sancho; “for if he wasn’t he wouldn’t swear by God and his conscience;

I feel sure now there must be good souls even in hell itself.”

Without dismounting, the demon then turned to Don Quixote and said,

“The unfortunate but valiant knight Montesinos sends me to thee, the

Knight of the Lions (would that I saw thee in their claws), bidding me

tell thee to wait for him wherever I may find thee, as he brings with

him her whom they call Dulcinea del Toboso, that he may show thee what

is needful in order to disenchant her; and as I came for no more I need

stay no longer; demons of my sort be with thee, and good angels with

these gentles;” and so saying he blew his huge horn, turned about and

went off without waiting for a reply from anyone.

They all felt fresh wonder, but particularly Sancho and Don Quixote;

Sancho to see how, in defiance of the truth, they would have it that

Dulcinea was enchanted; Don Quixote because he could not feel sure

whether what had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos was true or

not; and as he was deep in these cogitations the duke said to him, “Do

you mean to wait, Señor Don Quixote?”

“Why not?” replied he; “here will I wait, fearless and firm, though all

hell should come to attack me.”

“Well then, if I see another devil or hear another horn like the last,

I’ll wait here as much as in Flanders,” said Sancho.

Night now closed in more completely, and many lights began to flit

through the wood, just as those fiery exhalations from the earth, that

look like shooting-stars to our eyes, flit through the heavens; a

frightful noise, too, was heard, like that made by the solid wheels the

ox-carts usually have, by the harsh, ceaseless creaking of which, they

say, the bears and wolves are put to flight, if there happen to be any

where they are passing. In addition to all this commotion, there came a

further disturbance to increase the tumult, for now it seemed as if in

truth, on all four sides of the wood, four encounters or battles were

going on at the same time; in one quarter resounded the dull noise of a

terrible cannonade, in another numberless muskets were being

discharged, the shouts of the combatants sounded almost close at hand,

and farther away the Moorish lelilies were raised again and again. In a

word, the bugles, the horns, the clarions, the trumpets, the drums, the

cannon, the musketry, and above all the tremendous noise of the carts,

all made up together a din so confused and terrific that Don Quixote

had need to summon up all his courage to brave it; but Sancho’s gave

way, and he fell fainting on the skirt of the duchess’s robe, who let

him lie there and promptly bade them throw water in his face. This was

done, and he came to himself by the time that one of the carts with the

creaking wheels reached the spot. It was drawn by four plodding oxen

all covered with black housings; on each horn they had fixed a large

lighted wax taper, and on the top of the cart was constructed a raised

seat, on which sat a venerable old man with a beard whiter than the

very snow, and so long that it fell below his waist; he was dressed in

a long robe of black buckram; for as the cart was thickly set with a

multitude of candles it was easy to make out everything that was on it.

Leading it were two hideous demons, also clad in buckram, with

countenances so frightful that Sancho, having once seen them, shut his

eyes so as not to see them again. As soon as the cart came opposite the

spot the old man rose from his lofty seat, and standing up said in a

loud voice, “I am the sage Lirgandeo,” and without another word the

cart then passed on. Behind it came another of the same form, with

another aged man enthroned, who, stopping the cart, said in a voice no

less solemn than that of the first, “I am the sage Alquife, the great

friend of Urganda the Unknown,” and passed on. Then another cart came

by at the same pace, but the occupant of the throne was not old like

the others, but a man stalwart and robust, and of a forbidding

countenance, who as he came up said in a voice far hoarser and more

devilish, “I am the enchanter Archelaus, the mortal enemy of Amadis of

Gaul and all his kindred,” and then passed on. Having gone a short

distance the three carts halted and the monotonous noise of their

wheels ceased, and soon after they heard another, not noise, but sound

of sweet, harmonious music, of which Sancho was very glad, taking it to

be a good sign; and said he to the duchess, from whom he did not stir a

step, or for a single instant, “Señora, where there’s music there can’t

be mischief.”

“Nor where there are lights and it is bright,” said the duchess; to

which Sancho replied, “Fire gives light, and it’s bright where there

are bonfires, as we see by those that are all round us and perhaps may

burn us; but music is a sign of mirth and merrymaking.”

“That remains to be seen,” said Don Quixote, who was listening to all

that passed; and he was right, as is shown in the following chapter.

p34e.jpg (47K)

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE INSTRUCTION GIVEN TO DON QUIXOTE TOUCHING THE

DISENCHANTMENT OF DULCINEA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MARVELLOUS INCIDENTS

p35a.jpg (108K)

Full Size

They saw advancing towards them, to the sound of this pleasing music,

what they call a triumphal car, drawn by six grey mules with white

linen housings, on each of which was mounted a penitent, robed also in

white, with a large lighted wax taper in his hand. The car was twice

or, perhaps, three times as large as the former ones, and in front and

on the sides stood twelve more penitents, all as white as snow and all

with lighted tapers, a spectacle to excite fear as well as wonder; and

on a raised throne was seated a nymph draped in a multitude of

silver-tissue veils with an embroidery of countless gold spangles

glittering all over them, that made her appear, if not richly, at least

brilliantly, apparelled. She had her face covered with thin transparent

sendal, the texture of which did not prevent the fair features of a

maiden from being distinguished, while the numerous lights made it

possible to judge of her beauty and of her years, which seemed to be

not less than seventeen but not to have yet reached twenty. Beside her

was a figure in a robe of state, as they call it, reaching to the feet,

while the head was covered with a black veil. But the instant the car

was opposite the duke and duchess and Don Quixote the music of the

clarions ceased, and then that of the lutes and harps on the car, and

the figure in the robe rose up, and flinging it apart and removing the

veil from its face, disclosed to their eyes the shape of Death itself,

fleshless and hideous, at which sight Don Quixote felt uneasy, Sancho

frightened, and the duke and duchess displayed a certain trepidation.

Having risen to its feet, this living death, in a sleepy voice and with

a tongue hardly awake, held forth as follows:

p35b.jpg (232K)

Full Size

I am that Merlin who the legends say

The devil had for father, and the lie

Hath gathered credence with the lapse of time.

Of magic prince, of Zoroastric lore

Monarch and treasurer, with jealous eye

I view the efforts of the age to hide

The gallant deeds of doughty errant knights,

Who are, and ever have been, dear to me.

Enchanters and magicians and their kind

Are mostly hard of heart; not so am I;

For mine is tender, soft, compassionate,

And its delight is doing good to all.

In the dim caverns of the gloomy Dis,

Where, tracing mystic lines and characters,

My soul abideth now, there came to me

The sorrow-laden plaint of her, the fair,

The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.

I knew of her enchantment and her fate,

From high-born dame to peasant wench transformed

And touched with pity, first I turned the leaves

Of countless volumes of my devilish craft,

And then, in this grim grisly skeleton

Myself encasing, hither have I come

To show where lies the fitting remedy

To give relief in such a piteous case.

O thou, the pride and pink of all that I wear

The adamantine steel! O shining light,

O beacon, polestar, path and guide of all

Who, scorning slumber and the lazy down,

Adopt the toilsome life of bloodstained arms!

To thee, great hero who all praise transcends,

La Mancha’s lustre and Iberia’s star,

Don Quixote, wise as brave, to thee I say—

For peerless Dulcinea del Toboso

Her pristine form and beauty to regain,

’Tis needful that thy esquire Sancho shall,

On his own sturdy buttocks bared to heaven,

Three thousand and three hundred lashes lay,

And that they smart and sting and hurt him well.

Thus have the authors of her woe resolved.

And this is, gentles, wherefore I have come.

“By all that’s good,” exclaimed Sancho at this, “I’ll just as soon give

myself three stabs with a dagger as three, not to say three thousand,

lashes. The devil take such a way of disenchanting! I don’t see what my

backside has got to do with enchantments. By God, if Señor Merlin has

not found out some other way of disenchanting the lady Dulcinea del

Toboso, she may go to her grave enchanted.”

“But I’ll take you, Don Clown stuffed with garlic,” said Don Quixote,

“and tie you to a tree as naked as when your mother brought you forth,

and give you, not to say three thousand three hundred, but six thousand

six hundred lashes, and so well laid on that they won’t be got rid of

if you try three thousand three hundred times; don’t answer me a word

or I’ll tear your soul out.”

On hearing this Merlin said, “That will not do, for the lashes worthy

Sancho has to receive must be given of his own free will and not by

force, and at whatever time he pleases, for there is no fixed limit

assigned to him; but it is permitted him, if he likes to commute by

half the pain of this whipping, to let them be given by the hand of

another, though it may be somewhat weighty.”

“Not a hand, my own or anybody else’s, weighty or weighable, shall

touch me,” said Sancho. “Was it I that gave birth to the lady Dulcinea

del Toboso, that my backside is to pay for the sins of her eyes? My

master, indeed, that’s a part of her—for, he’s always calling her ‘my

life’ and ‘my soul,’ and his stay and prop—may and ought to whip

himself for her and take all the trouble required for her

disenchantment. But for me to whip myself! Abernuncio!”

As soon as Sancho had done speaking the nymph in silver that was at the

side of Merlin’s ghost stood up, and removing the thin veil from her

face disclosed one that seemed to all something more than exceedingly

beautiful; and with a masculine freedom from embarrassment and in a

voice not very like a lady’s, addressing Sancho directly, said, “Thou

wretched squire, soul of a pitcher, heart of a cork tree, with bowels

of flint and pebbles; if, thou impudent thief, they bade thee throw

thyself down from some lofty tower; if, enemy of mankind, they asked

thee to swallow a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of adders;

if they wanted thee to slay thy wife and children with a sharp

murderous scimitar, it would be no wonder for thee to show thyself

stubborn and squeamish. But to make a piece of work about three

thousand three hundred lashes, what every poor little charity-boy gets

every month—it is enough to amaze, astonish, astound the compassionate

bowels of all who hear it, nay, all who come to hear it in the course

of time. Turn, O miserable, hard-hearted animal, turn, I say, those

timorous owl’s eyes upon these of mine that are compared to radiant

stars, and thou wilt see them weeping trickling streams and rills, and

tracing furrows, tracks, and paths over the fair fields of my cheeks.

Let it move thee, crafty, ill-conditioned monster, to see my blooming

youth—still in its teens, for I am not yet twenty—wasting and withering

away beneath the husk of a rude peasant wench; and if I do not appear

in that shape now, it is a special favour Señor Merlin here has granted

me, to the sole end that my beauty may soften thee; for the tears of

beauty in distress turn rocks into cotton and tigers into ewes. Lay on

to that hide of thine, thou great untamed brute, rouse up thy lusty

vigour that only urges thee to eat and eat, and set free the softness

of my flesh, the gentleness of my nature, and the fairness of my face.

And if thou wilt not relent or come to reason for me, do so for the

sake of that poor knight thou hast beside thee; thy master I mean,

whose soul I can this moment see, how he has it stuck in his throat not

ten fingers from his lips, and only waiting for thy inflexible or

yielding reply to make its escape by his mouth or go back again into

his stomach.”

Don Quixote on hearing this felt his throat, and turning to the duke he

said, “By God, señor, Dulcinea says true, I have my soul stuck here in

my throat like the nut of a crossbow.”

“What say you to this, Sancho?” said the duchess.

“I say, señora,” returned Sancho, “what I said before; as for the

lashes, abernuncio!”

“Abrenuncio, you should say, Sancho, and not as you do,” said the duke.

“Let me alone, your highness,” said Sancho. “I’m not in a humour now to

look into niceties or a letter more or less, for these lashes that are

to be given me, or I’m to give myself, have so upset me, that I don’t

know what I’m saying or doing. But I’d like to know of this lady, my

lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she learned this way she has of asking

favours. She comes to ask me to score my flesh with lashes, and she

calls me soul of a pitcher, and great untamed brute, and a string of

foul names that the devil is welcome to. Is my flesh brass? or is it

anything to me whether she is enchanted or not? Does she bring with her

a basket of fair linen, shirts, kerchiefs, socks—not that I wear any—to

coax me? No, nothing but one piece of abuse after another, though she

knows the proverb they have here that ‘an ass loaded 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’ll give thee’s.”’ Then there’s my master, who ought to stroke me

down and pet me to make me turn wool and carded cotton; he says if he

gets hold of me he’ll tie me naked to a tree and double the tale of

lashes on me. These tender-hearted gentry should consider that it’s not

merely a squire, but a governor they are asking to whip himself; just

as if it was ‘drink with cherries.’ Let them learn, plague take them,

the right way to ask, and beg, and behave themselves; for all times are

not alike, nor are people always in good humour. I’m now ready to burst

with grief at seeing my green coat torn, and they come to ask me to

whip myself of my own free will, I having as little fancy for it as for

turning cacique.”

“Well then, the fact is, friend Sancho,” said the duke, “that unless

you become softer than a ripe fig, you shall not get hold of the

government. It would be a nice thing for me to send my islanders a

cruel governor with flinty bowels, who won’t yield to the tears of

afflicted damsels or to the prayers of wise, magisterial, ancient

enchanters and sages. In short, Sancho, either you must be whipped by

yourself, or they must whip you, or you shan’t be governor.”

“Señor,” said Sancho, “won’t two days’ grace be given me in which to

consider what is best for me?”

“No, certainly not,” said Merlin; “here, this minute, and on the spot,

the matter must be settled; either Dulcinea will return to the cave of

Montesinos and to her former condition of peasant wench, or else in her

present form shall be carried to the Elysian fields, where she will

remain waiting until the number of stripes is completed.”

“Now then, Sancho!” said the duchess, “show courage, and gratitude for

your master Don Quixote’s bread that you have eaten; we are all bound

to oblige and please him for his benevolent disposition and lofty

chivalry. Consent to this whipping, my son; to the devil with the

devil, and leave fear to milksops, for ‘a stout heart breaks bad luck,’

as you very well know.”

To this Sancho replied with an irrelevant remark, which, addressing

Merlin, he made to him, “Will your worship tell me, Señor Merlin—when

that courier devil came up he gave my master a message from Señor

Montesinos, charging him to wait for him here, as he was coming to

arrange how the lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso was to be disenchanted;

but up to the present we have not seen Montesinos, nor anything like

him.”

To which Merlin made answer, “The devil, Sancho, is a blockhead and a

great scoundrel; I sent him to look for your master, but not with a

message from Montesinos but from myself; for Montesinos is in his cave

expecting, or more properly speaking, waiting for his disenchantment;

for there’s the tail to be skinned yet for him; if he owes you

anything, or you have any business to transact with him, I’ll bring him

to you and put him where you choose; but for the present make up your

mind to consent to this penance, and believe me it will be very good

for you, for soul as well for body—for your soul because of the charity

with which you perform it, for your body because I know that you are of

a sanguine habit and it will do you no harm to draw a little blood.”

“There are a great many doctors in the world; even the enchanters are

doctors,” said Sancho; “however, as everybody tells me the same

thing—though I can’t see it myself—I say I am willing to give myself

the three thousand three hundred lashes, provided I am to lay them on

whenever I like, without any fixing of days or times; and I’ll try and

get out of debt as quickly as I can, that the world may enjoy the

beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; as it seems, contrary to what I

thought, that she is beautiful after all. It must be a condition, too,

that I am not to be bound to draw blood with the scourge, and that if

any of the lashes happen to be fly-flappers they are to count. Item,

that, in case I should make any mistake in the reckoning, Señor Merlin,

as he knows everything, is to keep count, and let me know how many are

still wanting or over the number.”

“There will be no need to let you know of any over,” said Merlin,

“because, when you reach the full number, the lady Dulcinea will at

once, and that very instant, be disenchanted, and will come in her

gratitude to seek out the worthy Sancho, and thank him, and even reward

him for the good work. So you have no cause to be uneasy about stripes

too many or too few; heaven forbid I should cheat anyone of even a hair

of his head.”

“Well then, in God’s hands be it,” said Sancho; “in the hard case I’m

in I give in; I say I accept the penance on the conditions laid down.”

The instant Sancho uttered these last words the music of the clarions

struck up once more, and again a host of muskets were discharged, and

Don Quixote hung on Sancho’s neck kissing him again and again on the

forehead and cheeks. The duchess and the duke expressed the greatest

satisfaction, the car began to move on, and as it passed the fair

Dulcinea bowed to the duke and duchess and made a low curtsey to

Sancho.

p35c.jpg (284K)

Full Size

And now bright smiling dawn came on apace; the flowers of the field,

revived, raised up their heads, and the crystal waters of the brooks,

murmuring over the grey and white pebbles, hastened to pay their

tribute to the expectant rivers; the glad earth, the unclouded sky, the

fresh breeze, the clear light, each and all showed that the day that

came treading on the skirts of morning would be calm and bright. The

duke and duchess, pleased with their hunt and at having carried out

their plans so cleverly and successfully, returned to their castle

resolved to follow up their joke; for to them there was no reality that

could afford them more amusement.

p35e.jpg (10K)

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STRANGE AND UNDREAMT-OF ADVENTURE OF THE

DISTRESSED DUENNA, ALIAS THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI, TOGETHER WITH A LETTER

WHICH SANCHO PANZA WROTE TO HIS WIFE, TERESA PANZA

p36a.jpg (150K)

Full Size

The duke had a majordomo of a very facetious and sportive turn, and he

it was that played the part of Merlin, made all the arrangements for

the late adventure, composed the verses, and got a page to represent

Dulcinea; and now, with the assistance of his master and mistress, he

got up another of the drollest and strangest contrivances that can be

imagined.

The duchess asked Sancho the next day if he had made a beginning with

his penance task which he had to perform for the disenchantment of

Dulcinea. He said he had, and had given himself five lashes overnight.

The duchess asked him what he had given them with.

He said with his hand.

“That,” said the duchess, “is more like giving oneself slaps than

lashes; I am sure the sage Merlin will not be satisfied with such

tenderness; worthy Sancho must make a scourge with claws, or a

cat-o’-nine tails, that will make itself felt; for it’s with blood that

letters enter, and the release of so great a lady as Dulcinea will not

be granted so cheaply, or at such a paltry price; and remember, Sancho,

that works of charity done in a lukewarm and half-hearted way are

without merit and of no avail.”

To which Sancho replied, “If your ladyship will give me a proper

scourge or cord, I’ll lay on with it, provided it does not hurt too

much; for you must know, boor as I am, my flesh is more cotton than

hemp, and it won’t do for me to destroy myself for the good of anybody

else.”

“So be it by all means,” said the duchess; “to-morrow I’ll give you a

scourge that will be just the thing for you, and will accommodate

itself to the tenderness of your flesh, as if it was its own sister.”

Then said Sancho, “Your highness must know, dear lady of my soul, that

I have a letter written to my wife, Teresa Panza, giving her an account

of all that has happened me since I left her; I have it here in my

bosom, and there’s nothing wanting but to put the address to it; I’d be

glad if your discretion would read it, for I think it runs in the

governor style; I mean the way governors ought to write.”

“And who dictated it?” asked the duchess.

“Who should have dictated but myself, sinner as I am?” said Sancho.

“And did you write it yourself?” said the duchess.

“That I didn’t,” said Sancho; “for I can neither read nor write, though

I can sign my name.”

“Let us see it,” said the duchess, “for never fear but you display in

it the quality and quantity of your wit.”

Sancho drew out an open letter from his bosom, and the duchess, taking

it, found it ran in this fashion:

SANCHO PANZA’S LETTER TO HIS WIFE, TERESA PANZA

If I was well whipped I went mounted like a gentleman; if I have got a

good government it is at the cost of a good whipping. Thou wilt not

understand this just now, my Teresa; by-and-by thou wilt know what it

means. I may tell thee, Teresa, I mean thee to go in a coach, for that

is a matter of importance, because every other way of going is going on

all-fours. Thou art a governor’s wife; take care that nobody speaks

evil of thee behind thy back. I send thee here a green hunting suit

that my lady the duchess gave me; alter it so as to make a petticoat

and bodice for our daughter. Don Quixote, my master, if I am to believe

what I hear in these parts, is a madman of some sense, and a droll

blockhead, and I am in no way behind him. We have been in the cave of

Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has laid hold of me for the

disenchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso, her that is called Aldonza

Lorenzo over there. With three thousand three hundred lashes, less

five, that I’m to give myself, she will be left as entirely

disenchanted as the mother that bore her. Say nothing of this to

anyone; for, make thy affairs public, and some will say they are white

and others will say they are black. I shall leave this in a few days

for my government, to which I am going with a mighty great desire to

make money, for they tell me all new governors set out with the same

desire; I will feel the pulse of it and will let thee know if thou art

to come and live with me or not. Dapple is well and sends many

remembrances to thee; I am not going to leave him behind though they

took me away to be Grand Turk. My lady the duchess kisses thy hands a

thousand times; do thou make a return with two thousand, for as my

master says, nothing costs less or is cheaper than civility. God has

not been pleased to provide another valise for me with another hundred

crowns, like the one the other day; but never mind, my Teresa, the

bell-ringer is in safe quarters, and all will come out in the scouring

of the government; only it troubles me greatly what they tell me—that

once I have tasted it I will eat my hands off after it; and if that is

so it will not come very cheap to me; though to be sure the maimed have

a benefice of their own in the alms they beg for; so that one way or

another thou wilt be rich and in luck. God give it to thee as he can,

and keep me to serve thee. From this castle, the 20th of July, 1614.

Thy husband, the governor,

SANCHO PANZA

When she had done reading the letter the duchess said to Sancho, “On

two points the worthy governor goes rather astray; one is in saying or

hinting that this government has been bestowed upon him for the lashes

that he is to give himself, when he knows (and he cannot deny it) that

when my lord the duke promised it to him nobody ever dreamt of such a

thing as lashes; the other is that he shows himself here to be very

covetous; and I would not have him a money-seeker, for ‘covetousness

bursts the bag,’ and the covetous governor does ungoverned justice.”

“I don’t mean it that way, señora,” said Sancho; “and if you think the

letter doesn’t run as it ought to do, it’s only to tear it up and make

another; and maybe it will be a worse one if it is left to my

gumption.”

“No, no,” said the duchess, “this one will do, and I wish the duke to

see it.”

With this they betook themselves to a garden where they were to dine,

and the duchess showed Sancho’s letter to the duke, who was highly

delighted with it. They dined, and after the cloth had been removed and

they had amused themselves for a while with Sancho’s rich conversation,

the melancholy sound of a fife and harsh discordant drum made itself

heard. All seemed somewhat put out by this dull, confused, martial

harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not keep his seat from pure

disquietude; as to Sancho, it is needless to say that fear drove him to

his usual refuge, the side or the skirts of the duchess; and indeed and

in truth the sound they heard was a most doleful and melancholy one.

While they were still in uncertainty they saw advancing towards them

through the garden two men clad in mourning robes so long and flowing

that they trailed upon the ground. As they marched they beat two great

drums which were likewise draped in black, and beside them came the

fife player, black and sombre like the others. Following these came a

personage of gigantic stature enveloped rather than clad in a gown of

the deepest black, the skirt of which was of prodigious dimensions.

Over the gown, girdling or crossing his figure, he had a broad baldric

which was also black, and from which hung a huge scimitar with a black

scabbard and furniture. He had his face covered with a transparent

black veil, through which might be descried a very long beard as white

as snow. He came on keeping step to the sound of the drums with great

gravity and dignity; and, in short, his stature, his gait, the

sombreness of his appearance and his following might well have struck

with astonishment, as they did, all who beheld him without knowing who

he was. With this measured pace and in this guise he advanced to kneel

before the duke, who, with the others, awaited him standing. The duke,

however, would not on any account allow him to speak until he had

risen. The prodigious scarecrow obeyed, and standing up, removed the

veil from his face and disclosed the most enormous, the longest, the

whitest and the thickest beard that human eyes had ever beheld until

that moment, and then fetching up a grave, sonorous voice from the

depths of his broad, capacious chest, and fixing his eyes on the duke,

he said:

“Most high and mighty señor, my name is Trifaldin of the White Beard; I

am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, otherwise called the Distressed

Duenna, on whose behalf I bear a message to your highness, which is

that your magnificence will be pleased to grant her leave and

permission to come and tell you her trouble, which is one of the

strangest and most wonderful that the mind most familiar with trouble

in the world could have imagined; but first she desires to know if the

valiant and never vanquished knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, is in

this your castle, for she has come in quest of him on foot and without

breaking her fast from the kingdom of Kandy to your realms here; a

thing which may and ought to be regarded as a miracle or set down to

enchantment; she is even now at the gate of this fortress or plaisance,

and only waits for your permission to enter. I have spoken.” And with

that he coughed, and stroked down his beard with both his hands, and

stood very tranquilly waiting for the response of the duke, which was

to this effect: “Many days ago, worthy squire Trifaldin of the White

Beard, we heard of the misfortune of my lady the Countess Trifaldi,

whom the enchanters have caused to be called the Distressed Duenna. Bid

her enter, O stupendous squire, and tell her that the valiant knight

Don Quixote of La Mancha is here, and from his generous disposition she

may safely promise herself every protection and assistance; and you may

tell her, too, that if my aid be necessary it will not be withheld, for

I am bound to give it to her by my quality of knight, which involves

the protection of women of all sorts, especially widowed, wronged, and

distressed dames, such as her ladyship seems to be.”

On hearing this Trifaldin bent the knee to the ground, and making a

sign to the fifer and drummers to strike up, he turned and marched out

of the garden to the same notes and at the same pace as when he

entered, leaving them all amazed at his bearing and solemnity. Turning

to Don Quixote, the duke said, “After all, renowned knight, the mists

of malice and ignorance are unable to hide or obscure the light of

valour and virtue. I say so, because your excellence has been barely

six days in this castle, and already the unhappy and the afflicted come

in quest of you from lands far distant and remote, and not in coaches

or on dromedaries, but on foot and fasting, confident that in that

mighty arm they will find a cure for their sorrows and troubles; thanks

to your great achievements, which are circulated all over the known

earth.”

“I wish, señor duke,” replied Don Quixote, “that blessed ecclesiastic,

who at table the other day showed such ill-will and bitter spite

against knights-errant, were here now to see with his own eyes whether

knights of the sort are needed in the world; he would at any rate learn

by experience that those suffering any extraordinary affliction or

sorrow, in extreme cases and unusual misfortunes do not go to look for

a remedy to the houses of jurists or village sacristans, or to the

knight who has never attempted to pass the bounds of his own town, or

to the indolent courtier who only seeks for news to repeat and talk of,

instead of striving to do deeds and exploits for others to relate and

record. Relief in distress, help in need, protection for damsels,

consolation for widows, are to be found in no sort of persons better

than in knights-errant; and I give unceasing thanks to heaven that I am

one, and regard any misfortune or suffering that may befall me in the

pursuit of so honourable a calling as endured to good purpose. Let this

duenna come and ask what she will, for I will effect her relief by the

might of my arm and the dauntless resolution of my bold heart.”

p36e.jpg (22K)

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE DISTRESSED DUENNA

p37a.jpg (94K)

Full Size

The duke and duchess were extremely glad to see how readily Don Quixote

fell in with their scheme; but at this moment Sancho observed, “I hope

this señora duenna won’t be putting any difficulties in the way of the

promise of my government; for I have heard a Toledo apothecary, who

talked like a goldfinch, say that where duennas were mixed up nothing

good could happen. God bless me, how he hated them, that same

apothecary! And so what I’m thinking is, if all duennas, of whatever

sort or condition they may be, are plagues and busybodies, what must

they be that are distressed, like this Countess Three-skirts or

Three-tails!—for in my country skirts or tails, tails or skirts, it’s

all one.”

“Hush, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “since this lady duenna comes

in quest of me from such a distant land she cannot be one of those the

apothecary meant; moreover this is a countess, and when countesses

serve as duennas it is in the service of queens and empresses, for in

their own houses they are mistresses paramount and have other duennas

to wait on them.”

To this Doña Rodriguez, who was present, made answer, “My lady the

duchess has duennas in her service that might be countesses if it was

the will of fortune; ‘but laws go as kings like;’ let nobody speak ill

of duennas, above all of ancient maiden ones; for though I am not one

myself, I know and am aware of the advantage a maiden duenna has over

one that is a widow; but ‘he who clipped us has kept the scissors.’”

“For all that,” said Sancho, “there’s so much to be clipped about

duennas, so my barber said, that ‘it will be better not to stir the

rice even though it sticks.’”

“These squires,” returned Doña Rodriguez, “are always our enemies; and

as they are the haunting spirits of the antechambers and watch us at

every step, whenever they are not saying their prayers (and that’s

often enough) they spend their time in tattling about us, digging up

our bones and burying our good name. But I can tell these walking

blocks that we will live in spite of them, and in great houses too,

though we die of hunger and cover our flesh, be it delicate or not,

with widow’s weeds, as one covers or hides a dunghill on a procession

day. By my faith, if it were permitted me and time allowed, I could

prove, not only to those here present, but to all the world, that there

is no virtue that is not to be found in a duenna.”

“I have no doubt,” said the duchess, “that my good Doña Rodriguez is

right, and very much so; but she had better bide her time for fighting

her own battle and that of the rest of the duennas, so as to crush the

calumny of that vile apothecary, and root out the prejudice in the

great Sancho Panza’s mind.”

To which Sancho replied, “Ever since I have sniffed the governorship I

have got rid of the humours of a squire, and I don’t care a wild fig

for all the duennas in the world.”

They would have carried on this duenna dispute further had they not

heard the notes of the fife and drums once more, from which they

concluded that the Distressed Duenna was making her entrance. The

duchess asked the duke if it would be proper to go out to receive her,

as she was a countess and a person of rank.

“In respect of her being a countess,” said Sancho, before the duke

could reply, “I am for your highnesses going out to receive her; but in

respect of her being a duenna, it is my opinion you should not stir a

step.”

“Who bade thee meddle in this, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“Who, señor?” said Sancho; “I meddle for I have a right to meddle, as a

squire who has learned the rules of courtesy in the school of your

worship, the most courteous and best-bred knight in the whole world of

courtliness; and in these things, as I have heard your worship say, as

much is lost by a card too many as by a card too few, and to one who

has his ears open, few words.”

“Sancho is right,” said the duke; “we’ll see what the countess is like,

and by that measure the courtesy that is due to her.”

And now the drums and fife made their entrance as before; and here the

author brought this short chapter to an end and began the next,

following up the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in

the history.

p37e.jpg (21K)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEREIN IS TOLD THE DISTRESSED DUENNA’S TALE OF HER MISFORTUNES

p38a.jpg (54K)

Full Size

Following the melancholy musicians there filed into the garden as many

as twelve duennas, in two lines, all dressed in ample mourning robes

apparently of milled serge, with hoods of fine white gauze so long that

they allowed only the border of the robe to be seen. Behind them came

the Countess Trifaldi, the squire Trifaldin of the White Beard leading

her by the hand, clad in the finest unnapped black baize, such that,

had it a nap, every tuft would have shown as big as a Martos chickpea;

the tail, or skirt, or whatever it might be called, ended in three

points which were borne up by the hands of three pages, likewise

dressed in mourning, forming an elegant geometrical figure with the

three acute angles made by the three points, from which all who saw the

peaked skirt concluded that it must be because of it the countess was

called Trifaldi, as though it were Countess of the Three Skirts; and

Benengeli says it was so, and that by her right name she was called the

Countess Lobuna, because wolves bred in great numbers in her country;

and if, instead of wolves, they had been foxes, she would have been

called the Countess Zorruna, as it was the custom in those parts for

lords to take distinctive titles from the thing or things most abundant

in their dominions; this countess, however, in honour of the new

fashion of her skirt, dropped Lobuna and took up Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and the lady came on at procession pace, their faces

being covered with black veils, not transparent ones like Trifaldin’s,

but so close that they allowed nothing to be seen through them. As soon

as the band of duennas was fully in sight, the duke, the duchess, and

Don Quixote stood up, as well as all who were watching the slow-moving

procession. The twelve duennas halted and formed a lane, along which

the Distressed One advanced, Trifaldin still holding her hand. On

seeing this the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote went some twelve

paces forward to meet her. She then, kneeling on the ground, said in a

voice hoarse and rough, rather than fine and delicate, “May it please

your highnesses not to offer such courtesies to this your servant, I

should say to this your handmaid, for I am in such distress that I

shall never be able to make a proper return, because my strange and

unparalleled misfortune has carried off my wits, and I know not

whither; but it must be a long way off, for the more I look for them

the less I find them.”

“He would be wanting in wits, señora countess,” said the duke, “who did

not perceive your worth by your person, for at a glance it may be seen

it deserves all the cream of courtesy and flower of polite usage;” and

raising her up by the hand he led her to a seat beside the duchess, who

likewise received her with great urbanity. Don Quixote remained silent,

while Sancho was dying to see the features of Trifaldi and one or two

of her many duennas; but there was no possibility of it until they

themselves displayed them of their own accord and free will.

All kept still, waiting to see who would break silence, which the

Distressed Duenna did in these words: “I am confident, most mighty

lord, most fair lady, and most discreet company, that my most miserable

misery will be accorded a reception no less dispassionate than generous

and condolent in your most valiant bosoms, for it is one that is enough

to melt marble, soften diamonds, and mollify the steel of the most

hardened hearts in the world; but ere it is proclaimed to your hearing,

not to say your ears, I would fain be enlightened whether there be

present in this society, circle, or company, that knight

immaculatissimus, Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirissimus

Panza.”

“The Panza is here,” said Sancho, before anyone could reply, “and Don

Quixotissimus too; and so, most distressedest Duenissima, you may say

what you willissimus, for we are all readissimus to do you any

servissimus.”

On this Don Quixote rose, and addressing the Distressed Duenna, said,

“If your sorrows, afflicted lady, can indulge in any hope of relief

from the valour or might of any knight-errant, here are mine, which,

feeble and limited though they be, shall be entirely devoted to your

service. I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose calling it is to give aid

to the needy of all sorts; and that being so, it is not necessary for

you, señora, to make any appeal to benevolence, or deal in preambles,

only to tell your woes plainly and straightforwardly: for you have

hearers that will know how, if not to remedy them, to sympathise with

them.”

On hearing this, the Distressed Duenna made as though she would throw

herself at Don Quixote’s feet, and actually did fall before them and

said, as she strove to embrace them, “Before these feet and legs I cast

myself, O unconquered knight, as before, what they are, the foundations

and pillars of knight-errantry; these feet I desire to kiss, for upon

their steps hangs and depends the sole remedy for my misfortune, O

valorous errant, whose veritable achievements leave behind and eclipse

the fabulous ones of the Amadises, Esplandians, and Belianises!” Then

turning from Don Quixote to Sancho Panza, and grasping his hands, she

said, “O thou, most loyal squire that ever served knight-errant in this

present age or ages past, whose goodness is more extensive than the

beard of Trifaldin my companion here of present, well mayest thou boast

thyself that, in serving the great Don Quixote, thou art serving,

summed up in one, the whole host of knights that have ever borne arms

in the world. I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thy most loyal

goodness, that thou wilt become my kind intercessor with thy master,

that he speedily give aid to this most humble and most unfortunate

countess.”

To this Sancho made answer, “As to my goodness, señora, being as long

and as great as your squire’s beard, it matters very little to me; may

I have my soul well bearded and moustached when it comes to quit this

life, that’s the point; about beards here below I care little or

nothing; but without all these blandishments and prayers, I will beg my

master (for I know he loves me, and, besides, he has need of me just

now for a certain business) to help and aid your worship as far as he

can; unpack your woes and lay them before us, and leave us to deal with

them, for we’ll be all of one mind.”

The duke and duchess, as it was they who had made the experiment of

this adventure, were ready to burst with laughter at all this, and

between themselves they commended the clever acting of the Trifaldi,

who, returning to her seat, said, “Queen Doña Maguncia reigned over the

famous kingdom of Kandy, which lies between the great Trapobana and the

Southern Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorin. She was the widow of

King Archipiela, her lord and husband, and of their marriage they had

issue the Princess Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom; which Princess

Antonomasia was reared and brought up under my care and direction, I

being the oldest and highest in rank of her mother’s duennas. Time

passed, and the young Antonomasia reached the age of fourteen, and such

a perfection of beauty, that nature could not raise it higher. Then, it

must not be supposed her intelligence was childish; she was as

intelligent as she was fair, and she was fairer than all the world; and

is so still, unless the envious fates and hard-hearted sisters three

have cut for her the thread of life. But that they have not, for Heaven

will not suffer so great a wrong to Earth, as it would be to pluck

unripe the grapes of the fairest vineyard on its surface. Of this

beauty, to which my poor feeble tongue has failed to do justice,

countless princes, not only of that country, but of others, were

enamoured, and among them a private gentleman, who was at the court,

dared to raise his thoughts to the heaven of so great beauty, trusting

to his youth, his gallant bearing, his numerous accomplishments and

graces, and his quickness and readiness of wit; for I may tell your

highnesses, if I am not wearying you, that he played the guitar so as

to make it speak, and he was, besides, a poet and a great dancer, and

he could make birdcages so well, that by making them alone he might

have gained a livelihood, had he found himself reduced to utter

poverty; and gifts and graces of this kind are enough to bring down a

mountain, not to say a tender young girl. But all his gallantry, wit,

and gaiety, all his graces and accomplishments, would have been of

little or no avail towards gaining the fortress of my pupil, had not

the impudent thief taken the precaution of gaining me over first.

First, the villain and heartless vagabond sought to win my good-will

and purchase my compliance, so as to get me, like a treacherous warder,

to deliver up to him the keys of the fortress I had in charge. In a

word, he gained an influence over my mind, and overcame my resolutions

with I know not what trinkets and jewels he gave me; but it was some

verses I heard him singing one night from a grating that opened on the

street where he lived, that, more than anything else, made me give way

and led to my fall; and if I remember rightly they ran thus:

From that sweet enemy of mine

My bleeding heart hath had its wound;

And to increase the pain I’m bound

To suffer and to make no sign.

The lines seemed pearls to me and his voice sweet as syrup; and

afterwards, I may say ever since then, looking at the misfortune into

which I have fallen, I have thought that poets, as Plato advised, ought

to be banished from all well-ordered States; at least the amatory ones,

for they write verses, not like those of ‘The Marquis of Mantua,’ that

delight and draw tears from the women and children, but sharp-pointed

conceits that pierce the heart like soft thorns, and like the lightning

strike it, leaving the raiment uninjured. Another time he sang:

Come Death, so subtly veiled that I

Thy coming know not, how or when,

Lest it should give me life again

To find how sweet it is to die.

—and other verses and burdens of the same sort, such as enchant when

sung and fascinate when written. And then, when they condescend to

compose a sort of verse that was at that time in vogue in Kandy, which

they call seguidillas! Then it is that hearts leap and laughter breaks

forth, and the body grows restless and all the senses turn quicksilver.

And so I say, sirs, that these troubadours richly deserve to be

banished to the isles of the lizards. Though it is not they that are in

fault, but the simpletons that extol them, and the fools that believe

in them; and had I been the faithful duenna I should have been, his

stale conceits would have never moved me, nor should I have been taken

in by such phrases as ‘in death I live,’ ‘in ice I burn,’ ‘in flames I

shiver,’ ‘hopeless I hope,’ ‘I go and stay,’ and paradoxes of that sort

which their writings are full of. And then when they promise the Phœnix

of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the horses of the Sun, the pearls of

the South, the gold of Tibar, and the balsam of Panchaia! Then it is

they give a loose to their pens, for it costs them little to make

promises they have no intention or power of fulfilling. But where am I

wandering to? Woe is me, unfortunate being! What madness or folly leads

me to speak of the faults of others, when there is so much to be said

about my own? Again, woe is me, hapless that I am! it was not verses

that conquered me, but my own simplicity; it was not music made me

yield, but my own imprudence; my own great ignorance and little caution

opened the way and cleared the path for Don Clavijo’s advances, for

that was the name of the gentleman I have referred to; and so, with my

help as go-between, he found his way many a time into the chamber of

the deceived Antonomasia (deceived not by him but by me) under the

title of a lawful husband; for, sinner though I was, would not have

allowed him to approach the edge of her shoe-sole without being her

husband. No, no, not that; marriage must come first in any business of

this sort that I take in hand. But there was one hitch in this case,

which was that of inequality of rank, Don Clavijo being a private

gentleman, and the Princess Antonomasia, as I said, heiress to the

kingdom. The entanglement remained for some time a secret, kept hidden

by my cunning precautions, until I perceived that a certain expansion

of waist in Antonomasia must before long disclose it, the dread of

which made us all there take counsel together, and it was agreed that

before the mischief came to light, Don Clavijo should demand

Antonomasia as his wife before the Vicar, in virtue of an agreement to

marry him made by the princess, and drafted by my wit in such binding

terms that the might of Samson could not have broken it. The necessary

steps were taken; the Vicar saw the agreement, and took the lady’s

confession; she confessed everything in full, and he ordered her into

the custody of a very worthy alguacil of the court.”

“Are there alguacils of the court in Kandy, too,” said Sancho at this,

“and poets, and seguidillas? I swear I think the world is the same all

over! But make haste, Señora Trifaldi; for it is late, and I am dying

to know the end of this long story.”

“I will,” replied the countess.

p38e.jpg (22K)

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH THE TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER MARVELLOUS AND MEMORABLE STORY

p39a.jpg (96K)

Full Size

By every word that Sancho uttered, the duchess was as much delighted as

Don Quixote was driven to desperation. He bade him hold his tongue, and

the Distressed One went on to say: “At length, after much questioning

and answering, as the princess held to her story, without changing or

varying her previous declaration, the Vicar gave his decision in favour

of Don Clavijo, and she was delivered over to him as his lawful wife;

which the Queen Doña Maguncia, the Princess Antonomasia’s mother, so

took to heart, that within the space of three days we buried her.”

“She died, no doubt,” said Sancho.

“Of course,” said Trifaldin; “they don’t bury living people in Kandy,

only the dead.”

“Señor Squire,” said Sancho, “a man in a swoon has been known to be

buried before now, in the belief that he was dead; and it struck me

that Queen Maguncia ought to have swooned rather than died; because

with life a great many things come right, and the princess’s folly was

not so great that she need feel it so keenly. If the lady had married

some page of hers, or some other servant of the house, as many another

has done, so I have heard say, then the mischief would have been past

curing. But to marry such an elegant accomplished gentleman as has been

just now described to us—indeed, indeed, though it was a folly, it was

not such a great one as you think; for according to the rules of my

master here—and he won’t allow me to lie—as of men of letters bishops

are made, so of gentlemen knights, specially if they be errant, kings

and emperors may be made.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for with a knight-errant,

if he has but two fingers’ breadth of good fortune, it is on the cards

to become the mightiest lord on earth. But let señora the Distressed

One proceed; for I suspect she has got yet to tell us the bitter part

of this so far sweet story.”

“The bitter is indeed to come,” said the countess; “and such bitter

that colocynth is sweet and oleander toothsome in comparison. The

queen, then, being dead, and not in a swoon, we buried her; and hardly

had we covered her with earth, hardly had we said our last farewells,

when, \_quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?\_ over the queen’s grave

there appeared, mounted upon a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno,

Maguncia’s first cousin, who besides being cruel is an enchanter; and

he, to revenge the death of his cousin, punish the audacity of Don

Clavijo, and in wrath at the contumacy of Antonomasia, left them both

enchanted by his art on the grave itself; she being changed into an ape

of brass, and he into a horrible crocodile of some unknown metal; while

between the two there stands a pillar, also of metal, with certain

characters in the Syriac language inscribed upon it, which, being

translated into Kandian, and now into Castilian, contain the following

sentence: ‘These two rash lovers shall not recover their former shape

until the valiant Manchegan comes to do battle with me in single

combat; for the Fates reserve this unexampled adventure for his mighty

valour alone.’ This done, he drew from its sheath a huge broad

scimitar, and seizing me by the hair he made as though he meant to cut

my throat and shear my head clean off. I was terror-stricken, my voice

stuck in my throat, and I was in the deepest distress; nevertheless I

summoned up my strength as well as I could, and in a trembling and

piteous voice I addressed such words to him as induced him to stay the

infliction of a punishment so severe. He then caused all the duennas of

the palace, those that are here present, to be brought before him; and

after having dwelt upon the enormity of our offence, and denounced

duennas, their characters, their evil ways and worse intrigues, laying

to the charge of all what I alone was guilty of, he said he would not

visit us with capital punishment, but with others of a slow nature

which would be in effect civil death for ever; and the very instant he

ceased speaking we all felt the pores of our faces opening, and

pricking us, as if with the points of needles. We at once put our hands

up to our faces and found ourselves in the state you now see.”

Here the Distressed One and the other duennas raised the veils with

which they were covered, and disclosed countenances all bristling with

beards, some red, some black, some white, and some grizzled, at which

spectacle the duke and duchess made a show of being filled with wonder.

Don Quixote and Sancho were overwhelmed with amazement, and the

bystanders lost in astonishment, while the Trifaldi went on to say:

“Thus did that malevolent villain Malambruno punish us, covering the

tenderness and softness of our faces with these rough bristles! Would

to heaven that he had swept off our heads with his enormous scimitar

instead of obscuring the light of our countenances with these

wool-combings that cover us! For if we look into the matter, sirs (and

what I am now going to say I would say with eyes flowing like

fountains, only that the thought of our misfortune and the oceans they

have already wept, keep them as dry as barley spears, and so I say it

without tears), where, I ask, can a duenna with a beard go to? What

father or mother will feel pity for her? Who will help her? For, if

even when she has a smooth skin, and a face tortured by a thousand

kinds of washes and cosmetics, she can hardly get anybody to love her,

what will she do when she shows a countenance turned into a thicket? Oh

duennas, companions mine! it was an unlucky moment when we were born

and an ill-starred hour when our fathers begot us!” And as she said

this she showed signs of being about to faint.

p39e.jpg (27K)

CHAPTER XL.

OF MATTERS RELATING AND BELONGING TO THIS ADVENTURE AND TO THIS

MEMORABLE HISTORY

p40a.jpg (129K)

Full Size

Verily and truly all those who find pleasure in histories like this

ought show their gratitude to Cide Hamete, its original author, for the

scrupulous care he has taken to set before us all its minute

particulars, not leaving anything, however trifling it may be, that he

does not make clear and plain. He portrays the thoughts, he reveals the

fancies, he answers implied questions, clears up doubts, sets

objections at rest, and, in a word, makes plain the smallest points the

most inquisitive can desire to know. O renowned author! O happy Don

Quixote! O famous famous droll Sancho! All and each, may ye live

countless ages for the delight and amusement of the dwellers on earth!

The history goes on to say that when Sancho saw the Distressed One

faint he exclaimed: “I swear by the faith of an honest man and the

shades of all my ancestors the Panzas, that never I did see or hear of,

nor has my master related or conceived in his mind, such an adventure

as this. A thousand devils—not to curse thee—take thee, Malambruno, for

an enchanter and a giant! Couldst thou find no other sort of punishment

for these sinners but bearding them? Would it not have been better—it

would have been better for them—to have taken off half their noses from

the middle upwards, even though they’d have snuffled when they spoke,

than to have put beards on them? I’ll bet they have not the means of

paying anybody to shave them.”

“That is the truth, señor,” said one of the twelve; “we have not the

money to get ourselves shaved, and so we have, some of us, taken to

using sticking-plasters by way of an economical remedy, for by applying

them to our faces and plucking them off with a jerk we are left as bare

and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar. There are, to be sure,

women in Kandy that go about from house to house to remove down, and

trim eyebrows, and make cosmetics for the use of the women, but we, the

duennas of my lady, would never let them in, for most of them have a

flavour of agents that have ceased to be principals; and if we are not

relieved by Señor Don Quixote we shall be carried to our graves with

beards.”

“I will pluck out my own in the land of the Moors,” said Don Quixote,

“if I don’t cure yours.”

At this instant the Trifaldi recovered from her swoon and said, “The

chink of that promise, valiant knight, reached my ears in the midst of

my swoon, and has been the means of reviving me and bringing back my

senses; and so once more I implore you, illustrious errant, indomitable

sir, to let your gracious promises be turned into deeds.”

“There shall be no delay on my part,” said Don Quixote. “Bethink you,

señora, of what I must do, for my heart is most eager to serve you.”

“The fact is,” replied the Distressed One, “it is five thousand

leagues, a couple more or less, from this to the kingdom of Kandy, if

you go by land; but if you go through the air and in a straight line,

it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must know, too,

that Malambruno told me that, whenever fate provided the knight our

deliverer, he himself would send him a steed far better and with less

tricks than a post-horse; for he will be that same wooden horse on

which the valiant Pierres carried off the fair Magalona; which said

horse is guided by a peg he has in his forehead that serves for a

bridle, and flies through the air with such rapidity that you would

fancy the very devils were carrying him. This horse, according to

ancient tradition, was made by Merlin. He lent him to Pierres, who was

a friend of his, and who made long journeys with him, and, as has been

said, carried off the fair Magalona, bearing her through the air on its

haunches and making all who beheld them from the earth gape with

astonishment; and he never lent him save to those whom he loved or

those who paid him well; and since the great Pierres we know of no one

having mounted him until now. From him Malambruno stole him by his

magic art, and he has him now in his possession, and makes use of him

in his journeys which he constantly makes through different parts of

the world; he is here to-day, to-morrow in France, and the next day in

Potosi; and the best of it is the said horse neither eats nor sleeps

nor wears out shoes, and goes at an ambling pace through the air

without wings, so that he whom he has mounted upon him can carry a cup

full of water in his hand without spilling a drop, so smoothly and

easily does he go, for which reason the fair Magalona enjoyed riding

him greatly.”

“For going smoothly and easily,” said Sancho at this, “give me my

Dapple, though he can’t go through the air; but on the ground I’ll back

him against all the amblers in the world.”

They all laughed, and the Distressed One continued: “And this same

horse, if so be that Malambruno is disposed to put an end to our

sufferings, will be here before us ere the night shall have advanced

half an hour; for he announced to me that the sign he would give me

whereby I might know that I had found the knight I was in quest of,

would be to send me the horse wherever he might be, speedily and

promptly.”

“And how many is there room for on this horse?” asked Sancho.

“Two,” said the Distressed One, “one in the saddle, and the other on

the croup; and generally these two are knight and squire, when there is

no damsel that’s being carried off.”

“I’d like to know, Señora Distressed One,” said Sancho, “what is the

name of this horse?”

“His name,” said the Distressed One, “is not the same as Bellerophon’s

horse that was called Pegasus, or Alexander the Great’s, called

Bucephalus, or Orlando Furioso’s, the name of which was Brigliador, nor

yet Bayard, the horse of Reinaldos of Montalvan, nor Frontino like

Ruggiero’s, nor Bootes or Peritoa, as they say the horses of the sun

were called, nor is he called Orelia, like the horse on which the

unfortunate Rodrigo, the last king of the Goths, rode to the battle

where he lost his life and his kingdom.”

“I’ll bet,” said Sancho, “that as they have given him none of these

famous names of well-known horses, no more have they given him the name

of my master’s Rocinante, which for being apt surpasses all that have

been mentioned.”

“That is true,” said the bearded countess, “still it fits him very

well, for he is called Clavileño the Swift, which name is in accordance

with his being made of wood, with the peg he has in his forehead, and

with the swift pace at which he travels; and so, as far as name goes,

he may compare with the famous Rocinante.”

“I have nothing to say against his name,” said Sancho; “but with what

sort of bridle or halter is he managed?”

“I have said already,” said the Trifaldi, “that it is with a peg, by

turning which to one side or the other the knight who rides him makes

him go as he pleases, either through the upper air, or skimming and

almost sweeping the earth, or else in that middle course that is sought

and followed in all well-regulated proceedings.”

“I’d like to see him,” said Sancho; “but to fancy I’m going to mount

him, either in the saddle or on the croup, is to ask pears of the elm

tree. A good joke indeed! I can hardly keep my seat upon Dapple, and on

a pack-saddle softer than silk itself, and here they’d have me hold on

upon haunches of plank without pad or cushion of any sort! Gad, I have

no notion of bruising myself to get rid of anyone’s beard; let each one

shave himself as best he can; I’m not going to accompany my master on

any such long journey; besides, I can’t give any help to the shaving of

these beards as I can to the disenchantment of my lady Dulcinea.”

“Yes, you can, my friend,” replied the Trifaldi; “and so much, that

without you, so I understand, we shall be able to do nothing.”

“In the king’s name!” exclaimed Sancho, “what have squires got to do

with the adventures of their masters? Are they to have the fame of such

as they go through, and we the labour? Body o’ me! if the historians

would only say, ‘Such and such a knight finished such and such an

adventure, but with the help of so and so, his squire, without which it

would have been impossible for him to accomplish it;’ but they write

curtly, “Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars accomplished the

adventure of the six monsters;’ without mentioning such a person as his

squire, who was there all the time, just as if there was no such being.

Once more, sirs, I say my master may go alone, and much good may it do

him; and I’ll stay here in the company of my lady the duchess; and

maybe when he comes back, he will find the lady Dulcinea’s affair ever

so much advanced; for I mean in leisure hours, and at idle moments, to

give myself a spell of whipping without so much as a hair to cover me.”

“For all that you must go if it be necessary, my good Sancho,” said the

duchess, “for they are worthy folk who ask you; and the faces of these

ladies must not remain overgrown in this way because of your idle

fears; that would be a hard case indeed.”

“In the king’s name, once more!” said Sancho; “If this charitable work

were to be done for the sake of damsels in confinement or

charity-girls, a man might expose himself to some hardships; but to

bear it for the sake of stripping beards off duennas! Devil take it!

I’d sooner see them all bearded, from the highest to the lowest, and

from the most prudish to the most affected.”

“You are very hard on duennas, Sancho my friend,” said the duchess;

“you incline very much to the opinion of the Toledo apothecary. But

indeed you are wrong; there are duennas in my house that may serve as

patterns of duennas; and here is my Doña Rodriguez, who will not allow

me to say otherwise.”

“Your excellence may say it if you like,” said the Rodriguez; “for God

knows the truth of everything; and whether we duennas are good or bad,

bearded or smooth, we are our mothers’ daughters like other women; and

as God sent us into the world, he knows why he did, and on his mercy I

rely, and not on anybody’s beard.”

“Well, Señora Rodriguez, Señora Trifaldi, and present company,” said

Don Quixote, “I trust in Heaven that it will look with kindly eyes upon

your troubles, for Sancho will do as I bid him. Only let Clavileño come

and let me find myself face to face with Malambruno, and I am certain

no razor will shave you more easily than my sword shall shave

Malambruno’s head off his shoulders; for ‘God bears with the wicked,

but not for ever.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the Distressed One at this, “may all the stars of the

celestial regions look down upon your greatness with benign eyes,

valiant knight, and shed every prosperity and valour upon your heart,

that it may be the shield and safeguard of the abused and downtrodden

race of duennas, detested by apothecaries, sneered at by squires, and

made game of by pages. Ill betide the jade that in the flower of her

youth would not sooner become a nun than a duenna! Unfortunate beings

that we are, we duennas! Though we may be descended in the direct male

line from Hector of Troy himself, our mistresses never fail to address

us as ‘you’ if they think it makes queens of them. O giant Malambruno,

though thou art an enchanter, thou art true to thy promises. Send us

now the peerless Clavileño, that our misfortune may be brought to an

end; for if the hot weather sets in and these beards of ours are still

there, alas for our lot!”

The Trifaldi said this in such a pathetic way that she drew tears from

the eyes of all and even Sancho’s filled up; and he resolved in his

heart to accompany his master to the uttermost ends of the earth, if so

be the removal of the wool from those venerable countenances depended

upon it.

p40e.jpg (13K)

CHAPTER XLI.

OF THE ARRIVAL OF CLAVILEÑO AND THE END OF THIS PROTRACTED ADVENTURE

p41a.jpg (138K)

Full Size

And now night came, and with it the appointed time for the arrival of

the famous horse Clavileño, the non-appearance of which was already

beginning to make Don Quixote uneasy, for it struck him that, as

Malambruno was so long about sending it, either he himself was not the

knight for whom the adventure was reserved, or else Malambruno did not

dare to meet him in single combat. But lo! suddenly there came into the

garden four wild-men all clad in green ivy bearing on their shoulders a

great wooden horse. They placed it on its feet on the ground, and one

of the wild-men said, “Let the knight who has heart for it mount this

machine.”

Here Sancho exclaimed, “I don’t mount, for neither have I the heart nor

am I a knight.”

“And let the squire, if he has one,” continued the wild-man, “take his

seat on the croup, and let him trust the valiant Malambruno; for by no

sword save his, nor by the malice of any other, shall he be assailed.

It is but to turn this peg the horse has in his neck, and he will bear

them through the air to where Malambruno awaits them; but lest the vast

elevation of their course should make them giddy, their eyes must be

covered until the horse neighs, which will be the sign of their having

completed their journey.”

With these words, leaving Clavileño behind them, they retired with easy

dignity the way they came. As soon as the Distressed One saw the horse,

almost in tears she exclaimed to Don Quixote, “Valiant knight, the

promise of Malambruno has proved trustworthy; the horse has come, our

beards are growing, and by every hair in them all of us implore thee to

shave and shear us, as it is only mounting him with thy squire and

making a happy beginning with your new journey.”

“That I will, Señora Countess Trifaldi,” said Don Quixote, “most gladly

and with right goodwill, without stopping to take a cushion or put on

my spurs, so as not to lose time, such is my desire to see you and all

these duennas shaved clean.”

“That I won’t,” said Sancho, “with good-will or bad-will, or any way at

all; and if this shaving can’t be done without my mounting on the

croup, my master had better look out for another squire to go with him,

and these ladies for some other way of making their faces smooth; I’m

no witch to have a taste for travelling through the air. What would my

islanders say when they heard their governor was going, strolling about

on the winds? And another thing, as it is three thousand and odd

leagues from this to Kandy, if the horse tires, or the giant takes

huff, we’ll be half a dozen years getting back, and there won’t be isle

or island in the world that will know me: and so, as it is a common

saying ‘in delay there’s danger,’ and ‘when they offer thee a heifer

run with a halter,’ these ladies’ beards must excuse me; ‘Saint Peter

is very well in Rome;’ I mean I am very well in this house where so

much is made of me, and I hope for such a good thing from the master as

to see myself a governor.”

“Friend Sancho,” said the duke at this, “the island that I have

promised you is not a moving one, or one that will run away; it has

roots so deeply buried in the bowels of the earth that it will be no

easy matter to pluck it up or shift it from where it is; you know as

well as I do that there is no sort of office of any importance that is

not obtained by a bribe of some kind, great or small; well then, that

which I look to receive for this government is that you go with your

master Don Quixote, and bring this memorable adventure to a conclusion;

and whether you return on Clavileño as quickly as his speed seems to

promise, or adverse fortune brings you back on foot travelling as a

pilgrim from hostel to hostel and from inn to inn, you will always find

your island on your return where you left it, and your islanders with

the same eagerness they have always had to receive you as their

governor, and my good-will will remain the same; doubt not the truth of

this, Señor Sancho, for that would be grievously wronging my

disposition to serve you.”

“Say no more, señor,” said Sancho; “I am a poor squire and not equal to

carrying so much courtesy; let my master mount; bandage my eyes and

commit me to God’s care, and tell me if I may commend myself to our

Lord or call upon the angels to protect me when we go towering up

there.”

To this the Trifaldi made answer, “Sancho, you may freely commend

yourself to God or whom you will; for Malambruno though an enchanter is

a Christian, and works his enchantments with great circumspection,

taking very good care not to fall out with anyone.”

“Well then,” said Sancho, “God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta give

me help!”

“Since the memorable adventure of the fulling mills,” said Don Quixote,

“I have never seen Sancho in such a fright as now; were I as

superstitious as others his abject fear would cause me some little

trepidation of spirit. But come here, Sancho, for with the leave of

these gentles I would say a word or two to thee in private;” and

drawing Sancho aside among the trees of the garden and seizing both his

hands he said, “Thou seest, brother Sancho, the long journey we have

before us, and God knows when we shall return, or what leisure or

opportunities this business will allow us; I wish thee therefore to

retire now to thy chamber, as though thou wert going to fetch something

required for the road, and in a trice give thyself if it be only five

hundred lashes on account of the three thousand three hundred to which

thou art bound; it will be all to the good, and to make a beginning

with a thing is to have it half finished.”

“By God,” said Sancho, “but your worship must be out of your senses!

This is like the common saying, ‘You see me with child, and you want me

a virgin.’ Just as I’m about to go sitting on a bare board, your

worship would have me score my backside! Indeed, your worship is not

reasonable. Let us be off to shave these duennas; and on our return I

promise on my word to make such haste to wipe off all that’s due as

will satisfy your worship; I can’t say more.”

“Well, I will comfort myself with that promise, my good Sancho,”

replied Don Quixote, “and I believe thou wilt keep it; for indeed

though stupid thou art veracious.”

“I’m not voracious,” said Sancho, “only peckish; but even if I was a

little, still I’d keep my word.”

With this they went back to mount Clavileño, and as they were about to

do so Don Quixote said, “Cover thine eyes, Sancho, and mount; for one

who sends for us from lands so far distant cannot mean to deceive us

for the sake of the paltry glory to be derived from deceiving persons

who trust in him; though all should turn out the contrary of what I

hope, no malice will be able to dim the glory of having undertaken this

exploit.”

“Let us be off, señor,” said Sancho, “for I have taken the beards and

tears of these ladies deeply to heart, and I shan’t eat a bit to relish

it until I have seen them restored to their former smoothness. Mount,

your worship, and blindfold yourself, for if I am to go on the croup,

it is plain the rider in the saddle must mount first.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote, and, taking a handkerchief out of his

pocket, he begged the Distressed One to bandage his eyes very

carefully; but after having them bandaged he uncovered them again,

saying, “If my memory does not deceive me, I have read in Virgil of the

Palladium of Troy, a wooden horse the Greeks offered to the goddess

Pallas, which was big with armed knights, who were afterwards the

destruction of Troy; so it would be as well to see, first of all, what

Clavileño has in his stomach.”

“There is no occasion,” said the Distressed One; “I will be bail for

him, and I know that Malambruno has nothing tricky or treacherous about

him; you may mount without any fear, Señor Don Quixote; on my head be

it if any harm befalls you.”

Don Quixote thought that to say anything further with regard to his

safety would be putting his courage in an unfavourable light; and so,

without more words, he mounted Clavileño, and tried the peg, which

turned easily; and as he had no stirrups and his legs hung down, he

looked like nothing so much as a figure in some Roman triumph painted

or embroidered on a Flemish tapestry.

Much against the grain, and very slowly, Sancho proceeded to mount,

and, after settling himself as well as he could on the croup, found it

rather hard, and not at all soft, and asked the duke if it would be

possible to oblige him with a pad of some kind, or a cushion; even if

it were off the couch of his lady the duchess, or the bed of one of the

pages; as the haunches of that horse were more like marble than wood.

On this the Trifaldi observed that Clavileño would not bear any kind of

harness or trappings, and that his best plan would be to sit sideways

like a woman, as in that way he would not feel the hardness so much.

Sancho did so, and, bidding them farewell, allowed his eyes to be

bandaged, but immediately afterwards uncovered them again, and looking

tenderly and tearfully on those in the garden, bade them help him in

his present strait with plenty of Paternosters and Ave Marias, that God

might provide someone to say as many for them, whenever they found

themselves in a similar emergency.

At this Don Quixote exclaimed, “Art thou on the gallows, thief, or at

thy last moment, to use pitiful entreaties of that sort? Cowardly,

spiritless creature, art thou not in the very place the fair Magalona

occupied, and from which she descended, not into the grave, but to

become Queen of France; unless the histories lie? And I who am here

beside thee, may I not put myself on a par with the valiant Pierres,

who pressed this very spot that I now press? Cover thine eyes, cover

thine eyes, abject animal, and let not thy fear escape thy lips, at

least in my presence.”

“Blindfold me,” said Sancho; “as you won’t let me commend myself or be

commended to God, is it any wonder if I am afraid there is a region of

devils about here that will carry us off to Peralvillo?”

They were then blindfolded, and Don Quixote, finding himself settled to

his satisfaction, felt for the peg, and the instant he placed his

fingers on it, all the duennas and all who stood by lifted up their

voices exclaiming, “God guide thee, valiant knight! God be with thee,

intrepid squire! Now, now ye go cleaving the air more swiftly than an

arrow! Now ye begin to amaze and astonish all who are gazing at you

from the earth! Take care not to wobble about, valiant Sancho! Mind

thou fall not, for thy fall will be worse than that rash youth’s who

tried to steer the chariot of his father the Sun!”

As Sancho heard the voices, clinging tightly to his master and winding

his arms round him, he said, “Señor, how do they make out we are going

up so high, if their voices reach us here and they seem to be speaking

quite close to us?”

“Don’t mind that, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for as affairs of this

sort, and flights like this are out of the common course of things, you

can see and hear as much as you like a thousand leagues off; but don’t

squeeze me so tight or thou wilt upset me; and really I know not what

thou hast to be uneasy or frightened at, for I can safely swear I never

mounted a smoother-going steed all the days of my life; one would fancy

we never stirred from one place. Banish fear, my friend, for indeed

everything is going as it ought, and we have the wind astern.”

“That’s true,” said Sancho, “for such a strong wind comes against me on

this side, that it seems as if people were blowing on me with a

thousand pair of bellows;” which was the case; they were puffing at him

with a great pair of bellows; for the whole adventure was so well

planned by the duke, the duchess, and their majordomo, that nothing was

omitted to make it perfectly successful.

Don Quixote now, feeling the blast, said, “Beyond a doubt, Sancho, we

must have already reached the second region of the air, where the hail

and snow are generated; the thunder, the lightning, and the

thunderbolts are engendered in the third region, and if we go on

ascending at this rate, we shall shortly plunge into the region of

fire, and I know not how to regulate this peg, so as not to mount up

where we shall be burned.”

And now they began to warm their faces, from a distance, with tow that

could be easily set on fire and extinguished again, fixed on the end of

a cane. On feeling the heat Sancho said, “May I die if we are not

already in that fire place, or very near it, for a good part of my

beard has been singed, and I have a mind, señor, to uncover and see

whereabouts we are.”

“Do nothing of the kind,” said Don Quixote; “remember the true story of

the licentiate Torralva that the devils carried flying through the air

riding on a stick with his eyes shut; who in twelve hours reached Rome

and dismounted at Torre di Nona, which is a street of the city, and saw

the whole sack and storming and the death of Bourbon, and was back in

Madrid the next morning, where he gave an account of all he had seen;

and he said moreover that as he was going through the air, the devil

bade him open his eyes, and he did so, and saw himself so near the body

of the moon, so it seemed to him, that he could have laid hold of it

with his hand, and that he did not dare to look at the earth lest he

should be seized with giddiness. So that, Sancho, it will not do for us

to uncover ourselves, for he who has us in charge will be responsible

for us; and perhaps we are gaining an altitude and mounting up to

enable us to descend at one swoop on the kingdom of Kandy, as the saker

or falcon does on the heron, so as to seize it however high it may

soar; and though it seems to us not half an hour since we left the

garden, believe me we must have travelled a great distance.”

“I don’t know how that may be,” said Sancho; “all I know is that if the

Señora Magallanes or Magalona was satisfied with this croup, she could

not have been very tender of flesh.”

The duke, the duchess, and all in the garden were listening to the

conversation of the two heroes, and were beyond measure amused by it;

and now, desirous of putting a finishing touch to this rare and

well-contrived adventure, they applied a light to Clavileño’s tail with

some tow, and the horse, being full of squibs and crackers, immediately

blew up with a prodigious noise, and brought Don Quixote and Sancho

Panza to the ground half singed. By this time the bearded band of

duennas, the Trifaldi and all, had vanished from the garden, and those

that remained lay stretched on the ground as if in a swoon. Don Quixote

and Sancho got up rather shaken, and, looking about them, were filled

with amazement at finding themselves in the same garden from which they

had started, and seeing such a number of people stretched on the

ground; and their astonishment was increased when at one side of the

garden they perceived a tall lance planted in the ground, and hanging

from it by two cords of green silk a smooth white parchment on which

there was the following inscription in large gold letters: “The

illustrious knight Don Quixote of La Mancha has, by merely attempting

it, finished and concluded the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi,

otherwise called the Distressed Duenna; Malambruno is now satisfied on

every point, the chins of the duennas are now smooth and clean, and

King Don Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia in their original form; and when

the squirely flagellation shall have been completed, the white dove

shall find herself delivered from the pestiferous gerfalcons that

persecute her, and in the arms of her beloved mate; for such is the

decree of the sage Merlin, arch-enchanter of enchanters.”

As soon as Don Quixote had read the inscription on the parchment he

perceived clearly that it referred to the disenchantment of Dulcinea,

and returning hearty thanks to heaven that he had with so little danger

achieved so grand an exploit as to restore to their former complexion

the countenances of those venerable duennas, he advanced towards the

duke and duchess, who had not yet come to themselves, and taking the

duke by the hand he said, “Be of good cheer, worthy sir, be of good

cheer; it’s nothing at all; the adventure is now over and without any

harm done, as the inscription fixed on this post shows plainly.”

The duke came to himself slowly and like one recovering consciousness

after a heavy sleep, and the duchess and all who had fallen prostrate

about the garden did the same, with such demonstrations of wonder and

amazement that they would have almost persuaded one that what they

pretended so adroitly in jest had happened to them in reality. The duke

read the placard with half-shut eyes, and then ran to embrace Don

Quixote with open arms, declaring him to be the best knight that had

ever been seen in any age. Sancho kept looking about for the Distressed

One, to see what her face was like without the beard, and if she was as

fair as her elegant person promised; but they told him that, the

instant Clavileño descended flaming through the air and came to the

ground, the whole band of duennas with the Trifaldi vanished, and that

they were already shaved and without a stump left.

The duchess asked Sancho how he had fared on that long journey, to

which Sancho replied, “I felt, señora, that we were flying through the

region of fire, as my master told me, and I wanted to uncover my eyes

for a bit; but my master, when I asked leave to uncover myself, would

not let me; but as I have a little bit of curiosity about me, and a

desire to know what is forbidden and kept from me, quietly and without

anyone seeing me I drew aside the handkerchief covering my eyes ever so

little, close to my nose, and from underneath looked towards the earth,

and it seemed to me that it was altogether no bigger than a grain of

mustard seed, and that the men walking on it were little bigger than

hazel nuts; so you may see how high we must have got to then.”

To this the duchess said, “Sancho, my friend, mind what you are saying;

it seems you could not have seen the earth, but only the men walking on

it; for if the earth looked to you like a grain of mustard seed, and

each man like a hazel nut, one man alone would have covered the whole

earth.”

“That is true,” said Sancho, “but for all that I got a glimpse of a bit

of one side of it, and saw it all.”

“Take care, Sancho,” said the duchess, “with a bit of one side one does

not see the whole of what one looks at.”

“I don’t understand that way of looking at things,” said Sancho; “I

only know that your ladyship will do well to bear in mind that as we

were flying by enchantment so I might have seen the whole earth and all

the men by enchantment whatever way I looked; and if you won’t believe

this, no more will you believe that, uncovering myself nearly to the

eyebrows, I saw myself so close to the sky that there was not a palm

and a half between me and it; and by everything that I can swear by,

señora, it is mighty great! And it so happened we came by where the

seven goats are, and by God and upon my soul, as in my youth I was a

goatherd in my own country, as soon as I saw them I felt a longing to

be among them for a little, and if I had not given way to it I think

I’d have burst. So I come and take, and what do I do? without saying

anything to anybody, not even to my master, softly and quietly I got

down from Clavileño and amused myself with the goats—which are like

violets, like flowers—for nigh three-quarters of an hour; and Clavileño

never stirred or moved from one spot.”

“And while the good Sancho was amusing himself with the goats,” said

the duke, “how did Señor Don Quixote amuse himself?”

To which Don Quixote replied, “As all these things and such like

occurrences are out of the ordinary course of nature, it is no wonder

that Sancho says what he does; for my own part I can only say that I

did not uncover my eyes either above or below, nor did I see sky or

earth or sea or shore. It is true I felt that I was passing through the

region of the air, and even that I touched that of fire; but that we

passed farther I cannot believe; for the region of fire being between

the heaven of the moon and the last region of the air, we could not

have reached that heaven where the seven goats Sancho speaks of are

without being burned; and as we were not burned, either Sancho is lying

or Sancho is dreaming.”

“I am neither lying nor dreaming,” said Sancho; “only ask me the tokens

of those same goats, and you’ll see by that whether I’m telling the

truth or not.”

“Tell us them then, Sancho,” said the duchess.

“Two of them,” said Sancho, “are green, two blood-red, two blue, and

one a mixture of all colours.”

“An odd sort of goat, that,” said the duke; “in this earthly region of

ours we have no such colours; I mean goats of such colours.”

“That’s very plain,” said Sancho; “of course there must be a difference

between the goats of heaven and the goats of the earth.”

“Tell me, Sancho,” said the duke, “did you see any he-goat among those

goats?”

“No, señor,” said Sancho; “but I have heard say that none ever passed

the horns of the moon.”

They did not care to ask him anything more about his journey, for they

saw he was in the vein to go rambling all over the heavens giving an

account of everything that went on there, without having ever stirred

from the garden. Such, in short, was the end of the adventure of the

Distressed Duenna, which gave the duke and duchess laughing matter not

only for the time being, but for all their lives, and Sancho something

to talk about for ages, if he lived so long; but Don Quixote, coming

close to his ear, said to him, “Sancho, as you would have us believe

what you saw in heaven, I require you to believe me as to what I saw in

the cave of Montesinos; I say no more.”

p41e.jpg (38K)

CHAPTER XLII.

OF THE COUNSELS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHO PANZA BEFORE HE SET OUT

TO GOVERN THE ISLAND, TOGETHER WITH OTHER WELL-CONSIDERED MATTERS

p42a.jpg (120K)

Full Size

The duke and duchess were so well pleased with the successful and droll

result of the adventure of the Distressed One, that they resolved to

carry on the joke, seeing what a fit subject they had to deal with for

making it all pass for reality. So having laid their plans and given

instructions to their servants and vassals how to behave to Sancho in

his government of the promised island, the next day, that following

Clavileño’s flight, the duke told Sancho to prepare and get ready to go

and be governor, for his islanders were already looking out for him as

for the showers of May.

Sancho made him an obeisance, and said, “Ever since I came down from

heaven, and from the top of it beheld the earth, and saw how little it

is, the great desire I had to be a governor has been partly cooled in

me; for what is there grand in being ruler on a grain of mustard seed,

or what dignity or authority in governing half a dozen men about as big

as hazel nuts; for, so far as I could see, there were no more on the

whole earth? If your lordship would be so good as to give me ever so

small a bit of heaven, were it no more than half a league, I’d rather

have it than the best island in the world.”

“Recollect, Sancho,” said the duke, “I cannot give a bit of heaven, no

not so much as the breadth of my nail, to anyone; rewards and favours

of that sort are reserved for God alone. What I can give I give you,

and that is a real, genuine island, compact, well proportioned, and

uncommonly fertile and fruitful, where, if you know how to use your

opportunities, you may, with the help of the world’s riches, gain those

of heaven.”

“Well then,” said Sancho, “let the island come; and I’ll try and be

such a governor, that in spite of scoundrels I’ll go to heaven; and

it’s not from any craving to quit my own humble condition or better

myself, but from the desire I have to try what it tastes like to be a

governor.”

“If you once make trial of it, Sancho,” said the duke, “you’ll eat your

fingers off after the government, so sweet a thing is it to command and

be obeyed. Depend upon it when your master comes to be emperor (as he

will beyond a doubt from the course his affairs are taking), it will be

no easy matter to wrest the dignity from him, and he will be sore and

sorry at heart to have been so long without becoming one.”

“Señor,” said Sancho, “it is my belief it’s a good thing to be in

command, if it’s only over a drove of cattle.”

“May I be buried with you, Sancho,” said the duke, “but you know

everything; I hope you will make as good a governor as your sagacity

promises; and that is all I have to say; and now remember to-morrow is

the day you must set out for the government of the island, and this

evening they will provide you with the proper attire for you to wear,

and all things requisite for your departure.”

“Let them dress me as they like,” said Sancho; “however I’m dressed

I’ll be Sancho Panza.”

“That’s true,” said the duke; “but one’s dress must be suited to the

office or rank one holds; for it would not do for a jurist to dress

like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest. You, Sancho, shall go

partly as a lawyer, partly as a captain, for, in the island I am giving

you, arms are needed as much as letters, and letters as much as arms.”

“Of letters I know but little,” said Sancho, “for I don’t even know the

A B C; but it is enough for me to have the Christus in my memory to be

a good governor. As for arms, I’ll handle those they give me till I

drop, and then, God be my help!”

“With so good a memory,” said the duke, “Sancho cannot go wrong in

anything.”

Here Don Quixote joined them; and learning what passed, and how soon

Sancho was to go to his government, he with the duke’s permission took

him by the hand, and retired to his room with him for the purpose of

giving him advice as to how he was to demean himself in his office. As

soon as they had entered the chamber he closed the door after him, and

almost by force made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a quiet tone

thus addressed him: “I give infinite thanks to heaven, friend Sancho,

that, before I have met with any good luck, fortune has come forward to

meet thee. I who counted upon my good fortune to discharge the

recompense of thy services, find myself still waiting for advancement,

while thou, before the time, and contrary to all reasonable

expectation, seest thyself blessed in the fulfillment of thy desires.

Some will bribe, beg, solicit, rise early, entreat, persist, without

attaining the object of their suit; while another comes, and without

knowing why or wherefore, finds himself invested with the place or

office so many have sued for; and here it is that the common saying,

‘There is good luck as well as bad luck in suits,’ applies. Thou, who,

to my thinking, art beyond all doubt a dullard, without early rising or

night watching or taking any trouble, with the mere breath of

knight-errantry that has breathed upon thee, seest thyself without more

ado governor of an island, as though it were a mere matter of course.

This I say, Sancho, that thou attribute not the favour thou hast

received to thine own merits, but give thanks to heaven that disposes

matters beneficently, and secondly thanks to the great power the

profession of knight-errantry contains in itself. With a heart, then,

inclined to believe what I have said to thee, attend, my son, to thy

Cato here who would counsel thee and be thy polestar and guide to

direct and pilot thee to a safe haven out of this stormy sea wherein

thou art about to ingulf thyself; for offices and great trusts are

nothing else but a mighty gulf of troubles.

“First of all, my son, thou must fear God, for in the fear of him is

wisdom, and being wise thou canst not err in aught.

“Secondly, thou must keep in view what thou art, striving to know

thyself, the most difficult thing to know that the mind can imagine. If

thou knowest thyself, it will follow thou wilt not puff thyself up like

the frog that strove to make himself as large as the ox; if thou dost,

the recollection of having kept pigs in thine own country will serve as

the ugly feet for the wheel of thy folly.”

“That’s the truth,” said Sancho; “but that was when I was a boy;

afterwards when I was something more of a man it was geese I kept, not

pigs. But to my thinking that has nothing to do with it; for all who

are governors don’t come of a kingly stock.”

“True,” said Don Quixote, “and for that reason those who are not of

noble origin should take care that the dignity of the office they hold

be accompanied by a gentle suavity, which wisely managed will save them

from the sneers of malice that no station escapes.

“Glory in thy humble birth, Sancho, and be not ashamed of saying thou

art peasant-born; for when it is seen thou art not ashamed no one will

set himself to put thee to the blush; and pride thyself rather upon

being one of lowly virtue than a lofty sinner. Countless are they who,

born of mean parentage, have risen to the highest dignities, pontifical

and imperial, and of the truth of this I could give thee instances

enough to weary thee.

“Remember, Sancho, if thou make virtue thy aim, and take a pride in

doing virtuous actions, thou wilt have no cause to envy those who have

princely and lordly ones, for blood is an inheritance, but virtue an

acquisition, and virtue has in itself alone a worth that blood does not

possess.

“This being so, if perchance anyone of thy kinsfolk should come to see

thee when thou art in thine island, thou art not to repel or slight

him, but on the contrary to welcome him, entertain him, and make much

of him; for in so doing thou wilt be approved of heaven (which is not

pleased that any should despise what it hath made), and wilt comply

with the laws of well-ordered nature.

“If thou carriest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those that

administer governments to be long without their wives), teach and

instruct her, and strive to smooth down her natural roughness; for all

that may be gained by a wise governor may be lost and wasted by a

boorish stupid wife.

“If perchance thou art left a widower—a thing which may happen—and in

virtue of thy office seekest a consort of higher degree, choose not one

to serve thee for a hook, or for a fishing-rod, or for the hood of thy

‘won’t have it;’ for verily, I tell thee, for all the judge’s wife

receives, the husband will be held accountable at the general calling

to account; where he will have repay in death fourfold, items that in

life he regarded as naught.

“Never go by arbitrary law, which is so much favoured by ignorant men

who plume themselves on cleverness.

“Let the tears of the poor man find with thee more compassion, but not

more justice, than the pleadings of the rich.

“Strive to lay bare the truth, as well amid the promises and presents

of the rich man, as amid the sobs and entreaties of the poor.

“When equity may and should be brought into play, press not the utmost

rigour of the law against the guilty; for the reputation of the stern

judge stands not higher than that of the compassionate.

“If perchance thou permittest the staff of justice to swerve, let it be

not by the weight of a gift, but by that of mercy.

“If it should happen to thee to give judgment in the cause of one who

is thine enemy, turn thy thoughts away from thy injury and fix them on

the justice of the case.

“Let not thine own passion blind thee in another man’s cause; for the

errors thou wilt thus commit will be most frequently irremediable; or

if not, only to be remedied at the expense of thy good name and even of

thy fortune.

“If any handsome woman come to seek justice of thee, turn away thine

eyes from her tears and thine ears from her lamentations, and consider

deliberately the merits of her demand, if thou wouldst not have thy

reason swept away by her weeping, and thy rectitude by her sighs.

“Abuse not by word him whom thou hast to punish in deed, for the pain

of punishment is enough for the unfortunate without the addition of

thine objurgations.

“Bear in mind that the culprit who comes under thy jurisdiction is but

a miserable man subject to all the propensities of our depraved nature,

and so far as may be in thy power show thyself lenient and forbearing;

for though the attributes of God are all equal, to our eyes that of

mercy is brighter and loftier than that of justice.

“If thou followest these precepts and rules, Sancho, thy days will be

long, thy fame eternal, thy reward abundant, thy felicity unutterable;

thou wilt marry thy children as thou wouldst; they and thy

grandchildren will bear titles; thou wilt live in peace and concord

with all men; and, when life draws to a close, death will come to thee

in calm and ripe old age, and the light and loving hands of thy

great-grandchildren will close thine eyes.

“What I have thus far addressed to thee are instructions for the

adornment of thy mind; listen now to those which tend to that of the

body.”

p42e.jpg (17K)

CHAPTER XLIII.

OF THE SECOND SET OF COUNSELS DON QUIXOTE GAVE SANCHO PANZA

p43a.jpg (129K)

Full Size

Who, hearing the foregoing discourse of Don Quixote, would not have set

him down for a person of great good sense and greater rectitude of

purpose? But, as has been frequently observed in the course of this

great history, he only talked nonsense when he touched on chivalry, and

in discussing all other subjects showed that he had a clear and

unbiassed understanding; so that at every turn his acts gave the lie to

his intellect, and his intellect to his acts; but in the case of these

second counsels that he gave Sancho, he showed himself to have a lively

turn of humour, and displayed conspicuously his wisdom, and also his

folly.

Sancho listened to him with the deepest attention, and endeavoured to

fix his counsels in his memory, like one who meant to follow them and

by their means bring the full promise of his government to a happy

issue. Don Quixote, then, went on to say:

“With regard to the mode in which thou shouldst govern thy person and

thy house, Sancho, the first charge I have to give thee is to be clean,

and to cut thy nails, not letting them grow as some do, whose ignorance

makes them fancy that long nails are an ornament to their hands, as if

those excrescences they neglect to cut were nails, and not the talons

of a lizard-catching kestrel—a filthy and unnatural abuse.

“Go not ungirt and loose, Sancho; for disordered attire is a sign of an

unstable mind, unless indeed the slovenliness and slackness is to be

set down to craft, as was the common opinion in the case of Julius

Cæsar.

“Ascertain cautiously what thy office may be worth; and if it will

allow thee to give liveries to thy servants, give them respectable and

serviceable, rather than showy and gay ones, and divide them between

thy servants and the poor; that is to say, if thou canst clothe six

pages, clothe three and three poor men, and thus thou wilt have pages

for heaven and pages for earth; the vainglorious never think of this

new mode of giving liveries.

“Eat not garlic nor onions, lest they find out thy boorish origin by

the smell; walk slowly and speak deliberately, but not in such a way as

to make it seem thou art listening to thyself, for all affectation is

bad.

“Dine sparingly and sup more sparingly still; for the health of the

whole body is forged in the workshop of the stomach.

“Be temperate in drinking, bearing in mind that wine in excess keeps

neither secrets nor promises.

“Take care, Sancho, not to chew on both sides, and not to eruct in

anybody’s presence.”

“Eruct!” said Sancho; “I don’t know what that means.”

“To eruct, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “means to belch, and that is one

of the filthiest words in the Spanish language, though a very

expressive one; and therefore nice folk have had recourse to the Latin,

and instead of belch say eruct, and instead of belches say eructations;

and if some do not understand these terms it matters little, for custom

will bring them into use in the course of time, so that they will be

readily understood; this is the way a language is enriched; custom and

the public are all-powerful there.”

“In truth, señor,” said Sancho, “one of the counsels and cautions I

mean to bear in mind shall be this, not to belch, for I’m constantly

doing it.”

“Eruct, Sancho, not belch,” said Don Quixote.

“Eruct, I shall say henceforth, and I swear not to forget it,” said

Sancho.

“Likewise, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “thou must not mingle such a

quantity of proverbs in thy discourse as thou dost; for though proverbs

are short maxims, thou dost drag them in so often by the head and

shoulders that they savour more of nonsense than of maxims.”

“God alone can cure that,” said Sancho; “for I have more proverbs in me

than a book, and when I speak they come so thick together into my mouth

that they fall to fighting among themselves to get out; that’s why my

tongue lets fly the first that come, though they may not be pat to the

purpose. But I’ll take care henceforward to use such as befit the

dignity of my office; for ‘in a house where there’s plenty, supper is

soon cooked,’ and ‘he who binds does not wrangle,’ and ‘the

bell-ringer’s in a safe berth,’ and ‘giving and keeping require

brains.’”

“That’s it, Sancho!” said Don Quixote; “pack, tack, string proverbs

together; nobody is hindering thee! ‘My mother beats me, and I go on

with my tricks.’ I am bidding thee avoid proverbs, and here in a second

thou hast shot out a whole litany of them, which have as much to do

with what we are talking about as ‘over the hills of Úbeda.’ Mind,

Sancho, I do not say that a proverb aptly brought in is objectionable;

but to pile up and string together proverbs at random makes

conversation dull and vulgar.

“When thou ridest on horseback, do not go lolling with thy body on the

back of the saddle, nor carry thy legs stiff or sticking out from the

horse’s belly, nor yet sit so loosely that one would suppose thou wert

on Dapple; for the seat on a horse makes gentlemen of some and grooms

of others.

“Be moderate in thy sleep; for he who does not rise early does not get

the benefit of the day; and remember, Sancho, diligence is the mother

of good fortune, and indolence, its opposite, never yet attained the

object of an honest ambition.

“The last counsel I will give thee now, though it does not tend to

bodily improvement, I would have thee carry carefully in thy memory,

for I believe it will be no less useful to thee than those I have given

thee already, and it is this—never engage in a dispute about families,

at least in the way of comparing them one with another; for necessarily

one of those compared will be better than the other, and thou wilt be

hated by the one thou hast disparaged, and get nothing in any shape

from the one thou hast exalted.

“Thy attire shall be hose of full length, a long jerkin, and a cloak a

trifle longer; loose breeches by no means, for they are becoming

neither for gentlemen nor for governors.

“For the present, Sancho, this is all that has occurred to me to advise

thee; as time goes by and occasions arise my instructions shall follow,

if thou take care to let me know how thou art circumstanced.”

“Señor,” said Sancho, “I see well enough that all these things your

worship has said to me are good, holy, and profitable; but what use

will they be to me if I don’t remember one of them? To be sure that

about not letting my nails grow, and marrying again if I have the

chance, will not slip out of my head; but all that other hash, muddle,

and jumble—I don’t and can’t recollect any more of it than of last

year’s clouds; so it must be given me in writing; for though I can’t

either read or write, I’ll give it to my confessor, to drive it into me

and remind me of it whenever it is necessary.”

“Ah, sinner that I am!” said Don Quixote, “how bad it looks in

governors not to know how to read or write; for let me tell thee,

Sancho, when a man knows not how to read, or is left-handed, it argues

one of two things; either that he was the son of exceedingly mean and

lowly parents, or that he himself was so incorrigible and

ill-conditioned that neither good company nor good teaching could make

any impression on him. It is a great defect that thou labourest under,

and therefore I would have thee learn at any rate to sign thy name.” “I

can sign my name well enough,” said Sancho, “for when I was steward of

the brotherhood in my village I learned to make certain letters, like

the marks on bales of goods, which they told me made out my name.

Besides I can pretend my right hand is disabled and make someone else

sign for me, for ‘there’s a remedy for everything except death;’ and as

I shall be in command and hold the staff, I can do as I like; moreover,

‘he who has the alcalde for his father-,’ and I’ll be governor, and

that’s higher than alcalde. Only come and see! Let them make light of

me and abuse me; ‘they’ll come for wool and go back shorn;’ ‘whom God

loves, his house is known to Him;’ ‘the silly sayings of the rich pass

for saws in the world;’ and as I’ll be rich, being a governor, and at

the same time generous, as I mean to be, no fault will be seen in me.

‘Only make yourself honey and the flies will suck you;’ ‘as much as

thou hast so much art thou worth,’ as my grandmother used to say; and

‘thou canst have no revenge of a man of substance.’”

“Oh, God’s curse upon thee, Sancho!” here exclaimed Don Quixote; “sixty

thousand devils fly away with thee and thy proverbs! For the last hour

thou hast been stringing them together and inflicting the pangs of

torture on me with every one of them. Those proverbs will bring thee to

the gallows one day, I promise thee; thy subjects will take the

government from thee, or there will be revolts among them. Tell me,

where dost thou pick them up, thou booby? How dost thou apply them,

thou blockhead? For with me, to utter one and make it apply properly, I

have to sweat and labour as if I were digging.”

“By God, master mine,” said Sancho, “your worship is making a fuss

about very little. Why the devil should you be vexed if I make use of

what is my own? And I have got nothing else, nor any other stock in

trade except proverbs and more proverbs; and here are three just this

instant come into my head, pat to the purpose and like pears in a

basket; but I won’t repeat them, for ‘sage silence is called Sancho.’”

“That, Sancho, thou art not,” said Don Quixote; “for not only art thou

not sage silence, but thou art pestilent prate and perversity; still I

would like to know what three proverbs have just now come into thy

memory, for I have been turning over mine own—and it is a good one—and

none occurs to me.”

“What can be better,” said Sancho, “than ‘never put thy thumbs between

two back teeth;’ and ‘to “\_get out of my house\_” and “\_what do you want

with my wife?\_” there is no answer;’ and ‘whether the pitcher hits the

stove, or the stove the pitcher, it’s a bad business for the pitcher;’

all which fit to a hair? For no one should quarrel with his governor,

or him in authority over him, because he will come off the worst, as he

does who puts his finger between two back and if they are not back

teeth it makes no difference, so long as they are teeth; and to

whatever the governor may say there’s no answer, any more than to ‘get

out of my house’ and ‘what do you want with my wife?’ and then, as for

that about the stone and the pitcher, a blind man could see that. So

that he ‘who sees the mote in another’s eye had need to see the beam in

his own,’ that it be not said of himself, ‘the dead woman was

frightened at the one with her throat cut;’ and your worship knows well

that ‘the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in

another’s.’”

“Nay, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the fool knows nothing, either in his

own house or in anybody else’s, for no wise structure of any sort can

stand on a foundation of folly; but let us say no more about it,

Sancho, for if thou governest badly, thine will be the fault and mine

the shame; but I comfort myself with having done my duty in advising

thee as earnestly and as wisely as I could; and thus I am released from

my obligations and my promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee

in thy government, and deliver me from the misgiving I have that thou

wilt turn the whole island upside down, a thing I might easily prevent

by explaining to the duke what thou art and telling him that all that

fat little person of thine is nothing else but a sack full of proverbs

and sauciness.”

“Señor,” said Sancho, “if your worship thinks I’m not fit for this

government, I give it up on the spot; for the mere black of the nail of

my soul is dearer to me than my whole body; and I can live just as

well, simple Sancho, on bread and onions, as governor, on partridges

and capons; and what’s more, while we’re asleep we’re all equal, great

and small, rich and poor. But if your worship looks into it, you will

see it was your worship alone that put me on to this business of

governing; for I know no more about the government of islands than a

buzzard; and if there’s any reason to think that because of my being a

governor the devil will get hold of me, I’d rather go Sancho to heaven

than governor to hell.”

“By God, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for those last words thou hast

uttered alone, I consider thou deservest to be governor of a thousand

islands. Thou hast good natural instincts, without which no knowledge

is worth anything; commend thyself to God, and try not to swerve in the

pursuit of thy main object; I mean, always make it thy aim and fixed

purpose to do right in all matters that come before thee, for heaven

always helps good intentions; and now let us go to dinner, for I think

my lord and lady are waiting for us.”

p43e.jpg (41K)

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW SANCHO PANZA WAS CONDUCTED TO HIS GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE STRANGE

ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE

p44a.jpg (140K)

Full Size

It is stated, they say, in the true original of this history, that when

Cide Hamete came to write this chapter, his interpreter did not

translate it as he wrote it—that is, as a kind of complaint the Moor

made against himself for having taken in hand a story so dry and of so

little variety as this of Don Quixote, for he found himself forced to

speak perpetually of him and Sancho, without venturing to indulge in

digressions and episodes more serious and more interesting. He said,

too, that to go on, mind, hand, pen always restricted to writing upon

one single subject, and speaking through the mouths of a few

characters, was intolerable drudgery, the result of which was never

equal to the author’s labour, and that to avoid this he had in the

First Part availed himself of the device of novels, like “The

Ill-advised Curiosity,” and “The Captive Captain,” which stand, as it

were, apart from the story; the others are given there being incidents

which occurred to Don Quixote himself and could not be omitted. He also

thought, he says, that many, engrossed by the interest attaching to the

exploits of Don Quixote, would take none in the novels, and pass them

over hastily or impatiently without noticing the elegance and art of

their composition, which would be very manifest were they published by

themselves and not as mere adjuncts to the crazes of Don Quixote or the

simplicities of Sancho. Therefore in this Second Part he thought it

best not to insert novels, either separate or interwoven, but only

episodes, something like them, arising out of the circumstances the

facts present; and even these sparingly, and with no more words than

suffice to make them plain; and as he confines and restricts himself to

the narrow limits of the narrative, though he has ability; capacity,

and brains enough to deal with the whole universe, he requests that his

labours may not be despised, and that credit be given him, not alone

for what he writes, but for what he has refrained from writing.

And so he goes on with his story, saying that the day Don Quixote gave

the counsels to Sancho, the same afternoon after dinner he handed them

to him in writing so that he might get someone to read them to him.

They had scarcely, however, been given to him when he let them drop,

and they fell into the hands of the duke, who showed them to the

duchess and they were both amazed afresh at the madness and wit of Don

Quixote. To carry on the joke, then, the same evening they despatched

Sancho with a large following to the village that was to serve him for

an island. It happened that the person who had him in charge was a

majordomo of the duke’s, a man of great discretion and humour—and there

can be no humour without discretion—and the same who played the part of

the Countess Trifaldi in the comical way that has been already

described; and thus qualified, and instructed by his master and

mistress as to how to deal with Sancho, he carried out their scheme

admirably. Now it came to pass that as soon as Sancho saw this

majordomo he seemed in his features to recognise those of the Trifaldi,

and turning to his master, he said to him, “Señor, either the devil

will carry me off, here on this spot, righteous and believing, or your

worship will own to me that the face of this majordomo of the duke’s

here is the very face of the Distressed One.”

Don Quixote regarded the majordomo attentively, and having done so,

said to Sancho, “There is no reason why the devil should carry thee

off, Sancho, either righteous or believing—and what thou meanest by

that I know not; the face of the Distressed One is that of the

majordomo, but for all that the majordomo is not the Distressed One;

for his being so would involve a mighty contradiction; but this is not

the time for going into questions of the sort, which would be involving

ourselves in an inextricable labyrinth. Believe me, my friend, we must

pray earnestly to our Lord that he deliver us both from wicked wizards

and enchanters.”

“It is no joke, señor,” said Sancho, “for before this I heard him

speak, and it seemed exactly as if the voice of the Trifaldi was

sounding in my ears. Well, I’ll hold my peace; but I’ll take care to be

on the look-out henceforth for any sign that may be seen to confirm or

do away with this suspicion.”

“Thou wilt do well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and thou wilt let me

know all thou discoverest, and all that befalls thee in thy

government.”

Sancho at last set out attended by a great number of people. He was

dressed in the garb of a lawyer, with a gaban of tawny watered camlet

over all and a montera cap of the same material, and mounted a la

gineta upon a mule. Behind him, in accordance with the duke’s orders,

followed Dapple with brand new ass-trappings and ornaments of silk, and

from time to time Sancho turned round to look at his ass, so well

pleased to have him with him that he would not have changed places with

the emperor of Germany. On taking leave he kissed the hands of the duke

and duchess and got his master’s blessing, which Don Quixote gave him

with tears, and he received blubbering.

p44b.jpg (341K)

Full Size

Let worthy Sancho go in peace, and good luck to him, Gentle Reader; and

look out for two bushels of laughter, which the account of how he

behaved himself in office will give thee. In the meantime turn thy

attention to what happened his master the same night, and if thou dost

not laugh thereat, at any rate thou wilt stretch thy mouth with a grin;

for Don Quixote’s adventures must be honoured either with wonder or

with laughter.

It is recorded, then, that as soon as Sancho had gone, Don Quixote felt

his loneliness, and had it been possible for him to revoke the mandate

and take away the government from him he would have done so. The

duchess observed his dejection and asked him why he was melancholy;

because, she said, if it was for the loss of Sancho, there were

squires, duennas, and damsels in her house who would wait upon him to

his full satisfaction.

“The truth is, señora,” replied Don Quixote, “that I do feel the loss

of Sancho; but that is not the main cause of my looking sad; and of all

the offers your excellence makes me, I accept only the good-will with

which they are made, and as to the remainder I entreat of your

excellence to permit and allow me alone to wait upon myself in my

chamber.”

“Indeed, Señor Don Quixote,” said the duchess, “that must not be; four

of my damsels, as beautiful as flowers, shall wait upon you.”

“To me,” said Don Quixote, “they will not be flowers, but thorns to

pierce my heart. They, or anything like them, shall as soon enter my

chamber as fly. If your highness wishes to gratify me still further,

though I deserve it not, permit me to please myself, and wait upon

myself in my own room; for I place a barrier between my inclinations

and my virtue, and I do not wish to break this rule through the

generosity your highness is disposed to display towards me; and, in

short, I will sleep in my clothes, sooner than allow anyone to undress

me.”

“Say no more, Señor Don Quixote, say no more,” said the duchess; “I

assure you I will give orders that not even a fly, not to say a damsel,

shall enter your room. I am not the one to undermine the propriety of

Señor Don Quixote, for it strikes me that among his many virtues the

one that is pre-eminent is that of modesty. Your worship may undress

and dress in private and in your own way, as you please and when you

please, for there will be no one to hinder you; and in your chamber you

will find all the utensils requisite to supply the wants of one who

sleeps with his door locked, to the end that no natural needs compel

you to open it. May the great Dulcinea del Toboso live a thousand

years, and may her fame extend all over the surface of the globe, for

she deserves to be loved by a knight so valiant and so virtuous; and

may kind heaven infuse zeal into the heart of our governor Sancho Panza

to finish off his discipline speedily, so that the world may once more

enjoy the beauty of so grand a lady.”

To which Don Quixote replied, “Your highness has spoken like what you

are; from the mouth of a noble lady nothing bad can come; and Dulcinea

will be more fortunate, and better known to the world by the praise of

your highness than by all the eulogies the greatest orators on earth

could bestow upon her.”

“Well, well, Señor Don Quixote,” said the duchess, it is nearly

supper-time, and the duke is probably waiting; come let us go to

supper, and retire to rest early, for the journey you made yesterday

from Kandy was not such a short one but that it must have caused you

some fatigue.”

“I feel none, señora,” said Don Quixote, “for I would go so far as to

swear to your excellence that in all my life I never mounted a quieter

beast, or a pleasanter paced one, than Clavileño; and I don’t know what

could have induced Malambruno to discard a steed so swift and so

gentle, and burn it so recklessly as he did.”

“Probably,” said the duchess, “repenting of the evil he had done to the

Trifaldi and company, and others, and the crimes he must have committed

as a wizard and enchanter, he resolved to make away with all the

instruments of his craft; and so burned Clavileño as the chief one, and

that which mainly kept him restless, wandering from land to land; and

by its ashes and the trophy of the placard the valour of the great Don

Quixote of La Mancha is established for ever.”

Don Quixote renewed his thanks to the duchess; and having supped,

retired to his chamber alone, refusing to allow anyone to enter with

him to wait on him, such was his fear of encountering temptations that

might lead or drive him to forget his chaste fidelity to his lady

Dulcinea; for he had always present to his mind the virtue of Amadis,

that flower and mirror of knights-errant. He locked the door behind

him, and by the light of two wax candles undressed himself, but as he

was taking off his stockings—O disaster unworthy of such a

personage!—there came a burst, not of sighs, or anything belying his

delicacy or good breeding, but of some two dozen stitches in one of his

stockings, that made it look like a window-lattice. The worthy

gentleman was beyond measure distressed, and at that moment he would

have given an ounce of silver to have had half a drachm of green silk

there; I say green silk, because the stockings were green.

Here Cide Hamete exclaimed as he was writing, “O poverty, poverty! I

know not what could have possessed the great Cordovan poet to call thee

‘holy gift ungratefully received.’ Although a Moor, I know well enough

from the intercourse I have had with Christians that holiness consists

in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty; but for all that,

I say he must have a great deal of godliness who can find any

satisfaction in being poor; unless, indeed, it be the kind of poverty

one of their greatest saints refers to, saying, ‘possess all things as

though ye possessed them not;’ which is what they call poverty in

spirit. But thou, that other poverty—for it is of thee I am speaking

now—why dost thou love to fall out with gentlemen and men of good birth

more than with other people? Why dost thou compel them to smear the

cracks in their shoes, and to have the buttons of their coats, one

silk, another hair, and another glass? Why must their ruffs be always

crinkled like endive leaves, and not crimped with a crimping iron?”

(From this we may perceive the antiquity of starch and crimped ruffs.)

Then he goes on: “Poor gentleman of good family! always cockering up

his honour, dining miserably and in secret, and making a hypocrite of

the toothpick with which he sallies out into the street after eating

nothing to oblige him to use it! Poor fellow, I say, with his nervous

honour, fancying they perceive a league off the patch on his shoe, the

sweat-stains on his hat, the shabbiness of his cloak, and the hunger of

his stomach!”

All this was brought home to Don Quixote by the bursting of his

stitches; however, he comforted himself on perceiving that Sancho had

left behind a pair of travelling boots, which he resolved to wear the

next day. At last he went to bed, out of spirits and heavy at heart, as

much because he missed Sancho as because of the irreparable disaster to

his stockings, the stitches of which he would have even taken up with

silk of another colour, which is one of the greatest signs of poverty a

gentleman can show in the course of his never-failing embarrassments.

He put out the candles; but the night was warm and he could not sleep;

he rose from his bed and opened slightly a grated window that looked

out on a beautiful garden, and as he did so he perceived and heard

people walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen

attentively, and those below raised their voices so that he could hear

these words:

“Urge me not to sing, Emerencia, for thou knowest that ever since this

stranger entered the castle and my eyes beheld him, I cannot sing but

only weep; besides my lady is a light rather than a heavy sleeper, and

I would not for all the wealth of the world that she found us here; and

even if she were asleep and did not waken, my singing would be in vain,

if this strange Æneas, who has come into my neighbourhood to flout me,

sleeps on and wakens not to hear it.”

“Heed not that, dear Altisidora,” replied a voice; “the duchess is no

doubt asleep, and everybody in the house save the lord of thy heart and

disturber of thy soul; for just now I perceived him open the grated

window of his chamber, so he must be awake; sing, my poor sufferer, in

a low sweet tone to the accompaniment of thy harp; and even if the

duchess hears us we can lay the blame on the heat of the night.”

“That is not the point, Emerencia,” replied Altisidora, “it is that I

would not that my singing should lay bare my heart, and that I should

be thought a light and wanton maiden by those who know not the mighty

power of love; but come what may; better a blush on the cheeks than a

sore in the heart;” and here a harp softly touched made itself heard.

As he listened to all this Don Quixote was in a state of breathless

amazement, for immediately the countless adventures like this, with

windows, gratings, gardens, serenades, lovemakings, and languishings,

that he had read of in his trashy books of chivalry, came to his mind.

He at once concluded that some damsel of the duchess’s was in love with

him, and that her modesty forced her to keep her passion secret. He

trembled lest he should fall, and made an inward resolution not to

yield; and commending himself with all his might and soul to his lady

Dulcinea he made up his mind to listen to the music; and to let them

know he was there he gave a pretended sneeze, at which the damsels were

not a little delighted, for all they wanted was that Don Quixote should

hear them. So having tuned the harp, Altisidora, running her hand

across the strings, began this ballad:

O thou that art above in bed,

Between the holland sheets,

A-lying there from night till morn,

With outstretched legs asleep;

O thou, most valiant knight of all

The famed Manchegan breed,

Of purity and virtue more

Than gold of Araby;

Give ear unto a suffering maid,

Well-grown but evil-starr’d,

For those two suns of thine have lit

A fire within her heart.

Adventures seeking thou dost rove,

To others bringing woe;

Thou scatterest wounds, but, ah, the balm

To heal them dost withhold!

Say, valiant youth, and so may God

Thy enterprises speed,

Didst thou the light mid Libya’s sands

Or Jaca’s rocks first see?

Did scaly serpents give thee suck?

Who nursed thee when a babe?

Wert cradled in the forest rude,

Or gloomy mountain cave?

O Dulcinea may be proud,

That plump and lusty maid;

For she alone hath had the power

A tiger fierce to tame.

And she for this shall famous be

From Tagus to Jarama,

From Manzanares to Genil,

From Duero to Arlanza.

Fain would I change with her, and give

A petticoat to boot,

The best and bravest that I have,

All trimmed with gold galloon.

O for to be the happy fair

Thy mighty arms enfold,

Or even sit beside thy bed

And scratch thy dusty poll!

I rave,—to favours such as these

Unworthy to aspire;

Thy feet to tickle were enough

For one so mean as I.

What caps, what slippers silver-laced,

Would I on thee bestow!

What damask breeches make for thee;

What fine long holland cloaks!

And I would give thee pearls that should

As big as oak-galls show;

So matchless big that each might well

Be called the great “Alone.”

Manchegan Nero, look not down

From thy Tarpeian Rock

Upon this burning heart, nor add

The fuel of thy wrath.

A virgin soft and young am I,

Not yet fifteen years old;

(I’m only three months past fourteen,

I swear upon my soul).

I hobble not nor do I limp,

All blemish I’m without,

And as I walk my lily locks

Are trailing on the ground.

And though my nose be rather flat,

And though my mouth be wide,

My teeth like topazes exalt

My beauty to the sky.

Thou knowest that my voice is sweet,

That is if thou dost hear;

And I am moulded in a form

Somewhat below the mean.

These charms, and many more, are thine,

Spoils to thy spear and bow all;

A damsel of this house am I,

By name Altisidora.

p44c.jpg (266K)

Full Size

Here the lay of the heart-stricken Altisidora came to an end, while the

warmly wooed Don Quixote began to feel alarm; and with a deep sigh he

said to himself, “O that I should be such an unlucky knight that no

damsel can set eyes on me but falls in love with me! O that the

peerless Dulcinea should be so unfortunate that they cannot let her

enjoy my incomparable constancy in peace! What would ye with her, ye

queens? Why do ye persecute her, ye empresses? Why ye pursue her, ye

virgins of from fourteen to fifteen? Leave the unhappy being to

triumph, rejoice and glory in the lot love has been pleased to bestow

upon her in surrendering my heart and yielding up my soul to her. Ye

love-smitten host, know that to Dulcinea only I am dough and

sugar-paste, flint to all others; for her I am honey, for you aloes.

For me Dulcinea alone is beautiful, wise, virtuous, graceful, and

high-bred, and all others are ill-favoured, foolish, light, and

low-born. Nature sent me into the world to be hers and no other’s;

Altisidora may weep or sing, the lady for whose sake they belaboured me

in the castle of the enchanted Moor may give way to despair, but I must

be Dulcinea’s, boiled or roast, pure, courteous, and chaste, in spite

of all the magic-working powers on earth.” And with that he shut the

window with a bang, and, as much out of temper and out of sorts as if

some great misfortune had befallen him, stretched himself on his bed,

where we will leave him for the present, as the great Sancho Panza, who

is about to set up his famous government, now demands our attention.

p44e.jpg (145K)

Full Size

CHAPTER XLV.

OF HOW THE GREAT SANCHO PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND OF HOW

HE MADE A BEGINNING IN GOVERNING

p45a.jpg (141K)

Full Size

O perpetual discoverer of the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of

heaven, sweet stimulator of the water-coolers! Thimbraeus here, Phœbus

there, now archer, now physician, father of poetry, inventor of music;

thou that always risest and, notwithstanding appearances, never

settest! To thee, O Sun, by whose aid man begetteth man, to thee I

appeal to help me and lighten the darkness of my wit that I may be able

to proceed with scrupulous exactitude in giving an account of the great

Sancho Panza’s government; for without thee I feel myself weak, feeble,

and uncertain.

To come to the point, then—Sancho with all his attendants arrived at a

village of some thousand inhabitants, and one of the largest the duke

possessed. They informed him that it was called the island of

Barataria, either because the name of the village was Baratario, or

because of the joke by way of which the government had been conferred

upon him. On reaching the gates of the town, which was a walled one,

the municipality came forth to meet him, the bells rang out a peal, and

the inhabitants showed every sign of general satisfaction; and with

great pomp they conducted him to the principal church to give thanks to

God, and then with burlesque ceremonies they presented him with the

keys of the town, and acknowledged him as perpetual governor of the

island of Barataria. The costume, the beard, and the fat squat figure

of the new governor astonished all those who were not in on the secret,

and even all who were, and they were not a few. Finally, leading him

out of the church they carried him to the judgment seat and seated him

on it, and the duke’s majordomo said to him, “It is an ancient custom

in this island, señor governor, that he who comes to take possession of

this famous island is bound to answer a question which shall be put to

him, and which must be a somewhat knotty and difficult one; and by his

answer the people take the measure of their new governor’s wit, and

hail with joy or deplore his arrival accordingly.”

While the majordomo was making this speech Sancho was gazing at several

large letters inscribed on the wall opposite his seat, and as he could

not read he asked what that was that was painted on the wall. The

answer was, “Señor, there is written and recorded the day on which your

lordship took possession of this island, and the inscription says,

‘This day, the so-and-so of such-and-such a month and year, Señor Don

Sancho Panza took possession of this island; many years may he enjoy

it.’”

“And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?” asked Sancho.

“Your lordship,” replied the majordomo; “for no other Panza but the one

who is now seated in that chair has ever entered this island.”

“Well then, let me tell you, brother,” said Sancho, “I haven’t got the

‘Don,’ nor has anyone of my family ever had it; my name is plain Sancho

Panza, and Sancho was my father’s name, and Sancho was my grandfather’s

and they were all Panzas, without any Dons or Doñas tacked on; I

suspect that in this island there are more Dons than stones; but never

mind; God knows what I mean, and maybe if my government lasts four days

I’ll weed out these Dons that no doubt are as great a nuisance as the

midges, they’re so plenty. Let the majordomo go on with his question,

and I’ll give the best answer I can, whether the people deplore or

not.”

At this instant there came into court two old men, one carrying a cane

by way of a walking-stick, and the one who had no stick said, “Señor,

some time ago I lent this good man ten gold-crowns in gold to gratify

him and do him a service, on the condition that he was to return them

to me whenever I should ask for them. A long time passed before I asked

for them, for I would not put him to any greater straits to return them

than he was in when I lent them to him; but thinking he was growing

careless about payment I asked for them once and several times; and not

only will he not give them back, but he denies that he owes them, and

says I never lent him any such crowns; or if I did, that he repaid

them; and I have no witnesses either of the loan, or the payment, for

he never paid me; I want your worship to put him to his oath, and if he

swears he returned them to me I forgive him the debt here and before

God.”

p45b.jpg (400K)

Full Size

“What say you to this, good old man, you with the stick?” said Sancho.

To which the old man replied, “I admit, señor, that he lent them to me;

but let your worship lower your staff, and as he leaves it to my oath,

I’ll swear that I gave them back, and paid him really and truly.”

The governor lowered the staff, and as he did so the old man who had

the stick handed it to the other old man to hold for him while he

swore, as if he found it in his way; and then laid his hand on the

cross of the staff, saying that it was true the ten crowns that were

demanded of him had been lent him; but that he had with his own hand

given them back into the hand of the other, and that he, not

recollecting it, was always asking for them.

Seeing this the great governor asked the creditor what answer he had to

make to what his opponent said. He said that no doubt his debtor had

told the truth, for he believed him to be an honest man and a good

Christian, and he himself must have forgotten when and how he had given

him back the crowns; and that from that time forth he would make no

further demand upon him.

The debtor took his stick again, and bowing his head left the court.

Observing this, and how, without another word, he made off, and

observing too the resignation of the plaintiff, Sancho buried his head

in his bosom and remained for a short space in deep thought, with the

forefinger of his right hand on his brow and nose; then he raised his

head and bade them call back the old man with the stick, for he had

already taken his departure. They brought him back, and as soon as

Sancho saw him he said, “Honest man, give me that stick, for I want

it.”

“Willingly,” said the old man; “here it is señor,” and he put it into

his hand.

Sancho took it and, handing it to the other old man, said to him, “Go,

and God be with you; for now you are paid.”

“I, señor!” returned the old man; “why, is this cane worth ten

gold-crowns?”

“Yes,” said the governor, “or if not I am the greatest dolt in the

world; now you will see whether I have got the headpiece to govern a

whole kingdom;” and he ordered the cane to be broken in two, there, in

the presence of all. It was done, and in the middle of it they found

ten gold-crowns. All were filled with amazement, and looked upon their

governor as another Solomon. They asked him how he had come to the

conclusion that the ten crowns were in the cane; he replied, that

observing how the old man who swore gave the stick to his opponent

while he was taking the oath, and swore that he had really and truly

given him the crowns, and how as soon as he had done swearing he asked

for the stick again, it came into his head that the sum demanded must

be inside it; and from this he said it might be seen that God sometimes

guides those who govern in their judgments, even though they may be

fools; besides he had himself heard the curate of his village mention

just such another case, and he had so good a memory, that if it was not

that he forgot everything he wished to remember, there would not be

such a memory in all the island. To conclude, the old men went off, one

crestfallen, and the other in high contentment, all who were present

were astonished, and he who was recording the words, deeds, and

movements of Sancho could not make up his mind whether he was to look

upon him and set him down as a fool or as a man of sense.

As soon as this case was disposed of, there came into court a woman

holding on with a tight grip to a man dressed like a well-to-do cattle

dealer, and she came forward making a great outcry and exclaiming,

“Justice, señor governor, justice! and if I don’t get it on earth I’ll

go look for it in heaven. Señor governor of my soul, this wicked man

caught me in the middle of the fields here and used my body as if it

was an ill-washed rag, and, woe is me! got from me what I had kept

these three-and-twenty years and more, defending it against Moors and

Christians, natives and strangers; and I always as hard as an oak, and

keeping myself as pure as a salamander in the fire, or wool among the

brambles, for this good fellow to come now with clean hands to handle

me!”

“It remains to be proved whether this gallant has clean hands or not,”

said Sancho; and turning to the man he asked him what he had to say in

answer to the woman’s charge.

He all in confusion made answer, “Sirs, I am a poor pig dealer, and

this morning I left the village to sell (saving your presence) four

pigs, and between dues and cribbings they got out of me little less

than the worth of them. As I was returning to my village I fell in on

the road with this good dame, and the devil who makes a coil and a mess

out of everything, yoked us together. I paid her fairly, but she not

contented laid hold of me and never let go until she brought me here;

she says I forced her, but she lies by the oath I swear or am ready to

swear; and this is the whole truth and every particle of it.”

The governor on this asked him if he had any money in silver about him;

he said he had about twenty ducats in a leather purse in his bosom. The

governor bade him take it out and hand it to the complainant; he obeyed

trembling; the woman took it, and making a thousand salaams to all and

praying to God for the long life and health of the señor governor who

had such regard for distressed orphans and virgins, she hurried out of

court with the purse grasped in both her hands, first looking, however,

to see if the money it contained was silver.

As soon as she was gone Sancho said to the cattle dealer, whose tears

were already starting and whose eyes and heart were following his

purse, “Good fellow, go after that woman and take the purse from her,

by force even, and come back with it here;” and he did not say it to

one who was a fool or deaf, for the man was off like a flash of

lightning, and ran to do as he was bid.

All the bystanders waited anxiously to see the end of the case, and

presently both man and woman came back at even closer grips than

before, she with her petticoat up and the purse in the lap of it, and

he struggling hard to take it from her, but all to no purpose, so stout

was the woman’s defence, she all the while crying out, “Justice from

God and the world! see here, señor governor, the shamelessness and

boldness of this villain, who in the middle of the town, in the middle

of the street, wanted to take from me the purse your worship bade him

give me.”

“And did he take it?” asked the governor.

“Take it!” said the woman; “I’d let my life be taken from me sooner

than the purse. A pretty child I’d be! It’s another sort of cat they

must throw in my face, and not that poor scurvy knave. Pincers and

hammers, mallets and chisels would not get it out of my grip; no, nor

lions’ claws; the soul from out of my body first!”

“She is right,” said the man; “I own myself beaten and powerless; I

confess I haven’t the strength to take it from her;” and he let go his

hold of her.

Upon this the governor said to the woman, “Let me see that purse, my

worthy and sturdy friend.” She handed it to him at once, and the

governor returned it to the man, and said to the unforced mistress of

force, “Sister, if you had shown as much, or only half as much, spirit

and vigour in defending your body as you have shown in defending that

purse, the strength of Hercules could not have forced you. Be off, and

God speed you, and bad luck to you, and don’t show your face in all

this island, or within six leagues of it on any side, under pain of two

hundred lashes; be off at once, I say, you shameless, cheating shrew.”

The woman was cowed and went off disconsolately, hanging her head; and

the governor said to the man, “Honest man, go home with your money, and

God speed you; and for the future, if you don’t want to lose it, see

that you don’t take it into your head to yoke with anybody.” The man

thanked him as clumsily as he could and went his way, and the

bystanders were again filled with admiration at their new governor’s

judgments and sentences.

Next, two men, one apparently a farm labourer, and the other a tailor,

for he had a pair of shears in his hand, presented themselves before

him, and the tailor said, “Señor governor, this labourer and I come

before your worship by reason of this honest man coming to my shop

yesterday (for saving everybody’s presence I’m a passed tailor, God be

thanked), and putting a piece of cloth into my hands and asking me,

‘Señor, will there be enough in this cloth to make me a cap?’ Measuring

the cloth I said there would. He probably suspected—as I supposed, and

I supposed right—that I wanted to steal some of the cloth, led to think

so by his own roguery and the bad opinion people have of tailors; and

he told me to see if there would be enough for two. I guessed what he

would be at, and I said ‘yes.’ He, still following up his original

unworthy notion, went on adding cap after cap, and I ‘yes’ after ‘yes,’

until we got as far as five. He has just this moment come for them; I

gave them to him, but he won’t pay me for the making; on the contrary,

he calls upon me to pay him, or else return his cloth.”

“Is all this true, brother?” said Sancho.

“Yes,” replied the man; “but will your worship make him show the five

caps he has made me?”

“With all my heart,” said the tailor; and drawing his hand from under

his cloak he showed five caps stuck upon the five fingers of it, and

said, “there are the caps this good man asks for; and by God and upon

my conscience I haven’t a scrap of cloth left, and I’ll let the work be

examined by the inspectors of the trade.”

All present laughed at the number of caps and the novelty of the suit;

Sancho set himself to think for a moment, and then said, “It seems to

me that in this case it is not necessary to deliver long-winded

arguments, but only to give off-hand the judgment of an honest man; and

so my decision is that the tailor lose the making and the labourer the

cloth, and that the caps go to the prisoners in the gaol, and let there

be no more about it.”

If the previous decision about the cattle dealer’s purse excited the

admiration of the bystanders, this provoked their laughter; however,

the governor’s orders were after all executed. All this, having been

taken down by his chronicler, was at once despatched to the duke, who

was looking out for it with great eagerness; and here let us leave the

good Sancho; for his master, sorely troubled in mind by Altisidora’s

music, has pressing claims upon us now.

p45e.jpg (11K)

CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE TERRIBLE BELL AND CAT FRIGHT THAT DON QUIXOTE GOT IN THE COURSE

OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA’S WOOING

p46a.jpg (58K)

Full Size

We left Don Quixote wrapped up in the reflections which the music of

the enamourned maid Altisidora had given rise to. He went to bed with

them, and just like fleas they would not let him sleep or get a

moment’s rest, and the broken stitches of his stockings helped them.

But as Time is fleet and no obstacle can stay his course, he came

riding on the hours, and morning very soon arrived. Seeing which Don

Quixote quitted the soft down, and, nowise slothful, dressed himself in

his chamois suit and put on his travelling boots to hide the disaster

to his stockings. He threw over him his scarlet mantle, put on his head

a montera of green velvet trimmed with silver edging, flung across his

shoulder the baldric with his good trenchant sword, took up a large

rosary that he always carried with him, and with great solemnity and

precision of gait proceeded to the antechamber where the duke and

duchess were already dressed and waiting for him. But as he passed

through a gallery, Altisidora and the other damsel, her friend, were

lying in wait for him, and the instant Altisidora saw him she pretended

to faint, while her friend caught her in her lap, and began hastily

unlacing the bosom of her dress.

Don Quixote observed it, and approaching them said, “I know very well

what this seizure arises from.”

“I know not from what,” replied the friend, “for Altisidora is the

healthiest damsel in all this house, and I have never heard her

complain all the time I have known her. A plague on all the

knights-errant in the world, if they be all ungrateful! Go away, Señor

Don Quixote; for this poor child will not come to herself again so long

as you are here.”

p46b.jpg (320K)

Full Size

To which Don Quixote returned, “Do me the favour, señora, to let a lute

be placed in my chamber to-night; and I will comfort this poor maiden

to the best of my power; for in the early stages of love a prompt

disillusion is an approved remedy;” and with this he retired, so as not

to be remarked by any who might see him there.

He had scarcely withdrawn when Altisidora, recovering from her swoon,

said to her companion, “The lute must be left, for no doubt Don Quixote

intends to give us some music; and being his it will not be bad.”

They went at once to inform the duchess of what was going on, and of

the lute Don Quixote asked for, and she, delighted beyond measure,

plotted with the duke and her two damsels to play him a trick that

should be amusing but harmless; and in high glee they waited for night,

which came quickly as the day had come; and as for the day, the duke

and duchess spent it in charming conversation with Don Quixote.

When eleven o’clock came, Don Quixote found a guitar in his chamber; he

tried it, opened the window, and perceived that some persons were

walking in the garden; and having passed his fingers over the frets of

the guitar and tuned it as well as he could, he spat and cleared his

chest, and then with a voice a little hoarse but full-toned, he sang

the following ballad, which he had himself that day composed:

Mighty Love the hearts of maidens

Doth unsettle and perplex,

And the instrument he uses

Most of all is idleness.

Sewing, stitching, any labour,

Having always work to do,

To the poison Love instilleth

Is the antidote most sure.

And to proper-minded maidens

Who desire the matron’s name

Modesty’s a marriage portion,

Modesty their highest praise.

Men of prudence and discretion,

Courtiers gay and gallant knights,

With the wanton damsels dally,

But the modest take to wife.

There are passions, transient, fleeting,

Loves in hostelries declar’d,

Sunrise loves, with sunset ended,

When the guest hath gone his way.

Love that springs up swift and sudden,

Here to-day, to-morrow flown,

Passes, leaves no trace behind it,

Leaves no image on the soul.

Painting that is laid on painting

Maketh no display or show;

Where one beauty’s in possession

There no other can take hold.

Dulcinea del Toboso

Painted on my heart I wear;

Never from its tablets, never,

Can her image be eras’d.

The quality of all in lovers

Most esteemed is constancy;

’Tis by this that love works wonders,

This exalts them to the skies.

Don Quixote had got so far with his song, to which the duke, the

duchess, Altisidora, and nearly the whole household of the castle were

listening, when all of a sudden from a gallery above that was exactly

over his window they let down a cord with more than a hundred bells

attached to it, and immediately after that discharged a great sack full

of cats, which also had bells of smaller size tied to their tails. Such

was the din of the bells and the squalling of the cats, that though the

duke and duchess were the contrivers of the joke they were startled by

it, while Don Quixote stood paralysed with fear; and as luck would have

it, two or three of the cats made their way in through the grating of

his chamber, and flying from one side to the other, made it seem as if

there was a legion of devils at large in it. They extinguished the

candles that were burning in the room, and rushed about seeking some

way of escape; the cord with the large bells never ceased rising and

falling; and most of the people of the castle, not knowing what was

really the matter, were at their wits’ end with astonishment. Don

Quixote sprang to his feet, and drawing his sword, began making passes

at the grating, shouting out, “Avaunt, malignant enchanters! avaunt, ye

witchcraft-working rabble! I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, against whom

your evil machinations avail not nor have any power.” And turning upon

the cats that were running about the room, he made several cuts at

them. They dashed at the grating and escaped by it, save one that,

finding itself hard pressed by the slashes of Don Quixote’s sword, flew

at his face and held on to his nose tooth and nail, with the pain of

which he began to shout his loudest. The duke and duchess hearing this,

and guessing what it was, ran with all haste to his room, and as the

poor gentleman was striving with all his might to detach the cat from

his face, they opened the door with a master-key and went in with

lights and witnessed the unequal combat. The duke ran forward to part

the combatants, but Don Quixote cried out aloud, “Let no one take him

from me; leave me hand to hand with this demon, this wizard, this

enchanter; I will teach him, I myself, who Don Quixote of La Mancha

is.” The cat, however, never minding these threats, snarled and held

on; but at last the duke pulled it off and flung it out of the window.

Don Quixote was left with a face as full of holes as a sieve and a nose

not in very good condition, and greatly vexed that they did not let him

finish the battle he had been so stoutly fighting with that villain of

an enchanter. They sent for some oil of John’s wort, and Altisidora

herself with her own fair hands bandaged all the wounded parts; and as

she did so she said to him in a low voice. “All these mishaps have

befallen thee, hardhearted knight, for the sin of thy insensibility and

obstinacy; and God grant thy squire Sancho may forget to whip himself,

so that that dearly beloved Dulcinea of thine may never be released

from her enchantment, that thou mayest never come to her bed, at least

while I who adore thee am alive.”

To all this Don Quixote made no answer except to heave deep sighs, and

then stretched himself on his bed, thanking the duke and duchess for

their kindness, not because he stood in any fear of that bell-ringing

rabble of enchanters in cat shape, but because he recognised their good

intentions in coming to his rescue. The duke and duchess left him to

repose and withdrew greatly grieved at the unfortunate result of the

joke; as they never thought the adventure would have fallen so heavy on

Don Quixote or cost him so dear, for it cost him five days of

confinement to his bed, during which he had another adventure,

pleasanter than the late one, which his chronicler will not relate just

now in order that he may turn his attention to Sancho Panza, who was

proceeding with great diligence and drollery in his government.

p46e.jpg (65K)

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ACCOUNT OF HOW SANCHO PANZA CONDUCTED HIMSELF

IN HIS GOVERNMENT

p47a.jpg (139K)

Full Size

The history says that from the justice court they carried Sancho to a

sumptuous palace, where in a spacious chamber there was a table laid

out with royal magnificence. The clarions sounded as Sancho entered the

room, and four pages came forward to present him with water for his

hands, which Sancho received with great dignity. The music ceased, and

Sancho seated himself at the head of the table, for there was only that

seat placed, and no more than one cover laid. A personage, who it

appeared afterwards was a physician, placed himself standing by his

side with a whalebone wand in his hand. They then lifted up a fine

white cloth covering fruit and a great variety of dishes of different

sorts; one who looked like a student said grace, and a page put a laced

bib on Sancho, while another who played the part of head carver placed

a dish of fruit before him. But hardly had he tasted a morsel when the

man with the wand touched the plate with it, and they took it away from

before him with the utmost celerity. The carver, however, brought him

another dish, and Sancho proceeded to try it; but before he could get

at it, not to say taste it, already the wand had touched it and a page

had carried it off with the same promptitude as the fruit. Sancho

seeing this was puzzled, and looking from one to another asked if this

dinner was to be eaten after the fashion of a jugglery trick.

To this he with the wand replied, “It is not to be eaten, señor

governor, except as is usual and customary in other islands where there

are governors. I, señor, am a physician, and I am paid a salary in this

island to serve its governors as such, and I have a much greater regard

for their health than for my own, studying day and night and making

myself acquainted with the governor’s constitution, in order to be able

to cure him when he falls sick. The chief thing I have to do is to

attend at his dinners and suppers and allow him to eat what appears to

me to be fit for him, and keep from him what I think will do him harm

and be injurious to his stomach; and therefore I ordered that plate of

fruit to be removed as being too moist, and that other dish I ordered

to be removed as being too hot and containing many spices that

stimulate thirst; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical

moisture wherein life consists.”

“Well then,” said Sancho, “that dish of roast partridges there that

seems so savoury will not do me any harm.”

To this the physician replied, “Of those my lord the governor shall not

eat so long as I live.”

“Why so?” said Sancho.

“Because,” replied the doctor, “our master Hippocrates, the polestar

and beacon of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms \_omnis saturatio

mala, perdicis autem pessima\_, which means ‘all repletion is bad, but

that of partridge is the worst of all.”

“In that case,” said Sancho, “let señor doctor see among the dishes

that are on the table what will do me most good and least harm, and let

me eat it, without tapping it with his stick; for by the life of the

governor, and so may God suffer me to enjoy it, but I’m dying of

hunger; and in spite of the doctor and all he may say, to deny me food

is the way to take my life instead of prolonging it.”

“Your worship is right, señor governor,” said the physician; “and

therefore your worship, I consider, should not eat of those stewed

rabbits there, because it is a furry kind of food; if that veal were

not roasted and served with pickles, you might try it; but it is out of

the question.”

“That big dish that is smoking farther off,” said Sancho, “seems to me

to be an olla podrida, and out of the diversity of things in such

ollas, I can’t fail to light upon something tasty and good for me.”

p47b.jpg (372K)

Full Size

“\_Absit\_,” said the doctor; “far from us be any such base thought!

There is nothing in the world less nourishing than an olla podrida; to

canons, or rectors of colleges, or peasants’ weddings with your ollas

podridas, but let us have none of them on the tables of governors,

where everything that is present should be delicate and refined; and

the reason is, that always, everywhere and by everybody, simple

medicines are more esteemed than compound ones, for we cannot go wrong

in those that are simple, while in the compound we may, by merely

altering the quantity of the things composing them. But what I am of

opinion the governor should eat now in order to preserve and fortify

his health is a hundred or so of wafer cakes and a few thin slices of

conserve of quinces, which will settle his stomach and help his

digestion.”

Sancho on hearing this threw himself back in his chair and surveyed the

doctor steadily, and in a solemn tone asked him what his name was and

where he had studied.

He replied, “My name, señor governor, is Doctor Pedro Recio de Aguero I

am a native of a place 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 which Sancho, glowing all over with rage, returned, “Then let Doctor

Pedro Recio de Malaguero, native of Tirteafuera, a place that’s on the

right-hand side as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate

of Osuna, get out of my presence at once; or I swear by the sun I’ll

take a cudgel, and by dint of blows, beginning with him, I’ll not leave

a doctor in the whole island; at least of those I know to be ignorant;

for as to learned, wise, sensible physicians, them I will reverence and

honour as divine persons. Once more I say let Pedro Recio get out of

this or I’ll take this chair I am sitting on and break it over his

head. And if they call me to account for it, I’ll clear myself by

saying I served God in killing a bad doctor—a general executioner. And

now give me something to eat, or else take your government; for a trade

that does not feed its master is not worth two beans.”

The doctor was dismayed when he saw the governor in such a passion, and

he would have made a Tirteafuera out of the room but that the same

instant a post-horn sounded in the street; and the carver putting his

head out of the window turned round and said, “It’s a courier from my

lord the duke, no doubt with some despatch of importance.”

The courier came in all sweating and flurried, and taking a paper from

his bosom, placed it in the governor’s hands. Sancho handed it to the

majordomo and bade him read the superscription, which ran thus:

\_To Don Sancho Panza, Governor of the Island of Barataria, into his own

hands or those of his secretary.\_

Sancho when he heard this said, “Which of you is my secretary?” “I am,

señor,” said one of those present, “for I can read and write, and am a

Biscayan.” “With that addition,” said Sancho, “you might be secretary

to the emperor himself; open this paper and see what it says.” The

new-born secretary obeyed, and having read the contents said the matter

was one to be discussed in private. Sancho ordered the chamber to be

cleared, the majordomo and the carver only remaining; so the doctor and

the others withdrew, and then the secretary read the letter, which was

as follows:

It has come to my knowledge, Señor Don Sancho Panza, that certain

enemies of mine and of the island are about to make a furious attack

upon it some night, I know not when. It behoves you to be on the alert

and keep watch, that they surprise you not. I also know by trustworthy

spies that four persons have entered the town in disguise in order to

take your life, because they stand in dread of your great capacity;

keep your eyes open and take heed who approaches you to address you,

and eat nothing that is presented to you. I will take care to send you

aid if you find yourself in difficulty, but in all things you will act

as may be expected of your judgment. From this place, the Sixteenth of

August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

THE DUKE

Sancho was astonished, and those who stood by made believe to be so

too, and turning to the majordomo he said to him, “What we have got to

do first, and it must be done at once, is to put Doctor Recio in the

lock-up; for if anyone wants to kill me it is he, and by a slow death

and the worst of all, which is hunger.”

“Likewise,” said the carver, “it is my opinion your worship should not

eat anything that is on this table, for the whole was a present from

some nuns; and as they say, ‘behind the cross there’s the devil.’”

“I don’t deny it,” said Sancho; “so for the present give me a piece of

bread and four pounds or so of grapes; no poison can come in them; for

the fact is I can’t go on without eating; and if we are to be prepared

for these battles that are threatening us we must be well provisioned;

for it is the tripes that carry the heart and not the heart the tripes.

And you, secretary, answer my lord the duke and tell him that all his

commands shall be obeyed to the letter, as he directs; and say from me

to my lady the duchess that I kiss her hands, and that I beg of her not

to forget to send my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza by a

messenger; and I will take it as a great favour and will not fail to

serve her in all that may lie within my power; and as you are about it

you may enclose a kiss of the hand to my master Don Quixote that he may

see I am grateful bread; and as a good secretary and a good Biscayan

you may add whatever you like and whatever will come in best; and now

take away this cloth and give me something to eat, and I’ll be ready to

meet all the spies and assassins and enchanters that may come against

me or my island.”

At this instant a page entered saying, “Here is a farmer on business,

who wants to speak to your lordship on a matter of great importance, he

says.”

“It’s very odd,” said Sancho, “the ways of these men on business; is it

possible they can be such fools as not to see that an hour like this is

no hour for coming on business? We who govern and we who are judges—are

we not men of flesh and blood, and are we not to be allowed the time

required for taking rest, unless they’d have us made of marble? By God

and on my conscience, if the government remains in my hands (which I

have a notion it won’t), I’ll bring more than one man on business to

order. However, tell this good man to come in; but take care first of

all that he is not some spy or one of my assassins.”

“No, my lord,” said the page, “for he looks like a simple fellow, and

either I know very little or he is as good as good bread.”

“There is nothing to be afraid of,” said the majordomo, “for we are all

here.”

“Would it be possible, carver,” said Sancho, “now that Doctor Pedro

Recio is not here, to let me eat something solid and substantial, if it

were even a piece of bread and an onion?”

“To-night at supper,” said the carver, “the shortcomings of the dinner

shall be made good, and your lordship shall be fully contented.”

“God grant it,” said Sancho.

The farmer now came in, a well-favoured man that one might see a

thousand leagues off was an honest fellow and a good soul. The first

thing he said was, “Which is the lord governor here?”

“Which should it be,” said the secretary, “but he who is seated in the

chair?”

“Then I humble myself before him,” said the farmer; and going on his

knees he asked for his hand, to kiss it. Sancho refused it, and bade

him stand up and say what he wanted. The farmer obeyed, and then said,

“I am a farmer, señor, a native of Miguelturra, a village two leagues

from Ciudad Real.”

“Another Tirteafuera!” said Sancho; “say on, brother; I know

Miguelturra very well I can tell you, for it’s not very far from my own

town.”

“The case is this, señor,” continued the farmer, “that by God’s mercy I

am married with the leave and licence of the holy Roman Catholic

Church; I have two sons, students, and the younger is studying to

become bachelor, and the elder to be licentiate; I am a widower, for my

wife died, or more properly speaking, a bad doctor killed her on my

hands, giving her a purge when she was with child; and if it had

pleased God that the child had been born, and was a boy, I would have

put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his brothers the

bachelor and the licentiate.”

“So that if your wife had not died, or had not been killed, you would

not now be a widower,” said Sancho.

“No, señor, certainly not,” said the farmer.

“We’ve got that much settled,” said Sancho; “get on, brother, for it’s

more bed-time than business-time.”

“Well then,” said the farmer, “this son of mine who is going to be a

bachelor, fell in love in the said town with a damsel called Clara

Perlerina, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and this

name of Perlerines does not come to them by ancestry or descent, but

because all the family are paralytics, and for a better name they call

them Perlerines; though to tell the truth the damsel is as fair as an

Oriental pearl, and like a flower of the field, if you look at her on

the right side; on the left not so much, for on that side she wants an

eye that she lost by small-pox; and though her face is thickly and

deeply pitted, those who love her say they are not pits that are there,

but the graves where the hearts of her lovers are buried. She is so

cleanly that not to soil her face she carries her nose turned up, as

they say, so that one would fancy it was running away from her mouth;

and with all this she looks extremely well, for she has a wide mouth;

and but for wanting ten or a dozen teeth and grinders she might compare

and compete with the comeliest. Of her lips I say nothing, for they are

so fine and thin that, if lips might be reeled, one might make a skein

of them; but being of a different colour from ordinary lips they are

wonderful, for they are mottled, blue, green, and purple—let my lord

the governor pardon me for painting so minutely the charms of her who

some time or other will be my daughter; for I love her, and I don’t

find her amiss.”

“Paint what you will,” said Sancho; “I enjoy your painting, and if I

had dined there could be no dessert more to my taste than your

portrait.”

“That I have still to furnish,” said the farmer; “but a time will come

when we may be able if we are not now; and I can tell you, señor, if I

could paint her gracefulness and her tall figure, it would astonish

you; but that is impossible because she is bent double with her knees

up to her mouth; but for all that it is easy to see that if she could

stand up she’d knock her head against the ceiling; and she would have

given her hand to my bachelor ere this, only that she can’t stretch it

out, for it’s contracted; but still one can see its elegance and fine

make by its long furrowed nails.”

“That will do, brother,” said Sancho; “consider you have painted her

from head to foot; what is it you want now? Come to the point without

all this beating about the bush, and all these scraps and additions.”

“I want your worship, señor,” said the farmer, “to do me the favour of

giving me a letter of recommendation to the girl’s father, begging him

to be so good as to let this marriage take place, as we are not

ill-matched either in the gifts of fortune or of nature; for to tell

the truth, señor governor, my son is possessed of a devil, and there is

not a day but the evil spirits torment him three or four times; and

from having once fallen into the fire, he has his face puckered up like

a piece of parchment, and his eyes watery and always running; but he

has the disposition of an angel, and if it was not for belabouring and

pummelling himself he’d be a saint.”

“Is there anything else you want, good man?” said Sancho.

“There’s another thing I’d like,” said the farmer, “but I’m afraid to

mention it; however, out it must; for after all I can’t let it be

rotting in my breast, come what may. I mean, señor, that I’d like your

worship to give me three hundred or six hundred ducats as a help to my

bachelor’s portion, to help him in setting up house; for they must, in

short, live by themselves, without being subject to the interferences

of their fathers-in-law.”

“Just see if there’s anything else you’d like,” said Sancho, “and don’t

hold back from mentioning it out of bashfulness or modesty.”

“No, indeed there is not,” said the farmer.

The moment he said this the governor started to his feet, and seizing

the chair he had been sitting on exclaimed, “By all that’s good, you

ill-bred, boorish Don Bumpkin, if you don’t get out of this at once and

hide yourself from my sight, I’ll lay your head open with this chair.

You whoreson rascal, you devil’s own painter, and is it at this hour

you come to ask me for six hundred ducats! How should I have them, you

stinking brute? And why should I give them to you if I had them, you

knave and blockhead? What have I to do with Miguelturra or the whole

family of the Perlerines? Get out I say, or by the life of my lord the

duke I’ll do as I said. You’re not from Miguelturra, but some knave

sent here from hell to tempt me. Why, you villain, I have not yet had

the government half a day, and you want me to have six hundred ducats

already!”

The carver made signs to the farmer to leave the room, which he did

with his head down, and to all appearance in terror lest the governor

should carry his threats into effect, for the rogue knew very well how

to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho in his wrath, and peace be with them all; and

let us return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged and

doctored after the cat wounds, of which he was not cured for eight

days; and on one of these there befell him what Cide Hamete promises to

relate with that exactitude and truth with which he is wont to set

forth everything connected with this great history, however minute it

may be.

p47e.jpg (12K)

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH DOÑA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUCHESS’S DUENNA,

TOGETHER WITH OTHER OCCURRENCES WORTHY OF RECORD AND ETERNAL

REMEMBRANCE

p48a.jpg (131K)

Full Size

Exceedingly moody and dejected was the sorely wounded Don Quixote, with

his face bandaged and marked, not by the hand of God, but by the claws

of a cat, mishaps incidental to knight-errantry.

p48b.jpg (316K)

Full Size

Six days he remained without appearing in public, and one night as he

lay awake thinking of his misfortunes and of Altisidora’s pursuit of

him, he perceived that someone was opening the door of his room with a

key, and he at once made up his mind that the enamoured damsel was

coming to make an assault upon his chastity and put him in danger of

failing in the fidelity he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. “No,”

said he, firmly persuaded of the truth of his idea (and he said it loud

enough to be heard), “the greatest beauty upon earth shall not avail to

make me renounce my adoration of her whom I bear stamped and graved in

the core of my heart and the secret depths of my bowels; be thou, lady

mine, transformed into a clumsy country wench, or into a nymph of

golden Tagus weaving a web of silk and gold, let Merlin or Montesinos

hold thee captive where they will; where’er thou art, thou art mine,

and where’er I am, must be thine.” The very instant he had uttered

these words, the door opened. He stood up on the bed wrapped from head

to foot in a yellow satin coverlet, with a cap on his head, and his

face and his moustaches tied up, his face because of the scratches, and

his moustaches to keep them from drooping and falling down, in which

trim he looked the most extraordinary scarecrow that could be

conceived. He kept his eyes fixed on the door, and just as he was

expecting to see the love-smitten and unhappy Altisidora make her

appearance, he saw coming in a most venerable duenna, in a long

white-bordered veil that covered and enveloped her from head to foot.

Between the fingers of her left hand she held a short lighted candle,

while with her right she shaded it to keep the light from her eyes,

which were covered by spectacles of great size, and she advanced with

noiseless steps, treading very softly.

Don Quixote kept an eye upon her from his watchtower, and observing her

costume and noting her silence, he concluded that it must be some witch

or sorceress that was coming in such a guise to work him some mischief,

and he began crossing himself at a great rate. The spectre still

advanced, and on reaching the middle of the room, looked up and saw the

energy with which Don Quixote was crossing himself; and if he was

scared by seeing such a figure as hers, she was terrified at the sight

of his; for the moment she saw his tall yellow form with the coverlet

and the bandages that disfigured him, she gave a loud scream, and

exclaiming, “Jesus! what’s this I see?” let fall the candle in her

fright, and then finding herself in the dark, turned about to make off,

but stumbling on her skirts in her consternation, she measured her

length with a mighty fall.

p48c.jpg (249K)

Full Size

Don Quixote in his trepidation began saying, “I conjure thee, phantom,

or whatever thou art, tell me what thou art and what thou wouldst with

me. If thou art a soul in torment, say so, and all that my powers can

do I will do for thee; for I am a Catholic Christian and love to do

good to all the world, and to this end I have embraced the order of

knight-errantry to which I belong, the province of which extends to

doing good even to souls in purgatory.”

The unfortunate duenna hearing herself thus conjured, by her own fear

guessed Don Quixote’s and in a low plaintive voice answered, “Señor Don

Quixote—if so be you are indeed Don Quixote—I am no phantom or spectre

or soul in purgatory, as you seem to think, but Doña Rodriguez, duenna

of honour to my lady the duchess, and I come to you with one of those

grievances your worship is wont to redress.”

“Tell me, Señora Doña Rodriguez,” said Don Quixote, “do you perchance

come to transact any go-between business? Because I must tell you I am

not available for anybody’s purpose, thanks to the peerless beauty of

my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. In short, Señora Doña Rodriguez, if you

will leave out and put aside all love messages, you may go and light

your candle and come back, and we will discuss all the commands you

have for me and whatever you wish, saving only, as I said, all

seductive communications.”

“I carry nobody’s messages, señor,” said the duenna; “little you know

me. Nay, I’m not far enough advanced in years to take to any such

childish tricks. God be praised I have a soul in my body still, and all

my teeth and grinders in my mouth, except one or two that the colds, so

common in this Aragon country, have robbed me of. But wait a little,

while I go and light my candle, and I will return immediately and lay

my sorrows before you as before one who relieves those of all the

world;” and without staying for an answer she quitted the room and left

Don Quixote tranquilly meditating while he waited for her. A thousand

thoughts at once suggested themselves to him on the subject of this new

adventure, and it struck him as being ill done and worse advised in him

to expose himself to the danger of breaking his plighted faith to his

lady; and said he to himself, “Who knows but that the devil, being wily

and cunning, may be trying now to entrap me with a duenna, having

failed with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, and

countesses? Many a time have I heard it said by many a man of sense

that he will sooner offer you a flat-nosed wench than a roman-nosed

one; and who knows but this privacy, this opportunity, this silence,

may awaken my sleeping desires, and lead me in these my latter years to

fall where I have never tripped? In cases of this sort it is better to

flee than to await the battle. But I must be out of my senses to think

and utter such nonsense; for it is impossible that a long, white-hooded

spectacled duenna could stir up or excite a wanton thought in the most

graceless bosom in the world. Is there a duenna on earth that has fair

flesh? Is there a duenna in the world that escapes being ill-tempered,

wrinkled, and prudish? Avaunt, then, ye duenna crew, undelightful to

all mankind. Oh, but that lady did well who, they say, had at the end

of her reception room a couple of figures of duennas with spectacles

and lace-cushions, as if at work, and those statues served quite as

well to give an air of propriety to the room as if they had been real

duennas.”

So saying he leaped off the bed, intending to close the door and not

allow Señora Rodriguez to enter; but as he went to shut it Señora

Rodriguez returned with a wax candle lighted, and having a closer view

of Don Quixote, with the coverlet round him, and his bandages and

night-cap, she was alarmed afresh, and retreating a couple of paces,

exclaimed, “Am I safe, sir knight? for I don’t look upon it as a sign

of very great virtue that your worship should have got up out of bed.”

“I may well ask the same, señora,” said Don Quixote; “and I do ask

whether I shall be safe from being assailed and forced?”

“Of whom and against whom do you demand that security, sir knight?”

said the duenna.

“Of you and against you I ask it,” said Don Quixote; “for I am not

marble, nor are you brass, nor is it now ten o’clock in the morning,

but midnight, or a trifle past it I fancy, and we are in a room more

secluded and retired than the cave could have been where the

treacherous and daring Æneas enjoyed the fair soft-hearted Dido. But

give me your hand, señora; I require no better protection than my own

continence, and my own sense of propriety; as well as that which is

inspired by that venerable head-dress;” and so saying he kissed her

right hand and took it in his own, she yielding it to him with equal

ceremoniousness. And here Cide Hamete inserts a parenthesis in which he

says that to have seen the pair marching from the door to the bed,

linked hand in hand in this way, he would have given the best of the

two tunics he had.

Don Quixote finally got into bed, and Doña Rodriguez took her seat on a

chair at some little distance from his couch, without taking off her

spectacles or putting aside the candle. Don Quixote wrapped the

bedclothes round him and covered himself up completely, leaving nothing

but his face visible, and as soon as they had both regained their

composure he broke silence, saying, “Now, Señora Doña Rodriguez, you

may unbosom yourself and out with everything you have in your sorrowful

heart and afflicted bowels; and by me you shall be listened to with

chaste ears, and aided by compassionate exertions.”

“I believe it,” replied the duenna; “from your worship’s gentle and

winning presence only such a Christian answer could be expected. The

fact is, then, Señor Don Quixote, that though you see me seated in this

chair, here in the middle of the kingdom of Aragon, and in the attire

of a despised outcast duenna, I am from the Asturias of Oviedo, and of

a family with which many of the best of the province are connected by

blood; but my untoward fate and the improvidence of my parents, who, I

know not how, were unseasonably reduced to poverty, brought me to the

court of Madrid, where as a provision and to avoid greater misfortunes,

my parents placed me as seamstress in the service of a lady of quality,

and I would have you know that for hemming and sewing I have never been

surpassed by any all my life. My parents left me in service and

returned to their own country, and a few years later went, no doubt, to

heaven, for they were excellent good Catholic Christians. I was left an

orphan with nothing but the miserable wages and trifling presents that

are given to servants of my sort in palaces; but about this time,

without any encouragement on my part, one of the esquires of the

household fell in love with me, a man somewhat advanced in years,

full-bearded and personable, and above all as good a gentleman as the

king himself, for he came of a mountain stock. We did not carry on our

loves with such secrecy but that they came to the knowledge of my lady,

and she, not to have any fuss about it, had us married with the full

sanction of the holy mother Roman Catholic Church, of which marriage a

daughter was born to put an end to my good fortune, if I had any; not

that I died in childbirth, for I passed through it safely and in due

season, but because shortly afterwards my husband died of a certain

shock he received, and had I time to tell you of it I know your worship

would be surprised;” and here she began to weep bitterly and said,

“Pardon me, Señor Don Quixote, if I am unable to control myself, for

every time I think of my unfortunate husband my eyes fill up with

tears. God bless me, with what an air of dignity he used to carry my

lady behind him on a stout mule as black as jet! for in those days they

did not use coaches or chairs, as they say they do now, and ladies rode

behind their squires. This much at least I cannot help telling you,

that you may observe the good breeding and punctiliousness of my worthy

husband. As he was turning into the Calle de Santiago in Madrid, which

is rather narrow, one of the alcaldes of the Court, with two alguacils

before him, was coming out of it, and as soon as my good squire saw him

he wheeled his mule about and made as if he would turn and accompany

him. My lady, who was riding behind him, said to him in a low voice,

‘What are you about, you sneak, don’t you see that I am here?’ The

alcalde like a polite man pulled up his horse and said to him,

‘Proceed, señor, for it is I, rather, who ought to accompany my lady

Doña Casilda’—for that was my mistress’s name. Still my husband, cap in

hand, persisted in trying to accompany the alcalde, and seeing this my

lady, filled with rage and vexation, pulled out a big pin, or, I rather

think, a bodkin, out of her needle-case and drove it into his back with

such force that my husband gave a loud yell, and writhing fell to the

ground with his lady. Her two lacqueys ran to rise her up, and the

alcalde and the alguacils did the same; the Guadalajara gate was all in

commotion—I mean the idlers congregated there; my mistress came back on

foot, and my husband hurried away to a barber’s shop protesting that he

was run right through the guts. The courtesy of my husband was noised

abroad to such an extent, that the boys gave him no peace in the

street; and on this account, and because he was somewhat shortsighted,

my lady dismissed him; and it was chagrin at this I am convinced beyond

a doubt that brought on his death. I was left a helpless widow, with a

daughter on my hands growing up in beauty like the sea-foam; at length,

however, as I had the character of being an excellent needlewoman, my

lady the duchess, then lately married to my lord the duke, offered to

take me with her to this kingdom of Aragon, and my daughter also, and

here as time went by my daughter grew up and with her all the graces in

the world; she sings like a lark, dances quick as thought, foots it

like a gipsy, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and does sums like

a miser; of her neatness I say nothing, for the running water is not

purer, and her age is now, if my memory serves me, sixteen years five

months and three days, one more or less. To come to the point, the son

of a very rich farmer, living in a village of my lord the duke’s not

very far from here, fell in love with this girl of mine; and in short,

how I know not, they came together, and under the promise of marrying

her he made a fool of my daughter, and will not keep his word. And

though my lord the duke is aware of it (for I have complained to him,

not once but many and many a time, and entreated him to order the

farmer to marry my daughter), he turns a deaf ear and will scarcely

listen to me; the reason being that as the deceiver’s father is so

rich, and lends him money, and is constantly going security for his

debts, he does not like to offend or annoy him in any way. Now, señor,

I want your worship to take it upon yourself to redress this wrong

either by entreaty or by arms; for by what all the world says you came

into it to redress grievances and right wrongs and help the

unfortunate. Let your worship put before you the unprotected condition

of my daughter, her youth, and all the perfections I have said she

possesses; and before God and on my conscience, out of all the damsels

my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe,

and the one they call Altisidora, and look upon as the boldest and

gayest of them, put in comparison with my daughter, does not come

within two leagues of her. For I would have you know, señor, all is not

gold that glitters, and that same little Altisidora has more

forwardness than good looks, and more impudence than modesty; besides

being not very sound, for she has such a disagreeable breath that one

cannot bear to be near her for a moment; and even my lady the

duchess—but I’ll hold my tongue, for they say that walls have ears.”

“For heaven’s sake, Doña Rodriguez, what ails my lady the duchess?”

asked Don Quixote.

“Adjured in that way,” replied the duenna, “I cannot help answering the

question and telling the whole truth. Señor Don Quixote, have you

observed the comeliness of my lady the duchess, that smooth complexion

of hers like a burnished polished sword, those two cheeks of milk and

carmine, that gay lively step with which she treads or rather seems to

spurn the earth, so that one would fancy she went radiating health

wherever she passed? Well then, let me tell you she may thank, first of

all God, for this, and next, two issues that she has, one in each leg,

by which all the evil humours, of which the doctors say she is full,

are discharged.”

“Blessed Virgin!” exclaimed Don Quixote; “and is it possible that my

lady the duchess has drains of that sort? I would not have believed it

if the barefoot friars had told it me; but as the lady Doña Rodriguez

says so, it must be so. But surely such issues, and in such places, do

not discharge humours, but liquid amber. Verily, I do believe now that

this practice of opening issues is a very important matter for the

health.”

Don Quixote had hardly said this, when the chamber door flew open with

a loud bang, and with the start the noise gave her Doña Rodriguez let

the candle fall from her hand, and the room was left as dark as a

wolf’s mouth, as the saying is. Suddenly the poor duenna felt two hands

seize her by the throat, so tightly that she could not croak, while

someone else, without uttering a word, very briskly hoisted up her

petticoats, and with what seemed to be a slipper began to lay on so

heartily that anyone would have felt pity for her; but although Don

Quixote felt it he never stirred from his bed, but lay quiet and

silent, nay apprehensive that his turn for a drubbing might be coming.

Nor was the apprehension an idle one; for leaving the duenna (who did

not dare to cry out) well basted, the silent executioners fell upon Don

Quixote, and stripping him of the sheet and the coverlet, they pinched

him so fast and so hard that he was driven to defend himself with his

fists, and all this in marvellous silence. The battle lasted nearly

half an hour, and then the phantoms fled; Doña Rodriguez gathered up

her skirts, and bemoaning her fate went out without saying a word to

Don Quixote, and he, sorely pinched, puzzled, and dejected, remained

alone, and there we will leave him, wondering who could have been the

perverse enchanter who had reduced him to such a state; but that shall

be told in due season, for Sancho claims our attention, and the

methodical arrangement of the story demands it.

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CHAPTER XLIX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED SANCHO IN MAKING THE ROUND OF HIS ISLAND

p49a.jpg (170K)

Full Size

We left the great governor angered and irritated by that

portrait-painting rogue of a farmer who, instructed the majordomo, as

the majordomo was by the duke, tried to practise upon him; he however,

fool, boor, and clown as he was, held his own against them all, saying

to those round him and to Doctor Pedro Recio, who as soon as the

private business of the duke’s letter was disposed of had returned to

the room, “Now I see plainly enough that judges and governors ought to

be and must be made of brass not to feel the importunities of the

applicants that at all times and all seasons insist on being heard, and

having their business despatched, and their own affairs and no others

attended to, come what may; and if the poor judge does not hear them

and settle the matter—either because he cannot or because that is not

the time set apart for hearing them—forthwith they abuse him, and run

him down, and gnaw at his bones, and even pick holes in his pedigree.

You silly, stupid applicant, don’t be in a hurry; wait for the proper

time and season for doing business; don’t come at dinner-hour, or at

bed-time; for judges are only flesh and blood, and must give to Nature

what she naturally demands of them; all except myself, for in my case I

give her nothing to eat, thanks to Señor Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera

here, who would have me die of hunger, and declares that death to be

life; and the same sort of life may God give him and all his kind—I

mean the bad doctors; for the good ones deserve palms and laurels.”

All who knew Sancho Panza were astonished to hear him speak so

elegantly, and did not know what to attribute it to unless it were that

office and grave responsibility either smarten or stupefy men’s wits.

At last Doctor Pedro Recio Agilers of Tirteafuera promised to let him

have supper that night though it might be in contravention of all the

aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was satisfied and

looked forward to the approach of night and supper-time with great

anxiety; and though time, to his mind, stood still and made no

progress, nevertheless the hour he so longed for came, and they gave

him a beef salad with onions and some boiled calves’ feet rather far

gone. At this he fell to with greater relish than if they had given him

francolins from Milan, pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento,

partridges from Moron, or geese from Lavajos, and turning to the doctor

at supper he said to him, “Look here, señor doctor, for the future

don’t trouble yourself about giving me dainty things or choice dishes

to eat, for it will be only taking my stomach off its hinges; it is

accustomed to goat, cow, bacon, hung beef, turnips and onions; and if

by any chance it is given these palace dishes, it receives them

squeamishly, and sometimes with loathing. What the head-carver had best

do is to serve me with what they call ollas podridas (and the rottener

they are the better they smell); and he can put whatever he likes into

them, so long as it is good to eat, and I’ll be obliged to him, and

will requite him some day. But let nobody play pranks on me, for either

we are or we are not; let us live and eat in peace and good-fellowship,

for when God sends the dawn, he sends it for all. I mean to govern this

island without giving up a right or taking a bribe; let everyone keep

his eye open, and look out for the arrow; for I can tell them ‘the

devil’s in Cantillana,’ and if they drive me to it they’ll see

something that will astonish them. Nay! make yourself honey and the

flies eat you.”

“Of a truth, señor governor,” said the carver, “your worship is in the

right of it in everything you have said; and I promise you in the name

of all the inhabitants of this island that they will serve your worship

with all zeal, affection, and good-will, for the mild kind of

government you have given a sample of to begin with, leaves them no

ground for doing or thinking anything to your worship’s disadvantage.”

“That I believe,” said Sancho; “and they would be great fools if they

did or thought otherwise; once more I say, see to my feeding and my

Dapple’s for that is the great point and what is most to the purpose;

and when the hour comes let us go the rounds, for it is my intention to

purge this island of all manner of uncleanness and of all idle

good-for-nothing vagabonds; for I would have you know that lazy idlers

are the same thing in a State as the drones in a hive, that eat up the

honey the industrious bees make. I mean to protect the husbandman, to

preserve to the gentleman his privileges, to reward the virtuous, and

above all to respect religion and honour its ministers. What say you to

that, my friends? Is there anything in what I say, or am I talking to

no purpose?”

“There is so much in what your worship says, señor governor,” said the

majordomo, “that I am filled with wonder when I see a man like your

worship, entirely without learning (for I believe you have none at

all), say such things, and so full of sound maxims and sage remarks,

very different from what was expected of your worship’s intelligence by

those who sent us or by us who came here. Every day we see something

new in this world; jokes become realities, and the jokers find the

tables turned upon them.”

Night came, and with the permission of Doctor Pedro Recio, the governor

had supper. They then got ready to go the rounds, and he started with

the majordomo, the secretary, the head-carver, the chronicler charged

with recording his deeds, and alguacils and notaries enough to form a

fair-sized squadron. In the midst marched Sancho with his staff, as

fine a sight as one could wish to see, and but a few streets of the

town had been traversed when they heard a noise as of a clashing of

swords. They hastened to the spot, and found that the combatants were

but two, who seeing the authorities approaching stood still, and one of

them exclaimed, “Help, in the name of God and the king! Are men to be

allowed to rob in the middle of this town, and rush out and attack

people in the very streets?”

“Be calm, my good man,” said Sancho, “and tell me what the cause of

this quarrel is; for I am the governor.”

Said the other combatant, “Señor governor, I will tell you in a very

few words. Your worship must know that this gentleman has just now won

more than a thousand reals in that gambling house opposite, and God

knows how. I was there, and gave more than one doubtful point in his

favour, very much against what my conscience told me. He made off with

his winnings, and when I made sure he was going to give me a crown or

so at least by way of a present, as it is usual and customary to give

men of quality of my sort who stand by to see fair or foul play, and

back up swindles, and prevent quarrels, he pocketed his money and left

the house. Indignant at this I followed him, and speaking to him fairly

and civilly asked him to give me if it were only eight reals, for he

knows I am an honest man and that I have neither profession nor

property, for my parents never brought me up to any or left me any; but

the rogue, who is a greater thief than Cacus and a greater sharper than

Andradilla, would not give me more than four reals; so your worship may

see how little shame and conscience he has. But by my faith if you had

not come up I’d have made him disgorge his winnings, and he’d have

learned what the range of the steel-yard was.”

“What say you to this?” asked Sancho. The other replied that all his

antagonist said was true, and that he did not choose to give him more

than four reals because he very often gave him money; and that those

who expected presents ought to be civil and take what is given them

with a cheerful countenance, and not make any claim against winners

unless they know them for certain to be sharpers and their winnings to

be unfairly won; and that there could be no better proof that he

himself was an honest man than his having refused to give anything; for

sharpers always pay tribute to lookers-on who know them.

“That is true,” said the majordomo; “let your worship consider what is

to be done with these men.”

“What is to be done,” said Sancho, “is this; you, the winner, be you

good, bad, or indifferent, give this assailant of yours a hundred reals

at once, and you must disburse thirty more for the poor prisoners; and

you who have neither profession nor property, and hang about the island

in idleness, take these hundred reals now, and some time of the day

to-morrow quit the island under sentence of banishment for ten years,

and under pain of completing it in another life if you violate the

sentence, for I’ll hang you on a gibbet, or at least the hangman will

by my orders; not a word from either of you, or I’ll make him feel my

hand.”

The one paid down the money and the other took it, and the latter

quitted the island, while the other went home; and then the governor

said, “Either I am not good for much, or I’ll get rid of these gambling

houses, for it strikes me they are very mischievous.”

“This one at least,” said one of the notaries, “your worship will not

be able to get rid of, for a great man owns it, and what he loses every

year is beyond all comparison more than what he makes by the cards. On

the minor gambling houses your worship may exercise your power, and it

is they that do most harm and shelter the most barefaced practices; for

in the houses of lords and gentlemen of quality the notorious sharpers

dare not attempt to play their tricks; and as the vice of gambling has

become common, it is better that men should play in houses of repute

than in some tradesman’s, where they catch an unlucky fellow in the

small hours of the morning and skin him alive.”

“I know already, notary, that there is a good deal to be said on that

point,” said Sancho.

And now a tipstaff came up with a young man in his grasp, and said,

“Señor governor, this youth was coming towards us, and as soon as he

saw the officers of justice he turned about and ran like a deer, a sure

proof that he must be some evil-doer; I ran after him, and had it not

been that he stumbled and fell, I should never have caught him.”

“What did you run for, fellow?” said Sancho.

To which the young man replied, “Señor, it was to avoid answering all

the questions officers of justice put.”

“What are you by trade?”

“A weaver.”

“And what do you weave?”

“Lance heads, with your worship’s good leave.”

“You’re facetious with me! You plume yourself on being a wag? Very

good; and where were you going just now?”

“To take the air, señor.”

“And where does one take the air in this island?”

“Where it blows.”

“Good! your answers are very much to the point; you are a smart youth;

but take notice that I am the air, and that I blow upon you a-stern,

and send you to gaol. Ho there! lay hold of him and take him off; I’ll

make him sleep there to-night without air.”

“By God,” said the young man, “your worship will make me sleep in gaol

just as soon as make me king.”

“Why shan’t I make thee sleep in gaol?” said Sancho. “Have I not the

power to arrest thee and release thee whenever I like?”

“All the power your worship has,” said the young man, “won’t be able to

make me sleep in gaol.”

“How? not able!” said Sancho; “take him away at once where he’ll see

his mistake with his own eyes, even if the gaoler is willing to exert

his interested generosity on his behalf; for I’ll lay a penalty of two

thousand ducats on him if he allows him to stir a step from the

prison.”

“That’s ridiculous,” said the young man; “the fact is, all the men on

earth will not make me sleep in prison.”

“Tell me, you devil,” said Sancho, “have you got any angel that will

deliver you, and take off the irons I am going to order them to put

upon you?”

“Now, señor governor,” said the young man in a sprightly manner, “let

us be reasonable and come to the point. Granted your worship may order

me to be taken to prison, and to have irons and chains put on me, and

to be shut up in a cell, and may lay heavy penalties on the gaoler if

he lets me out, and that he obeys your orders; still, if I don’t choose

to sleep, and choose to remain awake all night without closing an eye,

will your worship with all your power be able to make me sleep if I

don’t choose?”

“No, truly,” said the secretary, “and the fellow has made his point.”

“So then,” said Sancho, “it would be entirely of your own choice you

would keep from sleeping; not in opposition to my will?”

“No, señor,” said the youth, “certainly not.”

“Well then, go, and God be with you,” said Sancho; “be off home to

sleep, and God give you sound sleep, for I don’t want to rob you of it;

but for the future, let me advise you don’t joke with the authorities,

because you may come across someone who will bring down the joke on

your own skull.”

The young man went his way, and the governor continued his round, and

shortly afterwards two tipstaffs came up with a man in custody, and

said, “Señor governor, this person, who seems to be a man, is not so,

but a woman, and not an ill-favoured one, in man’s clothes.” They

raised two or three lanterns to her face, and by their light they

distinguished the features of a woman to all appearance of the age of

sixteen or a little more, with her hair gathered into a gold and green

silk net, and fair as a thousand pearls. They scanned her from head to

foot, and observed that she had on red silk stockings with garters of

white taffety bordered with gold and pearl; her breeches were of green

and gold stuff, and under an open jacket or jerkin of the same she wore

a doublet of the finest white and gold cloth; her shoes were white and

such as men wear; she carried no sword at her belt, but only a richly

ornamented dagger, and on her fingers she had several handsome rings.

In short, the girl seemed fair to look at in the eyes of all, and none

of those who beheld her knew her, the people of the town said they

could not imagine who she was, and those who were in on the secret of

the jokes that were to be practised upon Sancho were the ones who were

most surprised, for this incident or discovery had not been arranged by

them; and they watched anxiously to see how the affair would end.

Sancho was fascinated by the girl’s beauty, and he asked her who she

was, where she was going, and what had induced her to dress herself in

that garb. She with her eyes fixed on the ground answered in modest

confusion, “I cannot tell you, señor, before so many people what it is

of such consequence to me to have kept secret; one thing I wish to be

known, that I am no thief or evildoer, but only an unhappy maiden whom

the power of jealousy has led to break through the respect that is due

to modesty.”

Hearing this the majordomo said to Sancho, “Make the people stand back,

señor governor, that this lady may say what she wishes with less

embarrassment.”

Sancho gave the order, and all except the majordomo, the head-carver,

and the secretary fell back. Finding herself then in the presence of no

more, the damsel went on to say, “I am the daughter, sirs, of Pedro

Perez Mazorca, the wool-farmer of this town, who is in the habit of

coming very often to my father’s house.”

“That won’t do, señora,” said the majordomo; “for I know Pedro Perez

very well, and I know he has no child at all, either son or daughter;

and besides, though you say he is your father, you add then that he

comes very often to your father’s house.”

“I had already noticed that,” said Sancho.

“I am confused just now, sirs,” said the damsel, “and I don’t know what

I am saying; but the truth is that I am the daughter of Diego de la

Llana, whom you must all know.”

“Ay, that will do,” said the majordomo; “for I know Diego de la Llana,

and know that he is a gentleman of position and a rich man, and that he

has a son and a daughter, and that since he was left a widower nobody

in all this town can speak of having seen his daughter’s face; for he

keeps her so closely shut up that he does not give even the sun a

chance of seeing her; and for all that report says she is extremely

beautiful.”

“It is true,” said the damsel, “and I am that daughter; whether report

lies or not as to my beauty, you, sirs, will have decided by this time,

as you have seen me;” and with this she began to weep bitterly.

On seeing this the secretary leant over to the head-carver’s ear, and

said to him in a low voice, “Something serious has no doubt happened

this poor maiden, that she goes wandering from home in such a dress and

at such an hour, and one of her rank too.” “There can be no doubt about

it,” returned the carver, “and moreover her tears confirm your

suspicion.” Sancho gave her the best comfort he could, and entreated

her to tell them without any fear what had happened her, as they would

all earnestly and by every means in their power endeavour to relieve

her.

“The fact is, sirs,” said she, “that my father has kept me shut up

these ten years, for so long is it since the earth received my mother.

Mass is said at home in a sumptuous chapel, and all this time I have

seen but the sun in the heaven by day, and the moon and the stars by

night; nor do I know what streets are like, or plazas, or churches, or

even men, except my father and a brother I have, and Pedro Perez the

wool-farmer; whom, because he came frequently to our house, I took it

into my head to call my father, to avoid naming my own. This seclusion

and the restrictions laid upon my going out, were it only to church,

have been keeping me unhappy for many a day and month past; I longed to

see the world, or at least the town where I was born, and it did not

seem to me that this wish was inconsistent with the respect maidens of

good quality should have for themselves. When I heard them talking of

bull-fights taking place, and of javelin games, and of acting plays, I

asked my brother, who is a year younger than myself, to tell me what

sort of things these were, and many more that I had never seen; he

explained them to me as well as he could, but the only effect was to

kindle in me a still stronger desire to see them. At last, to cut short

the story of my ruin, I begged and entreated my brother—O that I had

never made such an entreaty—” And once more she gave way to a burst of

weeping.

“Proceed, señora,” said the majordomo, “and finish your story of what

has happened to you, for your words and tears are keeping us all in

suspense.”

“I have but little more to say, though many a tear to shed,” said the

damsel; “for ill-placed desires can only be paid for in some such way.”

The maiden’s beauty had made a deep impression on the head-carver’s

heart, and he again raised his lantern for another look at her, and

thought they were not tears she was shedding, but seed-pearl or dew of

the meadow, nay, he exalted them still higher, and made Oriental pearls

of them, and fervently hoped her misfortune might not be so great a one

as her tears and sobs seemed to indicate. The governor was losing

patience at the length of time the girl was taking to tell her story,

and told her not to keep them waiting any longer; for it was late, and

there still remained a good deal of the town to be gone over.

She, with broken sobs and half-suppressed sighs, went on to say, “My

misfortune, my misadventure, is simply this, that I entreated my

brother to dress me up as a man in a suit of his clothes, and take me

some night, when our father was asleep, to see the whole town; he,

overcome by my entreaties, consented, and dressing me in this suit and

himself in clothes of mine that fitted him as if made for him (for he

has not a hair on his chin, and might pass for a very beautiful young

girl), to-night, about an hour ago, more or less, we left the house,

and guided by our youthful and foolish impulse we made the circuit of

the whole town, and then, as we were about to return home, we saw a

great troop of people coming, and my brother said to me, ‘Sister, this

must be the round, stir your feet and put wings to them, and follow me

as fast as you can, lest they recognise us, for that would be a bad

business for us;’ and so saying he turned about and began, I cannot say

to run but to fly; in less than six paces I fell from fright, and then

the officer of justice came up and carried me before your worships,

where I find myself put to shame before all these people as whimsical

and vicious.”

“So then, señora,” said Sancho, “no other mishap has befallen you, nor

was it jealousy that made you leave home, as you said at the beginning

of your story?”

“Nothing has happened me,” said she, “nor was it jealousy that brought

me out, but merely a longing to see the world, which did not go beyond

seeing the streets of this town.”

The appearance of the tipstaffs with her brother in custody, whom one

of them had overtaken as he ran away from his sister, now fully

confirmed the truth of what the damsel said. He had nothing on but a

rich petticoat and a short blue damask cloak with fine gold lace, and

his head was uncovered and adorned only with its own hair, which looked

like rings of gold, so bright and curly was it. The governor, the

majordomo, and the carver went aside with him, and, unheard by his

sister, asked him how he came to be in that dress, and he with no less

shame and embarrassment told exactly the same story as his sister, to

the great delight of the enamoured carver; the governor, however, said

to them, “In truth, young lady and gentleman, this has been a very

childish affair, and to explain your folly and rashness there was no

necessity for all this delay and all these tears and sighs; for if you

had said we are so-and-so, and we escaped from our father’s house in

this way in order to ramble about, out of mere curiosity and with no

other object, there would have been an end of the matter, and none of

these little sobs and tears and all the rest of it.”

“That is true,” said the damsel, “but you see the confusion I was in

was so great it did not let me behave as I ought.”

“No harm has been done,” said Sancho; “come, we will leave you at your

father’s house; perhaps they will not have missed you; and another time

don’t be so childish or eager to see the world; for a respectable

damsel should have a broken leg and keep at home; and the woman and the

hen by gadding about are soon lost; and she who is eager to see is also

eager to be seen; I say no more.”

The youth thanked the governor for his kind offer to take them home,

and they directed their steps towards the house, which was not far off.

On reaching it the youth threw a pebble up at a grating, and

immediately a woman-servant who was waiting for them came down and

opened the door to them, and they went in, leaving the party marvelling

as much at their grace and beauty as at the fancy they had for seeing

the world by night and without quitting the village; which, however,

they set down to their youth.

The head-carver was left with a heart pierced through and through, and

he made up his mind on the spot to demand the damsel in marriage of her

father on the morrow, making sure she would not be refused him as he

was a servant of the duke’s; and even to Sancho ideas and schemes of

marrying the youth to his daughter Sanchica suggested themselves, and

he resolved to open the negotiation at the proper season, persuading

himself that no husband could be refused to a governor’s daughter. And

so the night’s round came to an end, and a couple of days later the

government, whereby all his plans were overthrown and swept away, as

will be seen farther on.

p49e.jpg (55K)

CHAPTER L.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH WHO THE ENCHANTERS AND EXECUTIONERS WERE WHO

FLOGGED THE DUENNA AND PINCHED DON QUIXOTE, AND ALSO WHAT BEFELL THE

PAGE WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, SANCHO PANZA’S WIFE

p50a.jpg (104K)

Full Size

Cide Hamete, the painstaking investigator of the minute points of this

veracious history, says that when Doña Rodriguez left her own room to

go to Don Quixote’s, another duenna who slept with her observed her,

and as all duennas are fond of prying, listening, and sniffing, she

followed her so silently that the good Rodriguez never perceived it;

and as soon as the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote’s room, not to fail

in a duenna’s invariable practice of tattling, she hurried off that

instant to report to the duchess how Doña Rodriguez was closeted with

Don Quixote. The duchess told the duke, and asked him to let her and

Altisidora go and see what the said duenna wanted with Don Quixote. The

duke gave them leave, and the pair cautiously and quietly crept to the

door of the room and posted themselves so close to it that they could

hear all that was said inside. But when the duchess heard how the

Rodriguez had made public the Aranjuez of her issues she could not

restrain herself, nor Altisidora either; and so, filled with rage and

thirsting for vengeance, they burst into the room and tormented Don

Quixote and flogged the duenna in the manner already described; for

indignities offered to their charms and self-esteem mightily provoke

the anger of women and make them eager for revenge. The duchess told

the duke what had happened, and he was much amused by it; and she, in

pursuance of her design of making merry and diverting herself with Don

Quixote, despatched the page who had played the part of Dulcinea in the

negotiations for her disenchantment (which Sancho Panza in the cares of

government had forgotten all about) to Teresa Panza his wife with her

husband’s letter and another from herself, and also a great string of

fine coral beads as a present.

Now the history says this page was very sharp and quick-witted; and

eager to serve his lord and lady he set off very willingly for Sancho’s

village. Before he entered it he observed a number of women washing in

a brook, and asked them if they could tell him whether there lived

there a woman of the name of Teresa Panza, wife of one Sancho Panza,

squire to a knight called Don Quixote of La Mancha. At the question a

young girl who was washing stood up and said, “Teresa Panza is my

mother, and that Sancho is my father, and that knight is our master.”

“Well then, miss,” said the page, “come and show me where your mother

is, for I bring her a letter and a present from your father.”

“That I will with all my heart, señor,” said the girl, who seemed to be

about fourteen, more or less; and leaving the clothes she was washing

to one of her companions, and without putting anything on her head or

feet, for she was bare-legged and had her hair hanging about her, away

she skipped in front of the page’s horse, saying, “Come, your worship,

our house is at the entrance of the town, and my mother is there,

sorrowful enough at not having had any news of my father this ever so

long.”

“Well,” said the page, “I am bringing her such good news that she will

have reason to thank God.”

And then, skipping, running, and capering, the girl reached the town,

but before going into the house she called out at the door, “Come out,

mother Teresa, come out, come out; here’s a gentleman with letters and

other things from my good father.” At these words her mother Teresa

Panza came out spinning a bundle of flax, in a grey petticoat (so short

was it one would have fancied “they to her shame had cut it short”), a

grey bodice of the same stuff, and a smock. She was not very old,

though plainly past forty, strong, healthy, vigorous, and sun-dried;

and seeing her daughter and the page on horseback, she exclaimed,

“What’s this, child? What gentleman is this?”

“A servant of my lady, Doña Teresa Panza,” replied the page; and

suiting the action to the word he flung himself off his horse, and with

great humility advanced to kneel before the lady Teresa, saying, “Let

me kiss your hand, Señora Doña Teresa, as the lawful and only wife of

Señor Don Sancho Panza, rightful governor of the island of Barataria.”

“Ah, señor, get up, do that,” said Teresa; “for I’m not a bit of a

court lady, but only a poor country woman, the daughter of a

clodcrusher, and the wife of a squire-errant and not of any governor at

all.”

“You are,” said the page, “the most worthy wife of a most arch-worthy

governor; and as a proof of what I say accept this letter and this

present;” and at the same time he took out of his pocket a string of

coral beads with gold clasps, and placed it on her neck, and said,

“This letter is from his lordship the governor, and the other as well

as these coral beads from my lady the duchess, who sends me to your

worship.”

Teresa stood lost in astonishment, and her daughter just as much, and

the girl said, “May I die but our master Don Quixote’s at the bottom of

this; he must have given father the government or county he so often

promised him.”

“That is the truth,” said the page; “for it is through Señor Don

Quixote that Señor Sancho is now governor of the island of Barataria,

as will be seen by this letter.”

“Will your worship read it to me, noble sir?” said Teresa; “for though

I can spin I can’t read, not a scrap.”

“Nor I either,” said Sanchica; “but wait a bit, and I’ll go and fetch

someone who can read it, either the curate himself or the bachelor

Samson Carrasco, and they’ll come gladly to hear any news of my

father.”

“There is no need to fetch anybody,” said the page; “for though I can’t

spin I can read, and I’ll read it;” and so he read it through, but as

it has been already given it is not inserted here; and then he took out

the other one from the duchess, which ran as follows:

Friend Teresa,—Your husband Sancho’s good qualities, of heart as well

as of head, induced and compelled me to request my husband the duke to

give him the government of one of his many islands. I am told he

governs like a gerfalcon, of which I am very glad, and my lord the

duke, of course, also; and I am very thankful to heaven that I have not

made a mistake in choosing him for that same government; for I would

have Señora Teresa know that a good governor is hard to find in this

world and may God make me as good as Sancho’s way of governing.

Herewith I send you, my dear, a string of coral beads with gold clasps;

I wish they were Oriental pearls; but “he who gives thee a bone does

not wish to see thee dead;” a time will come when we shall become

acquainted and meet one another, but God knows the future. Commend me

to your daughter Sanchica, and tell her from me to hold herself in

readiness, for I mean to make a high match for her when she least

expects it. They tell me there are big acorns in your village; send me

a couple of dozen or so, and I shall value them greatly as coming from

your hand; and write to me at length to assure me of your health and

well-being; and if there be anything you stand in need of, it is but to

open your mouth, and that shall be the measure; and so God keep you.

From this place.

Your loving friend,

THE DUCHESS.

“Ah, what a good, plain, lowly lady!” said Teresa when she heard the

letter; “that I may be buried with ladies of that sort, and not the

gentlewomen we have in this town, that fancy because they are

gentlewomen the wind must not touch them, and go to church with as much

airs as if they were queens, no less, and seem to think they are

disgraced if they look at a farmer’s wife! And see here how this good

lady, for all she’s a duchess, calls me ‘friend,’ and treats me as if I

was her equal—and equal may I see her with the tallest church-tower in

La Mancha! And as for the acorns, señor, I’ll send her ladyship a peck

and such big ones that one might come to see them as a show and a

wonder. And now, Sanchica, see that the gentleman is comfortable; put

up his horse, and get some eggs out of the stable, and cut plenty of

bacon, and let’s give him his dinner like a prince; for the good news

he has brought, and his own bonny face deserve it all; and meanwhile

I’ll run out and give the neighbours the news of our good luck, and

father curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, who are and always have

been such friends of thy father’s.”

“That I will, mother,” said Sanchica; “but mind, you must give me half

of that string; for I don’t think my lady the duchess could have been

so stupid as to send it all to you.”

“It is all for thee, my child,” said Teresa; “but let me wear it round

my neck for a few days; for verily it seems to make my heart glad.”

“You will be glad too,” said the page, “when you see the bundle there

is in this portmanteau, for it is a suit of the finest cloth, that the

governor only wore one day out hunting and now sends, all for Señora

Sanchica.”

“May he live a thousand years,” said Sanchica, “and the bearer as many,

nay two thousand, if needful.”

With this Teresa hurried out of the house with the letters, and with

the string of beads round her neck, and went along thrumming the

letters as if they were a tambourine, and by chance coming across the

curate and Samson Carrasco she began capering and saying, “None of us

poor now, faith! We’ve got a little government! Ay, let the finest fine

lady tackle me, and I’ll give her a setting down!”

“What’s all this, Teresa Panza,” said they; “what madness is this, and

what papers are those?”

“The madness is only this,” said she, “that these are the letters of

duchesses and governors, and these I have on my neck are fine coral

beads, with ave-marias and paternosters of beaten gold, and I am a

governess.”

“God help us,” said the curate, “we don’t understand you, Teresa, or

know what you are talking about.”

“There, you may see it yourselves,” said Teresa, and she handed them

the letters.

The curate read them out for Samson Carrasco to hear, and Samson and he

regarded one another with looks of astonishment at what they had read,

and the bachelor asked who had brought the letters. Teresa in reply

bade them come with her to her house and they would see the messenger,

a most elegant youth, who had brought another present which was worth

as much more. The curate took the coral beads from her neck and

examined them again and again, and having satisfied himself as to their

fineness he fell to wondering afresh, and said, “By the gown I wear I

don’t know what to say or think of these letters and presents; on the

one hand I can see and feel the fineness of these coral beads, and on

the other I read how a duchess sends to beg for a couple of dozen of

acorns.”

“Square that if you can,” said Carrasco; “well, let’s go and see the

messenger, and from him we’ll learn something about this mystery that

has turned up.”

They did so, and Teresa returned with them. They found the page sifting

a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon

to be paved with eggs for his dinner. His looks and his handsome

apparel pleased them both greatly; and after they had saluted him

courteously, and he them, Samson begged him to give them his news, as

well of Don Quixote as of Sancho Panza, for, he said, though they had

read the letters from Sancho and her ladyship the duchess, they were

still puzzled and could not make out what was meant by Sancho’s

government, and above all of an island, when all or most of those in

the Mediterranean belonged to his Majesty.

To this the page replied, “As to Señor Sancho Panza’s being a governor

there is no doubt whatever; but whether it is an island or not that he

governs, with that I have nothing to do; suffice it that it is a town

of more than a thousand inhabitants; with regard to the acorns I may

tell you my lady the duchess is so unpretending and unassuming that,

not to speak of sending to beg for acorns from a peasant woman, she has

been known to send to ask for the loan of a comb from one of her

neighbours; for I would have your worships know that the ladies of

Aragon, though they are just as illustrious, are not so punctilious and

haughty as the Castilian ladies; they treat people with greater

familiarity.”

In the middle of this conversation Sanchica came in with her skirt full

of eggs, and said she to the page, “Tell me, señor, does my father wear

trunk-hose since he has been governor?”

“I have not noticed,” said the page; “but no doubt he wears them.”

“Ah! my God!” said Sanchica, “what a sight it must be to see my father

in tights! Isn’t it odd that ever since I was born I have had a longing

to see my father in trunk-hose?”

“As things go you will see that if you live,” said the page; “by God he

is in the way to take the road with a sunshade if the government only

lasts him two months more.”

The curate and the bachelor could see plainly enough that the page

spoke in a waggish vein; but the fineness of the coral beads, and the

hunting suit that Sancho sent (for Teresa had already shown it to them)

did away with the impression; and they could not help laughing at

Sanchica’s wish, and still more when Teresa said, “Señor curate, look

about if there’s anybody here going to Madrid or Toledo, to buy me a

hooped petticoat, a proper fashionable one of the best quality; for

indeed and indeed I must do honour to my husband’s government as well

as I can; nay, if I am put to it and have to, I’ll go to Court and set

a coach like all the world; for she who has a governor for her husband

may very well have one and keep one.”

“And why not, mother!” said Sanchica; “would to God it were to-day

instead of to-morrow, even though they were to say when they saw me

seated in the coach with my mother, ‘See that rubbish, that

garlic-stuffed fellow’s daughter, how she goes stretched at her ease in

a coach as if she was a she-pope!’ But let them tramp through the mud,

and let me go in my coach with my feet off the ground. Bad luck to

backbiters all over the world; ‘let me go warm and the people may

laugh.’ Do I say right, mother?”

“To be sure you do, my child,” said Teresa; “and all this good luck,

and even more, my good Sancho foretold me; and thou wilt see, my

daughter, he won’t stop till he has made me a countess; for to make a

beginning is everything in luck; and as I have heard thy good father

say many a time (for besides being thy father he’s the father of

proverbs too), ‘When they offer thee a heifer, run with a halter; when

they offer thee a government, take it; when they would give thee a

county, seize it; when they say, “Here, here!” to thee with something

good, swallow it.’ Oh no! go to sleep, and don’t answer the strokes of

good fortune and the lucky chances that are knocking at the door of

your house!”

“And what do I care,” added Sanchica, “whether anybody says when he

sees me holding my head up, ‘The dog saw himself in hempen breeches,’

and the rest of it?”

Hearing this the curate said, “I do believe that all this family of the

Panzas are born with a sackful of proverbs in their insides, every one

of them; I never saw one of them that does not pour them out at all

times and on all occasions.”

“That is true,” said the page, “for Señor Governor Sancho utters them

at every turn; and though a great many of them are not to the purpose,

still they amuse one, and my lady the duchess and the duke praise them

highly.”

“Then you still maintain that all this about Sancho’s government is

true, señor,” said the bachelor, “and that there actually is a duchess

who sends him presents and writes to him? Because we, although we have

handled the present and read the letters, don’t believe it and suspect

it to be something in the line of our fellow-townsman Don Quixote, who

fancies that everything is done by enchantment; and for this reason I

am almost ready to say that I’d like to touch and feel your worship to

see whether you are a mere ambassador of the imagination or a man of

flesh and blood.”

“All I know, sirs,” replied the page, “is that I am a real ambassador,

and that Señor Sancho Panza is governor as a matter of fact, and that

my lord and lady the duke and duchess can give, and have given him this

same government, and that I have heard it said Sancho Panza bears

himself very stoutly therein; whether there be any enchantment in all

this or not, it is for your worships to settle between you; for that’s

all I know by the oath I swear, and that is by the life of my parents

whom I have still alive, and love dearly.”

“It may be so,” said the bachelor; “but \_dubitat Augustinus\_.”

“Doubt who will,” said the page; “what I have told you is the truth,

and that will always rise above falsehood as oil above water; if not

\_operibus credite, et non verbis\_. Let one of you come with me, and he

will see with his eyes what he does not believe with his ears.”

“It’s for me to make that trip,” said Sanchica; “take me with you,

señor, behind you on your horse; for I’ll go with all my heart to see

my father.”

“Governors’ daughters,” said the page, “must not travel along the roads

alone, but accompanied by coaches and litters and a great number of

attendants.”

“By God,” said Sanchica, “I can go just as well mounted on a she-ass as

in a coach; what a dainty lass you must take me for!”

“Hush, girl,” said Teresa; “you don’t know what you’re talking about;

the gentleman is quite right, for ‘as the time so the behaviour;’ when

it was Sancho it was ‘Sancha;’ when it is governor it’s ‘señora;’ I

don’t know if I’m right.”

“Señora Teresa says more than she is aware of,” said the page; “and now

give me something to eat and let me go at once, for I mean to return

this evening.”

“Come and do penance with me,” said the curate at this; “for Señora

Teresa has more will than means to serve so worthy a guest.”

The page refused, but had to consent at last for his own sake; and the

curate took him home with him very gladly, in order to have an

opportunity of questioning him at leisure about Don Quixote and his

doings. The bachelor offered to write the letters in reply for Teresa;

but she did not care to let him mix himself up in her affairs, for she

thought him somewhat given to joking; and so she gave a cake and a

couple of eggs to a young acolyte who was a penman, and he wrote for

her two letters, one for her husband and the other for the duchess,

dictated out of her own head, which are not the worst inserted in this

great history, as will be seen farther on.

p50e.jpg (19K)

CHAPTER LI.

OF THE PROGRESS OF SANCHO’S GOVERNMENT, AND OTHER SUCH ENTERTAINING

MATTERS

p51a.jpg (188K)

Full Size

Day came after the night of the governor’s round; a night which the

head-carver passed without sleeping, so were his thoughts of the face

and air and beauty of the disguised damsel, while the majordomo spent

what was left of it in writing an account to his lord and lady of all

Sancho said and did, being as much amazed at his sayings as at his

doings, for there was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in all his

words and deeds. The señor governor got up, and by Doctor Pedro Recio’s

directions they made him break his fast on a little conserve and four

sups of cold water, which Sancho would have readily exchanged for a

piece of bread and a bunch of grapes; but seeing there was no help for

it, he submitted with no little sorrow of heart and discomfort of

stomach; Pedro Recio having persuaded him that light and delicate diet

enlivened the wits, and that was what was most essential for persons

placed in command and in responsible situations, where they have to

employ not only the bodily powers but those of the mind also.

By means of this sophistry Sancho was made to endure hunger, and hunger

so keen that in his heart he cursed the government, and even him who

had given it to him; however, with his hunger and his conserve he

undertook to deliver judgments that day, and the first thing that came

before him was a question that was submitted to him by a stranger, in

the presence of the majordomo and the other attendants, and it was in

these words: “Señor, a large river separated two districts of one and

the same lordship—will your worship please to pay attention, for the

case is an important and a rather knotty one? Well then, on this river

there was a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows, and a sort of

tribunal, where four judges commonly sat to administer the law which

the lord of river, bridge and the lordship had enacted, and which was

to this effect, ‘If anyone crosses by this bridge from one side to the

other he shall declare on oath where he is going to and with what

object; and if he swears truly, he shall be allowed to pass, but if

falsely, he shall be put to death for it by hanging on the gallows

erected there, without any remission.’ Though the law and its severe

penalty were known, many persons crossed, but in their declarations it

was easy to see at once they were telling the truth, and the judges let

them pass free. It happened, however, that one man, when they came to

take his declaration, swore and said that by the oath he took he was

going to die upon that gallows that stood there, and nothing else. The

judges held a consultation over the oath, and they said, ‘If we let

this man pass free he has sworn falsely, and by the law he ought to

die; but if we hang him, as he swore he was going to die on that

gallows, and therefore swore the truth, by the same law he ought to go

free.’ It is asked of your worship, señor governor, what are the judges

to do with this man? For they are still in doubt and perplexity; and

having heard of your worship’s acute and exalted intellect, they have

sent me to entreat your worship on their behalf to give your opinion on

this very intricate and puzzling case.”

To this Sancho made answer, “Indeed those gentlemen the judges that

send you to me might have spared themselves the trouble, for I have

more of the obtuse than the acute in me; but repeat the case over

again, so that I may understand it, and then perhaps I may be able to

hit the point.”

The querist repeated again and again what he had said before, and then

Sancho said, “It seems to me I can set the matter right in a moment,

and in this way; the man swears that he is going to die upon the

gallows; but if he dies upon it, he has sworn the truth, and by the law

enacted deserves to go free and pass over the bridge; but if they don’t

hang him, then he has sworn falsely, and by the same law deserves to be

hanged.”

“It is as the señor governor says,” said the messenger; “and as regards

a complete comprehension of the case, there is nothing left to desire

or hesitate about.”

“Well then I say,” said Sancho, “that of this man they should let pass

the part that has sworn truly, and hang the part that has lied; and in

this way the conditions of the passage will be fully complied with.”

“But then, señor governor,” replied the querist, “the man will have to

be divided into two parts; and if he is divided of course he will die;

and so none of the requirements of the law will be carried out, and it

is absolutely necessary to comply with it.”

“Look here, my good sir,” said Sancho; “either I’m a numskull or else

there is the same reason for this passenger dying as for his living and

passing over the bridge; for if the truth saves him the falsehood

equally condemns him; and that being the case it is my opinion you

should say to the gentlemen who sent you to me that as the arguments

for condemning him and for absolving him are exactly balanced, they

should let him pass freely, as it is always more praiseworthy to do

good than to do evil; this I would give signed with my name if I knew

how to sign; and what I have said in this case is not out of my own

head, but one of the many precepts my master Don Quixote gave me the

night before I left to become governor of this island, that came into

my mind, and it was this, that when there was any doubt about the

justice of a case I should lean to mercy; and it is God’s will that I

should recollect it now, for it fits this case as if it was made for

it.”

“That is true,” said the majordomo; “and I maintain that Lycurgus

himself, who gave laws to the Lacedemonians, could not have pronounced

a better decision than the great Panza has given; let the morning’s

audience close with this, and I will see that the señor governor has

dinner entirely to his liking.”

“That’s all I ask for—fair play,” said Sancho; “give me my dinner, and

then let it rain cases and questions on me, and I’ll despatch them in a

twinkling.”

The majordomo kept his word, for he felt it against his conscience to

kill so wise a governor by hunger; particularly as he intended to have

done with him that same night, playing off the last joke he was

commissioned to practise upon him.

It came to pass, then, that after he had dined that day, in opposition

to the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as they were taking

away the cloth there came a courier with a letter from Don Quixote for

the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary to read it to himself, and

if there was nothing in it that demanded secrecy to read it aloud. The

secretary did so, and after he had skimmed the contents he said, “It

may well be read aloud, for what Señor Don Quixote writes to your

worship deserves to be printed or written in letters of gold, and it is

as follows.”

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA’S LETTER TO SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE

ISLAND OF BARATARIA.

When I was expecting to hear of thy stupidities and blunders, friend

Sancho, I have received intelligence of thy displays of good sense, for

which I give special thanks to heaven that can raise the poor from the

dunghill and of fools to make wise men. They tell me thou dost govern

as if thou wert a man, and art a man as if thou wert a beast, so great

is the humility wherewith thou dost comport thyself. But I would have

thee bear in mind, Sancho, that very often it is fitting and necessary

for the authority of office to resist the humility of the heart; for

the seemly array of one who is invested with grave duties should be

such as they require and not measured by what his own humble tastes may

lead him to prefer. Dress well; a stick dressed up does not look like a

stick; I do not say thou shouldst wear trinkets or fine raiment, or

that being a judge thou shouldst dress like a soldier, but that thou

shouldst array thyself in the apparel thy office requires, and that at

the same time it be neat and handsome. To win the good-will of the

people thou governest there are two things, among others, that thou

must do; one is to be civil to all (this, however, I told thee before),

and the other to take care that food be abundant, for there is nothing

that vexes the heart of the poor more than hunger and high prices. Make

not many proclamations; but those thou makest take care that they be

good ones, and above all that they be observed and carried out; for

proclamations that are not observed are the same as if they did not

exist; nay, they encourage the idea that the prince who had the wisdom

and authority to make them had not the power to enforce them; and laws

that threaten and are not enforced come to be like the log, the king of

the frogs, that frightened them at first, but that in time they

despised and mounted upon. Be a father to virtue and a stepfather to

vice. Be not always strict, nor yet always lenient, but observe a mean

between these two extremes, for in that is the aim of wisdom. Visit the

gaols, the slaughter-houses, and the market-places; for the presence of

the governor is of great importance in such places; it comforts the

prisoners who are in hopes of a speedy release, it is the bugbear of

the butchers who have then to give just weight, and it is the terror of

the market-women for the same reason. Let it not be seen that thou art

(even if perchance thou art, which I do not believe) covetous, a

follower of women, or a glutton; for when the people and those that

have dealings with thee become aware of thy special weakness they will

bring their batteries to bear upon thee in that quarter, till they have

brought thee down to the depths of perdition. Consider and reconsider,

con and con over again the advices and the instructions I gave thee

before thy departure hence to thy government, and thou wilt see that in

them, if thou dost follow them, thou hast a help at hand that will

lighten for thee the troubles and difficulties that beset governors at

every step. 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 we know of; and he who is grateful to those who have been good to

him shows that he will be so to God also who has bestowed and still

bestows so many blessings upon him.

My lady the duchess sent off a messenger with thy suit and another

present to thy wife Teresa Panza; we expect the answer every

moment. I have been a little indisposed through a certain

scratching I came in for, not very much to the benefit of my nose;

but it was nothing; for if there are enchanters who maltreat me,

there are also some who defend me. Let me know if the majordomo who

is with thee had any share in the Trifaldi performance, as thou

didst suspect; and keep me informed of everything that happens

thee, as the distance is so short; all the more as I am thinking of

giving over very shortly this idle life I am now leading, for I was

not born for it. A thing has occurred to me which I am inclined to

think will put me out of favour with the duke and duchess; but

though I am sorry for it I do not care, for after all I must obey

my calling rather than their pleasure, in accordance with the

common saying, \_amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas\_. I quote

this Latin to thee because I conclude that since thou hast been a

governor thou wilt have learned it. Adieu; God keep thee from being

an object of pity to anyone.

Thy friend,

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

Sancho listened to the letter with great attention, and it was praised

and considered wise by all who heard it; he then rose up from table,

and calling his secretary shut himself in with him in his own room, and

without putting it off any longer set about answering his master Don

Quixote at once; and he bade the secretary write down what he told him

without adding or suppressing anything, which he did, and the answer

was to the following effect.

SANCHO PANZA’S LETTER TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA.

The pressure of business is so great upon me that I have no time to

scratch my head or even to cut my nails; and I have them so long—God

send a remedy for it. I say this, master of my soul, that you may not

be surprised if I have not until now sent you word of how I fare, well

or ill, in this government, in which I am suffering more hunger than

when we two were wandering through the woods and wastes.

My lord the duke wrote to me the other day to warn me that certain

spies had got into this island to kill me; but up to the present I

have not found out any except a certain doctor who receives a

salary in this town for killing all the governors that come here;

he is called Doctor Pedro Recio, and is from Tirteafuera; so you

see what a name he has to make me dread dying under his hands. This

doctor says of himself that he does not cure diseases when there

are any, but prevents them coming, and the medicines he uses are

diet and more diet until he brings one down to bare bones; as if

leanness was not worse than fever.

In short he is killing me with hunger, and I am dying myself of

vexation; for when I thought I was coming to this government to get

my meat hot and my drink cool, and take my ease between holland

sheets on feather beds, I find I have come to do penance as if I

was a hermit; and as I don’t do it willingly I suspect that in the

end the devil will carry me off.

So far I have not handled any dues or taken any bribes, and I don’t

know what to think of it; for here they tell me that the governors

that come to this island, before entering it have plenty of money

either given to them or lent to them by the people of the town, and

that this is the usual custom not only here but with all who enter

upon governments.

Last night going the rounds I came upon a fair damsel in man’s

clothes, and a brother of hers dressed as a woman; my head-carver

has fallen in love with the girl, and has in his own mind chosen

her for a wife, so he says, and I have chosen the youth for a

son-in-law; to-day we are going to explain our intentions to the

father of the pair, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and

an old Christian as much as you please.

I have visited the market-places, as your worship advises me, and

yesterday I found a stall-keeper selling new hazel nuts and proved

her to have mixed a bushel of old empty rotten nuts with a bushel

of new; I confiscated the whole for the children of the

charity-school, who will know how to distinguish them well enough,

and I sentenced her not to come into the market-place for a

fortnight; they told me I did bravely. I can tell your worship it

is commonly said in this town that there are no people worse than

the market-women, for they are all barefaced, unconscionable, and

impudent, and I can well believe it from what I have seen of them

in other towns.

I am very glad my lady the duchess has written to my wife Teresa

Panza and sent her the present your worship speaks of; and I will

strive to show myself grateful when the time comes; kiss her hands

for me, and tell her I say she has not thrown it into a sack with a

hole in it, as she will see in the end. I should not like your

worship to have any difference with my lord and lady; for if you

fall out with them it is plain it must do me harm; and as you give

me advice to be grateful it will not do for your worship not to be

so yourself to those who have shown you such kindness, and by whom

you have been treated so hospitably in their castle.

That about the scratching I don’t understand; but I suppose it must

be one of the ill-turns the wicked enchanters are always doing your

worship; when we meet I shall know all about it. I wish I could

send your worship something; but I don’t know what to send, unless

it be some very curious clyster pipes, to work with bladders, that

they make in this island; but if the office remains with me I’ll

find out something to send, one way or another. If my wife Teresa

Panza writes to me, pay the postage and send me the letter, for I

have a very great desire to hear how my house and wife and children

are going on. And so, may God deliver your worship from evil-minded

enchanters, and bring me well and peacefully out of this

government, which I doubt, for I expect to take leave of it and my

life together, from the way Doctor Pedro Recio treats me.

Your worship’s servant

SANCHO PANZA THE GOVERNOR.

The secretary sealed the letter, and immediately dismissed the courier;

and those who were carrying on the joke against Sancho putting their

heads together arranged how he was to be dismissed from the government.

Sancho spent the afternoon in drawing up certain ordinances relating to

the good government of what he fancied the island; and he ordained that

there were to be no provision hucksters in the State, and that men

might import wine into it from any place they pleased, provided they

declared the quarter it came from, so that a price might be put upon it

according to its quality, reputation, and the estimation it was held

in; and he that watered his wine, or changed the name, was to forfeit

his life for it. He reduced the prices of all manner of shoes, boots,

and stockings, but of shoes in particular, as they seemed to him to run

extravagantly high. He established a fixed rate for servants’ wages,

which were becoming recklessly exorbitant. He laid extremely heavy

penalties upon those who sang lewd or loose songs either by day or

night. He decreed that no blind man should sing of any miracle in

verse, unless he could produce authentic evidence that it was true, for

it was his opinion that most of those the blind men sing are trumped

up, to the detriment of the true ones. He established and created an

alguacil of the poor, not to harass them, but to examine them and see

whether they really were so; for many a sturdy thief or drunkard goes

about under cover of a make-believe crippled limb or a sham sore. In a

word, he made so many good rules that to this day they are preserved

there, and are called \_The constitutions of the great governor Sancho

Panza\_.

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CHAPTER LII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE SECOND DISTRESSED OR AFFLICTED

DUENNA, OTHERWISE CALLED DOÑA RODRIGUEZ

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Full Size

Cide Hamete relates that Don Quixote being now cured of his scratches

felt that the life he was leading in the castle was entirely

inconsistent with the order of chivalry he professed, so he determined

to ask the duke and duchess to permit him to take his departure for

Saragossa, as the time of the festival was now drawing near, and he

hoped to win there the suit of armour which is the prize at festivals

of the sort. But one day at table with the duke and duchess, just as he

was about to carry his resolution into effect and ask for their

permission, lo and behold suddenly there came in through the door of

the great hall two women, as they afterwards proved to be, draped in

mourning from head to foot, one of whom approaching Don Quixote flung

herself at full length at his feet, pressing her lips to them, and

uttering moans so sad, so deep, and so doleful that she put all who

heard and saw her into a state of perplexity; and though the duke and

duchess supposed it must be some joke their servants were playing off

upon Don Quixote, still the earnest way the woman sighed and moaned and

wept puzzled them and made them feel uncertain, until Don Quixote,

touched with compassion, raised her up and made her unveil herself and

remove the mantle from her tearful face. She complied and disclosed

what no one could have ever anticipated, for she disclosed the

countenance of Doña Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; the other

female in mourning being her daughter, who had been made a fool of by

the rich farmer’s son. All who knew her were filled with astonishment,

and the duke and duchess more than any; for though they thought her a

simpleton and a weak creature, they did not think her capable of crazy

pranks. Doña Rodriguez, at length, turning to her master and mistress

said to them, “Will your excellences be pleased to permit me to speak

to this gentleman for a moment, for it is requisite I should do so in

order to get successfully out of the business in which the boldness of

an evil-minded clown has involved me?”

The duke said that for his part he gave her leave, and that she might

speak with Señor Don Quixote as much as she liked.

She then, turning to Don Quixote and addressing herself to him said,

“Some days since, valiant knight, I gave you an account of the

injustice and treachery of a wicked farmer to my dearly beloved

daughter, the unhappy damsel here before you, and you promised me to

take her part and right the wrong that has been done her; but now it

has come to my hearing that you are about to depart from this castle in

quest of such fair adventures as God may vouchsafe to you; therefore,

before you take the road, I would that you challenge this froward

rustic, and compel him to marry my daughter in fulfillment of the

promise he gave her to become her husband before he seduced her; for to

expect that my lord the duke will do me justice is to ask pears from

the elm tree, for the reason I stated privately to your worship; and so

may our Lord grant you good health and forsake us not.”

To these words Don Quixote replied very gravely and solemnly, “Worthy

duenna, check your tears, or rather dry them, and spare your sighs, for

I take it upon myself to obtain redress for your daughter, for whom it

would have been better not to have been so ready to believe lovers’

promises, which are for the most part quickly made and very slowly

performed; and so, with my lord the duke’s leave, I will at once go in

quest of this inhuman youth, and will find him out and challenge him

and slay him, if so be he refuses to keep his promised word; for the

chief object of my profession is to spare the humble and chastise the

proud; I mean, to help the distressed and destroy the oppressors.”

“There is no necessity,” said the duke, “for your worship to take the

trouble of seeking out the rustic of whom this worthy duenna complains,

nor is there any necessity, either, for asking my leave to challenge

him; for I admit him duly challenged, and will take care that he is

informed of the challenge, and accepts it, and comes to answer it in

person to this castle of mine, where I shall afford to both a fair

field, observing all the conditions which are usually and properly

observed in such trials, and observing too justice to both sides, as

all princes who offer a free field to combatants within the limits of

their lordships are bound to do.”

“Then with that assurance and your highness’s good leave,” said Don

Quixote, “I hereby for this once waive my privilege of gentle blood,

and come down and put myself on a level with the lowly birth of the

wrong-doer, making myself equal with him and enabling him to enter into

combat with me; and so, I challenge and defy him, though absent, on the

plea of his malfeasance in breaking faith with this poor damsel, who

was a maiden and now by his misdeed is none; and say that he shall

fulfill the promise he gave her to become her lawful husband, or else

stake his life upon the question.”

And then plucking off a glove he threw it down in the middle of the

hall, and the duke picked it up, saying, as he had said before, that he

accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal, and fixed six days

thence as the time, the courtyard of the castle as the place, and for

arms the customary ones of knights, lance and shield and full armour,

with all the other accessories, without trickery, guile, or charms of

any sort, and examined and passed by the judges of the field. “But

first of all,” he said, “it is requisite that this worthy duenna and

unworthy damsel should place their claim for justice in the hands of

Don Quixote; for otherwise nothing can be done, nor can the said

challenge be brought to a lawful issue.”

“I do so place it,” replied the duenna.

“And I too,” added her daughter, all in tears and covered with shame

and confusion.

This declaration having been made, and the duke having settled in his

own mind what he would do in the matter, the ladies in black withdrew,

and the duchess gave orders that for the future they were not to be

treated as servants of hers, but as lady adventurers who came to her

house to demand justice; so they gave them a room to themselves and

waited on them as they would on strangers, to the consternation of the

other women-servants, who did not know where the folly and imprudence

of Doña Rodriguez and her unlucky daughter would stop.

And now, to complete the enjoyment of the feast and bring the dinner to

a satisfactory end, lo and behold the page who had carried the letters

and presents to Teresa Panza, the wife of the governor Sancho, entered

the hall; and the duke and duchess were very well pleased to see him,

being anxious to know the result of his journey; but when they asked

him the page said in reply that he could not give it before so many

people or in a few words, and begged their excellences to be pleased to

let it wait for a private opportunity, and in the meantime amuse

themselves with these letters; and taking out the letters he placed

them in the duchess’s hand. One bore by way of address, \_Letter for my

lady the Duchess So-and-so, of I don’t know where; and the other To my

husband Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, whom God

prosper longer than me\_. The duchess’s bread would not bake, as the

saying is, until she had read her letter; and having looked over it

herself and seen that it might be read aloud for the duke and all

present to hear, she read out as follows.

TERESA PANZA’S LETTER TO THE DUCHESS.

The letter your highness wrote me, my lady, gave me great pleasure, for

indeed I found it very welcome. The string of coral beads is very fine,

and my husband’s hunting suit does not fall short of it. All this

village is very much pleased that your ladyship has made a governor of

my good man Sancho; though nobody will believe it, particularly the

curate, and Master Nicholas the barber, and the bachelor Samson

Carrasco; but I don’t care for that, for so long as it is true, as it

is, they may all say what they like; though, to tell the truth, if the

coral beads and the suit had not come I would not have believed it

either; for in this village everybody thinks my husband a numskull, and

except for governing a flock of goats, they cannot fancy what sort of

government he can be fit for. God grant it, and direct him according as

he sees his children stand in need of it. I am resolved with your

worship’s leave, lady of my soul, to make the most of this fair day,

and go to Court to stretch myself at ease in a coach, and make all

those I have envying me already burst their eyes out; so I beg your

excellence to order my husband to send me a small trifle of money, and

to let it be something to speak of, because one’s expenses are heavy at

the Court; for a loaf costs a real, and meat thirty maravedis a pound,

which is beyond everything; and if he does not want me to go let him

tell me in time, for my feet are on the fidgets to be off; and my

friends and neighbours tell me that if my daughter and I make a figure

and a brave show at Court, my husband will come to be known far more by

me than I by him, for of course plenty of people will ask, “Who are

those ladies in that coach?” and some servant of mine will answer, “The

wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the island of

Barataria;” and in this way Sancho will become known, and I’ll be

thought well of, and “to Rome for everything.” I am as vexed as vexed

can be that they have gathered no acorns this year in our village; for

all that I send your highness about half a peck that I went to the wood

to gather and pick out one by one myself, and I could find no bigger

ones; I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

Let not your high mightiness forget to write to me; and I will take

care to answer, and let you know how I am, and whatever news there

may be in this place, where I remain, praying our Lord to have your

highness in his keeping and not to forget me.

Sancha my daughter, and my son, kiss your worship’s hands.

She who would rather see your ladyship than write to you,

Your servant,

TERESA PANZA.

All were greatly amused by Teresa Panza’s letter, but particularly the

duke and duchess; and the duchess asked Don Quixote’s opinion whether

they might open the letter that had come for the governor, which she

suspected must be very good. Don Quixote said that to gratify them he

would open it, and did so, and found that it ran as follows.

TERESA PANZA’S LETTER TO HER HUSBAND SANCHO PANZA.

I got thy letter, Sancho of my soul, and I promise thee and swear as a

Catholic Christian that I was within two fingers’ breadth of going mad

I was so happy. I can tell thee, brother, when I came to hear that thou

wert a governor I thought I should have dropped dead with pure joy; and

thou knowest they say sudden joy kills as well as great sorrow; and as

for Sanchica thy daughter, she leaked from sheer happiness. I had

before me the suit thou didst send me, and the coral beads my lady the

duchess sent me round my neck, and the letters in my hands, and there

was the bearer of them standing by, and in spite of all this I verily

believed and thought that what I saw and handled was all a dream; for

who could have thought that a goatherd would come to be a governor of

islands? Thou knowest, my friend, what my mother used to say, that one

must live long to see much; I say it because I expect to see more if I

live longer; for I don’t expect to stop until I see thee a farmer of

taxes or a collector of revenue, which are offices where, though the

devil carries off those who make a bad use of them, still they make and

handle money. My lady the duchess will tell thee the desire I have to

go to the Court; consider the matter and let me know thy pleasure; I

will try to do honour to thee by going in a coach.

Neither the curate, nor the barber, nor the bachelor, nor even the

sacristan, can believe that thou art a governor, and they say the

whole thing is a delusion or an enchantment affair, like everything

belonging to thy master Don Quixote; and Samson says he must go in

search of thee and drive the government out of thy head and the

madness out of Don Quixote’s skull; I only laugh, and look at my

string of beads, and plan out the dress I am going to make for our

daughter out of thy suit. I sent some acorns to my lady the

duchess; I wish they had been gold. Send me some strings of pearls

if they are in fashion in that island. Here is the news of the

village; La Berrueca has married her daughter to a good-for-nothing

painter, who came here to paint anything that might turn up. The

council gave him an order to paint his Majesty’s arms over the door

of the town-hall; he asked two ducats, which they paid him in

advance; he worked for eight days, and at the end of them had

nothing painted, and then said he had no turn for painting such

trifling things; he returned the money, and for all that has

married on the pretence of being a good workman; to be sure he has

now laid aside his paint-brush and taken a spade in hand, and goes

to the field like a gentleman. Pedro Lobo’s son has received the

first orders and tonsure, with the intention of becoming a priest.

Minguilla, Mingo Silvato’s granddaughter, found it out, and has

gone to law with him on the score of having given her promise of

marriage. Evil tongues say she is with child by him, but he denies

it stoutly. There are no olives this year, and there is not a drop

of vinegar to be had in the whole village. A company of soldiers

passed through here; when they left they took away with them three

of the girls of the village; I will not tell thee who they are;

perhaps they will come back, and they will be sure to find those

who will take them for wives with all their blemishes, good or bad.

Sanchica is making bonelace; she earns eight maravedis a day clear,

which she puts into a moneybox as a help towards house furnishing;

but now that she is a governor’s daughter thou wilt give her a

portion without her working for it. The fountain in the plaza has

run dry. A flash of lightning struck the gibbet, and I wish they

all lit there. I look for an answer to this, and to know thy mind

about my going to the Court; and so, God keep thee longer than me,

or as long, for I would not leave thee in this world without me.

Thy wife,

TERESA PANZA.

The letters were applauded, laughed over, relished, and admired; and

then, as if to put the seal to the business, the courier arrived,

bringing the one Sancho sent to Don Quixote, and this, too, was read

out, and it raised some doubts as to the governor’s simplicity. The

duchess withdrew to hear from the page about his adventures in Sancho’s

village, which he narrated at full length without leaving a single

circumstance unmentioned. He gave her the acorns, and also a cheese

which Teresa had given him as being particularly good and superior to

those of Tronchon. The duchess received it with greatest delight, in

which we will leave her, to describe the end of the government of the

great Sancho Panza, flower and mirror of all governors of islands.

p52e.jpg (13K)

CHAPTER LIII.

OF THE TROUBLOUS END AND TERMINATION SANCHO PANZA’S GOVERNMENT CAME TO

p53a.jpg (109K)

Full Size

To fancy that in this life anything belonging to it will remain for

ever in the same state is an idle fancy; on the contrary, in it

everything seems to go in a circle, I mean round and round. The spring

succeeds the summer, the summer the fall, the fall the autumn, the

autumn the winter, and the winter the spring, and so time rolls with

never-ceasing wheel. Man’s life alone, swifter than time, speeds onward

to its end without any hope of renewal, save it be in that other life

which is endless and boundless. Thus saith Cide Hamete the Mahometan

philosopher; for there are many that by the light of nature alone,

without the light of faith, have a comprehension of the fleeting nature

and instability of this present life and the endless duration of that

eternal life we hope for; but our author is here speaking of the

rapidity with which Sancho’s government came to an end, melted away,

disappeared, vanished as it were in smoke and shadow. For as he lay in

bed on the night of the seventh day of his government, sated, not with

bread and wine, but with delivering judgments and giving opinions and

making laws and proclamations, just as sleep, in spite of hunger, was

beginning to close his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bell-ringing

and shouting that one would have fancied the whole island was going to

the bottom. He sat up in bed and remained listening intently to try if

he could make out what could be the cause of so great an uproar; not

only, however, was he unable to discover what it was, but as countless

drums and trumpets now helped to swell the din of the bells and shouts,

he was more puzzled than ever, and filled with fear and terror; and

getting up he put on a pair of slippers because of the dampness of the

floor, and without throwing a dressing gown or anything of the kind

over him he rushed out of the door of his room, just in time to see

approaching along a corridor a band of more than twenty persons with

lighted torches and naked swords in their hands, all shouting out, “To

arms, to arms, señor governor, to arms! The enemy is in the island in

countless numbers, and we are lost unless your skill and valour come to

our support.”

Keeping up this noise, tumult, and uproar, they came to where Sancho

stood dazed and bewildered by what he saw and heard, and as they

approached one of them called out to him, “Arm at once, your lordship,

if you would not have yourself destroyed and the whole island lost.”

“What have I to do with arming?” said Sancho. “What do I know about

arms or supports? Better leave all that to my master Don Quixote, who

will settle it and make all safe in a trice; for I, sinner that I am,

God help me, don’t understand these scuffles.”

“Ah, señor governor,” said another, “what slackness of mettle this is!

Arm yourself; here are arms for you, offensive and defensive; come out

to the plaza and be our leader and captain; it falls upon you by right,

for you are our governor.”

“Arm me then, in God’s name,” said Sancho, and they at once produced

two large shields they had come provided with, and placed them upon him

over his shirt, without letting him put on anything else, one shield in

front and the other behind, and passing his arms through openings they

had made, they bound him tight with ropes, so that there he was walled

and boarded up as straight as a spindle and unable to bend his knees or

stir a single step. In his hand they placed a lance, on which he leant

to keep himself from falling, and as soon as they had him thus fixed

they bade him march forward and lead them on and give them all courage;

for with him for their guide and lamp and morning star, they were sure

to bring their business to a successful issue.

p53b.jpg (332K)

Full Size

“How am I to march, unlucky being that I am?” said Sancho, “when I

can’t stir my knee-caps, for these boards I have bound so tight to my

body won’t let me. What you must do is carry me in your arms, and lay

me across or set me upright in some postern, and I’ll hold it either

with this lance or with my body.”

“On, señor governor!” cried another, “it is fear more than the boards

that keeps you from moving; make haste, stir yourself, for there is no

time to lose; the enemy is increasing in numbers, the shouts grow

louder, and the danger is pressing.”

Urged by these exhortations and reproaches the poor governor made an

attempt to advance, but fell to the ground with such a crash that he

fancied he had broken himself all to pieces. There he lay like a

tortoise enclosed in its shell, or a side of bacon between two

kneading-troughs, or a boat bottom up on the beach; nor did the gang of

jokers feel any compassion for him when they saw him down; so far from

that, extinguishing their torches they began to shout afresh and to

renew the calls to arms with such energy, trampling on poor Sancho, and

slashing at him over the shield with their swords in such a way that,

if he had not gathered himself together and made himself small and

drawn in his head between the shields, it would have fared badly with

the poor governor, as, squeezed into that narrow compass, he lay,

sweating and sweating again, and commending himself with all his heart

to God to deliver him from his present peril. Some stumbled over him,

others fell upon him, and one there was who took up a position on top

of him for some time, and from thence as if from a watchtower issued

orders to the troops, shouting out, “Here, our side! Here the enemy is

thickest! Hold the breach there! Shut that gate! Barricade those

ladders! Here with your stink-pots of pitch and resin, and kettles of

boiling oil! Block the streets with feather beds!” In short, in his

ardour he mentioned every little thing, and every implement and engine

of war by means of which an assault upon a city is warded off, while

the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard and suffered all, was saying

to himself, “O if it would only please the Lord to let the island be

lost at once, and I could see myself either dead or out of this

torture!” Heaven heard his prayer, and when he least expected it he

heard voices exclaiming, “Victory, victory! The enemy retreats beaten!

Come, señor governor, get up, and come and enjoy the victory, and

divide the spoils that have been won from the foe by the might of that

invincible arm.”

“Lift me up,” said the wretched Sancho in a woebegone voice. They

helped him to rise, and as soon as he was on his feet said, “The enemy

I have beaten you may nail to my forehead; I don’t want to divide the

spoils of the foe, I only beg and entreat some friend, if I have one,

to give me a sup of wine, for I’m parched with thirst, and wipe me dry,

for I’m turning to water.”

They rubbed him down, fetched him wine and unbound the shields, and he

seated himself upon his bed, and with fear, agitation, and fatigue he

fainted away. Those who had been concerned in the joke were now sorry

they had pushed it so far; however, the anxiety his fainting away had

caused them was relieved by his returning to himself. He asked what

o’clock it was; they told him it was just daybreak. He said no more,

and in silence began to dress himself, while all watched him, waiting

to see what the haste with which he was putting on his clothes meant.

p53c.jpg (389K)

Full Size

He got himself dressed at last, and then, slowly, for he was sorely

bruised and could not go fast, he proceeded to the stable, followed by

all who were present, and going up to Dapple embraced him and gave him

a loving kiss on the forehead, and said to him, not without tears in

his eyes, “Come along, comrade and friend and partner of my toils and

sorrows; when I was with you and had no cares to trouble me except

mending your harness and feeding your little carcass, happy were my

hours, my days, and my years; but since I left you, and mounted the

towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand troubles,

and four thousand anxieties have entered into my soul;” and all the

while he was speaking in this strain he was fixing the pack-saddle on

the ass, without a word from anyone. Then having Dapple saddled, he,

with great pain and difficulty, got up on him, and addressing himself

to the majordomo, the secretary, the head-carver, and Pedro Recio the

doctor and several others who stood by, he said, “Make way, gentlemen,

and let me go back to my old freedom; let me go look for my past life,

and raise myself up from this present death. I was not born to be a

governor or protect islands or cities from the enemies that choose to

attack them. Ploughing and digging, vinedressing and pruning, are more

in my way than defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is very

well at Rome; I mean each of us is best following the trade he was born

to. A reaping-hook fits my hand better than a governor’s sceptre; I’d

rather have my fill of gazpacho than be subject to the misery of a

meddling doctor who kills me with hunger, and I’d rather lie in summer

under the shade of an oak, and in winter wrap myself in a double

sheepskin jacket in freedom, than go to bed between holland sheets and

dress in sables under the restraint of a government. God be with your

worships, and tell my lord the duke that ‘naked I was born, naked I

find myself, I neither lose nor gain;’ I mean that without a farthing I

came into this government, and without a farthing I go out of it, very

different from the way governors commonly leave other islands. Stand

aside and let me go; I have to plaster myself, for I believe every one

of my ribs is crushed, thanks to the enemies that have been trampling

over me to-night.”

“That is unnecessary, señor governor,” said Doctor Recio, “for I will

give your worship a draught against falls and bruises that will soon

make you as sound and strong as ever; and as for your diet I promise

your worship to behave better, and let you eat plentifully of whatever

you like.”

“You spoke late,” said Sancho. “I’d as soon turn Turk as stay any

longer. Those jokes won’t pass a second time. By God I’d as soon remain

in this government, or take another, even if it was offered me between

two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I am of the breed of the

Panzas, and they are every one of them obstinate, and if they once say

‘odds,’ odds it must be, no matter if it is evens, in spite of all the

world. Here in this stable I leave the ant’s wings that lifted me up

into the air for the swifts and other birds to eat me, and let’s take

to level ground and our feet once more; and if they’re not shod in

pinked shoes of cordovan, they won’t want for rough sandals of hemp;

‘every ewe to her like,’ ‘and let no one stretch his leg beyond the

length of the sheet;’ and now let me pass, for it’s growing late with

me.”

To this the majordomo said, “Señor governor, we would let your worship

go with all our hearts, though it sorely grieves us to lose you, for

your wit and Christian conduct naturally make us regret you; but it is

well known that every governor, before he leaves the place where he has

been governing, is bound first of all to render an account. Let your

worship do so for the ten days you have held the government, and then

you may go and the peace of God go with you.”

“No one can demand it of me,” said Sancho, “but he whom my lord the

duke shall appoint; I am going to meet him, and to him I will render an

exact one; besides, when I go forth naked as I do, there is no other

proof needed to show that I have governed like an angel.”

“By God the great Sancho is right,” said Doctor Recio, “and we should

let him go, for the duke will be beyond measure glad to see him.”

They all agreed to this, and allowed him to go, first offering to bear

him company and furnish him with all he wanted for his own comfort or

for the journey. Sancho said he did not want anything more than a

little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for

himself; for the distance being so short there was no occasion for any

better or bulkier provant. They all embraced him, and he with tears

embraced all of them, and left them filled with admiration not only at

his remarks but at his firm and sensible resolution.

p53e.jpg (56K)

CHAPTER LIV.

WHICH DEALS WITH MATTERS RELATING TO THIS HISTORY AND NO OTHER

p54a.jpg (109K)

Full Size

The duke and duchess resolved that the challenge Don Quixote had, for

the reason already mentioned, given their vassal, should be proceeded

with; and as the young man was in Flanders, whither he had fled to

escape having Doña Rodriguez for a mother-in-law, they arranged to

substitute for him a Gascon lacquey, named Tosilos, first of all

carefully instructing him in all he had to do. Two days later the duke

told Don Quixote that in four days from that time his opponent would

present himself on the field of battle armed as a knight, and would

maintain that the damsel lied by half a beard, nay a whole beard, if

she affirmed that he had given her a promise of marriage. Don Quixote

was greatly pleased at the news, and promised himself to do wonders in

the lists, and reckoned it rare good fortune that an opportunity should

have offered for letting his noble hosts see what the might of his

strong arm was capable of; and so in high spirits and satisfaction he

awaited the expiration of the four days, which measured by his

impatience seemed spinning themselves out into four hundred ages. Let

us leave them to pass as we do other things, and go and bear Sancho

company, as mounted on Dapple, half glad, half sad, he paced along on

his road to join his master, in whose society he was happier than in

being governor of all the islands in the world. Well then, it so

happened that before he had gone a great way from the island of his

government (and whether it was island, city, town, or village that he

governed he never troubled himself to inquire) he saw coming along the

road he was travelling six pilgrims with staves, foreigners of that

sort that beg for alms singing; who as they drew near arranged

themselves in a line and lifting up their voices all together began to

sing in their own language something that Sancho could not understand,

with the exception of one word which sounded plainly “alms,” from which

he gathered that it was alms they asked for in their song; and being,

as Cide Hamete says, remarkably charitable, he took out of his alforjas

the half loaf and half cheese he had been provided with, and gave them

to them, explaining to them by signs that he had nothing else to give

them. They received them very gladly, but exclaimed, “Geld! Geld!”

“I don’t understand what you want of me, good people,” said Sancho.

On this one of them took a purse out of his bosom and showed it to

Sancho, by which he comprehended they were asking for money, and

putting his thumb to his throat and spreading his hand upwards he gave

them to understand that he had not the sign of a coin about him, and

urging Dapple forward he broke through them. But as he was passing, one

of them who had been examining him very closely rushed towards him, and

flinging his arms round him exclaimed in a loud voice and good Spanish,

“God bless me! What’s this I see? Is it possible that I hold in my arms

my dear friend, my good neighbour Sancho Panza? But there’s no doubt

about it, for I’m not asleep, nor am I drunk just now.”

Sancho was surprised to hear himself called by his name and find

himself embraced by a foreign pilgrim, and after regarding him steadily

without speaking he was still unable to recognise him; but the pilgrim

perceiving his perplexity cried, “What! and is it possible, Sancho

Panza, that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Morisco

shopkeeper of thy village?”

Sancho upon this looking at him more carefully began to recall his

features, and at last recognised him perfectly, and without getting off

the ass threw his arms round his neck saying, “Who the devil could have

known thee, Ricote, in this mummer’s dress thou art in? Tell me, who

has frenchified thee, and how dost thou dare to return to Spain, where

if they catch thee and recognise thee it will go hard enough with

thee?”

“If thou dost not betray me, Sancho,” said the pilgrim, “I am safe; for

in this dress no one will recognise me; but let us turn aside out of

the road into that grove there where my comrades are going to eat and

rest, and thou shalt eat with them there, for they are very good

fellows; I’ll have time enough to tell thee then all that has happened

me since I left our village in obedience to his Majesty’s edict that

threatened such severities against the unfortunate people of my nation,

as thou hast heard.”

Sancho complied, and Ricote having spoken to the other pilgrims they

withdrew to the grove they saw, turning a considerable distance out of

the road. They threw down their staves, took off their pilgrim’s cloaks

and remained in their under-clothing; they were all good-looking young

fellows, except Ricote, who was a man somewhat advanced in years. They

carried alforjas all of them, and all apparently well filled, at least

with things provocative of thirst, such as would summon it from two

leagues off. They stretched themselves on the ground, and making a

tablecloth of the grass they spread upon it bread, salt, knives,

walnut, scraps of cheese, and well-picked ham-bones which if they were

past gnawing were not past sucking. They also put down a black dainty

called, they say, caviar, and made of the eggs of fish, a great

thirst-wakener. Nor was there any lack of olives, dry, it is true, and

without any seasoning, but for all that toothsome and pleasant. But

what made the best show in the field of the banquet was half a dozen

botas of wine, for each of them produced his own from his alforjas;

even the good Ricote, who from a Morisco had transformed himself into a

German or Dutchman, took out his, which in size might have vied with

the five others. They then began to eat with very great relish and very

leisurely, making the most of each morsel—very small ones of

everything—they took up on the point of the knife; and then all at the

same moment raised their arms and botas aloft, the mouths placed in

their mouths, and all eyes fixed on heaven just as if they were taking

aim at it; and in this attitude they remained ever so long, wagging

their heads from side to side as if in acknowledgment of the pleasure

they were enjoying while they decanted the bowels of the bottles into

their own stomachs.

Sancho beheld all, “and nothing gave him pain;” so far from that,

acting on the proverb he knew so well, “when thou art at Rome do as

thou seest,” he asked Ricote for his bota and took aim like the rest of

them, and with not less enjoyment. Four times did the botas bear being

uplifted, but the fifth it was all in vain, for they were drier and

more sapless than a rush by that time, which made the jollity that had

been kept up so far begin to flag.

Every now and then someone of them would grasp Sancho’s right hand in

his own saying, “Español y Tudesqui tuto uno: bon compaño;” and Sancho

would answer, “Bon compaño, jur a Di!” and then go off into a fit of

laughter that lasted an hour, without a thought for the moment of

anything that had befallen him in his government; for cares have very

little sway over us while we are eating and drinking. At length, the

wine having come to an end with them, drowsiness began to come over

them, and they dropped asleep on their very table and tablecloth.

Ricote and Sancho alone remained awake, for they had eaten more and

drunk less, and Ricote drawing Sancho aside, they seated themselves at

the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet sleep; and

without once falling into his own Morisco tongue Ricote spoke as

follows in pure Castilian:

“Thou knowest well, neighbour and friend Sancho Panza, how the

proclamation or edict his Majesty commanded to be issued against those

of my nation filled us all with terror and dismay; me at least it did,

insomuch that I think before the time granted us for quitting Spain was

out, the full force of the penalty had already fallen upon me and upon

my children. I decided, then, and I think wisely (just like one who

knows that at a certain date the house he lives in will be taken from

him, and looks out beforehand for another to change into), I decided, I

say, to leave the town myself, alone and without my family, and go to

seek out some place to remove them to comfortably and not in the

hurried way in which the others took their departure; for I saw very

plainly, and so did all the older men among us, that the proclamations

were not mere threats, as some said, but positive enactments which

would be enforced at the appointed time; and what made me believe this

was what I knew of the base and extravagant designs which our people

harboured, designs of such a nature that I think it was a divine

inspiration that moved his Majesty to carry out a resolution so

spirited; not that we were all guilty, for some there were true and

steadfast Christians; but they were so few that they could make no head

against those who were not; and it was not prudent to cherish a viper

in the bosom by having enemies in the house. In short it was with just

cause that we were visited with the penalty of banishment, a mild and

lenient one in the eyes of some, but to us the most terrible that could

be inflicted upon us. Wherever we are we weep for Spain; for after all

we were born there and it is our natural fatherland. Nowhere do we find

the reception our unhappy condition needs; and in Barbary and all the

parts of Africa where we counted upon being received, succoured, and

welcomed, it is there they insult and ill-treat us most. We knew not

our good fortune until we lost it; and such is the longing we almost

all of us have to return to Spain, that most of those who like myself

know the language, and there are many who do, come back to it and leave

their wives and children forsaken yonder, so great is their love for

it; and now I know by experience the meaning of the saying, sweet is

the love of one’s country.

“I left our village, as I said, and went to France, but though they

gave us a kind reception there I was anxious to see all I could. I

crossed into Italy, and reached Germany, and there it seemed to me we

might live with more freedom, as the inhabitants do not pay any

attention to trifling points; everyone lives as he likes, for in most

parts they enjoy liberty of conscience. I took a house in a town near

Augsburg, and then joined these pilgrims, who are in the habit of

coming to Spain in great numbers every year to visit the shrines there,

which they look upon as their Indies and a sure and certain source of

gain. They travel nearly all over it, and there is no town out of which

they do not go full up of meat and drink, as the saying is, and with a

real, at least, in money, and they come off at the end of their travels

with more than a hundred crowns saved, which, changed into gold, they

smuggle out of the kingdom either in the hollow of their staves or in

the patches of their pilgrim’s cloaks or by some device of their own,

and carry to their own country in spite of the guards at the posts and

passes where they are searched. Now my purpose is, Sancho, to carry

away the treasure that I left buried, which, as it is outside the town,

I shall be able to do without risk, and to write, or cross over from

Valencia, to my daughter and wife, who I know are at Algiers, and find

some means of bringing them to some French port and thence to Germany,

there to await what it may be God’s will to do with us; for, after all,

Sancho, I know well that Ricota my daughter and Francisca Ricota my

wife are Catholic Christians, and though I am not so much so, still I

am more of a Christian than a Moor, and it is always my prayer to God

that he will open the eyes of my understanding and show me how I am to

serve him; but what amazes me and I cannot understand is why my wife

and daughter should have gone to Barbary rather than to France, where

they could live as Christians.”

To this Sancho replied, “Remember, Ricote, that may not have been open

to them, for Juan Tiopieyo thy wife’s brother took them, and being a

true Moor he went where he could go most easily; and another thing I

can tell thee, it is my belief thou art going in vain to look for what

thou hast left buried, for we heard they took from thy brother-in-law

and thy wife a great quantity of pearls and money in gold which they

brought to be passed.”

“That may be,” said Ricote; “but I know they did not touch my hoard,

for I did not tell them where it was, for fear of accidents; and so, if

thou wilt come with me, Sancho, and help me to take it away and conceal

it, I will give thee two hundred crowns wherewith thou mayest relieve

thy necessities, and, as thou knowest, I know they are many.”

“I would do it,” said Sancho; “but I am not at all covetous, for I gave

up an office this morning in which, if I was, I might have made the

walls of my house of gold and dined off silver plates before six months

were over; and so for this reason, and because I feel I would be guilty

of treason to my king if I helped his enemies, I would not go with thee

if instead of promising me two hundred crowns thou wert to give me four

hundred here in hand.”

“And what office is this thou hast given up, Sancho?” asked Ricote.

“I have given up being governor of an island,” said Sancho, “and such a

one, faith, as you won’t find the like of easily.”

“And where is this island?” said Ricote.

“Where?” said Sancho; “two leagues from here, and it is called the

island of Barataria.”

“Nonsense! Sancho,” said Ricote; “islands are away out in the sea;

there are no islands on the mainland.”

“What? No islands!” said Sancho; “I tell thee, friend Ricote, I left it

this morning, and yesterday I was governing there as I pleased like a

sagittarius; but for all that I gave it up, for it seemed to me a

dangerous office, a governor’s.”

“And what hast thou gained by the government?” asked Ricote.

“I have gained,” said Sancho, “the knowledge that I am no good for

governing, unless it is a drove of cattle, and that the riches that are

to be got by these governments are got at the cost of one’s rest and

sleep, ay and even one’s food; for in islands the governors must eat

little, especially if they have doctors to look after their health.”

“I don’t understand thee, Sancho,” said Ricote; “but it seems to me all

nonsense thou art talking. Who would give thee islands to govern? Is

there any scarcity in the world of cleverer men than thou art for

governors? Hold thy peace, Sancho, and come back to thy senses, and

consider whether thou wilt come with me as I said to help me to take

away treasure I left buried (for indeed it may be called a treasure, it

is so large), and I will give thee wherewithal to keep thee, as I told

thee.”

“And I have told thee already, Ricote, that I will not,” said Sancho;

“let it content thee that by me thou shalt not be betrayed, and go thy

way in God’s name and let me go mine; for I know that well-gotten gain

may be lost, but ill-gotten gain is lost, itself and its owner

likewise.”

“I will not press thee, Sancho,” said Ricote; “but tell me, wert thou

in our village when my wife and daughter and brother-in-law left it?”

“I was so,” said Sancho; “and I can tell thee thy daughter left it

looking so lovely that all the village turned out to see her, and

everybody said she was the fairest creature in the world. She wept as

she went, and embraced all her friends and acquaintances and those who

came out to see her, and she begged them all to commend her to God and

Our Lady his mother, and this in such a touching way that it made me

weep myself, though I’m not much given to tears commonly; and, faith,

many a one would have liked to hide her, or go out and carry her off on

the road; but the fear of going against the king’s command kept them

back. The one who showed himself most moved was Don Pedro Gregorio, the

rich young heir thou knowest of, and they say he was deep in love with

her; and since she left he has not been seen in our village again, and

we all suspect he has gone after her to steal her away, but so far

nothing has been heard of it.”

“I always had a suspicion that gentleman had a passion for my

daughter,” said Ricote; “but as I felt sure of my Ricota’s virtue it

gave me no uneasiness to know that he loved her; for thou must have

heard it said, Sancho, that the Morisco women seldom or never engage in

amours with the old Christians; and my daughter, who I fancy thought

more of being a Christian than of lovemaking, would not trouble herself

about the attentions of this heir.”

“God grant it,” said Sancho, “for it would be a bad business for both

of them; but now let me be off, friend Ricote, for I want to reach

where my master Don Quixote is to-night.”

“God be with thee, brother Sancho,” said Ricote; “my comrades are

beginning to stir, and it is time, too, for us to continue our

journey;” and then they both embraced, and Sancho mounted Dapple, and

Ricote leant upon his staff, and so they parted.

p54e.jpg (40K)

CHAPTER LV.

OF WHAT BEFELL SANCHO ON THE ROAD, AND OTHER THINGS THAT CANNOT BE

SURPASSED

p55a.jpg (126K)

Full Size

The length of time he delayed with Ricote prevented Sancho from

reaching the duke’s castle that day, though he was within half a league

of it when night, somewhat dark and cloudy, overtook him. This,

however, as it was summer time, did not give him much uneasiness, and

he turned aside out of the road intending to wait for morning; but his

ill luck and hard fate so willed it that as he was searching about for

a place to make himself as comfortable as possible, he and Dapple fell

into a deep dark hole that lay among some very old buildings. As he

fell he commended himself with all his heart to God, fancying he was

not going to stop until he reached the depths of the bottomless pit;

but it did not turn out so, for at little more than thrice a man’s

height Dapple touched bottom, and he found himself sitting on him

without having received any hurt or damage whatever. He felt himself

all over and held his breath to try whether he was quite sound or had a

hole made in him anywhere, and finding himself all right and whole and

in perfect health he was profuse in his thanks to God our Lord for the

mercy that had been shown him, for he made sure he had been broken into

a thousand pieces. He also felt along the sides of the pit with his

hands to see if it were possible to get out of it without help, but he

found they were quite smooth and afforded no hold anywhere, at which he

was greatly distressed, especially when he heard how pathetically and

dolefully Dapple was bemoaning himself, and no wonder he complained,

nor was it from ill-temper, for in truth he was not in a very good

case. “Alas,” said Sancho, “what unexpected accidents happen at every

step to those who live in this miserable world! Who would have said

that one who saw himself yesterday sitting on a throne, governor of an

island, giving orders to his servants and his vassals, would see

himself to-day buried in a pit without a soul to help him, or servant

or vassal to come to his relief? Here must we perish with hunger, my

ass and myself, if indeed we don’t die first, he of his bruises and

injuries, and I of grief and sorrow. At any rate I’ll not be as lucky

as my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, when he went down into the cave

of that enchanted Montesinos, where he found people to make more of him

than if he had been in his own house; for it seems he came in for a

table laid out and a bed ready made. There he saw fair and pleasant

visions, but here I’ll see, I imagine, toads and adders. Unlucky wretch

that I am, what an end my follies and fancies have come to! They’ll

take up my bones out of this, when it is heaven’s will that I’m found,

picked clean, white and polished, and my good Dapple’s with them, and

by that, perhaps, it will be found out who we are, at least by such as

have heard that Sancho Panza never separated from his ass, nor his ass

from Sancho Panza. Unlucky wretches, I say again, that our hard fate

should not let us die in our own country and among our own people,

where if there was no help for our misfortune, at any rate there would

be someone to grieve for it and to close our eyes as we passed away! O

comrade and friend, how ill have I repaid thy faithful services!

Forgive me, and entreat Fortune, as well as thou canst, to deliver us

out of this miserable strait we are both in; and I promise to put a

crown of laurel on thy head, and make thee look like a poet laureate,

and give thee double feeds.”

p55b.jpg (273K)

Full Size

In this strain did Sancho bewail himself, and his ass listened to him,

but answered him never a word, such was the distress and anguish the

poor beast found himself in. At length, after a night spent in bitter

moanings and lamentations, day came, and by its light Sancho perceived

that it was wholly impossible to escape out of that pit without help,

and he fell to bemoaning his fate and uttering loud shouts to find out

if there was anyone within hearing; but all his shouting was only

crying in the wilderness, for there was not a soul anywhere in the

neighbourhood to hear him, and then at last he gave himself up for

dead. Dapple was lying on his back, and Sancho helped him to his feet,

which he was scarcely able to keep; and then taking a piece of bread

out of his alforjas which had shared their fortunes in the fall, he

gave it to the ass, to whom it was not unwelcome, saying to him as if

he understood him, “With bread all sorrows are less.”

And now he perceived on one side of the pit a hole large enough to

admit a person if he stooped and squeezed himself into a small compass.

Sancho made for it, and entered it by creeping, and found it wide and

spacious on the inside, which he was able to see as a ray of sunlight

that penetrated what might be called the roof showed it all plainly. He

observed too that it opened and widened out into another spacious

cavity; seeing which he made his way back to where the ass was, and

with a stone began to pick away the clay from the hole until in a short

time he had made room for the beast to pass easily, and this

accomplished, taking him by the halter, he proceeded to traverse the

cavern to see if there was any outlet at the other end. He advanced,

sometimes in the dark, sometimes without light, but never without fear;

“God Almighty help me!” said he to himself; “this that is a

misadventure to me would make a good adventure for my master Don

Quixote. He would have been sure to take these depths and dungeons for

flowery gardens or the palaces of Galiana, and would have counted upon

issuing out of this darkness and imprisonment into some blooming

meadow; but I, unlucky that I am, hopeless and spiritless, expect at

every step another pit deeper than the first to open under my feet and

swallow me up for good; ‘welcome evil, if thou comest alone.’”

In this way and with these reflections he seemed to himself to have

travelled rather more than half a league, when at last he perceived a

dim light that looked like daylight and found its way in on one side,

showing that this road, which appeared to him the road to the other

world, led to some opening.

Here Cide Hamete leaves him, and returns to Don Quixote, who in high

spirits and satisfaction was looking forward to the day fixed for the

battle he was to fight with him who had robbed Doña Rodriguez’s

daughter of her honour, for whom he hoped to obtain satisfaction for

the wrong and injury shamefully done to her. It came to pass, then,

that having sallied forth one morning to practise and exercise himself

in what he would have to do in the encounter he expected to find

himself engaged in the next day, as he was putting Rocinante through

his paces or pressing him to the charge, he brought his feet so close

to a pit that but for reining him in tightly it would have been

impossible for him to avoid falling into it. He pulled him up, however,

without a fall, and coming a little closer examined the hole without

dismounting; but as he was looking at it he heard loud cries proceeding

from it, and by listening attentively was able to make out that he who

uttered them was saying, “Ho, above there! is there any Christian that

hears me, or any charitable gentleman that will take pity on a sinner

buried alive, on an unfortunate disgoverned governor?”

It struck Don Quixote that it was the voice of Sancho Panza he heard,

whereat he was taken aback and amazed, and raising his own voice as

much as he could, he cried out, “Who is below there? Who is that

complaining?”

“Who should be here, or who should complain,” was the answer, “but the

forlorn Sancho Panza, for his sins and for his ill-luck governor of the

island of Barataria, squire that was to the famous knight Don Quixote

of La Mancha?”

When Don Quixote heard this his amazement was redoubled and his

perturbation grew greater than ever, for it suggested itself to his

mind that Sancho must be dead, and that his soul was in torment down

there; and carried away by this idea he exclaimed, “I conjure thee by

everything that as a Catholic Christian I can conjure thee by, tell me

who thou art; and if thou art a soul in torment, tell me what thou

wouldst have me do for thee; for as my profession is to give aid and

succour to those that need it in this world, it will also extend to

aiding and succouring the distressed of the other, who cannot help

themselves.”

“In that case,” answered the voice, “your worship who speaks to me must

be my master Don Quixote of La Mancha; nay, from the tone of the voice

it is plain it can be nobody else.”

“Don Quixote I am,” replied Don Quixote, “he whose profession it is to

aid and succour the living and the dead in their necessities; wherefore

tell me who thou art, for thou art keeping me in suspense; because, if

thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and art dead, since the devils have

not carried thee off, and thou art by God’s mercy in purgatory, our

holy mother the Roman Catholic Church has intercessory means sufficient

to release thee from the pains thou art in; and I for my part will

plead with her to that end, so far as my substance will go; without

further delay, therefore, declare thyself, and tell me who thou art.”

“By all that’s good,” was the answer, “and by the birth of whomsoever

your worship chooses, I swear, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, that I

am your squire Sancho Panza, and that I have never died all my life;

but that, having given up my government for reasons that would require

more time to explain, I fell last night into this pit where I am now,

and Dapple is witness and won’t let me lie, for more by token he is

here with me.”

Nor was this all; one would have fancied the ass understood what Sancho

said, because that moment he began to bray so loudly that the whole

cave rang again.

“Famous testimony!” exclaimed Don Quixote; “I know that bray as well as

if I was its mother, and thy voice too, my Sancho. Wait while I go to

the duke’s castle, which is close by, and I will bring someone to take

thee out of this pit into which thy sins no doubt have brought thee.”

“Go, your worship,” said Sancho, “and come back quick for God’s sake;

for I cannot bear being buried alive any longer, and I’m dying of

fear.”

Don Quixote left him, and hastened to the castle to tell the duke and

duchess what had happened Sancho, and they were not a little astonished

at it; they could easily understand his having fallen, from the

confirmatory circumstance of the cave which had been in existence there

from time immemorial; but they could not imagine how he had quitted the

government without their receiving any intimation of his coming. To be

brief, they fetched ropes and tackle, as the saying is, and by dint of

many hands and much labour they drew up Dapple and Sancho Panza out of

the darkness into the light of day. A student who saw him remarked,

“That’s the way all bad governors should come out of their governments,

as this sinner comes out of the depths of the pit, dead with hunger,

pale, and I suppose without a farthing.”

Sancho overheard him and said, “It is eight or ten days, brother

growler, since I entered upon the government of the island they gave

me, and all that time I never had a bellyful of victuals, no not for an

hour; doctors persecuted me and enemies crushed my bones; nor had I any

opportunity of taking bribes or levying taxes; and if that be the case,

as it is, I don’t deserve, I think, to come out in this fashion; but

‘man proposes and God disposes;’ and God knows what is best, and what

suits each one best; and ‘as the occasion, so the behaviour;’ and ‘let

nobody say “I won’t drink of this water;”’ and ‘where one thinks there

are flitches, there are no pegs;’ God knows my meaning and that’s

enough; I say no more, though I could.”

“Be not angry or annoyed at what thou hearest, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote, “or there will never be an end of it; keep a safe conscience

and let them say what they like; for trying to stop slanderers’ tongues

is like trying to put gates to the open plain. If a governor comes out

of his government rich, they say he has been a thief; and if he comes

out poor, that he has been a noodle and a blockhead.”

“They’ll be pretty sure this time,” said Sancho, “to set me down for a

fool rather than a thief.”

Thus talking, and surrounded by boys and a crowd of people, they

reached the castle, where in one of the corridors the duke and duchess

stood waiting for them; but Sancho would not go up to see the duke

until he had first put up Dapple in the stable, for he said he had

passed a very bad night in his last quarters; then he went upstairs to

see his lord and lady, and kneeling before them he said, “Because it

was your highnesses’ pleasure, not because of any desert of my own, I

went to govern your island of Barataria, which ‘I entered naked, and

naked I find myself; I neither lose nor gain.’ Whether I have governed

well or ill, I have had witnesses who will say what they think fit. I

have answered questions, I have decided causes, and always dying of

hunger, for Doctor Pedro Recio of Tirteafuera, the island and governor

doctor, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night and put us in a

great quandary, but the people of the island say they came off safe and

victorious by the might of my arm; and may God give them as much health

as there’s truth in what they say. In short, during that time I have

weighed the cares and responsibilities governing brings with it, and by

my reckoning I find my shoulders can’t bear them, nor are they a load

for my loins or arrows for my quiver; and so, before the government

threw me over I preferred to throw the government over; and yesterday

morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses,

and roofs it had when I entered it. I asked no loan of anybody, nor did

I try to fill my pocket; and though I meant to make some useful laws, I

made hardly any, as I was afraid they would not be kept; for in that

case it comes to the same thing to make them or not to make them. I

quitted the island, as I said, without any escort except my ass; I fell

into a pit, I pushed on through it, until this morning by the light of

the sun I saw an outlet, but not so easy a one but that, had not heaven

sent me my master Don Quixote, I’d have stayed there till the end of

the world. So now my lord and lady duke and duchess, here is your

governor Sancho Panza, who in the bare ten days he has held the

government has come by the knowledge that he would not give anything to

be governor, not to say of an island, but of the whole world; and that

point being settled, kissing your worships’ feet, and imitating the

game of the boys when they say, ‘leap thou, and give me one,’ I take a

leap out of the government and pass into the service of my master Don

Quixote; for after all, though in it I eat my bread in fear and

trembling, at any rate I take my fill; and for my part, so long as I’m

full, it’s all alike to me whether it’s with carrots or with

partridges.”

Here Sancho brought his long speech to an end, Don Quixote having been

the whole time in dread of his uttering a host of absurdities; and when

he found him leave off with so few, he thanked heaven in his heart. The

duke embraced Sancho and told him he was heartily sorry he had given up

the government so soon, but that he would see that he was provided with

some other post on his estate less onerous and more profitable. The

duchess also embraced him, and gave orders that he should be taken good

care of, as it was plain to see he had been badly treated and worse

bruised.

p55e.jpg (18K)

CHAPTER LVI.br/> OF THE PRODIGIOUS AND UNPARALLELED BATTLE THAT TOOK

PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA AND THE LACQUEY TOSILOS IN

DEFENCE OF THE DAUGHTER OF DOÑA RODRIGUEZ

p56a.jpg (158K)

Full Size

The duke and duchess had no reason to regret the joke that had been

played upon Sancho Panza in giving him the government; especially as

their majordomo returned the same day, and gave them a minute account

of almost every word and deed that Sancho uttered or did during the

time; and to wind up with, eloquently described to them the attack upon

the island and Sancho’s fright and departure, with which they were not

a little amused. After this the history goes on to say that the day

fixed for the battle arrived, and that the duke, after having

repeatedly instructed his lacquey Tosilos how to deal with Don Quixote

so as to vanquish him without killing or wounding him, gave orders to

have the heads removed from the lances, telling Don Quixote that

Christian charity, on which he plumed himself, could not suffer the

battle to be fought with so much risk and danger to life; and that he

must be content with the offer of a battlefield on his territory

(though that was against the decree of the holy Council, which

prohibits all challenges of the sort) and not push such an arduous

venture to its extreme limits. Don Quixote bade his excellence arrange

all matters connected with the affair as he pleased, as on his part he

would obey him in everything. The dread day, then, having arrived, and

the duke having ordered a spacious stand to be erected facing the court

of the castle for the judges of the field and the appellant duennas,

mother and daughter, vast crowds flocked from all the villages and

hamlets of the neighbourhood to see the novel spectacle of the battle;

nobody, dead or alive, in those parts having ever seen or heard of such

a one.

The first person to enter the field and the lists was the master of the

ceremonies, who surveyed and paced the whole ground to see that there

was nothing unfair and nothing concealed to make the combatants stumble

or fall; then the duennas entered and seated themselves, enveloped in

mantles covering their eyes, nay even their bosoms, and displaying no

slight emotion as Don Quixote appeared in the lists. Shortly

afterwards, accompanied by several trumpets and mounted on a powerful

steed that threatened to crush the whole place, the great lacquey

Tosilos made his appearance on one side of the courtyard with his visor

down and stiffly cased in a suit of stout shining armour. The horse was

a manifest Frieslander, broad-backed and flea-bitten, and with half a

hundred of wool hanging to each of his fetlocks. The gallant combatant

came well primed by his master the duke as to how he was to bear

himself against the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha; being warned that

he must on no account slay him, but strive to shirk the first encounter

so as to avoid the risk of killing him, as he was sure to do if he met

him full tilt. He crossed the courtyard at a walk, and coming to where

the duennas were placed stopped to look at her who demanded him for a

husband; the marshal of the field summoned Don Quixote, who had already

presented himself in the courtyard, and standing by the side of Tosilos

he addressed the duennas, and asked them if they consented that Don

Quixote of La Mancha should do battle for their right. They said they

did, and that whatever he should do in that behalf they declared

rightly done, final and valid. By this time the duke and duchess had

taken their places in a gallery commanding the enclosure, which was

filled to overflowing with a multitude of people eager to see this

perilous and unparalleled encounter. The conditions of the combat were

that if Don Quixote proved the victor his antagonist was to marry the

daughter of Doña Rodriguez; but if he should be vanquished his opponent

was released from the promise that was claimed against him and from all

obligations to give satisfaction. The master of the ceremonies

apportioned the sun to them, and stationed them, each on the spot where

he was to stand. The drums beat, the sound of the trumpets filled the

air, the earth trembled under foot, the hearts of the gazing crowd were

full of anxiety, some hoping for a happy issue, some apprehensive of an

untoward ending to the affair, and lastly, 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 the necessary signal for the

onset. Our lacquey, however, was thinking of something very different;

he only thought of what I am now going to mention.

It seems that as he stood contemplating his enemy she struck him as the

most beautiful woman he had ever seen all his life; and the little

blind boy whom in our streets they commonly call Love had no mind to

let slip the chance of triumphing over a lacquey heart, and adding it

to the list of his trophies; and so, stealing gently upon him unseen,

he drove a dart two yards long into the poor lacquey’s left side and

pierced his heart through and through; which he was able to do quite at

his ease, for Love is invisible, and comes in and goes out as he likes,

without anyone calling him to account for what he does. Well then, when

they gave the signal for the onset our lacquey was in an ecstasy,

musing upon the beauty of her whom he had already made mistress of his

liberty, and so he paid no attention to the sound of the trumpet,

unlike Don Quixote, who was off the instant he heard it, and, at the

highest speed Rocinante was capable of, set out to meet his enemy, his

good squire Sancho shouting lustily as he saw him start, “God guide

thee, cream and flower of knights-errant! God give thee the victory,

for thou hast the right on thy side!” But though Tosilos saw Don

Quixote coming at him he never stirred a step from the spot where he

was posted; and instead of doing so called loudly to the marshal of the

field, to whom when he came up to see what he wanted he said, “Señor,

is not this battle to decide whether I marry or do not marry that

lady?” “Just so,” was the answer. “Well then,” said the lacquey, “I

feel qualms of conscience, and I should lay a heavy burden upon it if I

were to proceed any further with the combat; I therefore declare that I

yield myself vanquished, and that I am willing to marry the lady at

once.”

The marshal of the field was lost in astonishment at the words of

Tosilos; and as he was one of those who were privy to the arrangement

of the affair he knew not what to say in reply. Don Quixote pulled up

in mid career when he saw that his enemy was not coming on to the

attack. The duke could not make out the reason why the battle did not

go on; but the marshal of the field hastened to him to let him know

what Tosilos said, and he was amazed and extremely angry at it. In the

meantime Tosilos advanced to where Doña Rodriguez sat and said in a

loud voice, “Señora, I am willing to marry your daughter, and I have no

wish to obtain by strife and fighting what I can obtain in peace and

without any risk to my life.”

The valiant Don Quixote heard him, and said, “As that is the case I am

released and absolved from my promise; let them marry by all means, and

as ‘God our Lord has given her, may Saint Peter add his blessing.’”

The duke had now descended to the courtyard of the castle, and going up

to Tosilos he said to him, “Is it true, sir knight, that you yield

yourself vanquished, and that moved by scruples of conscience you wish

to marry this damsel?”

“It is, señor,” replied Tosilos.

“And he does well,” said Sancho, “for what thou hast to give to the

mouse, give to the cat, and it will save thee all trouble.”

Tosilos meanwhile was trying to unlace his helmet, and he begged them

to come to his help at once, as his power of breathing was failing him,

and he could not remain so long shut up in that confined space. They

removed it in all haste, and his lacquey features were revealed to

public gaze. At this sight Doña Rodriguez and her daughter raised a

mighty outcry, exclaiming, “This is a trick! This is a trick! They have

put Tosilos, my lord the duke’s lacquey, upon us in place of the real

husband. The justice of God and the king against such trickery, not to

say roguery!”

“Do not distress yourselves, ladies,” said Don Quixote; “for this is no

trickery or roguery; or if it is, it is not the duke who is at the

bottom of it, but those wicked enchanters who persecute me, and who,

jealous of my reaping the glory of this victory, have turned your

husband’s features into those of this person, who you say is a lacquey

of the duke’s; take my advice, and notwithstanding the malice of my

enemies marry him, for beyond a doubt he is the one you wish for a

husband.”

When the duke heard this all his anger was near vanishing in a fit of

laughter, and he said, “The things that happen to Señor Don Quixote are

so extraordinary that I am ready to believe this lacquey of mine is not

one; but let us adopt this plan and device; let us put off the marriage

for, say, a fortnight, and let us keep this person about whom we are

uncertain in close confinement, and perhaps in the course of that time

he may return to his original shape; for the spite which the enchanters

entertain against Señor Don Quixote cannot last so long, especially as

it is of so little advantage to them to practise these deceptions and

transformations.”

“Oh, señor,” said Sancho, “those scoundrels are well used to changing

whatever concerns my master from one thing into another. A knight that

he overcame some time back, called the Knight of the Mirrors, they

turned into the shape of the bachelor Samson Carrasco of our town and a

great friend of ours; and my lady Dulcinea del Toboso they have turned

into a common country wench; so I suspect this lacquey will have to

live and die a lacquey all the days of his life.”

Here the Rodriguez’s daughter exclaimed, “Let him be who he may, this

man that claims me for a wife; I am thankful to him for the same, for I

had rather be the lawful wife of a lacquey than the cheated mistress of

a gentleman; though he who played me false is nothing of the kind.”

To be brief, all the talk and all that had happened ended in Tosilos

being shut up until it was seen how his transformation turned out. All

hailed Don Quixote as victor, but the greater number were vexed and

disappointed at finding that the combatants they had been so anxiously

waiting for had not battered one another to pieces, just as the boys

are disappointed when the man they are waiting to see hanged does not

come out, because the prosecution or the court has pardoned him. The

people dispersed, the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle, they

locked up Tosilos, Doña Rodriguez and her daughter remained perfectly

contented when they saw that any way the affair must end in marriage,

and Tosilos wanted nothing else.

p56e.jpg (46K)

CHAPTER LVII.

WHICH TREATS OF HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK LEAVE OF THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT

FOLLOWED WITH THE WITTY AND IMPUDENT ALTISIDORA, ONE OF THE DUCHESS’S

DAMSELS

p57a.jpg (119K)

Full Size

Don Quixote now felt it right to quit a life of such idleness as he was

leading in the castle; for he fancied that he was making himself sorely

missed by suffering himself to remain shut up and inactive amid the

countless luxuries and enjoyments his hosts lavished upon him as a

knight, and he felt too that he would have to render a strict account

to heaven of that indolence and seclusion; and so one day he asked the

duke and duchess to grant him permission to take his departure. They

gave it, showing at the same time that they were very sorry he was

leaving them.

p57b.jpg (370K)

Full Size

The duchess gave his wife’s letters to Sancho Panza, who shed tears

over them, saying, “Who would have thought that such grand hopes as the

news of my government bred in my wife Teresa Panza’s breast would end

in my going back now to the vagabond adventures of my master Don

Quixote of La Mancha? Still I’m glad to see my Teresa behaved as she

ought in sending the acorns, for if she had not sent them I’d have been

sorry, and she’d have shown herself ungrateful. It is a comfort to me

that they can’t call that present a bribe; for I had got the government

already when she sent them, and it’s but reasonable that those who have

had a good turn done them should show their gratitude, if it’s only

with a trifle. After all I went into the government naked, and I come

out of it naked; so I can say with a safe conscience—and that’s no

small matter—‘naked I was born, naked I find myself, I neither lose nor

gain.’”

Thus did Sancho soliloquise on the day of their departure, as Don

Quixote, who had the night before taken leave of the duke and duchess,

coming out made his appearance at an early hour in full armour in the

courtyard of the castle. The whole household of the castle were

watching him from the corridors, and the duke and duchess, too, came

out to see him. Sancho was mounted on his Dapple, with his alforjas,

valise, and proven supremely happy because the duke’s majordomo, the

same that had acted the part of the Trifaldi, had given him a little

purse with two hundred gold crowns to meet the necessary expenses of

the road, but of this Don Quixote knew nothing as yet. While all were,

as has been said, observing him, suddenly from among the duennas and

handmaidens the impudent and witty Altisidora lifted up her voice and

said in pathetic tones:

Give ear, cruel knight;

Draw rein; where’s the need

Of spurring the flanks

Of that ill-broken steed?

From what art thou flying?

No dragon I am,

Not even a sheep,

But a tender young lamb.

Thou hast jilted a maiden

As fair to behold

As nymph of Diana

Or Venus of old.

Bireno, Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

In thy claws, ruthless robber,

Thou bearest away

The heart of a meek

Loving maid for thy prey,

Three kerchiefs thou stealest,

And garters a pair,

From legs than the whitest

Of marble more fair;

And the sighs that pursue thee

Would burn to the ground

Two thousand Troy Towns,

If so many were found.

Bireno, Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

May no bowels of mercy

To Sancho be granted,

And thy Dulcinea

Be left still enchanted,

May thy falsehood to me

Find its punishment in her,

For in my land the just

Often pays for the sinner.

May thy grandest adventures

Discomfitures prove,

May thy joys be all dreams,

And forgotten thy love.

Bireno, Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

May thy name be abhorred

For thy conduct to ladies,

From London to England,

From Seville to Cadiz;

May thy cards be unlucky,

Thy hands contain ne’er a

King, seven, or ace

When thou playest primera;

When thy corns are cut

May it be to the quick;

When thy grinders are drawn

May the roots of them stick.

Bireno, Æneas, what worse shall I call thee?

Barabbas go with thee! All evil befall thee!

All the while the unhappy Altisidora was bewailing herself in the above

strain Don Quixote stood staring at her; and without uttering a word in

reply to her he turned round to Sancho and said, “Sancho my friend, I

conjure thee by the life of thy forefathers tell me the truth; say,

hast thou by any chance taken the three kerchiefs and the garters this

love-sick maid speaks of?”

To this Sancho made answer, “The three kerchiefs I have; but the

garters, as much as ‘over the hills of Úbeda.’”

The duchess was amazed at Altisidora’s assurance; she knew that she was

bold, lively, and impudent, but not so much so as to venture to make

free in this fashion; and not being prepared for the joke, her

astonishment was all the greater. The duke had a mind to keep up the

sport, so he said, “It does not seem to me well done in you, sir

knight, that after having received the hospitality that has been

offered you in this very castle, you should have ventured to carry off

even three kerchiefs, not to say my handmaid’s garters. It shows a bad

heart and does not tally with your reputation. Restore her garters, or

else I defy you to mortal combat, for I am not afraid of rascally

enchanters changing or altering my features as they changed his who

encountered you into those of my lacquey, Tosilos.”

“God forbid,” said Don Quixote, “that I should draw my sword against

your illustrious person from which I have received such great favours.

The kerchiefs I will restore, as Sancho says he has them; as to the

garters that is impossible, for I have not got them, neither has he;

and if your handmaiden here will look in her hiding-places, depend upon

it she will find them. I have never been a thief, my lord duke, nor do

I mean to be so long as I live, if God cease not to have me in his

keeping. This damsel by her own confession speaks as one in love, for

which I am not to blame, and therefore need not ask pardon, either of

her or of your excellence, whom I entreat to have a better opinion of

me, and once more to give me leave to pursue my journey.”

“And may God so prosper it, Señor Don Quixote,” said the duchess, “that

we may always hear good news of your exploits; God speed you; for the

longer you stay, the more you inflame the hearts of the damsels who

behold you; and as for this one of mine, I will so chastise her that

she will not transgress again, either with her eyes or with her words.”

“One word and no more, O valiant Don Quixote, I ask you to hear,” said

Altisidora, “and that is that I beg your pardon about the theft of the

garters; for by God and upon my soul I have got them on, and I have

fallen into the same blunder as he did who went looking for his ass

being all the while mounted on it.”

“Didn’t I say so?” said Sancho. “I’m a likely one to hide thefts! Why

if I wanted to deal in them, opportunities came ready enough to me in

my government.”

Don Quixote bowed his head, and saluted the duke and duchess and all

the bystanders, and wheeling Rocinante round, Sancho following him on

Dapple, he rode out of the castle, shaping his course for Saragossa.

p57e.jpg (71K)

CHAPTER LVIII.

WHICH TELLS HOW ADVENTURES CAME CROWDING ON DON QUIXOTE IN SUCH NUMBERS

THAT THEY GAVE ONE ANOTHER NO BREATHING-TIME

p58a.jpg (105K)

Full Size

When Don Quixote saw himself in open country, free, and relieved from

the attentions of Altisidora, he felt at his ease, and in fresh spirits

to take up the pursuit of chivalry once more; and turning to Sancho, he

said, “Freedom, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that heaven

has bestowed upon men; no treasures that the earth holds buried or the

sea conceals can compare with it; for freedom, as for honour, life may

and should be ventured; and on the other hand, captivity is the

greatest evil that can fall to the lot of man. I say this, Sancho,

because thou hast seen the good cheer, the abundance we have enjoyed in

this castle we are leaving; well then, amid those dainty banquets and

snow-cooled beverages I felt as though I were undergoing the straits of

hunger, because I did not enjoy them with the same freedom as if they

had been mine own; for the sense of being under an obligation to return

benefits and favours received is a restraint that checks the

independence of the spirit. Happy he, to whom heaven has given a piece

of bread for which he is not bound to give thanks to any but heaven

itself!”

“For all your worship says,” said Sancho, “it is not becoming that

there should be no thanks on our part for two hundred gold crowns that

the duke’s majordomo has given me in a little purse which I carry next

my heart, like a warming plaster or comforter, to meet any chance

calls; for we shan’t always find castles where they’ll entertain us;

now and then we may light upon roadside inns where they’ll cudgel us.”

In conversation of this sort the knight and squire errant were pursuing

their journey, when, after they had gone a little more than half a

league, they perceived some dozen men dressed like labourers stretched

upon their cloaks on the grass of a green meadow eating their dinner.

They had beside them what seemed to be white sheets concealing some

objects under them, standing upright or lying flat, and arranged at

intervals. Don Quixote approached the diners, and, saluting them

courteously first, he asked them what it was those cloths covered.

“Señor,” answered one of the party, “under these cloths are some images

carved in relief intended for a retablo we are putting up in our

village; we carry them covered up that they may not be soiled, and on

our shoulders that they may not be broken.”

“With your good leave,” said Don Quixote, “I should like to see them;

for images that are carried so carefully no doubt must be fine ones.”

“I should think they were!” said the other; “let the money they cost

speak for that; for as a matter of fact there is not one of them that

does not stand us in more than fifty ducats; and that your worship may

judge; wait a moment, and you shall see with your own eyes;” and

getting up from his dinner he went and uncovered the first image, which

proved to be one of Saint George on horseback with a serpent writhing

at his feet and the lance thrust down its throat with all that

fierceness that is usually depicted. The whole group was one blaze of

gold, as the saying is. On seeing it Don Quixote said, “That knight was

one of the best knights-errant the army of heaven ever owned; he was

called Don Saint George, and he was moreover a defender of maidens. Let

us see this next one.”

The man uncovered it, and it was seen to be that of Saint Martin on his

horse, dividing his cloak with the beggar. The instant Don Quixote saw

it he said, “This knight too was one of the Christian adventurers, but

I believe he was generous rather than valiant, as thou mayest perceive,

Sancho, by his dividing his cloak with the beggar and giving him half

of it; no doubt it was winter at the time, for otherwise he would have

given him the whole of it, so charitable was he.”

“It was not that, most likely,” said Sancho, “but that he held with the

proverb that says, ‘For giving and keeping there’s need of brains.’”

Don Quixote laughed, and asked them to take off the next cloth,

underneath which was seen the image of the patron saint of the Spains

seated on horseback, his sword stained with blood, trampling on Moors

and treading heads underfoot; and on seeing it Don Quixote exclaimed,

“Ay, this is a knight, and of the squadrons of Christ! This one is

called Don Saint James the Moorslayer, one of the bravest saints and

knights the world ever had or heaven has now.”

They then raised another cloth which it appeared covered Saint Paul

falling from his horse, with all the details that are usually given in

representations of his conversion. When Don Quixote saw it, rendered in

such lifelike style that one would have said Christ was speaking and

Paul answering, “This,” he said, “was in his time the greatest enemy

that the Church of God our Lord had, and the greatest champion it will

ever have; a knight-errant in life, a steadfast saint in death, an

untiring labourer in the Lord’s vineyard, a teacher of the Gentiles,

whose school was heaven, and whose instructor and master was Jesus

Christ himself.”

There were no more images, so Don Quixote bade them cover them up

again, and said to those who had brought them, “I take it as a happy

omen, brothers, to have seen what I have; for these saints and knights

were of the same profession as myself, which is the calling of arms;

only there is this difference between them and me, that they were

saints, and fought with divine weapons, and I am a sinner and fight

with human ones. They won heaven by force of arms, for heaven suffereth

violence; and I, so far, know not what I have won by dint of my

sufferings; but if my Dulcinea del Toboso were to be released from

hers, perhaps with mended fortunes and a mind restored to itself I

might direct my steps in a better path than I am following at present.”

“May God hear and sin be deaf,” said Sancho to this.

The men were filled with wonder, as well at the figure as at the words

of Don Quixote, though they did not understand one half of what he

meant by them. They finished their dinner, took their images on their

backs, and bidding farewell to Don Quixote resumed their journey.

Sancho was amazed afresh at the extent of his master’s knowledge, as

much as if he had never known him, for it seemed to him that there was

no story or event in the world that he had not at his fingers’ ends and

fixed in his memory, and he said to him, “In truth, master mine, if

this that has happened to us to-day is to be called an adventure, it

has been one of the sweetest and pleasantest that have befallen us in

the whole course of our travels; we have come out of it unbelaboured

and undismayed, neither have we drawn sword nor have we smitten the

earth with our bodies, nor have we been left famishing; blessed be God

that he has let me see such a thing with my own eyes!”

“Thou sayest well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “but remember all times

are not alike nor do they always run the same way; and these things the

vulgar commonly call omens, which are not based upon any natural

reason, will by him who is wise be esteemed and reckoned happy

accidents merely. One of these believers in omens will get up of a

morning, leave his house, and meet a friar of the order of the blessed

Saint Francis, and, as if he had met a griffin, he will turn about and

go home. With another Mendoza the salt is spilt on his table, and gloom

is spilt over his heart, as if nature was obliged to give warning of

coming misfortunes by means of such trivial things as these. The wise

man and the Christian should not trifle with what it may please heaven

to do. Scipio on coming to Africa stumbled as he leaped on shore; his

soldiers took it as a bad omen; but he, clasping the soil with his

arms, exclaimed, ‘Thou canst not escape me, Africa, for I hold thee

tight between my arms.’ Thus, Sancho, meeting those images has been to

me a most happy occurrence.”

“I can well believe it,” said Sancho; “but I wish your worship would

tell me what is the reason that the Spaniards, when they are about to

give battle, in calling on that Saint James the Moorslayer, say

‘Santiago and close Spain!’ Is Spain, then, open, so that it is needful

to close it; or what is the meaning of this form?”

“Thou art very simple, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “God, look you, gave

that great knight of the Red Cross to Spain as her patron saint and

protector, especially in those hard struggles the Spaniards had with

the Moors; and therefore they invoke and call upon him as their

defender in all their battles; and in these he has been many a time

seen beating down, trampling under foot, destroying and slaughtering

the Hagarene squadrons in the sight of all; of which fact I could give

thee many examples recorded in truthful Spanish histories.”

Sancho changed the subject, and said to his master, “I marvel, señor,

at the boldness of Altisidora, the duchess’s handmaid; he whom they

call Love must have cruelly pierced and wounded her; they say he is a

little blind urchin who, though blear-eyed, or more properly speaking

sightless, if he aims at a heart, be it ever so small, hits it and

pierces it through and through with his arrows. I have heard it said

too that the arrows of Love are blunted and robbed of their points by

maidenly modesty and reserve; but with this Altisidora it seems they

are sharpened rather than blunted.”

“Bear in mind, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that love is influenced by

no consideration, recognises no restraints of reason, and is of the

same nature as death, that assails alike the lofty palaces of kings and

the humble cabins of shepherds; and when it takes entire possession of

a heart, the first thing it does is to banish fear and shame from it;

and so without shame Altisidora declared her passion, which excited in

my mind embarrassment rather than commiseration.”

“Notable cruelty!” exclaimed Sancho; “unheard-of ingratitude! I can

only say for myself that the very smallest loving word of hers would

have subdued me and made a slave of me. The devil! What a heart of

marble, what bowels of brass, what a soul of mortar! But I can’t

imagine what it is that this damsel saw in your worship that could have

conquered and captivated her so. What gallant figure was it, what bold

bearing, what sprightly grace, what comeliness of feature, which of

these things by itself, or what all together, could have made her fall

in love with you? For indeed and in truth many a time I stop to look at

your worship from the sole of your foot to the topmost hair of your

head, and I see more to frighten one than to make one fall in love;

moreover I have heard say that beauty is the first and main thing that

excites love, and as your worship has none at all, I don’t know what

the poor creature fell in love with.”

“Recollect, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “there are two sorts of

beauty, one of the mind, the other of the body; that of the mind

displays and exhibits itself in intelligence, in modesty, in honourable

conduct, in generosity, in good breeding; and all these qualities are

possible and may exist in an ugly man; and when it is this sort of

beauty and not that of the body that is the attraction, love is apt to

spring up suddenly and violently. I, Sancho, perceive clearly enough

that I am not beautiful, but at the same time I know I am not hideous;

and it is enough for an honest man not to be a monster to be an object

of love, if only he possesses the endowments of mind I have mentioned.”

While engaged in this discourse they were making their way through a

wood that lay beyond the road, when suddenly, without expecting

anything of the kind, Don Quixote found himself caught in some nets of

green cord stretched from one tree to another; and unable to conceive

what it could be, he said to Sancho, “Sancho, it strikes me this affair

of these nets will prove one of the strangest adventures imaginable.

May I die if the enchanters that persecute me are not trying to

entangle me in them and delay my journey, by way of revenge for my

obduracy towards Altisidora. Well then let me tell them that if these

nets, instead of being green cord, were made of the hardest diamonds,

or stronger than that wherewith the jealous god of blacksmiths enmeshed

Venus and Mars, I would break them as easily as if they were made of

rushes or cotton threads.” But just as he was about to press forward

and break through all, suddenly from among some trees two shepherdesses

of surpassing beauty presented themselves to his sight—or at least

damsels dressed like shepherdesses, save that their jerkins and sayas

were of fine brocade; that is to say, the sayas were rich farthingales

of gold embroidered tabby. Their hair, that in its golden brightness

vied with the beams of the sun itself, fell loose upon their shoulders

and was crowned with garlands twined with green laurel and red

everlasting; and their years to all appearance were not under fifteen

nor above eighteen.

p58b.jpg (452K)

Full Size

Such was the spectacle that filled Sancho with amazement, fascinated

Don Quixote, made the sun halt in his course to behold them, and held

all four in a strange silence. One of the shepherdesses, at length, was

the first to speak and said to Don Quixote, “Hold, sir knight, and do

not break these nets; for they are not spread here to do you any harm,

but only for our amusement; and as I know you will ask why they have

been put up, and who we are, I will tell you in a few words. In a

village some two leagues from this, where there are many people of

quality and rich gentlefolk, it was agreed upon by a number of friends

and relations to come with their wives, sons and daughters, neighbours,

friends and kinsmen, and make holiday in this spot, which is one of the

pleasantest in the whole neighbourhood, setting up a new pastoral

Arcadia among ourselves, we maidens dressing ourselves as shepherdesses

and the youths as shepherds. We have prepared two eclogues, one by the

famous poet Garcilasso, the other by the most excellent Camoens, in its

own Portuguese tongue, but we have not as yet acted them. Yesterday was

the first day of our coming here; we have a few of what they say are

called field-tents pitched among the trees on the bank of an ample

brook that fertilises all these meadows; last night we spread these

nets in the trees here to snare the silly little birds that startled by

the noise we make may fly into them. If you please to be our guest,

señor, you will be welcomed heartily and courteously, for here just now

neither care nor sorrow shall enter.”

She held her peace and said no more, and Don Quixote made answer, “Of a

truth, fairest lady, Actaeon when he unexpectedly beheld Diana bathing

in the stream could not have been more fascinated and wonderstruck than

I at the sight of your beauty. I commend your mode of entertainment,

and thank you for the kindness of your invitation; and if I can serve

you, you may command me with full confidence of being obeyed, for my

profession is none other than to show myself grateful, and ready to

serve persons of all conditions, but especially persons of quality such

as your appearance indicates; and if, instead of taking up, as they

probably do, but a small space, these nets took up the whole surface of

the globe, I would seek out new worlds through which to pass, so as not

to break them; and that ye may give some degree of credence to this

exaggerated language of mine, know that it is no less than Don Quixote

of La Mancha that makes this declaration to you, if indeed it be that

such a name has reached your ears.”

“Ah! friend of my soul,” instantly exclaimed the other shepherdess,

“what great good fortune has befallen us! Seest thou this gentleman we

have before us? Well then let me tell thee he is the most valiant and

the most devoted and the most courteous gentleman in all the world,

unless a history of his achievements that has been printed and I have

read is telling lies and deceiving us. I will lay a wager that this

good fellow who is with him is one Sancho Panza his squire, whose

drolleries none can equal.”

“That’s true,” said Sancho; “I am that same droll and squire you speak

of, and this gentleman is my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, the same

that’s in the history and that they talk about.”

“Oh, my friend,” said the other, “let us entreat him to stay; for it

will give our fathers and brothers infinite pleasure; I too have heard

just what thou hast told me of the valour of the one and the drolleries

of the other; and what is more, of him they say that he is the most

constant and loyal lover that was ever heard of, and that his lady is

one Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom all over Spain the palm of beauty is

awarded.”

“And justly awarded,” said Don Quixote, “unless, indeed, your

unequalled beauty makes it a matter of doubt. But spare yourselves the

trouble, ladies, of pressing me to stay, for the urgent calls of my

profession do not allow me to take rest under any circumstances.”

At this instant there came up to the spot where the four stood a

brother of one of the two shepherdesses, like them in shepherd costume,

and as richly and gaily dressed as they were. They told him that their

companion was the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, and the other

Sancho his squire, of whom he knew already from having read their

history. The gay shepherd offered him his services and begged that he

would accompany him to their tents, and Don Quixote had to give way and

comply. And now the game was started, and the nets were filled with a

variety of birds that deceived by the colour fell into the danger they

were flying from. Upwards of thirty persons, all gaily attired as

shepherds and shepherdesses, assembled on the spot, and were at once

informed who Don Quixote and his squire were, whereat they were not a

little delighted, as they knew of him already through his history. They

repaired to the tents, where they found tables laid out, and choicely,

plentifully, and neatly furnished. They treated Don Quixote as a person

of distinction, giving him the place of honour, and all observed him,

and were full of astonishment at the spectacle. At last the cloth being

removed, Don Quixote with great composure lifted up his voice and said:

“One of the greatest sins that men are guilty of is—some will say

pride—but I say ingratitude, going by the common saying that hell is

full of ingrates. This sin, so far as it has lain in my power, I have

endeavoured to avoid ever since I have enjoyed the faculty of reason;

and if I am unable to requite good deeds that have been done me by

other deeds, I substitute the desire to do so; and if that be not

enough I make them known publicly; for he who declares and makes known

the good deeds done to him would repay them by others if it were in his

power, and for the most part those who receive are the inferiors of

those who give. Thus, God is superior to all because he is the supreme

giver, and the offerings of man fall short by an infinite distance of

being a full return for the gifts of God; but gratitude in some degree

makes up for this deficiency and shortcoming. I therefore, grateful for

the favour that has been extended to me here, and unable to make a

return in the same measure, restricted as I am by the narrow limits of

my power, offer what I can and what I have to offer in my own way; and

so I declare that for two full days I will maintain in the middle of

this highway leading to Saragossa, that these ladies disguised as

shepherdesses, who are here present, are the fairest and most courteous

maidens in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso,

sole mistress of my thoughts, be it said without offence to those who

hear me, ladies and gentlemen.”

On hearing this Sancho, who had been listening with great attention,

cried out in a loud voice, “Is it possible there is anyone in the world

who will dare to say and swear that this master of mine is a madman?

Say, gentlemen shepherds, is there a village priest, be he ever so wise

or learned, who could say what my master has said; or is there

knight-errant, whatever renown he may have as a man of valour, that

could offer what my master has offered now?”

Don Quixote turned upon Sancho, and with a countenance glowing with

anger said to him, “Is it possible, Sancho, there is anyone in the

whole world who will say thou art not a fool, with a lining to match,

and I know not what trimmings of impertinence and roguery? Who asked

thee to meddle in my affairs, or to inquire whether I am a wise man or

a blockhead? Hold thy peace; answer me not a word; saddle Rocinante if

he be unsaddled; and let us go to put my offer into execution; for with

the right that I have on my side thou mayest reckon as vanquished all

who shall venture to question it;” and in a great rage, and showing his

anger plainly, he rose from his seat, leaving the company lost in

wonder, and making them feel doubtful whether they ought to regard him

as a madman or a rational being. In the end, though they sought to

dissuade him from involving himself in such a challenge, assuring him

they admitted his gratitude as fully established, and needed no fresh

proofs to be convinced of his valiant spirit, as those related in the

history of his exploits were sufficient, still Don Quixote persisted in

his resolve; and mounted on Rocinante, bracing his buckler on his arm

and grasping his lance, he posted himself in the middle of a high road

that was not far from the green meadow. Sancho followed on Dapple,

together with all the members of the pastoral gathering, eager to see

what would be the upshot of his vainglorious and extraordinary

proposal.

Don Quixote, then, having, as has been said, planted himself in the

middle of the road, made the welkin ring with words to this effect: “Ho

ye travellers and wayfarers, knights, squires, folk on foot or on

horseback, who pass this way or shall pass in the course of the next

two days! Know that Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant, is posted

here to maintain by arms that the beauty and courtesy enshrined in the

nymphs that dwell in these meadows and groves surpass all upon earth,

putting aside the lady of my heart, Dulcinea del Toboso. Wherefore, let

him who is of the opposite opinion come on, for here I await him.”

Twice he repeated the same words, and twice they fell unheard by any

adventurer; but fate, that was guiding affairs for him from better to

better, so ordered it that shortly afterwards there appeared on the

road a crowd of men on horseback, many of them with lances in their

hands, all riding in a compact body and in great haste. No sooner had

those who were with Don Quixote seen them than they turned about and

withdrew to some distance from the road, for they knew that if they

stayed some harm might come to them; but Don Quixote with intrepid

heart stood his ground, and Sancho Panza shielded himself with

Rocinante’s hind-quarters. The troop of lancers came up, and one of

them who was in advance began shouting to Don Quixote, “Get out of the

way, you son of the devil, or these bulls will knock you to pieces!”

“Rabble!” returned Don Quixote, “I care nothing for bulls, be they the

fiercest Jarama breeds on its banks. Confess at once, scoundrels, that

what I have declared is true; else ye have to deal with me in combat.”

The herdsman had no time to reply, nor Don Quixote to get out of the

way even if he wished; and so the drove of fierce bulls and tame

bullocks, together with the crowd of herdsmen and others who were

taking them to be penned up in a village where they were to be run the

next day, passed over Don Quixote and over Sancho, Rocinante and

Dapple, hurling them all to the earth and rolling them over on the

ground. Sancho was left crushed, Don Quixote scared, Dapple belaboured

and Rocinante in no very sound condition.

p58c.jpg (399K)

Full Size

They all got up, however, at length, and Don Quixote in great haste,

stumbling here and falling there, started off running after the drove,

shouting out, “Hold! stay! ye rascally rabble, a single knight awaits

you, and he is not of the temper or opinion of those who say, ‘For a

flying enemy make a bridge of silver.’” The retreating party in their

haste, however, did not stop for that, or heed his menaces any more

than last year’s clouds. Weariness brought Don Quixote to a halt, and

more enraged than avenged he sat down on the road to wait until Sancho,

Rocinante and Dapple came up. When they reached him master and man

mounted once more, and without going back to bid farewell to the mock

or imitation Arcadia, and more in humiliation than contentment, they

continued their journey.

p58e.jpg (68K)

Full Size

CHAPTER LIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE STRANGE THING, WHICH MAY BE REGARDED AS AN

ADVENTURE, THAT HAPPENED DON QUIXOTE

p59a.jpg (126K)

Full Size

A clear limpid spring which they discovered in a cool grove relieved

Don Quixote and Sancho of the dust and fatigue due to the unpolite

behaviour of the bulls, and by the side of this, having turned Dapple

and Rocinante loose without headstall or bridle, the forlorn pair,

master and man, seated themselves. Sancho had recourse to the larder of

his alforjas and took out of them what he called the prog; Don Quixote

rinsed his mouth and bathed his face, by which cooling process his

flagging energies were revived. Out of pure vexation he remained

without eating, and out of pure politeness Sancho did not venture to

touch a morsel of what was before him, but waited for his master to act

as taster. Seeing, however, that, absorbed in thought, he was

forgetting to carry the bread to his mouth, he said never a word, and

trampling every sort of good breeding under foot, began to stow away in

his paunch the bread and cheese that came to his hand.

p59b.jpg (370K)

Full Size

“Eat, Sancho my friend,” said Don Quixote; “support life, which is of

more consequence to thee than to me, and leave me to die under the pain

of my thoughts and pressure of my misfortunes. I was born, Sancho, to

live dying, and thou to die eating; and to prove the truth of what I

say, look at me, printed in histories, famed in arms, courteous in

behaviour, honoured by princes, courted by maidens; and after all, when

I looked forward to palms, triumphs, and crowns, won and earned by my

valiant deeds, I have this morning seen myself trampled on, kicked, and

crushed by the feet of unclean and filthy animals. This thought blunts

my teeth, paralyses my jaws, cramps my hands, and robs me of all

appetite for food; so much so that I have a mind to let myself die of

hunger, the cruelest death of all deaths.”

“So then,” said Sancho, munching hard all the time, “your worship does

not agree with the proverb that says, ‘Let Martha die, but let her die

with a full belly.’ I, at any rate, have no mind to kill myself; so far

from that, I mean to do as the cobbler does, who stretches the leather

with his teeth until he makes it reach as far as he wants. I’ll stretch

out my life by eating until it reaches the end heaven has fixed for it;

and let me tell you, señor, there’s no greater folly than to think of

dying of despair as your worship does; take my advice, and after eating

lie down and sleep a bit on this green grass-mattress, and you will see

that when you awake you’ll feel something better.”

Don Quixote did as he recommended, for it struck him that Sancho’s

reasoning was more like a philosopher’s than a blockhead’s, and said

he, “Sancho, if thou wilt do for me what I am going to tell thee my

ease of mind would be more assured and my heaviness of heart not so

great; and it is this; to go aside a little while I am sleeping in

accordance with thy advice, and, making bare thy carcase to the air, to

give thyself three or four hundred lashes with Rocinante’s reins, on

account of the three thousand and odd thou art to give thyself for the

disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is a great pity that the poor lady

should be left enchanted through thy carelessness and negligence.”

“There is a good deal to be said on that point,” said Sancho; “let us

both go to sleep now, and after that, God has decreed what will happen.

Let me tell your worship that for a man to whip himself in cold blood

is a hard thing, especially if the stripes fall upon an ill-nourished

and worse-fed body. Let my lady Dulcinea have patience, and when she is

least expecting it, she will see me made a riddle of with whipping, and

‘until death it’s all life;’ I mean that I have still life in me, and

the desire to make good what I have promised.”

Don Quixote thanked him, and ate a little, and Sancho a good deal, and

then they both lay down to sleep, leaving those two inseparable friends

and comrades, Rocinante and Dapple, to their own devices and to feed

unrestrained upon the abundant grass with which the meadow was

furnished. They woke up rather late, mounted once more and resumed

their journey, pushing on to reach an inn which was in sight,

apparently a league off. I say an inn, because Don Quixote called it

so, contrary to his usual practice of calling all inns castles. They

reached it, and asked the landlord if they could put up there. He said

yes, with as much comfort and as good fare as they could find in

Saragossa. They dismounted, and Sancho stowed away his larder in a room

of which the landlord gave him the key. He took the beasts to the

stable, fed them, and came back to see what orders Don Quixote, who was

seated on a bench at the door, had for him, giving special thanks to

heaven that this inn had not been taken for a castle by his master.

Supper-time came, and they repaired to their room, and Sancho asked the

landlord what he had to give them for supper. To this the landlord

replied that his mouth should be the measure; he had only to ask what

he would; for that inn was provided with the birds of the air and the

fowls of the earth and the fish of the sea.

“There’s no need of all that,” said Sancho; “if they’ll roast us a

couple of chickens we’ll be satisfied, for my master is delicate and

eats little, and I’m not over and above gluttonous.”

The landlord replied he had no chickens, for the kites had stolen them.

“Well then,” said Sancho, “let señor landlord tell them to roast a

pullet, so that it is a tender one.”

“Pullet! My father!” said the landlord; “indeed and in truth it’s only

yesterday I sent over fifty to the city to sell; but saving pullets ask

what you will.”

“In that case,” said Sancho, “you will not be without veal or kid.”

“Just now,” said the landlord, “there’s none in the house, for it’s all

finished; but next week there will be enough and to spare.”

“Much good that does us,” said Sancho; “I’ll lay a bet that all these

short-comings are going to wind up in plenty of bacon and eggs.”

“By God,” said the landlord, “my guest’s wits must be precious dull; I

tell him I have neither pullets nor hens, and he wants me to have eggs!

Talk of other dainties, if you please, and don’t ask for hens again.”

“Body o’ me!” said Sancho, “let’s settle the matter; say at once what

you have got, and let us have no more words about it.”

“In truth and earnest, señor guest,” said the landlord, “all I have is

a couple of cow-heels like calves’ feet, or a couple of calves’ feet

like cowheels; they are boiled with chick-peas, onions, and bacon, and

at this moment they are crying ‘Come eat me, come eat me.”

“I mark them for mine on the spot,” said Sancho; “let nobody touch

them; I’ll pay better for them than anyone else, for I could not wish

for anything more to my taste; and I don’t care a pin whether they are

feet or heels.”

“Nobody shall touch them,” said the landlord; “for the other guests I

have, being persons of high quality, bring their own cook and caterer

and larder with them.”

“If you come to people of quality,” said Sancho, “there’s nobody more

so than my master; but the calling he follows does not allow of larders

or store-rooms; we lay ourselves down in the middle of a meadow, and

fill ourselves with acorns or medlars.”

Here ended Sancho’s conversation with the landlord, Sancho not caring

to carry it any farther by answering him; for he had already asked him

what calling or what profession it was his master was of.

Supper-time having come, then, Don Quixote betook himself to his room,

the landlord brought in the stew-pan just as it was, and he sat himself

down to sup very resolutely. It seems that in another room, which was

next to Don Quixote’s, with nothing but a thin partition to separate

it, he overheard these words, “As you live, Señor Don Jeronimo, while

they are bringing supper, let us read another chapter of the Second

Part of ‘Don Quixote of La Mancha.’”

The instant Don Quixote heard his own name he started to his feet and

listened with open ears to catch what they said about him, and heard

the Don Jeronimo who had been addressed say in reply, “Why would you

have us read that absurd stuff, Don Juan, when it is impossible for

anyone who has read the First Part of the history of ‘Don Quixote of La

Mancha’ to take any pleasure in reading this Second Part?”

“For all that,” said he who was addressed as Don Juan, “we shall do

well to read it, for there is no book so bad but it has something good

in it. What displeases me most in it is that it represents Don Quixote

as now cured of his love for Dulcinea del Toboso.”

On hearing this Don Quixote, full of wrath and indignation, lifted up

his voice and said, “Whoever he may be who says that Don Quixote of La

Mancha has forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I will teach

him with equal arms that what he says is very far from the truth; for

neither can the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso be forgotten, nor can

forgetfulness have a place in Don Quixote; his motto is constancy, and

his profession to maintain the same with his life and never wrong it.”

“Who is this that answers us?” said they in the next room.

“Who should it be,” said Sancho, “but Don Quixote of La Mancha himself,

who will make good all he has said and all he will say; for pledges

don’t trouble a good payer.”

Sancho had hardly uttered these words when two gentlemen, for such they

seemed to be, entered the room, and one of them, throwing his arms

round Don Quixote’s neck, said to him, “Your appearance cannot leave

any question as to your name, nor can your name fail to identify your

appearance; unquestionably, señor, you are the real Don Quixote of La

Mancha, cynosure and morning star of knight-errantry, despite and in

defiance of him who has sought to usurp your name and bring to naught

your achievements, as the author of this book which I here present to

you has done;” and with this he put a book which his companion carried

into the hands of Don Quixote, who took it, and without replying began

to run his eye over it; but he presently returned it saying, “In the

little I have seen I have discovered three things in this author that

deserve to be censured. The first is some words that I have read in the

preface; the next that the language is Aragonese, for sometimes he

writes without articles; and the third, which above all stamps him as

ignorant, is that he goes wrong and departs from the truth in the most

important part of the history, for here he says that my squire Sancho

Panza’s wife is called Mari Gutierrez, when she is called nothing of

the sort, but Teresa Panza; and when a man errs on such an important

point as this there is good reason to fear that he is in error on every

other point in the history.”

“A nice sort of historian, indeed!” exclaimed Sancho at this; “he must

know a deal about our affairs when he calls my wife Teresa Panza, Mari

Gutierrez; take the book again, señor, and see if I am in it and if he

has changed my name.”

“From your talk, friend,” said Don Jeronimo, “no doubt you are Sancho

Panza, Señor Don Quixote’s squire.”

“Yes, I am,” said Sancho; “and I’m proud of it.”

“Faith, then,” said the gentleman, “this new author does not handle you

with the decency that displays itself in your person; he makes you out

a heavy feeder and a fool, and not in the least droll, and a very

different being from the Sancho described in the First Part of your

master’s history.”

“God forgive him,” said Sancho; “he might have left me in my corner

without troubling his head about me; ‘let him who knows how ring the

bells; ‘Saint Peter is very well in Rome.’”

The two gentlemen pressed Don Quixote to come into their room and have

supper with them, as they knew very well there was nothing in that inn

fit for one of his sort. Don Quixote, who was always polite, yielded to

their request and supped with them. Sancho stayed behind with the stew.

and invested with plenary delegated authority seated himself at the

head of the table, and the landlord sat down with him, for he was no

less fond of cow-heel and calves’ feet than Sancho was.

While at supper Don Juan asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady

Dulcinea del Toboso, was she married, had she been brought to bed, or

was she with child, or did she in maidenhood, still preserving her

modesty and delicacy, cherish the remembrance of the tender passion of

Señor Don Quixote?

To this he replied, “Dulcinea is a maiden still, and my passion more

firmly rooted than ever, our intercourse unsatisfactory as before, and

her beauty transformed into that of a foul country wench;” and then he

proceeded to give them a full and particular account of the enchantment

of Dulcinea, and of what had happened him in the cave of Montesinos,

together with what the sage Merlin had prescribed for her

disenchantment, namely the scourging of Sancho.

Exceedingly great was the amusement the two gentlemen derived from

hearing Don Quixote recount the strange incidents of his history; and

if they were amazed by his absurdities they were equally amazed by the

elegant style in which he delivered them. On the one hand they regarded

him as a man of wit and sense, and on the other he seemed to them a

maundering blockhead, and they could not make up their minds

whereabouts between wisdom and folly they ought to place him.

Sancho having finished his supper, and left the landlord in the X

condition, repaired to the room where his master was, and as he came in

said, “May I die, sirs, if the author of this book your worships have

got has any mind that we should agree; as he calls me glutton

(according to what your worships say) I wish he may not call me

drunkard too.”

“But he does,” said Don Jeronimo; “I cannot remember, however, in what

way, though I know his words are offensive, and what is more, lying, as

I can see plainly by the physiognomy of the worthy Sancho before me.”

“Believe me,” said Sancho, “the Sancho and the Don Quixote of this

history must be different persons from those that appear in the one

Cide Hamete Benengeli wrote, who are ourselves; my master valiant,

wise, and true in love, and I simple, droll, and neither glutton nor

drunkard.”

“I believe it,” said Don Juan; “and were it possible, an order should

be issued that no one should have the presumption to deal with anything

relating to Don Quixote, save his original author Cide Hamete; just as

Alexander commanded that no one should presume to paint his portrait

save Apelles.”

p60b.jpg (336K)

Full Size

“Let him who will paint me,” said Don Quixote; “but let him not abuse

me; for patience will often break down when they heap insults upon it.”

“None can be offered to Señor Don Quixote,” said Don Juan, “that he

himself will not be able to avenge, if he does not ward it off with the

shield of his patience, which, I take it, is great and strong.”

A considerable portion of the night passed in conversation of this

sort, and though Don Juan wished Don Quixote to read more of the book

to see what it was all about, he was not to be prevailed upon, saying

that he treated it as read and pronounced it utterly silly; and, if by

any chance it should come to its author’s ears that he had it in his

hand, he did not want him to flatter himself with the idea that he had

read it; for our thoughts, and still more our eyes, should keep

themselves aloof from what is obscene and filthy.

They asked him whither he meant to direct his steps. He replied, to

Saragossa, to take part in the harness jousts which were held in that

city every year. Don Juan told him that the new history described how

Don Quixote, let him be who he might, took part there in a tilting at

the ring, utterly devoid of invention, poor in mottoes, very poor in

costume, though rich in sillinesses.

“For that very reason,” said Don Quixote, “I will not set foot in

Saragossa; and by that means I shall expose to the world the lie of

this new history writer, and people will see that I am not the Don

Quixote he speaks of.”

“You will do quite right,” said Don Jeronimo; “and there are other

jousts at Barcelona in which Señor Don Quixote may display his

prowess.”

“That is what I mean to do,” said Don Quixote; “and as it is now time,

I pray your worships to give me leave to retire to bed, and to place

and retain me among the number of your greatest friends and servants.”

“And me too,” said Sancho; “maybe I’ll be good for something.”

With this they exchanged farewells, and Don Quixote and Sancho retired

to their room, leaving Don Juan and Don Jeronimo amazed to see the

medley he made of his good sense and his craziness; and they felt

thoroughly convinced that these, and not those their Aragonese author

described, were the genuine Don Quixote and Sancho. Don Quixote rose

betimes, and bade adieu to his hosts by knocking at the partition of

the other room. Sancho paid the landlord magnificently, and recommended

him either to say less about the providing of his inn or to keep it

better provided.

p59e.jpg (48K)

CHAPTER LX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED DON QUIXOTE ON HIS WAY TO BARCELONA

p60a.jpg (129K)

Full Size

It was a fresh morning giving promise of a cool day as Don Quixote

quitted the inn, first of all taking care to ascertain the most direct

road to Barcelona without touching upon Saragossa; so anxious was he to

make out this new historian, who they said abused him so, to be a liar.

Well, as it fell out, nothing worthy of being recorded happened him for

six days, at the end of which, having turned aside out of the road, he

was overtaken by night in a thicket of oak or cork trees; for on this

point Cide Hamete is not as precise as he usually is on other matters.

Master and man dismounted from their beasts, and as soon as they had

settled themselves at the foot of the trees, Sancho, who had had a good

noontide meal that day, let himself, without more ado, pass the gates

of sleep. But Don Quixote, whom his thoughts, far more than hunger,

kept awake, could not close an eye, and roamed in fancy to and fro

through all sorts of places. At one moment it seemed to him that he was

in the cave of Montesinos and saw Dulcinea, transformed into a country

wench, skipping and mounting upon her she-ass; again that the words of

the sage Merlin were sounding in his ears, setting forth the conditions

to be observed and the exertions to be made for the disenchantment of

Dulcinea. He lost all patience when he considered the laziness and want

of charity of his squire Sancho; for to the best of his belief he had

only given himself five lashes, a number paltry and disproportioned to

the vast number required. At this thought he felt such vexation and

anger that he reasoned the matter thus: “If Alexander the Great cut the

Gordian knot, saying, ‘To cut comes to the same thing as to untie,’ and

yet did not fail to become lord paramount of all Asia, neither more nor

less could happen now in Dulcinea’s disenchantment if I scourge Sancho

against his will; for, if it is the condition of the remedy that Sancho

shall receive three thousand and odd lashes, what does it matter to me

whether he inflicts them himself, or someone else inflicts them, when

the essential point is that he receives them, let them come from

whatever quarter they may?”

With this idea he went over to Sancho, having first taken Rocinante’s

reins and arranged them so as to be able to flog him with them, and

began to untie the points (the common belief is he had but one in

front) by which his breeches were held up; but the instant he

approached him Sancho woke up in his full senses and cried out, “What

is this? Who is touching me and untrussing me?”

“It is I,” said Don Quixote, “and I come to make good thy shortcomings

and relieve my own distresses; I come to whip thee, Sancho, and wipe

off some portion of the debt thou hast undertaken. Dulcinea is

perishing, thou art living on regardless, I am dying of hope deferred;

therefore untruss thyself with a good will, for mine it is, here, in

this retired spot, to give thee at least two thousand lashes.”

“Not a bit of it,” said Sancho; “let your worship keep quiet, or else

by the living God the deaf shall hear us; the lashes I pledged myself

to must be voluntary and not forced upon me, and just now I have no

fancy to whip myself; it is enough if I give you my word to flog and

flap myself when I have a mind.”

“It will not do to leave it to thy courtesy, Sancho,” said Don Quixote,

“for thou art hard of heart and, though a clown, tender of flesh;” and

at the same time he strove and struggled to untie him.

Seeing this Sancho got up, and grappling with his master he gripped him

with all his might in his arms, giving him a trip with the heel

stretched him on the ground on his back, and pressing his right knee on

his chest held his hands in his own so that he could neither move nor

breathe.

“How now, traitor!” exclaimed Don Quixote. “Dost thou revolt against

thy master and natural lord? Dost thou rise against him who gives thee

his bread?”

“I neither put down king, nor set up king,” said Sancho; “I only stand

up for myself who am my own lord; if your worship promises me to be

quiet, and not to offer to whip me now, I’ll let you go free and

unhindered; if not—

Traitor and Doña Sancha’s foe,

Thou diest on the spot.”

Don Quixote gave his promise, and swore by the life of his thoughts not

to touch so much as a hair of his garments, and to leave him entirely

free and to his own discretion to whip himself whenever he pleased.

p60c.jpg (250K)

Full Size

Sancho rose and removed some distance from the spot, but as he was

about to place himself leaning against another tree he felt something

touch his head, and putting up his hands encountered somebody’s two

feet with shoes and stockings on them. He trembled with fear and made

for another tree, where the very same thing happened to him, and he

fell a-shouting, calling upon Don Quixote to come and protect him. Don

Quixote did so, and asked him what had happened to him, and what he was

afraid of. Sancho replied that all the trees were full of men’s feet

and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and guessed at once what it was, and

said to Sancho, “Thou hast nothing to be afraid of, for these feet and

legs that thou feelest but canst not see belong no doubt to some

outlaws and freebooters that have been hanged on these trees; for the

authorities in these parts are wont to hang them up by twenties and

thirties when they catch them; whereby I conjecture that I must be near

Barcelona;” and it was, in fact, as he supposed; with the first light

they looked up and saw that the fruit hanging on those trees were

freebooters’ bodies.

And now day dawned; and if the dead freebooters had scared them, their

hearts were no less troubled by upwards of forty living ones, who all

of a sudden surrounded them, and in the Catalan tongue bade them stand

and wait until their captain came up. Don Quixote was on foot with his

horse unbridled and his lance leaning against a tree, and in short

completely defenceless; he thought it best therefore to fold his arms

and bow his head and reserve himself for a more favourable occasion and

opportunity. The robbers made haste to search Dapple, and did not leave

him a single thing of all he carried in the alforjas and in the valise;

and lucky it was for Sancho that the duke’s crowns and those he brought

from home were in a girdle that he wore round him; but for all that

these good folk would have stripped him, and even looked to see what he

had hidden between the skin and flesh, but for the arrival at that

moment of their captain, who was about thirty-four years of age

apparently, strongly built, above the middle height, of stern aspect

and swarthy complexion. He was mounted upon a powerful horse, and had

on a coat of mail, with four of the pistols they call petronels in that

country at his waist. He saw that his squires (for so they call those

who follow that trade) were about to rifle Sancho Panza, but he ordered

them to desist and was at once obeyed, so the girdle escaped. He

wondered to see the lance leaning against the tree, the shield on the

ground, and Don Quixote in armour and dejected, with the saddest and

most melancholy face that sadness itself could produce; and going up to

him he said, “Be not so cast down, good man, for you have not fallen

into the hands of any inhuman Busiris, but into Roque Guinart’s, which

are more merciful than cruel.”

“The cause of my dejection,” returned Don Quixote, “is not that I have

fallen into thy hands, O valiant Roque, whose fame is bounded by no

limits on earth, but that my carelessness should have been so great

that thy soldiers should have caught me unbridled, when it is my duty,

according to the rule of knight-errantry which I profess, to be always

on the alert and at all times my own sentinel; for let me tell thee,

great Roque, had they found me on my horse, with my lance and shield,

it would not have been very easy for them to reduce me to submission,

for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, he who hath filled the whole world

with his achievements.”

Roque Guinart at once perceived that Don Quixote’s weakness was more

akin to madness than to swagger; and though he had sometimes heard him

spoken of, he never regarded the things attributed to him as true, nor

could he persuade himself that such a humour could become dominant in

the heart of man; he was extremely glad, therefore, to meet him and

test at close quarters what he had heard of him at a distance; so he

said to him, “Despair not, valiant knight, nor regard as an untoward

fate the position in which thou findest thyself; it may be that by

these slips thy crooked fortune will make itself straight; for heaven

by strange circuitous ways, mysterious and incomprehensible to man,

raises up the fallen and makes rich the poor.”

Don Quixote was about to thank him, when they heard behind them a noise

as of a troop of horses; there was, however, but one, riding on which

at a furious pace came a youth, apparently about twenty years of age,

clad in green damask edged with gold and breeches and a loose frock,

with a hat looped up in the Walloon fashion, tight-fitting polished

boots, gilt spurs, dagger and sword, and in his hand a musketoon, and a

pair of pistols at his waist.

Roque turned round at the noise and perceived this comely figure, which

drawing near thus addressed him, “I came in quest of thee, valiant

Roque, to find in thee if not a remedy at least relief in my

misfortune; and not to keep thee in suspense, for I see thou dost not

recognise me, I will tell thee who I am; I am Claudia Jeronima, the

daughter of Simon Forte, thy good friend, and special enemy of Clauquel

Torrellas, who is thine also as being of the faction opposed to thee.

Thou knowest that this Torrellas has a son who is called, or at least

was not two hours since, Don Vicente Torrellas. Well, to cut short the

tale of my misfortune, I will tell thee in a few words what this youth

has brought upon me. He saw me, he paid court to me, I listened to him,

and, unknown to my father, I loved him; for there is no woman, however

secluded she may live or close she may be kept, who will not have

opportunities and to spare for following her headlong impulses. In a

word, he pledged himself to be mine, and I promised to be his, without

carrying matters any further. Yesterday I learned that, forgetful of

his pledge to me, he was about to marry another, and that he was to go

this morning to plight his troth, intelligence which overwhelmed and

exasperated me; my father not being at home I was able to adopt this

costume you see, and urging my horse to speed I overtook Don Vicente

about a league from this, and without waiting to utter reproaches or

hear excuses I fired this musket at him, and these two pistols besides,

and to the best of my belief I must have lodged more than two bullets

in his body, opening doors to let my honour go free, enveloped in his

blood. I left him there in the hands of his servants, who did not dare

and were not able to interfere in his defence, and I come to seek from

thee a safe-conduct into France, where I have relatives with whom I can

live; and also to implore thee to protect my father, so that Don

Vicente’s numerous kinsmen may not venture to wreak their lawless

vengeance upon him.”

Roque, filled with admiration at the gallant bearing, high spirit,

comely figure, and adventure of the fair Claudia, said to her, “Come,

señora, let us go and see if thy enemy is dead; and then we will

consider what will be best for thee.” Don Quixote, who had been

listening to what Claudia said and Roque Guinart said in reply to her,

exclaimed, “Nobody need trouble himself with the defence of this lady,

for I take it upon myself. Give me my horse and arms, and wait for me

here; I will go in quest of this knight, and dead or alive I will make

him keep his word plighted to so great beauty.”

“Nobody need have any doubt about that,” said Sancho, “for my master

has a very happy knack of matchmaking; it’s not many days since he

forced another man to marry, who in the same way backed out of his

promise to another maiden; and if it had not been for his persecutors

the enchanters changing the man’s proper shape into a lacquey’s the

said maiden would not be one this minute.”

Roque, who was paying more attention to the fair Claudia’s adventure

than to the words of master or man, did not hear them; and ordering his

squires to restore to Sancho everything they had stripped Dapple of, he

directed them to return to the place where they had been quartered

during the night, and then set off with Claudia at full speed in search

of the wounded or slain Don Vicente. They reached the spot where

Claudia met him, but found nothing there save freshly spilt blood;

looking all round, however, they descried some people on the slope of a

hill above them, and concluded, as indeed it proved to be, that it was

Don Vicente, whom either dead or alive his servants were removing to

attend to his wounds or to bury him. They made haste to overtake them,

which, as the party moved slowly, they were able to do with ease. They

found Don Vicente in the arms of his servants, whom he was entreating

in a broken feeble voice to leave him there to die, as the pain of his

wounds would not suffer him to go any farther. Claudia and Roque threw

themselves off their horses and advanced towards him; the servants were

overawed by the appearance of Roque, and Claudia was moved by the sight

of Don Vicente, and going up to him half tenderly half sternly, she

seized his hand and said to him, “Hadst thou given me this according to

our compact thou hadst never come to this pass.”

The wounded gentleman opened his all but closed eyes, and recognising

Claudia said, “I see clearly, fair and mistaken lady, that it is thou

that hast slain me, a punishment not merited or deserved by my feelings

towards thee, for never did I mean to, nor could I, wrong thee in

thought or deed.”

“It is not true, then,” said Claudia, “that thou wert going this

morning to marry Leonora the daughter of the rich Balvastro?”

“Assuredly not,” replied Don Vicente; “my cruel fortune must have

carried those tidings to thee to drive thee in thy jealousy to take my

life; and to assure thyself of this, press my hands and take me for thy

husband if thou wilt; I have no better satisfaction to offer thee for

the wrong thou fanciest thou hast received from me.”

Claudia wrung his hands, and her own heart was so wrung that she lay

fainting on the bleeding breast of Don Vicente, whom a death spasm

seized the same instant. Roque was in perplexity and knew not what to

do; the servants ran to fetch water to sprinkle their faces, and

brought some and bathed them with it. Claudia recovered from her

fainting fit, but not so Don Vicente from the paroxysm that had

overtaken him, for his life had come to an end. On perceiving this,

Claudia, when she had convinced herself that her beloved husband was no

more, rent the air with her sighs and made the heavens ring with her

lamentations; she tore her hair and scattered it to the winds, she beat

her face with her hands and showed all the signs of grief and sorrow

that could be conceived to come from an afflicted heart. “Cruel,

reckless woman!” she cried, “how easily wert thou moved to carry out a

thought so wicked! O furious force of jealousy, to what desperate

lengths dost thou lead those that give thee lodging in their bosoms! O

husband, whose unhappy fate in being mine hath borne thee from the

marriage bed to the grave!”

So vehement and so piteous were the lamentations of Claudia that they

drew tears from Roque’s eyes, unused as they were to shed them on any

occasion. The servants wept, Claudia swooned away again and again, and

the whole place seemed a field of sorrow and an abode of misfortune. In

the end Roque Guinart directed Don Vicente’s servants to carry his body

to his father’s village, which was close by, for burial. Claudia told

him she meant to go to a monastery of which an aunt of hers was abbess,

where she intended to pass her life with a better and everlasting

spouse. He applauded her pious resolution, and offered to accompany her

whithersoever she wished, and to protect her father against the kinsmen

of Don Vicente and all the world, should they seek to injure him.

Claudia would not on any account allow him to accompany her; and

thanking him for his offers as well as she could, took leave of him in

tears. The servants of Don Vicente carried away his body, and Roque

returned to his comrades, and so ended the love of Claudia Jeronima;

but what wonder, when it was the insuperable and cruel might of

jealousy that wove the web of her sad story?

p60d.jpg (439K)

Full Size

Roque Guinart found his squires at the place to which he had ordered

them, and Don Quixote on Rocinante in the midst of them delivering a

harangue to them in which he urged them to give up a mode of life so

full of peril, as well to the soul as to the body; but as most of them

were Gascons, rough lawless fellows, his speech did not make much

impression on them. Roque on coming up asked Sancho if his men had

returned and restored to him the treasures and jewels they had stripped

off Dapple. Sancho said they had, but that three kerchiefs that were

worth three cities were missing.

“What are you talking about, man?” said one of the bystanders; “I have

got them, and they are not worth three reals.”

“That is true,” said Don Quixote; “but my squire values them at the

rate he says, as having been given me by the person who gave them.”

Roque Guinart ordered them to be restored at once; and making his men

fall in in line he directed all the clothing, jewellery, and money that

they had taken since the last distribution to be produced; and making a

hasty valuation, and reducing what could not be divided into money, he

made shares for the whole band so equitably and carefully, that in no

case did he exceed or fall short of strict distributive justice.

When this had been done, and all left satisfied, Roque observed to Don

Quixote, “If this scrupulous exactness were not observed with these

fellows there would be no living with them.”

Upon this Sancho remarked, “From what I have seen here, justice is such

a good thing that there is no doing without it, even among the thieves

themselves.”

One of the squires heard this, and raising the butt-end of his

harquebuss would no doubt have broken Sancho’s head with it had not

Roque Guinart called out to him to hold his hand. Sancho was frightened

out of his wits, and vowed not to open his lips so long as he was in

the company of these people.

At this instant one or two of those squires who were posted as

sentinels on the roads, to watch who came along them and report what

passed to their chief, came up and said, “Señor, there is a great troop

of people not far off coming along the road to Barcelona.”

To which Roque replied, “Hast thou made out whether they are of the

sort that are after us, or of the sort we are after?”

“The sort we are after,” said the squire.

“Well then, away with you all,” said Roque, “and bring them here to me

at once without letting one of them escape.”

p60e.jpg (420K)

Full Size

They obeyed, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, left by themselves,

waited to see what the squires brought, and while they were waiting

Roque said to Don Quixote, “It must seem a strange sort of life to

Señor Don Quixote, this of ours, strange adventures, strange incidents,

and all full of danger; and I do not wonder that it should seem so, for

in truth I must own there is no mode of life more restless or anxious

than ours. What led me into it was a certain thirst for vengeance,

which is strong enough to disturb the quietest hearts. I am by nature

tender-hearted and kindly, but, as I said, the desire to revenge myself

for a wrong that was done me so overturns all my better impulses that I

keep on in this way of life in spite of what conscience tells me; and

as one depth calls to another, and one sin to another sin, revenges

have linked themselves together, and I have taken upon myself not only

my own but those of others: it pleases God, however, that, though I see

myself in this maze of entanglements, I do not lose all hope of

escaping from it and reaching a safe port.”

Don Quixote was amazed to hear Roque utter such excellent and just

sentiments, for he did not think that among those who followed such

trades as robbing, murdering, and waylaying, there could be anyone

capable of a virtuous thought, and he said in reply, “Señor Roque, the

beginning of health lies in knowing the disease and in the sick man’s

willingness to take the medicines which the physician prescribes; you

are sick, you know what ails you, and heaven, or more properly speaking

God, who is our physician, will administer medicines that will cure

you, and cure gradually, and not of a sudden or by a miracle; besides,

sinners of discernment are nearer amendment than those who are fools;

and as your worship has shown good sense in your remarks, all you have

to do is to keep up a good heart and trust that the weakness of your

conscience will be strengthened. And if you have any desire to shorten

the journey and put yourself easily in the way of salvation, come with

me, and I will show you how to become a knight-errant, a calling

wherein so many hardships and mishaps are encountered that if they be

taken as penances they will lodge you in heaven in a trice.”

Roque laughed at Don Quixote’s exhortation, and changing the

conversation he related the tragic affair of Claudia Jeronima, at which

Sancho was extremely grieved; for he had not found the young woman’s

beauty, boldness, and spirit at all amiss.

And now the squires despatched to make the prize came up, bringing with

them two gentlemen on horseback, two pilgrims on foot, and a coach full

of women with some six servants on foot and on horseback in attendance

on them, and a couple of muleteers whom the gentlemen had with them.

The squires made a ring round them, both victors and vanquished

maintaining profound silence, waiting for the great Roque Guinart to

speak. He asked the gentlemen who they were, whither they were going,

and what money they carried with them; “Señor,” replied one of them,

“we are two captains of Spanish infantry; our companies are at Naples,

and we are on our way to embark in four galleys which they say are at

Barcelona under orders for Sicily; and we have about two or three

hundred crowns, with which we are, according to our notions, rich and

contented, for a soldier’s poverty does not allow a more extensive

hoard.”

Roque asked the pilgrims the same questions he had put to the captains,

and was answered that they were going to take ship for Rome, and that

between them they might have about sixty reals. He asked also who was

in the coach, whither they were bound and what money they had, and one

of the men on horseback replied, “The persons in the coach are my lady

Doña Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the regent of the Vicaria at Naples,

her little daughter, a handmaid and a duenna; we six servants are in

attendance upon her, and the money amounts to six hundred crowns.”

“So then,” said Roque Guinart, “we have got here nine hundred crowns

and sixty reals; my soldiers must number some sixty; see how much there

falls to each, for I am a bad arithmetician.” As soon as the robbers

heard this they raised a shout of “Long life to Roque Guinart, in spite

of the lladres that seek his ruin!”

The captains showed plainly the concern they felt, the regent’s lady

was downcast, and the pilgrims did not at all enjoy seeing their

property confiscated. Roque kept them in suspense in this way for a

while; but he had no desire to prolong their distress, which might be

seen a bowshot off, and turning to the captains he said, “Sirs, will

your worships be pleased of your courtesy to lend me sixty crowns, and

her ladyship the regent’s wife eighty, to satisfy this band that

follows me, for ‘it is by his singing the abbot gets his dinner;’ and

then you may at once proceed on your journey, free and unhindered, with

a safe-conduct which I shall give you, so that if you come across any

other bands of mine that I have scattered in these parts, they may do

you no harm; for I have no intention of doing injury to soldiers, or to

any woman, especially one of quality.”

Profuse and hearty were the expressions of gratitude with which the

captains thanked Roque for his courtesy and generosity; for such they

regarded his leaving them their own money. Señora Doña Guiomar de

Quiñones wanted to throw herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and

hands of the great Roque, but he would not suffer it on any account; so

far from that, he begged her pardon for the wrong he had done her under

pressure of the inexorable necessities of his unfortunate calling. The

regent’s lady ordered one of her servants to give the eighty crowns

that had been assessed as her share at once, for the captains had

already paid down their sixty. The pilgrims were about to give up the

whole of their little hoard, but Roque bade them keep quiet, and

turning to his men he said, “Of these crowns two fall to each man and

twenty remain over; let ten be given to these pilgrims, and the other

ten to this worthy squire that he may be able to speak favourably of

this adventure;” and then having writing materials, with which he

always went provided, brought to him, he gave them in writing a

safe-conduct to the leaders of his bands; and bidding them farewell let

them go free and filled with admiration at his magnanimity, his

generous disposition, and his unusual conduct, and inclined to regard

him as an Alexander the Great rather than a notorious robber.

One of the squires observed in his mixture of Gascon and Catalan, “This

captain of ours would make a better friar than highwayman; if he wants

to be so generous another time, let it be with his own property and not

ours.”

p60f.jpg (426K)

Full Size

The unlucky wight did not speak so low but that Roque overheard him,

and drawing his sword almost split his head in two, saying, “That is

the way I punish impudent saucy fellows.” They were all taken aback,

and not one of them dared to utter a word, such deference did they pay

him. Roque then withdrew to one side and wrote a letter to a friend of

his at Barcelona, telling him that the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha,

the knight-errant of whom there was so much talk, was with him, and

was, he assured him, the drollest and wisest man in the world; and that

in four days from that date, that is to say, on Saint John the

Baptist’s Day, he was going to deposit him in full armour mounted on

his horse Rocinante, together with his squire Sancho on an ass, in the

middle of the strand of the city; and bidding him give notice of this

to his friends the Niarros, that they might divert themselves with him.

He wished, he said, his enemies the Cadells could be deprived of this

pleasure; but that was impossible, because the crazes and shrewd

sayings of Don Quixote and the humours of his squire Sancho Panza could

not help giving general pleasure to all the world. He despatched the

letter by one of his squires, who, exchanging the costume of a

highwayman for that of a peasant, made his way into Barcelona and gave

it to the person to whom it was directed.

p60g.jpg (42K)

CHAPTER LXI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED DON QUIXOTE ON ENTERING BARCELONA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER

MATTERS THAT PARTAKE OF THE TRUE RATHER THAN OF THE INGENIOUS

p61a.jpg (143K)

Full Size

Don Quixote passed three days and three nights with Roque, and had he

passed three hundred years he would have found enough to observe and

wonder at in his mode of life. At daybreak they were in one spot, at

dinner-time in another; sometimes they fled without knowing from whom,

at other times they lay in wait, not knowing for what. They slept

standing, breaking their slumbers to shift from place to place. There

was nothing but sending out spies and scouts, posting sentinels and

blowing the matches of harquebusses, though they carried but few, for

almost all used flintlocks. Roque passed his nights in some place or

other apart from his men, that they might not know where he was, for

the many proclamations the viceroy of Barcelona had issued against his

life kept him in fear and uneasiness, and he did not venture to trust

anyone, afraid that even his own men would kill him or deliver him up

to the authorities; of a truth, a weary miserable life! At length, by

unfrequented roads, short cuts, and secret paths, Roque, Don Quixote,

and Sancho, together with six squires, set out for Barcelona. They

reached the strand on Saint John’s Eve during the night; and Roque,

after embracing Don Quixote and Sancho (to whom he presented the ten

crowns he had promised but had not until then given), left them with

many expressions of good-will on both sides.

Roque went back, while Don Quixote remained on horseback, just as he

was, waiting for day, and it was not long before the countenance of the

fair Aurora began to show itself at the balconies of the east,

gladdening the grass and flowers, if not the ear, though to gladden

that too there came at the same moment a sound of clarions and drums,

and a din of bells, and a tramp, tramp, and cries of “Clear the way

there!” of some runners, that seemed to issue from the city.

p61b.jpg (271K)

Full Size

The dawn made way for the sun that with a face broader than a buckler

began to rise slowly above the low line of the horizon; Don Quixote and

Sancho gazed all round them; they beheld the sea, a sight until then

unseen by them; it struck them as exceedingly spacious and broad, much

more so than the lakes of Ruidera which they had seen in La Mancha.

They saw the galleys along the beach, which, lowering their awnings,

displayed themselves decked with streamers and pennons that trembled in

the breeze and kissed and swept the water, while on board the bugles,

trumpets, and clarions were sounding and filling the air far and near

with melodious warlike notes. Then they began to move and execute a

kind of skirmish upon the calm water, while a vast number of horsemen

on fine horses and in showy liveries, issuing from the city, engaged on

their side in a somewhat similar movement. The soldiers on board the

galleys kept up a ceaseless fire, which they on the walls and forts of

the city returned, and the heavy cannon rent the air with the

tremendous noise they made, to which the gangway guns of the galleys

replied. The bright sea, the smiling earth, the clear air—though at

times darkened by the smoke of the guns—all seemed to fill the whole

multitude with unexpected delight. Sancho could not make out how it was

that those great masses that moved over the sea had so many feet.

And now the horsemen in livery came galloping up with shouts and

outlandish cries and cheers to where Don Quixote stood amazed and

wondering; and one of them, he to whom Roque had sent word, addressing

him exclaimed, “Welcome to our city, mirror, beacon, star and cynosure

of all knight-errantry in its widest extent! Welcome, I say, valiant

Don Quixote of La Mancha; not the false, the fictitious, the

apocryphal, that these latter days have offered us in lying histories,

but the true, the legitimate, the real one that Cide Hamete Benengeli,

flower of historians, has described to us!”

Don Quixote made no answer, nor did the horsemen wait for one, but

wheeling again with all their followers, they began curvetting round

Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said, “These gentlemen have

plainly recognised us; I will wager they have read our history, and

even that newly printed one by the Aragonese.”

The cavalier who had addressed Don Quixote again approached him and

said, “Come with us, Señor Don Quixote, for we are all of us your

servants and great friends of Roque Guinart’s;” to which Don Quixote

returned, “If courtesy breeds courtesy, yours, sir knight, is daughter

or very nearly akin to the great Roque’s; carry me where you please; I

will have no will but yours, especially if you deign to employ it in

your service.”

p61c.jpg (448K)

Full Size

The cavalier replied with words no less polite, and then, all closing

in around him, they set out with him for the city, to the music of the

clarions and the drums. As they were entering it, the wicked one, who

is the author of all mischief, and the boys who are wickeder than the

wicked one, contrived that a couple of these audacious irrepressible

urchins should force their way through the crowd, and lifting up, one

of them Dapple’s tail and the other Rocinante’s, insert a bunch of

furze under each. The poor beasts felt the strange spurs and added to

their anguish by pressing their tails tight, so much so that, cutting a

multitude of capers, they flung their masters to the ground. Don

Quixote, covered with shame and out of countenance, ran to pluck the

plume from his poor jade’s tail, while Sancho did the same for Dapple.

His conductors tried to punish the audacity of the boys, but there was

no possibility of doing so, for they hid themselves among the hundreds

of others that were following them. Don Quixote and Sancho mounted once

more, and with the same music and acclamations reached their

conductor’s house, which was large and stately, that of a rich

gentleman, in short; and there for the present we will leave them, for

such is Cide Hamete’s pleasure.

p61e.jpg (32K)

CHAPTER LXII.

WHICH DEALS WITH THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD, TOGETHER WITH

OTHER TRIVIAL MATTERS WHICH CANNOT BE LEFT UNTOLD

p62a.jpg (156K)

Full Size

Don Quixote’s host was one Don Antonio Moreno by name, a gentleman of

wealth and intelligence, and very fond of diverting himself in any fair

and good-natured way; and having Don Quixote in his house he set about

devising modes of making him exhibit his mad points in some harmless

fashion; for jests that give pain are no jests, and no sport is worth

anything if it hurts another. The first thing he did was to make Don

Quixote take off his armour, and lead him, in that tight chamois suit

we have already described and depicted more than once, out on a balcony

overhanging one of the chief streets of the city, in full view of the

crowd and of the boys, who gazed at him as they would at a monkey. The

cavaliers in livery careered before him again as though it were for him

alone, and not to enliven the festival of the day, that they wore it,

and Sancho was in high delight, for it seemed to him that, how he knew

not, he had fallen upon another Camacho’s wedding, another house like

Don Diego de Miranda’s, another castle like the duke’s. Some of Don

Antonio’s friends dined with him that day, and all showed honour to Don

Quixote and treated him as a knight-errant, and he becoming puffed up

and exalted in consequence could not contain himself for satisfaction.

Such were the drolleries of Sancho that all the servants of the house,

and all who heard him, were kept hanging upon his lips. While at table

Don Antonio said to him, “We hear, worthy Sancho, that you are so fond

of manjar blanco and forced-meat balls, that if you have any left, you

keep them in your bosom for the next day.”

“No, señor, that’s not true,” said Sancho, “for I am more cleanly than

greedy, and my master Don Quixote here knows well that we two are used

to live for a week on a handful of acorns or nuts. To be sure, if it so

happens that they offer me a heifer, I run with a halter; I mean, I eat

what I’m given, and make use of opportunities as I find them; but

whoever says that I’m an out-of-the-way eater or not cleanly, let me

tell him that he is wrong; and I’d put it in a different way if I did

not respect the honourable beards that are at the table.”

“Indeed,” said Don Quixote, “Sancho’s moderation and cleanliness in

eating might be inscribed and graved on plates of brass, to be kept in

eternal remembrance in ages to come. It is true that when he is hungry

there is a certain appearance of voracity about him, for he eats at a

great pace and chews with both jaws; but cleanliness he is always

mindful of; and when he was governor he learned how to eat daintily, so

much so that he eats grapes, and even pomegranate pips, with a fork.”

“What!” said Don Antonio, “has Sancho been a governor?”

“Ay,” said Sancho, “and of an island called Barataria. I governed it to

perfection for ten days; and lost my rest all the time; and learned to

look down upon all the governments in the world; I got out of it by

taking to flight, and fell into a pit where I gave myself up for dead,

and out of which I escaped alive by a miracle.”

Don Quixote then gave them a minute account of the whole affair of

Sancho’s government, with which he greatly amused his hearers.

On the cloth being removed Don Antonio, taking Don Quixote by the hand,

passed with him into a distant room in which there was nothing in the

way of furniture except a table, apparently of jasper, resting on a

pedestal of the same, upon which was set up, after the fashion of the

busts of the Roman emperors, a head which seemed to be of bronze. Don

Antonio traversed the whole apartment with Don Quixote and walked round

the table several times, and then said, “Now, Señor Don Quixote, that I

am satisfied that no one is listening to us, and that the door is shut,

I will tell you of one of the rarest adventures, or more properly

speaking strange things, that can be imagined, on condition that you

will keep what I say to you in the remotest recesses of secrecy.”

“I swear it,” said Don Quixote, “and for greater security I will put a

flag-stone over it; for I would have you know, Señor Don Antonio” (he

had by this time learned his name), “that you are addressing one who,

though he has ears to hear, has no tongue to speak; so that you may

safely transfer whatever you have in your bosom into mine, and rely

upon it that you have consigned it to the depths of silence.”

“In reliance upon that promise,” said Don Antonio, “I will astonish you

with what you shall see and hear, and relieve myself of some of the

vexation it gives me to have no one to whom I can confide my secrets,

for they are not of a sort to be entrusted to everybody.”

Don Quixote was puzzled, wondering what could be the object of such

precautions; whereupon Don Antonio taking his hand passed it over the

bronze head and the whole table and the pedestal of jasper on which it

stood, and then said, “This head, Señor Don Quixote, has been made and

fabricated by one of the greatest magicians and wizards the world ever

saw, a Pole, I believe, by birth, and a pupil of the famous Escotillo

of whom such marvellous stories are told. He was here in my house, and

for a consideration of a thousand crowns that I gave him he constructed

this head, which has the property and virtue of answering whatever

questions are put to its ear. He observed the points of the compass, he

traced figures, he studied the stars, he watched favourable moments,

and at length brought it to the perfection we shall see to-morrow, for

on Fridays it is mute, and this being Friday we must wait till the next

day. In the interval your worship may consider what you would like to

ask it; and I know by experience that in all its answers it tells the

truth.”

Don Quixote was amazed at the virtue and property of the head, and was

inclined to disbelieve Don Antonio; but seeing what a short time he had

to wait to test the matter, he did not choose to say anything except

that he thanked him for having revealed to him so mighty a secret. They

then quitted the room, Don Antonio locked the door, and they repaired

to the chamber where the rest of the gentlemen were assembled. In the

meantime Sancho had recounted to them several of the adventures and

accidents that had happened his master.

That afternoon they took Don Quixote out for a stroll, not in his

armour but in street costume, with a surcoat of tawny cloth upon him,

that at that season would have made ice itself sweat. Orders were left

with the servants to entertain Sancho so as not to let him leave the

house. Don Quixote was mounted, not on Rocinante, but upon a tall mule

of easy pace and handsomely caparisoned. They put the surcoat on him,

and on the back, without his perceiving it, they stitched a parchment

on which they wrote in large letters, “This is Don Quixote of La

Mancha.” As they set out upon their excursion the placard attracted the

eyes of all who chanced to see him, and as they read out, “This is Don

Quixote of La Mancha,” Don Quixote was amazed to see how many people

gazed at him, called him by his name, and recognised him, and turning

to Don Antonio, who rode at his side, he observed to him, “Great are

the privileges knight-errantry involves, for it makes him who professes

it known and famous in every region of the earth; see, Don Antonio,

even the very boys of this city know me without ever having seen me.”

“True, Señor Don Quixote,” returned Don Antonio; “for as fire cannot be

hidden or kept secret, virtue cannot escape being recognised; and that

which is attained by the profession of arms shines distinguished above

all others.”

It came to pass, however, that as Don Quixote was proceeding amid the

acclamations that have been described, a Castilian, reading the

inscription on his back, cried out in a loud voice, “The devil take

thee for a Don Quixote of La Mancha! What! art thou here, and not dead

of the countless drubbings that have fallen on thy ribs? Thou art mad;

and if thou wert so by thyself, and kept thyself within thy madness, it

would not be so bad; but thou hast the gift of making fools and

blockheads of all who have anything to do with thee or say to thee.

Why, look at these gentlemen bearing thee company! Get thee home,

blockhead, and see after thy affairs, and thy wife and children, and

give over these fooleries that are sapping thy brains and skimming away

thy wits.”

“Go your own way, brother,” said Don Antonio, “and don’t offer advice

to those who don’t ask you for it. Señor Don Quixote is in his full

senses, and we who bear him company are not fools; virtue is to be

honoured wherever it may be found; go, and bad luck to you, and don’t

meddle where you are not wanted.”

“By God, your worship is right,” replied the Castilian; “for to advise

this good man is to kick against the pricks; still for all that it

fills me with pity that the sound wit they say the blockhead has in

everything should dribble away by the channel of his knight-errantry;

but may the bad luck your worship talks of follow me and all my

descendants, if, from this day forth, though I should live longer than

Methuselah, I ever give advice to anybody even if he asks me for it.”

The advice-giver took himself off, and they continued their stroll; but

so great was the press of the boys and people to read the placard, that

Don Antonio was forced to remove it as if he were taking off something

else.

p62b.jpg (373K)

Full Size

Night came and they went home, and there was a ladies’ dancing party,

for Don Antonio’s wife, a lady of rank and gaiety, beauty and wit, had

invited some friends of hers to come and do honour to her guest and

amuse themselves with his strange delusions. Several of them came, they

supped sumptuously, the dance began at about ten o’clock. Among the

ladies were two of a mischievous and frolicsome turn, and, though

perfectly modest, somewhat free in playing tricks for harmless

diversion’s sake. These two were so indefatigable in taking Don Quixote

out to dance that they tired him down, not only in body but in spirit.

It was a sight to see the figure Don Quixote made, long, lank, lean,

and yellow, his garments clinging tight to him, ungainly, and above all

anything but agile.

p62c.jpg (342K)

Full Size

The gay ladies made secret love to him, and he on his part secretly

repelled them, but finding himself hard pressed by their blandishments

he lifted up his voice and exclaimed, “\_Fugite, partes adversæ!\_ Leave

me in peace, unwelcome overtures; avaunt, with your desires, ladies,

for she who is queen of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, suffers

none but hers to lead me captive and subdue me;” and so saying he sat

down on the floor in the middle of the room, tired out and broken down

by all this exertion in the dance.

Don Antonio directed him to be taken up bodily and carried to bed, and

the first that laid hold of him was Sancho, saying as he did so, “In an

evil hour you took to dancing, master mine; do you fancy all mighty men

of valour are dancers, and all knights-errant given to capering? If you

do, I can tell you you are mistaken; there’s many a man would rather

undertake to kill a giant than cut a caper. If it had been the

shoe-fling you were at I could take your place, for I can do the

shoe-fling like a gerfalcon; but I’m no good at dancing.”

With these and other observations Sancho set the whole ball-room

laughing, and then put his master to bed, covering him up well so that

he might sweat out any chill caught after his dancing.

The next day Don Antonio thought he might as well make trial of the

enchanted head, and with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two others, friends

of his, besides the two ladies that had tired out Don Quixote at the

ball, who had remained for the night with Don Antonio’s wife, he locked

himself up in the chamber where the head was. He explained to them the

property it possessed and entrusted the secret to them, telling them

that now for the first time he was going to try the virtue of the

enchanted head; but except Don Antonio’s two friends no one else was

privy to the mystery of the enchantment, and if Don Antonio had not

first revealed it to them they would have been inevitably reduced to

the same state of amazement as the rest, so artfully and skilfully was

it contrived.

The first to approach the ear of the head was Don Antonio himself, and

in a low voice but not so low as not to be audible to all, he said to

it, “Head, tell me by the virtue that lies in thee what am I at this

moment thinking of?”

The head, without any movement of the lips, answered in a clear and

distinct voice, so as to be heard by all, “I cannot judge of thoughts.”

All were thunderstruck at this, and all the more so as they saw that

there was nobody anywhere near the table or in the whole room that

could have answered. “How many of us are here?” asked Don Antonio once

more; and it was answered him in the same way softly, “Thou and thy

wife, with two friends of thine and two of hers, and a famous knight

called Don Quixote of La Mancha, and a squire of his, Sancho Panza by

name.”

Now there was fresh astonishment; now everyone’s hair was standing on

end with awe; and Don Antonio retiring from the head exclaimed, “This

suffices to show me that I have not been deceived by him who sold thee

to me, O sage head, talking head, answering head, wonderful head! Let

someone else go and put what question he likes to it.”

And as women are commonly impulsive and inquisitive, the first to come

forward was one of the two friends of Don Antonio’s wife, and her

question was, “Tell me, Head, what shall I do to be very beautiful?”

and the answer she got was, “Be very modest.”

“I question thee no further,” said the fair querist.

Her companion then came up and said, “I should like to know, Head,

whether my husband loves me or not;” the answer given to her was,

“Think how he uses thee, and thou mayest guess;” and the married lady

went off saying, “That answer did not need a question; for of course

the treatment one receives shows the disposition of him from whom it is

received.”

Then one of Don Antonio’s two friends advanced and asked it, “Who am

I?” “Thou knowest,” was the answer. “That is not what I ask thee,” said

the gentleman, “but to tell me if thou knowest me.” “Yes, I know thee,

thou art Don Pedro Noriz,” was the reply.

“I do not seek to know more,” said the gentleman, “for this is enough

to convince me, O Head, that thou knowest everything;” and as he

retired the other friend came forward and asked it, “Tell me, Head,

what are the wishes of my eldest son?”

“I have said already,” was the answer, “that I cannot judge of wishes;

however, I can tell thee the wish of thy son is to bury thee.”

“That’s ‘what I see with my eyes I point out with my finger,’” said the

gentleman, “so I ask no more.”

Don Antonio’s wife came up and said, “I know not what to ask thee,

Head; I would only seek to know of thee if I shall have many years of

enjoyment of my good husband;” and the answer she received was, “Thou

shalt, for his vigour and his temperate habits promise many years of

life, which by their intemperance others so often cut short.”

Then Don Quixote came forward and said, “Tell me, thou that answerest,

was that which I describe as having happened to me in the cave of

Montesinos the truth or a dream? Will Sancho’s whipping be accomplished

without fail? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea be brought about?”

p62d.jpg (391K)

Full Size

“As to the question of the cave,” was the reply, “there is much to be

said; there is something of both in it. Sancho’s whipping will proceed

leisurely. The disenchantment of Dulcinea will attain its due

consummation.”

“I seek to know no more,” said Don Quixote; “let me but see Dulcinea

disenchanted, and I will consider that all the good fortune I could

wish for has come upon me all at once.”

The last questioner was Sancho, and his questions were, “Head, shall I

by any chance have another government? Shall I ever escape from the

hard life of a squire? Shall I get back to see my wife and children?”

To which the answer came, “Thou shalt govern in thy house; and if thou

returnest to it thou shalt see thy wife and children; and on ceasing to

serve thou shalt cease to be a squire.”

“Good, by God!” said Sancho Panza; “I could have told myself that; the

prophet Perogrullo could have said no more.”

“What answer wouldst thou have, beast?” said Don Quixote; “is it not

enough that the replies this head has given suit the questions put to

it?”

“Yes, it is enough,” said Sancho; “but I should have liked it to have

made itself plainer and told me more.”

The questions and answers came to an end here, but not the wonder with

which all were filled, except Don Antonio’s two friends who were in the

secret. This Cide Hamete Benengeli thought fit to reveal at once, not

to keep the world in suspense, fancying that the head had some strange

magical mystery in it. He says, therefore, that on the model of another

head, the work of an image maker, which he had seen at Madrid, Don

Antonio made this one at home for his own amusement and to astonish

ignorant people; and its mechanism was as follows. The table was of

wood painted and varnished to imitate jasper, and the pedestal on which

it stood was of the same material, with four eagles’ claws projecting

from it to support the weight more steadily. The head, which resembled

a bust or figure of a Roman emperor, and was coloured like bronze, was

hollow throughout, as was the table, into which it was fitted so

exactly that no trace of the joining was visible. The pedestal of the

table was also hollow and communicated with the throat and neck of the

head, and the whole was in communication with another room underneath

the chamber in which the head stood. Through the entire cavity in the

pedestal, table, throat and neck of the bust or figure, there passed a

tube of tin carefully adjusted and concealed from sight. In the room

below corresponding to the one above was placed the person who was to

answer, with his mouth to the tube, and the voice, as in an

ear-trumpet, passed from above downwards, and from below upwards, the

words coming clearly and distinctly; it was impossible, thus, to detect

the trick. A nephew of Don Antonio’s, a smart sharp-witted student, was

the answerer, and as he had been told beforehand by his uncle who the

persons were that would come with him that day into the chamber where

the head was, it was an easy matter for him to answer the first

question at once and correctly; the others he answered by guess-work,

and, being clever, cleverly. Cide Hamete adds that this marvellous

contrivance stood for some ten or twelve days; but that, as it became

noised abroad through the city that he had in his house an enchanted

head that answered all who asked questions of it, Don Antonio, fearing

it might come to the ears of the watchful sentinels of our faith,

explained the matter to the inquisitors, who commanded him to break it

up and have done with it, lest the ignorant vulgar should be

scandalised. By Don Quixote, however, and by Sancho the head was still

held to be an enchanted one, and capable of answering questions, though

more to Don Quixote’s satisfaction than Sancho’s.

The gentlemen of the city, to gratify Don Antonio and also to do the

honours to Don Quixote, and give him an opportunity of displaying his

folly, made arrangements for a tilting at the ring in six days from

that time, which, however, for reason that will be mentioned hereafter,

did not take place.

Don Quixote took a fancy to stroll about the city quietly and on foot,

for he feared that if he went on horseback the boys would follow him;

so he and Sancho and two servants that Don Antonio gave him set out for

a walk. Thus it came to pass that going along one of the streets Don

Quixote lifted up his eyes and saw written in very large letters over a

door, “Books printed here,” at which he was vastly pleased, for until

then he had never seen a printing office, and he was curious to know

what it was like. He entered with all his following, and saw them

drawing sheets in one place, correcting in another, setting up type

here, revising there; in short all the work that is to be seen in great

printing offices. He went up to one case and asked what they were about

there; the workmen told him, he watched them with wonder, and passed

on. He approached one man, among others, and asked him what he was

doing. The workman replied, “Señor, this gentleman here” (pointing to a

man of prepossessing appearance and a certain gravity of look) “has

translated an Italian book into our Spanish tongue, and I am setting it

up in type for the press.”

“What is the title of the book?” asked Don Quixote; to which the author

replied, “Señor, in Italian the book is called \_Le Bagatelle\_.”

“And what does \_Le Bagatelle\_ import in our Spanish?” asked Don

Quixote.

“\_Le Bagatelle\_,” said the author, “is as though we should say in

Spanish \_Los Juguetes;\_ but though the book is humble in name it has

good solid matter in it.”

“I,” said Don Quixote, “have some little smattering of Italian, and I

plume myself on singing some of Ariosto’s stanzas; but tell me, señor—I

do not say this to test your ability, but merely out of curiosity—have

you ever met with the word \_pignatta\_ in your book?”

“Yes, often,” said the author.

“And how do you render that in Spanish?”

“How should I render it,” returned the author, “but by \_olla\_?”

“Body o’ me,” exclaimed Don Quixote, “what a proficient you are in the

Italian language! I would lay a good wager that where they say in

Italian \_piace\_ you say in Spanish \_place\_, and where they say \_piu\_

you say \_mas\_, and you translate \_sù\_ by \_arriba\_ and \_giù\_ by

\_abajo\_.”

“I translate them so of course,” said the author, “for those are their

proper equivalents.”

“I would venture to swear,” said Don Quixote, “that your worship is not

known in the world, which always begrudges their reward to rare wits

and praiseworthy labours. What talents lie wasted there! What genius

thrust away into corners! What worth left neglected! Still it seems to

me that translation from one language into another, if it be not from

the queens of languages, the Greek and the Latin, is like looking at

Flemish tapestries on the wrong side; for though the figures are

visible, they are full of threads that make them indistinct, and they

do not show with the smoothness and brightness of the right side; and

translation from easy languages argues neither ingenuity nor command of

words, any more than transcribing or copying out one document from

another. But I do not mean by this to draw the inference that no credit

is to be allowed for the work of translating, for a man may employ

himself in ways worse and less profitable to himself. This estimate

does not include two famous translators, Doctor Cristóbal de Figueroa,

in his \_Pastor Fido\_, and Don Juan de Jáuregui, in his \_Aminta\_,

wherein by their felicity they leave it in doubt which is the

translation and which the original. But tell me, are you printing this

book at your own risk, or have you sold the copyright to some

bookseller?”

“I print at my own risk,” said the author, “and I expect to make a

thousand ducats at least by this first edition, which is to be of two

thousand copies that will go off in a twinkling at six reals apiece.”

“A fine calculation you are making!” said Don Quixote; “it is plain you

don’t know the ins and outs of the printers, and how they play into one

another’s hands. I promise you when you find yourself saddled with two

thousand copies you will feel so sore that it will astonish you,

particularly if the book is a little out of the common and not in any

way highly spiced.”

“What!” said the author, “would your worship, then, have me give it to

a bookseller who will give three maravedis for the copyright and think

he is doing me a favour? I do not print my books to win fame in the

world, for I am known in it already by my works; I want to make money,

without which reputation is not worth a rap.”

“God send your worship good luck,” said Don Quixote; and he moved on to

another case, where he saw them correcting a sheet of a book with the

title of “Light of the Soul;” noticing it he observed, “Books like

this, though there are many of the kind, are the ones that deserve to

be printed, for many are the sinners in these days, and lights

unnumbered are needed for all that are in darkness.”

He passed on, and saw they were also correcting another book, and when

he asked its title they told him it was called, “The Second Part of the

Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote of La Mancha,” by one of Tordesillas.

“I have heard of this book already,” said Don Quixote, “and verily and

on my conscience I thought it had been by this time burned to ashes as

a meddlesome intruder; but its Martinmas will come to it as it does to

every pig; for fictions have the more merit and charm about them the

more nearly they approach the truth or what looks like it; and true

stories, the truer they are the better they are;” and so saying he

walked out of the printing office with a certain amount of displeasure

in his looks. That same day Don Antonio arranged to take him to see the

galleys that lay at the beach, whereat Sancho was in high delight, as

he had never seen any all his life. Don Antonio sent word to the

commandant of the galleys that he intended to bring his guest, the

famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, of whom the commandant and all the

citizens had already heard, that afternoon to see them; and what

happened on board of them will be told in the next chapter.

p62e.jpg (18K)

CHAPTER LXIII.

OF THE MISHAP THAT BEFELL SANCHO PANZA THROUGH THE VISIT TO THE

GALLEYS, AND THE STRANGE ADVENTURE OF THE FAIR MORISCO

p63a.jpg (151K)

Full Size

Profound were Don Quixote’s reflections on the reply of the enchanted

head, not one of them, however, hitting on the secret of the trick, but

all concentrated on the promise, which he regarded as a certainty, of

Dulcinea’s disenchantment. This he turned over in his mind again and

again with great satisfaction, fully persuaded that he would shortly

see its fulfillment; and as for Sancho, though, as has been said, he

hated being a governor, still he had a longing to be giving orders and

finding himself obeyed once more; this is the misfortune that being in

authority, even in jest, brings with it.

To resume; that afternoon their host Don Antonio Moreno and his two

friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the galleys. The

commandant had been already made aware of his good fortune in seeing

two such famous persons as Don Quixote and Sancho, and the instant they

came to the shore all the galleys struck their awnings and the clarions

rang out. A skiff covered with rich carpets and cushions of crimson

velvet was immediately lowered into the water, and as Don Quixote

stepped on board of it, the leading galley fired her gangway gun, and

the other galleys did the same; and as he mounted the starboard ladder

the whole crew saluted him (as is the custom when a personage of

distinction comes on board a galley) by exclaiming “Hu, hu, hu,” three

times. The general, for so we shall call him, a Valencian gentleman of

rank, gave him his hand and embraced him, saying, “I shall mark this

day with a white stone as one of the happiest I can expect to enjoy in

my lifetime, since I have seen Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, pattern

and image wherein we see contained and condensed all that is worthy in

knight-errantry.”

Don Quixote delighted beyond measure with such a lordly reception,

replied to him in words no less courteous. All then proceeded to the

poop, which was very handsomely decorated, and seated themselves on the

bulwark benches; the boatswain passed along the gangway and piped all

hands to strip, which they did in an instant. Sancho, seeing such a

number of men stripped to the skin, was taken aback, and still more

when he saw them spread the awning so briskly that it seemed to him as

if all the devils were at work at it; but all this was cakes and fancy

bread to what I am going to tell now. Sancho was seated on the

captain’s stage, close to the aftermost rower on the right-hand side.

He, previously instructed in what he was to do, laid hold of Sancho,

hoisting him up in his arms, and the whole crew, who were standing

ready, beginning on the right, proceeded to pass him on, whirling him

along from hand to hand and from bench to bench with such rapidity that

it took the sight out of poor Sancho’s eyes, and he made quite sure

that the devils themselves were flying away with him; nor did they

leave off with him until they had sent him back along the left side and

deposited him on the poop; and the poor fellow was left bruised and

breathless and all in a sweat, and unable to comprehend what it was

that had happened to him.

Don Quixote when he saw Sancho’s flight without wings asked the general

if this was a usual ceremony with those who came on board the galleys

for the first time; for, if so, as he had no intention of adopting them

as a profession, he had no mind to perform such feats of agility, and

if anyone offered to lay hold of him to whirl him about, he vowed to

God he would kick his soul out; and as he said this he stood up and

clapped his hand upon his sword. At this instant they struck the awning

and lowered the yard with a prodigious rattle. Sancho thought heaven

was coming off its hinges and going to fall on his head, and full of

terror he ducked it and buried it between his knees; nor were Don

Quixote’s knees altogether under control, for he too shook a little,

squeezed his shoulders together and lost colour. The crew then hoisted

the yard with the same rapidity and clatter as when they lowered it,

all the while keeping silence as though they had neither voice nor

breath. The boatswain gave the signal to weigh anchor, and leaping upon

the middle of the gangway began to lay on to the shoulders of the crew

with his courbash or whip, and to haul out gradually to sea.

When Sancho saw so many red feet (for such he took the oars to be)

moving all together, he said to himself, “It’s these that are the real

chanted things, and not the ones my master talks of. What can those

wretches have done to be so whipped; and how does that one man who goes

along there whistling dare to whip so many? I declare this is hell, or

at least purgatory!”

Don Quixote, observing how attentively Sancho regarded what was going

on, said to him, “Ah, Sancho my friend, how quickly and cheaply might

you finish off the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if you would strip to

the waist and take your place among those gentlemen! Amid the pain and

sufferings of so many you would not feel your own much; and moreover

perhaps the sage Merlin would allow each of these lashes, being laid on

with a good hand, to count for ten of those which you must give

yourself at last.”

The general was about to ask what these lashes were, and what was

Dulcinea’s disenchantment, when a sailor exclaimed, “Monjui signals

that there is an oared vessel off the coast to the west.”

On hearing this the general sprang upon the gangway crying, “Now then,

my sons, don’t let her give us the slip! It must be some Algerine

corsair brigantine that the watchtower signals to us.” The three others

immediately came alongside the chief galley to receive their orders.

The general ordered two to put out to sea while he with the other kept

in shore, so that in this way the vessel could not escape them. The

crews plied the oars driving the galleys so furiously that they seemed

to fly. The two that had put out to sea, after a couple of miles

sighted a vessel which, so far as they could make out, they judged to

be one of fourteen or fifteen banks, and so she proved. As soon as the

vessel discovered the galleys she went about with the object and in the

hope of making her escape by her speed; but the attempt failed, for the

chief galley was one of the fastest vessels afloat, and overhauled her

so rapidly that they on board the brigantine saw clearly there was no

possibility of escaping, and the rais therefore would have had them

drop their oars and give themselves up so as not to provoke the captain

in command of our galleys to anger. But chance, directing things

otherwise, so ordered it that just as the chief galley came close

enough for those on board the vessel to hear the shouts from her

calling on them to surrender, two Toraquis, that is to say two Turks,

both drunken, that with a dozen more were on board the brigantine,

discharged their muskets, killing two of the soldiers that lined the

sides of our vessel. Seeing this the general swore he would not leave

one of those he found on board the vessel alive, but as he bore down

furiously upon her she slipped away from him underneath the oars. The

galley shot a good way ahead; those on board the vessel saw their case

was desperate, and while the galley was coming about they made sail,

and by sailing and rowing once more tried to sheer off; but their

activity did not do them as much good as their rashness did them harm,

for the galley coming up with them in a little more than half a mile

threw her oars over them and took the whole of them alive. The other

two galleys now joined company and all four returned with the prize to

the beach, where a vast multitude stood waiting for them, eager to see

what they brought back. The general anchored close in, and perceived

that the viceroy of the city was on the shore. He ordered the skiff to

push off to fetch him, and the yard to be lowered for the purpose of

hanging forthwith the rais and the rest of the men taken on board the

vessel, about six-and-thirty in number, all smart fellows and most of

them Turkish musketeers. He asked which was the rais of the brigantine,

and was answered in Spanish by one of the prisoners (who afterwards

proved to be a Spanish renegade), “This young man, señor that you see

here is our rais,” and he pointed to one of the handsomest and most

gallant-looking youths that could be imagined. He did not seem to be

twenty years of age.

“Tell me, dog,” said the general, “what led thee to kill my soldiers,

when thou sawest it was impossible for thee to escape? Is that the way

to behave to chief galleys? Knowest thou not that rashness is not

valour? Faint prospects of success should make men bold, but not rash.”

The rais was about to reply, but the general could not at that moment

listen to him, as he had to hasten to receive the viceroy, who was now

coming on board the galley, and with him certain of his attendants and

some of the people.

“You have had a good chase, señor general,” said the viceroy.

“Your excellency shall soon see how good, by the game strung up to this

yard,” replied the general.

“How so?” returned the viceroy.

“Because,” said the general, “against all law, reason, and usages of

war they have killed on my hands two of the best soldiers on board

these galleys, and I have sworn to hang every man that I have taken,

but above all this youth who is the rais of the brigantine,” and he

pointed to him as he stood with his hands already bound and the rope

round his neck, ready for death.

The viceroy looked at him, and seeing him so well-favoured, so

graceful, and so submissive, he felt a desire to spare his life, the

comeliness of the youth furnishing him at once with a letter of

recommendation. He therefore questioned him, saying, “Tell me, rais,

art thou Turk, Moor, or renegade?”

To which the youth replied, also in Spanish, “I am neither Turk, nor

Moor, nor renegade.”

“What art thou, then?” said the viceroy.

“A Christian woman,” replied the youth.

“A woman and a Christian, in such a dress and in such circumstances! It

is more marvellous than credible,” said the viceroy.

“Suspend the execution of the sentence,” said the youth; “your

vengeance will not lose much by waiting while I tell you the story of

my life.”

What heart could be so hard as not to be softened by these words, at

any rate so far as to listen to what the unhappy youth had to say? The

general bade him say what he pleased, but not to expect pardon for his

flagrant offence. With this permission the youth began in these words.

“Born of Morisco parents, I am of that nation, more unhappy than wise,

upon which of late a sea of woes has poured down. In the course of our

misfortune I was carried to Barbary by two uncles of mine, for it was

in vain that I declared I was a Christian, as in fact I am, and not a

mere pretended one, or outwardly, but a true Catholic Christian. It

availed me nothing with those charged with our sad expatriation to

protest this, nor would my uncles believe it; on the contrary, they

treated it as an untruth and a subterfuge set up to enable me to remain

behind in the land of my birth; and so, more by force than of my own

will, they took me with them. I had a Christian mother, and a father

who was a man of sound sense and a Christian too; I imbibed the

Catholic faith with my mother’s milk, I was well brought up, and

neither in word nor in deed did I, I think, show any sign of being a

Morisco. To accompany these virtues, for such I hold them, my beauty,

if I possess any, grew with my growth; and great as was the seclusion

in which I lived it was not so great but that a young gentleman, Don

Gaspar Gregorio by name, eldest son of a gentleman who is lord of a

village near ours, contrived to find opportunities of seeing me. How he

saw me, how we met, how his heart was lost to me, and mine not kept

from him, would take too long to tell, especially at a moment when I am

in dread of the cruel cord that threatens me interposing between tongue

and throat; I will only say, therefore, that Don Gregorio chose to

accompany me in our banishment. He joined company with the Moriscoes

who were going forth from other villages, for he knew their language

very well, and on the voyage he struck up a friendship with my two

uncles who were carrying me with them; for my father, like a wise and

far-sighted man, as soon as he heard the first edict for our expulsion,

quitted the village and departed in quest of some refuge for us abroad.

He left hidden and buried, at a spot of which I alone have knowledge, a

large quantity of pearls and precious stones of great value, together

with a sum of money in gold cruzadoes and doubloons. He charged me on

no account to touch the treasure, if by any chance they expelled us

before his return. I obeyed him, and with my uncles, as I have said,

and others of our kindred and neighbours, passed over to Barbary, and

the place where we took up our abode was Algiers, much the same as if

we had taken it up in hell itself. The king heard of my beauty, and

report told him of my wealth, which was in some degree fortunate for

me. He summoned me before him, and asked me what part of Spain I came

from, and what money and jewels I had. I mentioned the place, and told

him the jewels and money were buried there; but that they might easily

be recovered if I myself went back for them. All this I told him, in

dread lest my beauty and not his own covetousness should influence him.

While he was engaged in conversation with me, they brought him word

that in company with me was one of the handsomest and most graceful

youths that could be imagined. I knew at once that they were speaking

of Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose comeliness surpasses the most highly

vaunted beauty. I was troubled when I thought of the danger he was in,

for among those barbarous Turks a fair youth is more esteemed than a

woman, be she ever so beautiful. The king immediately ordered him to be

brought before him that he might see him, and asked me if what they

said about the youth was true. I then, almost as if inspired by heaven,

told him it was, but that I would have him to know it was not a man,

but a woman like myself, and I entreated him to allow me to go and

dress her in the attire proper to her, so that her beauty might be seen

to perfection, and that she might present herself before him with less

embarrassment. He bade me go by all means, and said that the next day

we should discuss the plan to be adopted for my return to Spain to

carry away the hidden treasure. I saw Don Gaspar, I told him the danger

he was in if he let it be seen he was a man, I dressed him as a Moorish

woman, and that same afternoon I brought him before the king, who was

charmed when he saw him, and resolved to keep the damsel and make a

present of her to the Grand Signor; and to avoid the risk she might run

among the women of his seraglio, and distrustful of himself, he

commanded her to be placed in the house of some Moorish ladies of rank

who would protect and attend to her; and thither he was taken at once.

What we both suffered (for I cannot deny that I love him) may be left

to the imagination of those who are separated if they love one another

dearly. The king then arranged that I should return to Spain in this

brigantine, and that two Turks, those who killed your soldiers, should

accompany me. There also came with me this Spanish renegade”—and here

she pointed to him who had first spoken—“whom I know to be secretly a

Christian, and to be more desirous of being left in Spain than of

returning to Barbary. The rest of the crew of the brigantine are Moors

and Turks, who merely serve as rowers. The two Turks, greedy and

insolent, instead of obeying the orders we had to land me and this

renegade in Christian dress (with which we came provided) on the first

Spanish ground we came to, chose to run along the coast and make some

prize if they could, fearing that if they put us ashore first, we

might, in case of some accident befalling us, make it known that the

brigantine was at sea, and thus, if there happened to be any galleys on

the coast, they might be taken. We sighted this shore last night, and

knowing nothing of these galleys, we were discovered, and the result

was what you have seen. To sum up, there is Don Gregorio in woman’s

dress, among women, in imminent danger of his life; and here am I, with

hands bound, in expectation, or rather in dread, of losing my life, of

which I am already weary. Here, sirs, ends my sad story, as true as it

is unhappy; all I ask of you is to allow me to die like a Christian,

for, as I have already said, I am not to be charged with the offence of

which those of my nation are guilty;” and she stood silent, her eyes

filled with moving tears, accompanied by plenty from the bystanders.

The viceroy, touched with compassion, went up to her without speaking

and untied the cord that bound the hands of the Moorish girl.

But all the while the Morisco Christian was telling her strange story,

an elderly pilgrim, who had come on board of the galley at the same

time as the viceroy, kept his eyes fixed upon her; and the instant she

ceased speaking he threw himself at her feet, and embracing them said

in a voice broken by sobs and sighs, “O Ana Felix, my unhappy daughter,

I am thy father Ricote, come back to look for thee, unable to live

without thee, my soul that thou art!”

At these words of his, Sancho opened his eyes and raised his head,

which he had been holding down, brooding over his unlucky excursion;

and looking at the pilgrim he recognised in him that same Ricote he met

the day he quitted his government, and felt satisfied that this was his

daughter. She being now unbound embraced her father, mingling her tears

with his, while he addressing the general and the viceroy said, “This,

sirs, is my daughter, more unhappy in her adventures than in her name.

She is Ana Felix, surnamed Ricote, celebrated as much for her own

beauty as for my wealth. I quitted my native land in search of some

shelter or refuge for us abroad, and having found one in Germany I

returned in this pilgrim’s dress, in the company of some other German

pilgrims, to seek my daughter and take up a large quantity of treasure

I had left buried. My daughter I did not find, the treasure I found and

have with me; and now, in this strange roundabout way you have seen, I

find the treasure that more than all makes me rich, my beloved

daughter. If our innocence and her tears and mine can with strict

justice open the door to clemency, extend it to us, for we never had

any intention of injuring you, nor do we sympathise with the aims of

our people, who have been justly banished.”

“I know Ricote well,” said Sancho at this, “and I know too that what he

says about Ana Felix being his daughter is true; but as to those other

particulars about going and coming, and having good or bad intentions,

I say nothing.”

While all present stood amazed at this strange occurrence the general

said, “At any rate your tears will not allow me to keep my oath; live,

fair Ana Felix, all the years that heaven has allotted you; but these

rash insolent fellows must pay the penalty of the crime they have

committed;” and with that he gave orders to have the two Turks who had

killed his two soldiers hanged at once at the yard-arm. The viceroy,

however, begged him earnestly not to hang them, as their behaviour

savoured rather of madness than of bravado. The general yielded to the

viceroy’s request, for revenge is not easily taken in cold blood. They

then tried to devise some scheme for rescuing Don Gaspar Gregorio from

the danger in which he had been left. Ricote offered for that object

more than two thousand ducats that he had in pearls and gems; they

proposed several plans, but none so good as that suggested by the

renegade already mentioned, who offered to return to Algiers in a small

vessel of about six banks, manned by Christian rowers, as he knew

where, how, and when he could and should land, nor was he ignorant of

the house in which Don Gaspar was staying. The general and the viceroy

had some hesitation about placing confidence in the renegade and

entrusting him with the Christians who were to row, but Ana Felix said

she could answer for him, and her father offered to go and pay the

ransom of the Christians if by any chance they should not be

forthcoming. This, then, being agreed upon, the viceroy landed, and Don

Antonio Moreno took the fair Morisco and her father home with him, the

viceroy charging him to give them the best reception and welcome in his

power, while on his own part he offered all that house contained for

their entertainment; so great was the good-will and kindliness the

beauty of Ana Felix had infused into his heart.

p63e.jpg (23K)

CHAPTER LXIV.

TREATING OF THE ADVENTURE WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE UNHAPPINESS THAN

ALL THAT HAD HITHERTO BEFALLEN HIM

p64a.jpg (80K)

Full Size

The wife of Don Antonio Moreno, so the history says, was extremely

happy to see Ana Felix in her house. She welcomed her with great

kindness, charmed as well by her beauty as by her intelligence; for in

both respects the fair Morisco was richly endowed, and all the people

of the city flocked to see her as though they had been summoned by the

ringing of the bells.

Don Quixote told Don Antonio that the plan adopted for releasing Don

Gregorio was not a good one, for its risks were greater than its

advantages, and that it would be better to land himself with his arms

and horse in Barbary; for he would carry him off in spite of the whole

Moorish host, as Don Gaiferos carried off his wife Melisendra.

“Remember, your worship,” observed Sancho on hearing him say so, “Señor

Don Gaiferos carried off his wife from the mainland, and took her to

France by land; but in this case, if by chance we carry off Don

Gregorio, we have no way of bringing him to Spain, for there’s the sea

between.”

“There’s a remedy for everything except death,” said Don Quixote; “if

they bring the vessel close to the shore we shall be able to get on

board though all the world strive to prevent us.”

“Your worship hits it off mighty well and mighty easy,” said Sancho;

“but ‘it’s a long step from saying to doing;’ and I hold to the

renegade, for he seems to me an honest good-hearted fellow.”

Don Antonio then said that if the renegade did not prove successful,

the expedient of the great Don Quixote’s expedition to Barbary should

be adopted. Two days afterwards the renegade put to sea in a light

vessel of six oars a-side manned by a stout crew, and two days later

the galleys made sail eastward, the general having begged the viceroy

to let him know all about the release of Don Gregorio and about Ana

Felix, and the viceroy promised to do as he requested.

One morning as Don Quixote went out for a stroll along the beach,

arrayed in full armour (for, as he often said, that was “his only gear,

his only rest the fray,” and he never was without it for a moment), he

saw coming towards him a knight, also in full armour, with a shining

moon painted on his shield, who, on approaching sufficiently near to be

heard, said in a loud voice, addressing himself to Don Quixote,

“Illustrious knight, and never sufficiently extolled Don Quixote of La

Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of

achievements will perhaps have recalled him to thy memory. I come to do

battle with thee and prove the might of thy arm, to the end that I make

thee acknowledge and confess that my lady, let her be who she may, is

incomparably fairer than thy Dulcinea del Toboso. If thou dost

acknowledge this fairly and openly, thou shalt escape death and save me

the trouble of inflicting it upon thee; if thou fightest and I vanquish

thee, I demand no other satisfaction than that, laying aside arms and

abstaining from going in quest of adventures, thou withdraw and betake

thyself to thine own village for the space of a year, and live there

without putting hand to sword, in peace and quiet and beneficial

repose, the same being needful for the increase of thy substance and

the salvation of thy soul; and if thou dost vanquish me, my head shall

be at thy disposal, my arms and horse thy spoils, and the renown of my

deeds transferred and added to thine. Consider which will be thy best

course, and give me thy answer speedily, for this day is all the time I

have for the despatch of this business.”

Don Quixote was amazed and astonished, as well at the Knight of the

White Moon’s arrogance, as at his reason for delivering the defiance,

and with calm dignity he answered him, “Knight of the White Moon, of

whose achievements I have never heard until now, I will venture to

swear you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for had you seen

her I know you would have taken care not to venture yourself upon this

issue, because the sight would have removed all doubt from your mind

that there ever has been or can be a beauty to be compared with hers;

and so, not saying you lie, but merely that you are not correct in what

you state, I accept your challenge, with the conditions you have

proposed, and at once, that the day you have fixed may not expire; and

from your conditions I except only that of the renown of your

achievements being transferred to me, for I know not of what sort they

are nor what they may amount to; I am satisfied with my own, such as

they be. Take, therefore, the side of the field you choose, and I will

do the same; and to whom God shall give it may Saint Peter add his

blessing.”

The Knight of the White Moon had been seen from the city, and it was

told the viceroy how he was in conversation with Don Quixote. The

viceroy, fancying it must be some fresh adventure got up by Don Antonio

Moreno or some other gentleman of the city, hurried out at once to the

beach accompanied by Don Antonio and several other gentlemen, just as

Don Quixote was wheeling Rocinante round in order to take up the

necessary distance. The viceroy upon this, seeing that the pair of them

were evidently preparing to come to the charge, put himself between

them, asking them what it was that led them to engage in combat all of

a sudden in this way. The Knight of the White Moon replied that it was

a question of precedence of beauty; and briefly told him what he had

said to Don Quixote, and how the conditions of the defiance agreed upon

on both sides had been accepted. The viceroy went over to Don Antonio,

and asked in a low voice did he know who the Knight of the White Moon

was, or was it some joke they were playing on Don Quixote. Don Antonio

replied that he neither knew who he was nor whether the defiance was in

joke or in earnest. This answer left the viceroy in a state of

perplexity, not knowing whether he ought to let the combat go on or

not; but unable to persuade himself that it was anything but a joke he

fell back, saying, “If there be no other way out of it, gallant

knights, except to confess or die, and Don Quixote is inflexible, and

your worship of the White Moon still more so, in God’s hand be it, and

fall on.”

He of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courteous and well-chosen

words for the permission he gave them, and so did Don Quixote, who

then, commending himself with all his heart to heaven and to his

Dulcinea, as was his custom on the eve of any combat that awaited him,

proceeded to take a little more distance, as he saw his antagonist was

doing the same; then, without blast of trumpet or other warlike

instrument to give them the signal to charge, both at the same instant

wheeled their horses; and he of the White Moon, being the swifter, met

Don Quixote after having traversed two-thirds of the course, and there

encountered him with such violence that, without touching him with his

lance (for he held it high, to all appearance purposely), he hurled Don

Quixote and Rocinante to the earth, a perilous fall. He sprang upon him

at once, and placing the lance over his visor said to him, “You are

vanquished, sir knight, nay dead unless you admit the conditions of our

defiance.”

Don Quixote, bruised and stupefied, without raising his visor said in a

weak feeble voice as if he were speaking out of a tomb, “Dulcinea del

Toboso is the fairest woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate

knight on earth; it is not fitting that this truth should suffer by my

feebleness; drive your lance home, sir knight, and take my life, since

you have taken away my honour.”

“That will I not, in sooth,” said he of the White Moon; “live the fame

of the lady Dulcinea’s beauty undimmed as ever; all I require is that

the great Don Quixote retire to his own home for a year, or for so long

a time as shall by me be enjoined upon him, as we agreed before

engaging in this combat.”

The viceroy, Don Antonio, and several others who were present heard all

this, and heard too how Don Quixote replied that so long as nothing in

prejudice of Dulcinea was demanded of him, he would observe all the

rest like a true and loyal knight. The engagement given, he of the

White Moon wheeled about, and making obeisance to the viceroy with a

movement of the head, rode away into the city at a half gallop. The

viceroy bade Don Antonio hasten after him, and by some means or other

find out who he was. They raised Don Quixote up and uncovered his face,

and found him pale and bathed with sweat.

p64b.jpg (344K)

Full Size

Rocinante from the mere hard measure he had received lay unable to stir

for the present. Sancho, wholly dejected and woebegone, knew not what

to say or do. He fancied that all was a dream, that the whole business

was a piece of enchantment. Here was his master defeated, and bound not

to take up arms for a year. He saw the light of the glory of his

achievements obscured; the hopes of the promises lately made him swept

away like smoke before the wind; Rocinante, he feared, was crippled for

life, and his master’s bones out of joint; for if he were only shaken

out of his madness it would be no small luck. In the end they carried

him into the city in a hand-chair which the viceroy sent for, and

thither the viceroy himself returned, eager to ascertain who this

Knight of the White Moon was who had left Don Quixote in such a sad

plight.

p64e.jpg (44K)

Full Size

CHAPTER LXV.

WHEREIN IS MADE KNOWN WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON WAS; LIKEWISE

DON GREGORIO’S RELEASE, AND OTHER EVENTS

p65a.jpg (149K)

Full Size

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, and a number

of boys followed him too, nay pursued him, until they had him fairly

housed in a hostel in the heart of the city. Don Antonio, eager to make

his acquaintance, entered also; a squire came out to meet him and

remove his armour, and he shut himself into a lower room, still

attended by Don Antonio, whose bread would not bake until he had found

out who he was. He of the White Moon, seeing then that the gentleman

would not leave him, said, “I know very well, señor, what you have come

for; it is to find out who I am; and as there is no reason why I should

conceal it from you, while my servant here is taking off my armour I

will tell you the true state of the case, without leaving out anything.

You must know, señor, that I am called the bachelor Samson Carrasco. I

am of the same village as Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose craze and

folly make all of us who know him feel pity for him, and I am one of

those who have felt it most; and persuaded that his chance of recovery

lay in quiet and keeping at home and in his own house, I hit upon a

device for keeping him there. Three months ago, therefore, I went out

to meet him as a knight-errant, under the assumed name of the Knight of

the Mirrors, intending to engage him in combat and overcome him without

hurting him, making it the condition of our combat that the vanquished

should be at the disposal of the victor. What I meant to demand of him

(for I regarded him as vanquished already) was that he should return to

his own village, and not leave it for a whole year, by which time he

might be cured. But fate ordered it otherwise, for he vanquished me and

unhorsed me, and so my plan failed. He went his way, and I came back

conquered, covered with shame, and sorely bruised by my fall, which was

a particularly dangerous one. But this did not quench my desire to meet

him again and overcome him, as you have seen to-day. And as he is so

scrupulous in his observance of the laws of knight-errantry, he will,

no doubt, in order to keep his word, obey the injunction I have laid

upon him. This, señor, is how the matter stands, and I have nothing

more to tell you. I implore of you not to betray me, or tell Don

Quixote who I am; so that my honest endeavours may be successful, and

that a man of excellent wits—were he only rid of the fooleries of

chivalry—may get them back again.”

“O señor,” said Don Antonio, “may God forgive you the wrong you have

done the whole world in trying to bring the most amusing madman in it

back to his senses. Do you not see, señor, that the gain by Don

Quixote’s sanity can never equal the enjoyment his crazes give? But my

belief is that all the señor bachelor’s pains will be of no avail to

bring a man so hopelessly cracked to his senses again; and if it were

not uncharitable, I would say may Don Quixote never be cured, for by

his recovery we lose not only his own drolleries, but his squire Sancho

Panza’s too, any one of which is enough to turn melancholy itself into

merriment. However, I’ll hold my peace and say nothing to him, and

we’ll see whether I am right in my suspicion that Señor Carrasco’s

efforts will be fruitless.”

The bachelor replied that at all events the affair promised well, and

he hoped for a happy result from it; and putting his services at Don

Antonio’s commands he took his leave of him; and having had his armour

packed at once upon a mule, he rode away from the city the same day on

the horse he rode to battle, and returned to his own country without

meeting any adventure calling for record in this veracious history.

Don Antonio reported to the viceroy what Carrasco told him, and the

viceroy was not very well pleased to hear it, for with Don Quixote’s

retirement there was an end to the amusement of all who knew anything

of his mad doings.

Six days did Don Quixote keep his bed, dejected, melancholy, moody and

out of sorts, brooding over the unhappy event of his defeat. Sancho

strove to comfort him, and among other things he said to him, “Hold up

your head, señor, and be of good cheer if you can, and give thanks to

heaven that if you have had a tumble to the ground you have not come

off with a broken rib; and, as you know that ‘where they give they

take,’ and that ‘there are not always fletches where there are pegs,’ a

fig for the doctor, for there’s no need of him to cure this ailment.

Let us go home, and give over going about in search of adventures in

strange lands and places; rightly looked at, it is I that am the

greater loser, though it is your worship that has had the worse usage.

With the government I gave up all wish to be a governor again, but I

did not give up all longing to be a count; and that will never come to

pass if your worship gives up becoming a king by renouncing the calling

of chivalry; and so my hopes are going to turn into smoke.”

“Peace, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “thou seest my suspension and

retirement is not to exceed a year; I shall soon return to my honoured

calling, and I shall not be at a loss for a kingdom to win and a county

to bestow on thee.”

“May God hear it and sin be deaf,” said Sancho; “I have always heard

say that ‘a good hope is better than a bad holding.”

As they were talking Don Antonio came in looking extremely pleased and

exclaiming, “Reward me for my good news, Señor Don Quixote! Don

Gregorio and the renegade who went for him have come ashore—ashore do I

say? They are by this time in the viceroy’s house, and will be here

immediately.”

Don Quixote cheered up a little and said, “Of a truth I am almost ready

to say I should have been glad had it turned out just the other way,

for it would have obliged me to cross over to Barbary, where by the

might of my arm I should have restored to liberty, not only Don

Gregorio, but all the Christian captives there are in Barbary. But what

am I saying, miserable being that I am? Am I not he that has been

conquered? Am I not he that has been overthrown? Am I not he who must

not take up arms for a year? Then what am I making professions for;

what am I bragging about; when it is fitter for me to handle the

distaff than the sword?”

“No more of that, señor,” said Sancho; “‘let the hen live, even though

it be with her pip;’ ‘to-day for thee and to-morrow for me;’ in these

affairs of encounters and whacks one must not mind them, for he that

falls to-day may get up to-morrow; unless indeed he chooses to lie in

bed, I mean gives way to weakness and does not pluck up fresh spirit

for fresh battles; let your worship get up now to receive Don Gregorio;

for the household seems to be in a bustle, and no doubt he has come by

this time;” and so it proved, for as soon as Don Gregorio and the

renegade had given the viceroy an account of the voyage out and home,

Don Gregorio, eager to see Ana Felix, came with the renegade to Don

Antonio’s house. When they carried him away from Algiers he was in

woman’s dress; on board the vessel, however, he exchanged it for that

of a captive who escaped with him; but in whatever dress he might be he

looked like one to be loved and served and esteemed, for he was

surpassingly well-favoured, and to judge by appearances some seventeen

or eighteen years of age. Ricote and his daughter came out to welcome

him, the father with tears, the daughter with bashfulness. They did not

embrace each other, for where there is deep love there will never be

overmuch boldness. Seen side by side, the comeliness of Don Gregorio

and the beauty of Ana Felix were the admiration of all who were

present. It was silence that spoke for the lovers at that moment, and

their eyes were the tongues that declared their pure and happy

feelings. The renegade explained the measures and means he had adopted

to rescue Don Gregorio, and Don Gregorio at no great length, but in a

few words, in which he showed that his intelligence was in advance of

his years, described the peril and embarrassment he found himself in

among the women with whom he had sojourned. To conclude, Ricote

liberally recompensed and rewarded as well the renegade as the men who

had rowed; and the renegade effected his readmission into the body of

the Church and was reconciled with it, and from a rotten limb became by

penance and repentance a clean and sound one.

Two days later the viceroy discussed with Don Antonio the steps they

should take to enable Ana Felix and her father to stay in Spain, for it

seemed to them there could be no objection to a daughter who was so

good a Christian and a father to all appearance so well disposed

remaining there. Don Antonio offered to arrange the matter at the

capital, whither he was compelled to go on some other business, hinting

that many a difficult affair was settled there with the help of favour

and bribes.

“Nay,” said Ricote, who was present during the conversation, “it will

not do to rely upon favour or bribes, because with the great Don

Bernardino de Velasco, Conde de Salazar, to whom his Majesty has

entrusted our expulsion, neither entreaties nor promises, bribes nor

appeals to compassion, are of any use; for though it is true he mingles

mercy with justice, still, seeing that the whole body of our nation is

tainted and corrupt, he applies to it the cautery that burns rather

than the salve that soothes; and thus, by prudence, sagacity, care and

the fear he inspires, he has borne on his mighty shoulders the weight

of this great policy and carried it into effect, all our schemes and

plots, importunities and wiles, being ineffectual to blind his Argus

eyes, ever on the watch lest one of us should remain behind in

concealment, and like a hidden root come in course of time to sprout

and bear poisonous fruit in Spain, now cleansed, and relieved of the

fear in which our vast numbers kept it. Heroic resolve of the great

Philip the Third, and unparalleled wisdom to have entrusted it to the

said Don Bernardino de Velasco!”

“At any rate,” said Don Antonio, “when I am there I will make all

possible efforts, and let heaven do as pleases it best; Don Gregorio

will come with me to relieve the anxiety which his parents must be

suffering on account of his absence; Ana Felix will remain in my house

with my wife, or in a monastery; and I know the viceroy will be glad

that the worthy Ricote should stay with him until we see what terms I

can make.”

The viceroy agreed to all that was proposed; but Don Gregorio on

learning what had passed declared he could not and would not on any

account leave Ana Felix; however, as it was his purpose to go and see

his parents and devise some way of returning for her, he fell in with

the proposed arrangement. Ana Felix remained with Don Antonio’s wife,

and Ricote in the viceroy’s house.

The day for Don Antonio’s departure came; and two days later that for

Don Quixote’s and Sancho’s, for Don Quixote’s fall did not suffer him

to take the road sooner. There were tears and sighs, swoonings and

sobs, at the parting between Don Gregorio and Ana Felix. Ricote offered

Don Gregorio a thousand crowns if he would have them, but he would not

take any save five which Don Antonio lent him and he promised to repay

at the capital. So the two of them took their departure, and Don

Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as has been already said, Don Quixote

without his armour and in travelling gear, and Sancho on foot, Dapple

being loaded with the armour.

p65e.jpg (43K)

CHAPTER LXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT HE WHO READS WILL SEE, OR WHAT HE WHO HAS IT READ

TO HIM WILL HEAR

p66a.jpg (125K)

Full Size

As he left Barcelona, Don Quixote turned gaze upon the spot where he

had fallen. “Here Troy was,” said he; “here my ill-luck, not my

cowardice, robbed me of all the glory I had won; here Fortune made me

the victim of her caprices; here the lustre of my achievements was

dimmed; here, in a word, fell my happiness never to rise again.”

p66b.jpg (251K)

Full Size

“Señor,” said Sancho on hearing this, “it is the part of brave hearts

to be patient in adversity just as much as to be glad in prosperity; I

judge by myself, for, if when I was a governor I was glad, now that I

am a squire and on foot I am not sad; and I have heard say that she

whom commonly they call Fortune is a drunken whimsical jade, and, what

is more, blind, and therefore neither sees what she does, nor knows

whom she casts down or whom she sets up.”

“Thou art a great philosopher, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “thou

speakest very sensibly; I know not who taught thee. But I can tell thee

there is no such thing as Fortune in the world, nor does anything which

takes place there, be it good or bad, come about by chance, but by the

special preordination of heaven; and hence the common saying that ‘each

of us is the maker of his own Fortune.’ I have been that of mine; but

not with the proper amount of prudence, and my self-confidence has

therefore made me pay dearly; for I ought to have reflected that

Rocinante’s feeble strength could not resist the mighty bulk of the

Knight of the White Moon’s horse. In a word, I ventured it, I did my

best, I was overthrown, but though I lost my honour I did not lose nor

can I lose the virtue of keeping my word. When I was a knight-errant,

daring and valiant, I supported my achievements by hand and deed, and

now that I am a humble squire I will support my words by keeping the

promise I have given. Forward then, Sancho my friend, let us go to keep

the year of the novitiate in our own country, and in that seclusion we

shall pick up fresh strength to return to the by me never-forgotten

calling of arms.”

“Señor,” returned Sancho, “travelling on foot is not such a pleasant

thing that it makes me feel disposed or tempted to make long marches.

Let us leave this armour hung up on some tree, instead of someone that

has been hanged; and then with me on Dapple’s back and my feet off the

ground we will arrange the stages as your worship pleases to measure

them out; but to suppose that I am going to travel on foot, and make

long ones, is to suppose nonsense.”

“Thou sayest well, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “let my armour be hung up

for a trophy, and under it or round it we will carve on the trees what

was inscribed on the trophy of Roland’s armour-

These let none move

Who dareth not his might with Roland prove.”

“That’s the very thing,” said Sancho; “and if it was not that we should

feel the want of Rocinante on the road, it would be as well to leave

him hung up too.”

“And yet, I had rather not have either him or the armour hung up,” said

Don Quixote, “that it may not be said, ‘for good service a bad

return.’”

“Your worship is right,” said Sancho; “for, as sensible people hold,

‘the fault of the ass must not be laid on the pack-saddle;’ and, as in

this affair the fault is your worship’s, punish yourself and don’t let

your anger break out against the already battered and bloody armour, or

the meekness of Rocinante, or the tenderness of my feet, trying to make

them travel more than is reasonable.”

p66c.jpg (389K)

Full Size

In converse of this sort the whole of that day went by, as did the four

succeeding ones, without anything occurring to interrupt their journey,

but on the fifth as they entered a village they found a great number of

people at the door of an inn enjoying themselves, as it was a holiday.

Upon Don Quixote’s approach a peasant called out, “One of these two

gentlemen who come here, and who don’t know the parties, will tell us

what we ought to do about our wager.”

“That I will, certainly,” said Don Quixote, “and according to the

rights of the case, if I can manage to understand it.”

“Well, here it is, worthy sir,” said the peasant; “a man of this

village who is so fat that he weighs twenty stone challenged another, a

neighbour of his, who does not weigh more than nine, to run a race. The

agreement was that they were to run a distance of a hundred paces with

equal weights; and when the challenger was asked how the weights were

to be equalised he said that the other, as he weighed nine stone,

should put eleven in iron on his back, and that in this way the twenty

stone of the thin man would equal the twenty stone of the fat one.”

“Not at all,” exclaimed Sancho at once, before Don Quixote could

answer; “it’s for me, that only a few days ago left off being a

governor and a judge, as all the world knows, to settle these doubtful

questions and give an opinion in disputes of all sorts.”

“Answer in God’s name, Sancho my friend,” said Don Quixote, “for I am

not fit to give crumbs to a cat, my wits are so confused and upset.”

With this permission Sancho said to the peasants who stood clustered

round him, waiting with open mouths for the decision to come from his,

“Brothers, what the fat man requires is not in reason, nor has it a

shadow of justice in it; because, if it be true, as they say, that the

challenged may choose the weapons, the other has no right to choose

such as will prevent and keep him from winning. My decision, therefore,

is that the fat challenger prune, peel, thin, trim and correct himself,

and take eleven stone of his flesh off his body, here or there, as he

pleases, and as suits him best; and being in this way reduced to nine

stone weight, he will make himself equal and even with nine stone of

his opponent, and they will be able to run on equal terms.”

“By all that’s good,” said one of the peasants as he heard Sancho’s

decision, “but the gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given

judgment like a canon! But I’ll be bound the fat man won’t part with an

ounce of his flesh, not to say eleven stone.”

“The best plan will be for them not to run,” said another, “so that

neither the thin man break down under the weight, nor the fat one strip

himself of his flesh; let half the wager be spent in wine, and let’s

take these gentlemen to the tavern where there’s the best, and ‘over me

be the cloak when it rains.”

“I thank you, sirs,” said Don Quixote; “but I cannot stop for an

instant, for sad thoughts and unhappy circumstances force me to seem

discourteous and to travel apace;” and spurring Rocinante he pushed on,

leaving them wondering at what they had seen and heard, at his own

strange figure and at the shrewdness of his servant, for such they took

Sancho to be; and another of them observed, “If the servant is so

clever, what must the master be? I’ll bet, if they are going to

Salamanca to study, they’ll come to be alcaldes of the Court in a

trice; for it’s a mere joke—only to read and read, and have interest

and good luck; and before a man knows where he is he finds himself with

a staff in his hand or a mitre on his head.”

That night master and man passed out in the fields in the open air, and

the next day as they were pursuing their journey they saw coming

towards them a man on foot with alforjas at the neck and a javelin or

spiked staff in his hand, the very cut of a foot courier; who, as soon

as he came close to Don Quixote, increased his pace and half running

came up to him, and embracing his right thigh, for he could reach no

higher, exclaimed with evident pleasure, “O Señor Don Quixote of La

Mancha, what happiness it will be to the heart of my lord the duke when

he knows your worship is coming back to his castle, for he is still

there with my lady the duchess!”

“I do not recognise you, friend,” said Don Quixote, “nor do I know who

you are, unless you tell me.”

“I am Tosilos, my lord the duke’s lacquey, Señor Don Quixote,” replied

the courier; “he who refused to fight your worship about marrying the

daughter of Doña Rodriguez.”

“God bless me!” exclaimed Don Quixote; “is it possible that you are the

one whom mine enemies the enchanters changed into the lacquey you speak

of in order to rob me of the honour of that battle?”

“Nonsense, good sir!” said the messenger; “there was no enchantment or

transformation at all; I entered the lists just as much lacquey Tosilos

as I came out of them lacquey Tosilos. I thought to marry without

fighting, for the girl had taken my fancy; but my scheme had a very

different result, for as soon as your worship had left the castle my

lord the duke had a hundred strokes of the stick given me for having

acted contrary to the orders he gave me before engaging in the combat;

and the end of the whole affair is that the girl has become a nun, and

Doña Rodriguez has gone back to Castile, and I am now on my way to

Barcelona with a packet of letters for the viceroy which my master is

sending him. If your worship would like a drop, sound though warm, I

have a gourd here full of the best, and some scraps of Tronchon cheese

that will serve as a provocative and wakener of your thirst if so be it

is asleep.”

“I take the offer,” said Sancho; “no more compliments about it; pour

out, good Tosilos, in spite of all the enchanters in the Indies.”

“Thou art indeed the greatest glutton in the world, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote, “and the greatest booby on earth, not to be able to see that

this courier is enchanted and this Tosilos a sham one; stop with him

and take thy fill; I will go on slowly and wait for thee to come up

with me.”

The lacquey laughed, unsheathed his gourd, unwalletted his scraps, and

taking out a small loaf of bread he and Sancho seated themselves on the

green grass, and in peace and good fellowship finished off the contents

of the alforjas down to the bottom, so resolutely that they licked the

wrapper of the letters, merely because it smelt of cheese.

Said Tosilos to Sancho, “Beyond a doubt, Sancho my friend, this master

of thine ought to be a madman.”

“Ought!” said Sancho; “he owes no man anything; he pays for everything,

particularly when the coin is madness. I see it plain enough, and I

tell him so plain enough; but what’s the use? especially now that it is

all over with him, for here he is beaten by the Knight of the White

Moon.”

Tosilos begged him to explain what had happened him, but Sancho replied

that it would not be good manners to leave his master waiting for him;

and that some other day if they met there would be time enough for

that; and then getting up, after shaking his doublet and brushing the

crumbs out of his beard, he drove Dapple on before him, and bidding

adieu to Tosilos left him and rejoined his master, who was waiting for

him under the shade of a tree.

p66e.jpg (29K)

CHAPTER LXVII.

OF THE RESOLUTION DON QUIXOTE FORMED TO TURN SHEPHERD AND TAKE TO A

LIFE IN THE FIELDS WHILE THE YEAR FOR WHICH HE HAD GIVEN HIS WORD WAS

RUNNING ITS COURSE; WITH OTHER EVENTS TRULY DELECTABLE AND HAPPY

p67a.jpg (145K)

Full Size

If a multitude of reflections used to harass Don Quixote before he had

been overthrown, a great many more harassed him since his fall. He was

under the shade of a tree, as has been said, and there, like flies on

honey, thoughts came crowding upon him and stinging him. Some of them

turned upon the disenchantment of Dulcinea, others upon the life he was

about to lead in his enforced retirement. Sancho came up and spoke in

high praise of the generous disposition of the lacquey Tosilos.

“Is it possible, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that thou dost still think

that he yonder is a real lacquey? Apparently it has escaped thy memory

that thou hast seen Dulcinea turned and transformed into a peasant

wench, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco; all

the work of the enchanters that persecute me. But tell me now, didst

thou ask this Tosilos, as thou callest him, what has become of

Altisidora, did she weep over my absence, or has she already consigned

to oblivion the love thoughts that used to afflict her when I was

present?”

“The thoughts that I had,” said Sancho, “were not such as to leave time

for asking fool’s questions. Body o’ me, señor! is your worship in a

condition now to inquire into other people’s thoughts, above all love

thoughts?”

“Look ye, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “there is a great difference

between what is done out of love and what is done out of gratitude. A

knight may very possibly be proof against love; but it is impossible,

strictly speaking, for him to be ungrateful. Altisidora, to all

appearance, loved me truly; she gave me the three kerchiefs thou

knowest of; she wept at my departure, she cursed me, she abused me,

casting shame to the winds she bewailed herself in public; all signs

that she adored me; for the wrath of lovers always ends in curses. I

had no hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her, for mine are

given to Dulcinea, and the treasures of knights-errant are like those

of the fairies,’ illusory and deceptive; all I can give her is the

place in my memory I keep for her, without prejudice, however, to that

which I hold devoted to Dulcinea, whom thou art wronging by thy

remissness in whipping thyself and scourging that flesh—would that I

saw it eaten by wolves—which would rather keep itself for the worms

than for the relief of that poor lady.”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “if the truth is to be told, I cannot persuade

myself that the whipping of my backside has anything to do with the

disenchantment of the enchanted; it is like saying, ‘If your head aches

rub ointment on your knees;’ at any rate I’ll make bold to swear that

in all the histories dealing with knight-errantry that your worship has

read you have never come across anybody disenchanted by whipping; but

whether or no I’ll whip myself when I have a fancy for it, and the

opportunity serves for scourging myself comfortably.”

“God grant it,” said Don Quixote; “and heaven give thee grace to take

it to heart and own the obligation thou art under to help my lady, who

is thine also, inasmuch as thou art mine.”

As they pursued their journey talking in this way they came to the very

same spot where they had been trampled on by the bulls. Don Quixote

recognised it, and said he to Sancho, “This is the meadow where we came

upon those gay shepherdesses and gallant shepherds who were trying to

revive and imitate the pastoral Arcadia there, an idea as novel as it

was happy, in emulation whereof, if so be thou dost approve of it,

Sancho, I would have ourselves turn shepherds, at any rate for the time

I have to live in retirement. I will buy some ewes and everything else

requisite for the pastoral calling; and, I under the name of the

shepherd Quixotize and thou as the shepherd Panzino, we will roam the

woods and groves and meadows singing songs here, lamenting in elegies

there, drinking of the crystal waters of the springs or limpid brooks

or flowing rivers. The oaks will yield us their sweet fruit with

bountiful hand, the trunks of the hard cork trees a seat, the willows

shade, the roses perfume, the widespread meadows carpets tinted with a

thousand dyes; the clear pure air will give us breath, the moon and

stars lighten the darkness of the night for us, song shall be our

delight, lamenting our joy, Apollo will supply us with verses, and love

with conceits whereby we shall make ourselves famed for ever, not only

in this but in ages to come.”

“Egad,” said Sancho, “but that sort of life squares, nay corners, with

my notions; and what is more the bachelor Samson Carrasco and Master

Nicholas the barber won’t have well seen it before they’ll want to

follow it and turn shepherds along with us; and God grant it may not

come into the curate’s head to join the sheepfold too, he’s so jovial

and fond of enjoying himself.”

“Thou art in the right of it, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “and the

bachelor Samson Carrasco, if he enters the pastoral fraternity, as no

doubt he will, may call himself the shepherd Samsonino, or perhaps the

shepherd Carrascon; Nicholas the barber may call himself Niculoso, as

old Boscan formerly was called Nemoroso; as for the curate I don’t know

what name we can fit to him unless it be something derived from his

title, and we call him the shepherd Curiambro. For the shepherdesses

whose lovers we shall be, we can pick names as we would pears; and as

my lady’s name does just as well for a shepherdess’s as for a

princess’s, I need not trouble myself to look for one that will suit

her better; to thine, Sancho, thou canst give what name thou wilt.”

“I don’t mean to give her any but Teresona,” said Sancho, “which will

go well with her stoutness and with her own right name, as she is

called Teresa; and then when I sing her praises in my verses I’ll show

how chaste my passion is, for I’m not going to look ‘for better bread

than ever came from wheat’ in other men’s houses. It won’t do for the

curate to have a shepherdess, for the sake of good example; and if the

bachelor chooses to have one, that is his look-out.”

“God bless me, Sancho my friend!” said Don Quixote, “what a life we

shall lead! What hautboys and Zamora bagpipes we shall hear, what

tabors, timbrels, and rebecks! And then if among all these different

sorts of music that of the albogues is heard, almost all the pastoral

instruments will be there.”

“What are albogues?” asked Sancho, “for I never in my life heard tell

of them or saw them.”

“Albogues,” said Don Quixote, “are brass plates like candlesticks that

struck against one another on the hollow side make a noise which, if

not very pleasing or harmonious, is not disagreeable and accords very

well with the rude notes of the bagpipe and tabor. The word albogue is

Morisco, as are all those in our Spanish tongue that begin with \_al;\_

for example, \_almohaza, almorzar, alhombra, alguacil, alhucema,

almacen, alcancia\_, and others of the same sort, of which there are not

many more; our language has only three that are Morisco and end in \_i\_,

which are \_borceguí, zaquizamí\_, and \_maravedí. Alhelí\_ and \_alfaquí\_

are seen to be Arabic, as well by the \_al\_ at the beginning as by the

\_í\_ they end with. I mention this incidentally, the chance allusion to

albogues having reminded me of it; and it will be of great assistance

to us in the perfect practice of this calling that I am something of a

poet, as thou knowest, and that besides the bachelor Samson Carrasco is

an accomplished one. Of the curate I say nothing; but I will wager he

has some spice of the poet in him, and no doubt Master Nicholas too,

for all barbers, or most of them, are guitar players and stringers of

verses. I will bewail my separation; thou shalt glorify thyself as a

constant lover; the shepherd Carrascon will figure as a rejected one,

and the curate Curiambro as whatever may please him best; and so all

will go as gaily as heart could wish.”

To this Sancho made answer, “I am so unlucky, señor, that I’m afraid

the day will never come when I’ll see myself at such a calling. O what

neat spoons I’ll make when I’m a shepherd! What messes, creams,

garlands, pastoral odds and ends! And if they don’t get me a name for

wisdom, they’ll not fail to get me one for ingenuity. My daughter

Sanchica will bring us our dinner to the pasture. But stay—she’s

good-looking, and shepherds there are with more mischief than

simplicity in them; I would not have her ‘come for wool and go back

shorn;’ love-making and lawless desires are just as common in the

fields as in the cities, and in shepherds’ shanties as in royal

palaces; ‘do away with the cause, you do away with the sin;’ ‘if eyes

don’t see hearts don’t break’ and ‘better a clear escape than good

men’s prayers.’”

“A truce to thy proverbs, Sancho,” exclaimed Don Quixote; “any one of

those thou hast uttered would suffice to explain thy meaning; many a

time have I recommended thee not to be so lavish with proverbs and to

exercise some moderation in delivering them; but it seems to me it is

only ‘preaching in the desert;’ ‘my mother beats me and I go on with my

tricks.”

“It seems to me,” said Sancho, “that your worship is like the common

saying, ‘Said the frying-pan to the kettle, Get away, blackbreech.’ You

chide me for uttering proverbs, and you string them in couples

yourself.”

“Observe, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “I bring in proverbs to the

purpose, and when I quote them they fit like a ring to the finger; thou

bringest them in by the head and shoulders, in such a way that thou

dost drag them in, rather than introduce them; if I am not mistaken, I

have told thee already that proverbs are short maxims drawn from the

experience and observation of our wise men of old; but the proverb that

is not to the purpose is a piece of nonsense and not a maxim. But

enough of this; as nightfall is drawing on let us retire some little

distance from the high road to pass the night; what is in store for us

to-morrow God knoweth.”

They turned aside, and supped late and poorly, very much against

Sancho’s will, who turned over in his mind the hardships attendant upon

knight-errantry in woods and forests, even though at times plenty

presented itself in castles and houses, as at Don Diego de Miranda’s,

at the wedding of Camacho the Rich, and at Don Antonio Moreno’s; he

reflected, however, that it could not be always day, nor always night;

and so that night he passed in sleeping, and his master in waking.

p67e.jpg (55K)

CHAPTER LXVIII.

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE

p68a.jpg (119K)

Full Size

The night was somewhat dark, for though there was a moon in the sky it

was not in a quarter where she could be seen; for sometimes the lady

Diana goes on a stroll to the antipodes, and leaves the mountains all

black and the valleys in darkness. Don Quixote obeyed nature so far as

to sleep his first sleep, but did not give way to the second, very

different from Sancho, who never had any second, because with him sleep

lasted from night till morning, wherein he showed what a sound

constitution and few cares he had. Don Quixote’s cares kept him

restless, so much so that he awoke Sancho and said to him, “I am

amazed, Sancho, at the unconcern of thy temperament. I believe thou art

made of marble or hard brass, incapable of any emotion or feeling

whatever. I lie awake while thou sleepest, I weep while thou singest, I

am faint with fasting while thou art sluggish and torpid from pure

repletion. It is the duty of good servants to share the sufferings and

feel the sorrows of their masters, if it be only for the sake of

appearances. See the calmness of the night, the solitude of the spot,

inviting us to break our slumbers by a vigil of some sort. Rise as thou

livest, and retire a little distance, and with a good heart and

cheerful courage give thyself three or four hundred lashes on account

of Dulcinea’s disenchantment score; and this I entreat of thee, making

it a request, for I have no desire to come to grips with thee a second

time, as I know thou hast a heavy hand. As soon as thou hast laid them

on we will pass the rest of the night, I singing my separation, thou

thy constancy, making a beginning at once with the pastoral life we are

to follow at our village.”

“Señor,” replied Sancho, “I’m no monk to get up out of the middle of my

sleep and scourge myself, nor does it seem to me that one can pass from

one extreme of the pain of whipping to the other of music. Will your

worship let me sleep, and not worry me about whipping myself? or you’ll

make me swear never to touch a hair of my doublet, not to say my

flesh.”

“O hard heart!” said Don Quixote, “O pitiless squire! O bread

ill-bestowed and favours ill-acknowledged, both those I have done thee

and those I mean to do thee! Through me hast thou seen thyself a

governor, and through me thou seest thyself in immediate expectation of

being a count, or obtaining some other equivalent title, for I—\_post

tenebras spero lucem\_.”

“I don’t know what that is,” said Sancho; “all I know is that so long

as I am asleep I have neither fear nor hope, trouble nor glory; and

good luck betide him that invented sleep, the cloak that covers over

all a man’s thoughts, the food that removes hunger, the drink that

drives away thirst, the fire that warms the cold, the cold that tempers

the heat, and, to wind up with, the universal coin wherewith everything

is bought, the weight and balance that makes the shepherd equal with

the king and the fool with the wise man. Sleep, I have heard say, has

only one fault, that it is like death; for between a sleeping man and a

dead man there is very little difference.”

“Never have I heard thee speak so elegantly as now, Sancho,” said Don

Quixote; “and here I begin to see the truth of the proverb thou dost

sometimes quote, ‘Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art

fed.’”

“Ha, by my life, master mine,” said Sancho, “it’s not I that am

stringing proverbs now, for they drop in pairs from your worship’s

mouth faster than from mine; only there is this difference between mine

and yours, that yours are well-timed and mine are untimely; but anyhow,

they are all proverbs.”

At this point they became aware of a harsh indistinct noise that seemed

to spread through all the valleys around. Don Quixote stood up and laid

his hand upon his sword, and Sancho ensconced himself under Dapple and

put the bundle of armour on one side of him and the ass’s pack-saddle

on the other, in fear and trembling as great as Don Quixote’s

perturbation. Each instant the noise increased and came nearer to the

two terrified men, or at least to one, for as to the other, his courage

is known to all. The fact of the matter was that some men were taking

above six hundred pigs to sell at a fair, and were on their way with

them at that hour, and so great was the noise they made and their

grunting and blowing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and

Sancho Panza, and they could not make out what it was. The wide-spread

grunting drove came on in a surging mass, and without showing any

respect for Don Quixote’s dignity or Sancho’s, passed right over the

pair of them, demolishing Sancho’s entrenchments, and not only

upsetting Don Quixote but sweeping Rocinante off his feet into the

bargain; and what with the trampling and the grunting, and the pace at

which the unclean beasts went, pack-saddle, armour, Dapple and

Rocinante were left scattered on the ground and Sancho and Don Quixote

at their wits’ end.

Sancho got up as well as he could and begged his master to give him his

sword, saying he wanted to kill half a dozen of those dirty unmannerly

pigs, for he had by this time found out that that was what they were.

“Let them be, my friend,” said Don Quixote; “this insult is the penalty

of my sin; and it is the righteous chastisement of heaven that jackals

should devour a vanquished knight, and wasps sting him and pigs trample

him under foot.”

“I suppose it is the chastisement of heaven, too,” said Sancho, “that

flies should prick the squires of vanquished knights, and lice eat

them, and hunger assail them. If we squires were the sons of the

knights we serve, or their very near relations, it would be no wonder

if the penalty of their misdeeds overtook us, even to the fourth

generation. But what have the Panzas to do with the Quixotes? Well,

well, let’s lie down again and sleep out what little of the night

there’s left, and God will send us dawn and we shall be all right.”

p68b.jpg (345K)

Full Size

“Sleep thou, Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “for thou wast born to

sleep as I was born to watch; and during the time it now wants of dawn

I will give a loose rein to my thoughts, and seek a vent for them in a

little madrigal which, unknown to thee, I composed in my head last

night.”

“I should think,” said Sancho, “that the thoughts that allow one to

make verses cannot be of great consequence; let your worship string

verses as much as you like and I’ll sleep as much as I can;” and

forthwith, taking the space of ground he required, he muffled himself

up and fell into a sound sleep, undisturbed by bond, debt, or trouble

of any sort. Don Quixote, propped up against the trunk of a beech or a

cork tree—for Cide Hamete does not specify what kind of tree it

was—sang in this strain to the accompaniment of his own sighs:

When in my mind

I muse, O Love, upon thy cruelty,

To death I flee,

In hope therein the end of all to find.

But drawing near

That welcome haven in my sea of woe,

Such joy I know,

That life revives, and still I linger here.

Thus life doth slay,

And death again to life restoreth me;

Strange destiny,

That deals with life and death as with a play!

He accompanied each verse with many sighs and not a few tears, just

like one whose heart was pierced with grief at his defeat and his

separation from Dulcinea.

And now daylight came, and the sun smote Sancho on the eyes with his

beams. He awoke, roused himself up, shook himself and stretched his

lazy limbs, and seeing the havoc the pigs had made with his stores he

cursed the drove, and more besides. Then the pair resumed their

journey, and as evening closed in they saw coming towards them some ten

men on horseback and four or five on foot. Don Quixote’s heart beat

quick and Sancho’s quailed with fear, for the persons approaching them

carried lances and bucklers, and were in very warlike guise. Don

Quixote turned to Sancho and said, “If I could make use of my weapons,

and my promise had not tied my hands, I would count this host that

comes against us but cakes and fancy bread; but perhaps it may prove

something different from what we apprehend.” The men on horseback now

came up, and raising their lances surrounded Don Quixote in silence,

and pointed them at his back and breast, menacing him with death. One

of those on foot, putting his finger to his lips as a sign to him to be

silent, seized Rocinante’s bridle and drew him out of the road, and the

others driving Sancho and Dapple before them, and all maintaining a

strange silence, followed in the steps of the one who led Don Quixote.

The latter two or three times attempted to ask where they were taking

him to and what they wanted, but the instant he began to open his lips

they threatened to close them with the points of their lances; and

Sancho fared the same way, for the moment he seemed about to speak one

of those on foot punched him with a goad, and Dapple likewise, as if he

too wanted to talk. Night set in, they quickened their pace, and the

fears of the two prisoners grew greater, especially as they heard

themselves assailed with—“Get on, ye Troglodytes;” “Silence, ye

barbarians;” “March, ye cannibals;” “No murmuring, ye Scythians;”

“Don’t open your eyes, ye murderous Polyphemes, ye blood-thirsty

lions,” and suchlike names with which their captors harassed the ears

of the wretched master and man. Sancho went along saying to himself,

“We, tortolites, barbers, animals! I don’t like those names at all;

‘it’s in a bad wind our corn is being winnowed;’ ‘misfortune comes upon

us all at once like sticks on a dog,’ and God grant it may be no worse

than them that this unlucky adventure has in store for us.”

Don Quixote rode completely dazed, unable with the aid of all his wits

to make out what could be the meaning of these abusive names they

called them, and the only conclusion he could arrive at was that there

was no good to be hoped for and much evil to be feared. And now, about

an hour after midnight, they reached a castle which Don Quixote saw at

once was the duke’s, where they had been but a short time before. “God

bless me!” said he, as he recognised the mansion, “what does this mean?

It is all courtesy and politeness in this house; but with the

vanquished good turns into evil, and evil into worse.”

They entered the chief court of the castle and found it prepared and

fitted up in a style that added to their amazement and doubled their

fears, as will be seen in the following chapter.

p68e.jpg (49K)

CHAPTER LXIX.

OF THE STRANGEST AND MOST EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE THAT BEFELL DON

QUIXOTE IN THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS GREAT HISTORY

p69a.jpg (141K)

Full Size

The horsemen dismounted, and, together with the men on foot, without a

moment’s delay taking up Sancho and Don Quixote bodily, they carried

them into the court, all round which near a hundred torches fixed in

sockets were burning, besides above five hundred lamps in the

corridors, so that in spite of the night, which was somewhat dark, the

want of daylight could not be perceived. In the middle of the court was

a catafalque, raised about two yards above the ground and covered

completely by an immense canopy of black velvet, and on the steps all

round it white wax tapers burned in more than a hundred silver

candlesticks. Upon the catafalque was seen the dead body of a damsel so

lovely that by her beauty she made death itself look beautiful. She lay

with her head resting upon a cushion of brocade and crowned with a

garland of sweet-smelling flowers of divers sorts, her hands crossed

upon her bosom, and between them a branch of yellow palm of victory. On

one side of the court was erected a stage, where upon two chairs were

seated two persons who from having crowns on their heads and sceptres

in their hands appeared to be kings of some sort, whether real or mock

ones. By the side of this stage, which was reached by steps, were two

other chairs on which the men carrying the prisoners seated Don Quixote

and Sancho, all in silence, and by signs giving them to understand that

they too were to be silent; which, however, they would have been

without any signs, for their amazement at all they saw held them

tongue-tied. And now two persons of distinction, who were at once

recognised by Don Quixote as his hosts the duke and duchess, ascended

the stage attended by a numerous suite, and seated themselves on two

gorgeous chairs close to the two kings, as they seemed to be. Who would

not have been amazed at this? Nor was this all, for Don Quixote had

perceived that the dead body on the catafalque was that of the fair

Altisidora. As the duke and duchess mounted the stage Don Quixote and

Sancho rose and made them a profound obeisance, which they returned by

bowing their heads slightly. At this moment an official crossed over,

and approaching Sancho threw over him a robe of black buckram painted

all over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap put upon his head

a mitre such as those undergoing the sentence of the Holy Office wear;

and whispered in his ear that he must not open his lips, or they would

put a gag upon him, or take his life. Sancho surveyed himself from head

to foot and saw himself all ablaze with flames; but as they did not

burn him, he did not care two farthings for them. He took off the mitre

and seeing it painted with devils he put it on again, saying to

himself, “Well, so far those don’t burn me nor do these carry me off.”

Don Quixote surveyed him too, and though fear had got the better of his

faculties, he could not help smiling to see the figure Sancho

presented. And now from underneath the catafalque, so it seemed, there

rose a low sweet sound of flutes, which, coming unbroken by human voice

(for there silence itself kept silence), had a soft and languishing

effect. Then, beside the pillow of what seemed to be the dead body,

suddenly appeared a fair youth in a Roman habit, who, to the

accompaniment of a harp which he himself played, sang in a sweet and

clear voice these two stanzas:

While fair Altisidora, who the sport

Of cold Don Quixote’s cruelty hath been,

Returns to life, and in this magic court

The dames in sables come to grace the scene,

And while her matrons all in seemly sort

My lady robes in baize and bombazine,

Her beauty and her sorrows will I sing

With defter quill than touched the Thracian string.

But not in life alone, methinks, to me

Belongs the office; Lady, when my tongue

Is cold in death, believe me, unto thee

My voice shall raise its tributary song.

My soul, from this strait prison-house set free,

As o’er the Stygian lake it floats along,

Thy praises singing still shall hold its way,

And make the waters of oblivion stay.

At this point one of the two that looked like kings exclaimed, “Enough,

enough, divine singer! It would be an endless task to put before us now

the death and the charms of the peerless Altisidora, not dead as the

ignorant world imagines, but living in the voice of fame and in the

penance which Sancho Panza, here present, has to undergo to restore her

to the long-lost light. Do thou, therefore, O Rhadamanthus, who sittest

in judgment with me in the murky caverns of Dis, as thou knowest all

that the inscrutable fates have decreed touching the resuscitation of

this damsel, announce and declare it at once, that the happiness we

look forward to from her restoration be no longer deferred.”

No sooner had Minos the fellow judge of Rhadamanthus said this, than

Rhadamanthus rising up said:

“Ho, officials of this house, high and low, great and small, make haste

hither one and all, and print on Sancho’s face four-and-twenty smacks,

and give him twelve pinches and six pin thrusts in the back and arms;

for upon this ceremony depends the restoration of Altisidora.”

On hearing this Sancho broke silence and cried out, “By all that’s

good, I’ll as soon let my face be smacked or handled as turn Moor. Body

o’ me! What has handling my face got to do with the resurrection of

this damsel? ‘The old woman took kindly to the blits; they enchant

Dulcinea, and whip me in order to disenchant her; Altisidora dies of

ailments God was pleased to send her, and to bring her to life again

they must give me four-and-twenty smacks, and prick holes in my body

with pins, and raise weals on my arms with pinches! Try those jokes on

a brother-in-law; ‘I’m an old dog, and “tus, tus” is no use with me.’”

“Thou shalt die,” said Rhadamanthus in a loud voice; “relent, thou

tiger; humble thyself, proud Nimrod; suffer and he silent, for no

impossibilities are asked of thee; it is not for thee to inquire into

the difficulties in this matter; smacked thou must be, pricked thou

shalt see thyself, and with pinches thou must be made to howl. Ho, I

say, officials, obey my orders; or by the word of an honest man, ye

shall see what ye were born for.”

At this some six duennas, advancing across the court, made their

appearance in procession, one after the other, four of them with

spectacles, and all with their right hands uplifted, showing four

fingers of wrist to make their hands look longer, as is the fashion

now-a-days. No sooner had Sancho caught sight of them than, bellowing

like a bull, he exclaimed, “I might let myself be handled by all the

world; but allow duennas to touch me—not a bit of it! Scratch my face,

as my master was served in this very castle; run me through the body

with burnished daggers; pinch my arms with red-hot pincers; I’ll bear

all in patience to serve these gentlefolk; but I won’t let duennas

touch me, though the devil should carry me off!”

Here Don Quixote, too, broke silence, saying to Sancho, “Have patience,

my son, and gratify these noble persons, and give all thanks to heaven

that it has infused such virtue into thy person, that by its sufferings

thou canst disenchant the enchanted and restore to life the dead.”

The duennas were now close to Sancho, and he, having become more

tractable and reasonable, settling himself well in his chair presented

his face and beard to the first, who delivered him a smack very stoutly

laid on, and then made him a low curtsey.

“Less politeness and less paint, señora duenna,” said Sancho; “by God

your hands smell of vinegar-wash.”

In line, all the duennas smacked him and several others of the

household pinched him; but what he could not stand was being pricked by

the pins; and so, apparently out of patience, he started up out of his

chair, and seizing a lighted torch that stood near him fell upon the

duennas and the whole set of his tormentors, exclaiming, “Begone, ye

ministers of hell; I’m not made of brass not to feel such

out-of-the-way tortures.”

At this instant Altisidora, who probably was tired of having been so

long lying on her back, turned on her side; seeing which the bystanders

cried out almost with one voice, “Altisidora is alive! Altisidora

lives!”

Rhadamanthus bade Sancho put away his wrath, as the object they had in

view was now attained. When Don Quixote saw Altisidora move, he went on

his knees to Sancho saying to him, “Now is the time, son of my bowels,

not to call thee my squire, for thee to give thyself some of those

lashes thou art bound to lay on for the disenchantment of Dulcinea.

Now, I say, is the time when the virtue that is in thee is ripe, and

endowed with efficacy to work the good that is looked for from thee.”

To which Sancho made answer, “That’s trick upon trick, I think, and not

honey upon pancakes; a nice thing it would be for a whipping to come

now, on the top of pinches, smacks, and pin-proddings! You had better

take a big stone and tie it round my neck, and pitch me into a well; I

should not mind it much, if I’m to be always made the cow of the

wedding for the cure of other people’s ailments. Leave me alone; or

else by God I’ll fling the whole thing to the dogs, let come what may.”

Altisidora had by this time sat up on the catafalque, and as she did so

the clarions sounded, accompanied by the flutes, and the voices of all

present exclaiming, “Long life to Altisidora! long life to Altisidora!”

The duke and duchess and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus stood up, and

all, together with Don Quixote and Sancho, advanced to receive her and

take her down from the catafalque; and she, making as though she were

recovering from a swoon, bowed her head to the duke and duchess and to

the kings, and looking sideways at Don Quixote, said to him, “God

forgive thee, insensible knight, for through thy cruelty I have been,

to me it seems, more than a thousand years in the other world; and to

thee, the most compassionate upon earth, I render thanks for the life I

am now in possession of. From this day forth, friend Sancho, count as

thine six smocks of mine which I bestow upon thee, to make as many

shirts for thyself, and if they are not all quite whole, at any rate

they are all clean.”

Sancho kissed her hands in gratitude, kneeling, and with the mitre in

his hand. The duke bade them take it from him, and give him back his

cap and doublet and remove the flaming robe. Sancho begged the duke to

let them leave him the robe and mitre; as he wanted to take them home

for a token and memento of that unexampled adventure. The duchess said

they must leave them with him; for he knew already what a great friend

of his she was. The duke then gave orders that the court should be

cleared, and that all should retire to their chambers, and that Don

Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to their old quarters.

p69e.jpg (60K)

CHAPTER LXX.

WHICH FOLLOWS SIXTY-NINE AND DEALS WITH MATTERS INDISPENSABLE FOR THE

CLEAR COMPREHENSION OF THIS HISTORY

p70a.jpg (131K)

Full Size

Sancho slept that night in a cot in the same chamber with Don Quixote,

a thing he would have gladly excused if he could for he knew very well

that with questions and answers his master would not let him sleep, and

he was in no humour for talking much, as he still felt the pain of his

late martyrdom, which interfered with his freedom of speech; and it

would have been more to his taste to sleep in a hovel alone, than in

that luxurious chamber in company. And so well founded did his

apprehension prove, and so correct was his anticipation, that scarcely

had his master got into bed when he said, “What dost thou think of

to-night’s adventure, Sancho? Great and mighty is the power of

cold-hearted scorn, for thou with thine own eyes hast seen Altisidora

slain, not by arrows, nor by the sword, nor by any warlike weapon, nor

by deadly poisons, but by the thought of the sternness and scorn with

which I have always treated her.”

“She might have died and welcome,” said Sancho, “when she pleased and

how she pleased; and she might have left me alone, for I never made her

fall in love or scorned her. I don’t know nor can I imagine how the

recovery of Altisidora, a damsel more fanciful than wise, can have, as

I have said before, anything to do with the sufferings of Sancho Panza.

Now I begin to see plainly and clearly that there are enchanters and

enchanted people in the world; and may God deliver me from them, since

I can’t deliver myself; and so I beg of your worship to let me sleep

and not ask me any more questions, unless you want me to throw myself

out of the window.”

“Sleep, Sancho my friend,” said Don Quixote, “if the pinprodding and

pinches thou hast received and the smacks administered to thee will let

thee.”

“No pain came up to the insult of the smacks,” said Sancho, “for the

simple reason that it was duennas, confound them, that gave them to me;

but once more I entreat your worship to let me sleep, for sleep is

relief from misery to those who are miserable when awake.”

“Be it so, and God be with thee,” said Don Quixote.

They fell asleep, both of them, and Cide Hamete, the author of this

great history, took this opportunity to record and relate what it was

that induced the duke and duchess to get up the elaborate plot that has

been described. The bachelor Samson Carrasco, he says, not forgetting

how he as the Knight of the Mirrors had been vanquished and overthrown

by Don Quixote, which defeat and overthrow upset all his plans,

resolved to try his hand again, hoping for better luck than he had

before; and so, having learned where Don Quixote was from the page who

brought the letter and present to Sancho’s wife, Teresa Panza, he got

himself new armour and another horse, and put a white moon upon his

shield, and to carry his arms he had a mule led by a peasant, not by

Tom Cecial his former squire for fear he should be recognised by Sancho

or Don Quixote. He came to the duke’s castle, and the duke informed him

of the road and route Don Quixote had taken with the intention of being

present at the jousts at Saragossa. He told him, too, of the jokes he

had practised upon him, and of the device for the disenchantment of

Dulcinea at the expense of Sancho’s backside; and finally he gave him

an account of the trick Sancho had played upon his master, making him

believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and turned into a country wench;

and of how the duchess, his wife, had persuaded Sancho that it was he

himself who was deceived, inasmuch as Dulcinea was really enchanted; at

which the bachelor laughed not a little, and marvelled as well at the

sharpness and simplicity of Sancho as at the length to which Don

Quixote’s madness went. The duke begged of him if he found him (whether

he overcame him or not) to return that way and let him know the result.

This the bachelor did; he set out in quest of Don Quixote, and not

finding him at Saragossa, he went on, and how he fared has been already

told. He returned to the duke’s castle and told him all, what the

conditions of the combat were, and how Don Quixote was now, like a

loyal knight-errant, returning to keep his promise of retiring to his

village for a year, by which time, said the bachelor, he might perhaps

be cured of his madness; for that was the object that had led him to

adopt these disguises, as it was a sad thing for a gentleman of such

good parts as Don Quixote to be a madman. And so he took his leave of

the duke, and went home to his village to wait there for Don Quixote,

who was coming after him. Thereupon the duke seized the opportunity of

practising this mystification upon him; so much did he enjoy everything

connected with Sancho and Don Quixote. He had the roads about the

castle far and near, everywhere he thought Don Quixote was likely to

pass on his return, occupied by large numbers of his servants on foot

and on horseback, who were to bring him to the castle, by fair means or

foul, if they met him. They did meet him, and sent word to the duke,

who, having already settled what was to be done, as soon as he heard of

his arrival, ordered the torches and lamps in the court to be lit and

Altisidora to be placed on the catafalque with all the pomp and

ceremony that has been described, the whole affair being so well

arranged and acted that it differed but little from reality. And Cide

Hamete says, moreover, that for his part he considers the concocters of

the joke as crazy as the victims of it, and that the duke and duchess

were not two fingers’ breadth removed from being something like fools

themselves when they took such pains to make game of a pair of fools.

As for the latter, one was sleeping soundly and the other lying awake

occupied with his desultory thoughts, when daylight came to them

bringing with it the desire to rise; for the lazy down was never a

delight to Don Quixote, victor or vanquished. Altisidora, come back

from death to life as Don Quixote fancied, following up the freak of

her lord and lady, entered the chamber, crowned with the garland she

had worn on the catafalque and in a robe of white taffeta embroidered

with gold flowers, her hair flowing loose over her shoulders, and

leaning upon a staff of fine black ebony. Don Quixote, disconcerted and

in confusion at her appearance, huddled himself up and well-nigh

covered himself altogether with the sheets and counterpane of the bed,

tongue-tied, and unable to offer her any civility. Altisidora seated

herself on a chair at the head of the bed, and, after a deep sigh, said

to him in a feeble, soft voice, “When women of rank and modest maidens

trample honour under foot, and give a loose to the tongue that breaks

through every impediment, publishing abroad the inmost secrets of their

hearts, they are reduced to sore extremities. Such a one am I, Señor

Don Quixote of La Mancha, crushed, conquered, love-smitten, but yet

patient under suffering and virtuous, and so much so that my heart

broke with grief and I lost my life. For the last two days I have been

dead, slain by the thought of the cruelty with which thou hast treated

me, obdurate knight,

O harder thou than marble to my plaint;

or at least believed to be dead by all who saw me; and had it not been

that Love, taking pity on me, let my recovery rest upon the sufferings

of this good squire, there I should have remained in the other world.”

“Love might very well have let it rest upon the sufferings of my ass,

and I should have been obliged to him,” said Sancho. “But tell me,

señora—and may heaven send you a tenderer lover than my master—what did

you see in the other world? What goes on in hell? For of course that’s

where one who dies in despair is bound for.”

“To tell you the truth,” said Altisidora, “I cannot have died outright,

for I did not go into hell; had I gone in, it is very certain I should

never have come out again, do what I might. The truth is, I came to the

gate, where some dozen or so of devils were playing tennis, all in

breeches and doublets, with falling collars trimmed with Flemish

bonelace, and ruffles of the same that served them for wristbands, with

four fingers’ breadth of the arms exposed to make their hands look

longer; in their hands they held rackets of fire; but what amazed me

still more was that books, apparently full of wind and rubbish, served

them for tennis balls, a strange and marvellous thing; this, however,

did not astonish me so much as to observe that, although with players

it is usual for the winners to be glad and the losers sorry, there in

that game all were growling, all were snarling, and all were cursing

one another.” “That’s no wonder,” said Sancho; “for devils, whether

playing or not, can never be content, win or lose.”

“Very likely,” said Altisidora; “but there is another thing that

surprises me too, I mean surprised me then, and that was that no ball

outlasted the first throw or was of any use a second time; and it was

wonderful the constant succession there was of books, new and old. To

one of them, a brand-new, well-bound one, they gave such a stroke that

they knocked the guts out of it and scattered the leaves about. ‘Look

what book that is,’ said one devil to another, and the other replied,

‘It is the “Second Part of the History of Don Quixote of La Mancha,”

not by Cide Hamete, the original author, but by an Aragonese who by his

own account is of Tordesillas.’ ‘Out of this with it,’ said the first,

‘and into the depths of hell with it out of my sight.’ ‘Is it so bad?’

said the other. ‘So bad is it,’ said the first, ‘that if I had set

myself deliberately to make a worse, I could not have done it.’ They

then went on with their game, knocking other books about; and I, having

heard them mention the name of Don Quixote whom I love and adore so,

took care to retain this vision in my memory.”

“A vision it must have been, no doubt,” said Don Quixote, “for there is

no other I in the world; this history has been going about here for

some time from hand to hand, but it does not stay long in any, for

everybody gives it a taste of his foot. I am not disturbed by hearing

that I am wandering in a fantastic shape in the darkness of the pit or

in the daylight above, for I am not the one that history treats of. If

it should be good, faithful, and true, it will have ages of life; but

if it should be bad, from its birth to its burial will not be a very

long journey.”

Altisidora was about to proceed with her complaint against Don Quixote,

when he said to her, “I have several times told you, señora that it

grieves me you should have set your affections upon me, as from mine

they can only receive gratitude, but no return. I was born to belong to

Dulcinea del Toboso, and the fates, if there are any, dedicated me to

her; and to suppose that any other beauty can take the place she

occupies in my heart is to suppose an impossibility. This frank

declaration should suffice to make you retire within the bounds of your

modesty, for no one can bind himself to do impossibilities.”

Hearing this, Altisidora, with a show of anger and agitation,

exclaimed, “God’s life! Don Stockfish, soul of a mortar, stone of a

date, more obstinate and obdurate than a clown asked a favour when he

has his mind made up, if I fall upon you I’ll tear your eyes out! Do

you fancy, Don Vanquished, Don Cudgelled, that I died for your sake?

All that you have seen to-night has been make-believe; I’m not the

woman to let the black of my nail suffer for such a camel, much less

die!”

“That I can well believe,” said Sancho; “for all that about lovers

pining to death is absurd; they may talk of it, but as for doing

it—Judas may believe that!”

While they were talking, the musician, singer, and poet, who had sung

the two stanzas given above came in, and making a profound obeisance to

Don Quixote said, “Will your worship, sir knight, reckon and retain me

in the number of your most faithful servants, for I have long been a

great admirer of yours, as well because of your fame as because of your

achievements?” “Will your worship tell me who you are,” replied Don

Quixote, “so that my courtesy may be answerable to your deserts?” The

young man replied that he was the musician and songster of the night

before. “Of a truth,” said Don Quixote, “your worship has a most

excellent voice; but what you sang did not seem to me very much to the

purpose; for what have Garcilasso’s stanzas to do with the death of

this lady?”

“Don’t be surprised at that,” returned the musician; “for with the

callow poets of our day the way is for every one to write as he pleases

and pilfer where he chooses, whether it be germane to the matter or

not, and now-a-days there is no piece of silliness they can sing or

write that is not set down to poetic licence.”

Don Quixote was about to reply, but was prevented by the duke and

duchess, who came in to see him, and with them there followed a long

and delightful conversation, in the course of which Sancho said so many

droll and saucy things that he left the duke and duchess wondering not

only at his simplicity but at his sharpness. Don Quixote begged their

permission to take his departure that same day, inasmuch as for a

vanquished knight like himself it was fitter he should live in a

pig-sty than in a royal palace. They gave it very readily, and the

duchess asked him if Altisidora was in his good graces.

He replied, “Señora, let me tell your ladyship that this damsel’s

ailment comes entirely of idleness, and the cure for it is honest and

constant employment. She herself has told me that lace is worn in hell;

and as she must know how to make it, let it never be out of her hands;

for when she is occupied in shifting the bobbins to and fro, the image

or images of what she loves will not shift to and fro in her thoughts;

this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this is my advice.”

“And mine,” added Sancho; “for I never in all my life saw a lace-maker

that died for love; when damsels are at work their minds are more set

on finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I speak from

my own experience; for when I’m digging I never think of my old woman;

I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love better than my own eyelids.” “You

say well, Sancho,” said the duchess, “and I will take care that my

Altisidora employs herself henceforward in needlework of some sort; for

she is extremely expert at it.” “There is no occasion to have recourse

to that remedy, señora,” said Altisidora; “for the mere thought of the

cruelty with which this vagabond villain has treated me will suffice to

blot him out of my memory without any other device; with your

highness’s leave I will retire, not to have before my eyes, I won’t say

his rueful countenance, but his abominable, ugly looks.” “That reminds

me of the common saying, that ‘he that rails is ready to forgive,’”

said the duke.

Altisidora then, pretending to wipe away her tears with a handkerchief,

made an obeisance to her master and mistress and quitted the room.

“Ill luck betide thee, poor damsel,” said Sancho, “ill luck betide

thee! Thou hast fallen in with a soul as dry as a rush and a heart as

hard as oak; had it been me, i’faith ‘another cock would have crowed to

thee.’”

So the conversation came to an end, and Don Quixote dressed himself and

dined with the duke and duchess, and set out the same evening.

p70e.jpg (73K)

Full Size

CHAPTER LXXI.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE SANCHO ON THE WAY TO

THEIR VILLAGE

p71a.jpg (82K)

Full Size

The vanquished and afflicted Don Quixote went along very downcast in

one respect and very happy in another. His sadness arose from his

defeat, and his satisfaction from the thought of the virtue that lay in

Sancho, as had been proved by the resurrection of Altisidora; though it

was with difficulty he could persuade himself that the love-smitten

damsel had been really dead. Sancho went along anything but cheerful,

for it grieved him that Altisidora had not kept her promise of giving

him the smocks; and turning this over in his mind he said to his

master, “Surely, señor, I’m the most unlucky doctor in the world;

there’s many a physician that, after killing the sick man he had to

cure, requires to be paid for his work, though it is only signing a bit

of a list of medicines, that the apothecary and not he makes up, and,

there, his labour is over; but with me though to cure somebody else

costs me drops of blood, smacks, pinches, pinproddings, and whippings,

nobody gives me a farthing. Well, I swear by all that’s good if they

put another patient into my hands, they’ll have to grease them for me

before I cure him; for, as they say, ‘it’s by his singing the abbot

gets his dinner,’ and I’m not going to believe that heaven has bestowed

upon me the virtue I have, that I should be dealing it out to others

all for nothing.”

“Thou art right, Sancho my friend,” said Don Quixote, “and Altisidora

has behaved very badly in not giving thee the smocks she promised; and

although that virtue of thine is \_gratis data\_—as it has cost thee no

study whatever, any more than such study as thy personal sufferings may

be—I can say for myself that if thou wouldst have payment for the

lashes on account of the disenchant of Dulcinea, I would have given it

to thee freely ere this. I am not sure, however, whether payment will

comport with the cure, and I would not have the reward interfere with

the medicine. I think there will be nothing lost by trying it; consider

how much thou wouldst have, Sancho, and whip thyself at once, and pay

thyself down with thine own hand, as thou hast money of mine.”

At this proposal Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a palm’s breadth

wide, and in his heart very readily acquiesced in whipping himself, and

said he to his master, “Very well then, señor, I’ll hold myself in

readiness to gratify your worship’s wishes if I’m to profit by it; for

the love of my wife and children forces me to seem grasping. Let your

worship say how much you will pay me for each lash I give myself.”

“If Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “I were to requite thee as the

importance and nature of the cure deserves, the treasures of Venice,

the mines of Potosi, would be insufficient to pay thee. See what thou

hast of mine, and put a price on each lash.”

“Of them,” said Sancho, “there are three thousand three hundred and

odd; of these I have given myself five, the rest remain; let the five

go for the odd ones, and let us take the three thousand three hundred,

which at a quarter real apiece (for I will not take less though the

whole world should bid me) make three thousand three hundred quarter

reals; the three thousand are one thousand five hundred half reals,

which make seven hundred and fifty reals; and the three hundred make a

hundred and fifty half reals, which come to seventy-five reals, which

added to the seven hundred and fifty make eight hundred and twenty-five

reals in all. These I will stop out of what I have belonging to your

worship, and I’ll return home rich and content, though well whipped,

for ‘there’s no taking trout’—but I say no more.”

“O blessed Sancho! O dear Sancho!” said Don Quixote; “how we shall be

bound to serve thee, Dulcinea and I, all the days of our lives that

heaven may grant us! If she returns to her lost shape (and it cannot be

but that she will) her misfortune will have been good fortune, and my

defeat a most happy triumph. But look here, Sancho; when wilt thou

begin the scourging? For if thou wilt make short work of it, I will

give thee a hundred reals over and above.”

“When?” said Sancho; “this night without fail. Let your worship order

it so that we pass it out of doors and in the open air, and I’ll

scarify myself.”

Night, longed for by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the

world, came at last, though it seemed to him that the wheels of

Apollo’s car had broken down, and that the day was drawing itself out

longer than usual, just as is the case with lovers, who never make the

reckoning of their desires agree with time. They made their way at

length in among some pleasant trees that stood a little distance from

the road, and there vacating Rocinante’s saddle and Dapple’s

pack-saddle, they stretched themselves on the green grass and made

their supper off Sancho’s stores, and he making a powerful and flexible

whip out of Dapple’s halter and headstall retreated about twenty paces

from his master among some beech trees. Don Quixote seeing him march

off with such resolution and spirit, said to him, “Take care, my

friend, not to cut thyself to pieces; allow the lashes to wait for one

another, and do not be in so great a hurry as to run thyself out of

breath midway; I mean, do not lay on so strenuously as to make thy life

fail thee before thou hast reached the desired number; and that thou

mayest not lose by a card too much or too little, I will station myself

apart and count on my rosary here the lashes thou givest thyself. May

heaven help thee as thy good intention deserves.”

“‘Pledges don’t distress a good payer,’” said Sancho; “I mean to lay on

in such a way as without killing myself to hurt myself, for in that, no

doubt, lies the essence of this miracle.”

He then stripped himself from the waist upwards, and snatching up the

rope he began to lay on and Don Quixote to count the lashes. He might

have given himself six or eight when he began to think the joke no

trifle, and its price very low; and holding his hand for a moment, he

told his master that he cried off on the score of a blind bargain, for

each of those lashes ought to be paid for at the rate of half a real

instead of a quarter.

“Go on, Sancho my friend, and be not disheartened,” said Don Quixote;

“for I double the stakes as to price.”

“In that case,” said Sancho, “in God’s hand be it, and let it rain

lashes.” But the rogue no longer laid them on his shoulders, but laid

on to the trees, with such groans every now and then, that one would

have thought at each of them his soul was being plucked up by the

roots. Don Quixote, touched to the heart, and fearing he might make an

end of himself, and that through Sancho’s imprudence he might miss his

own object, said to him, “As thou livest, my friend, let the matter

rest where it is, for the remedy seems to me a very rough one, and it

will be well to have patience; ‘Zamora was not won in an hour.’ If I

have not reckoned wrong thou hast given thyself over a thousand lashes;

that is enough for the present; ‘for the ass,’ to put it in homely

phrase, ‘bears the load, but not the overload.’”

“No, no, señor,” replied Sancho; “it shall never be said of me, ‘The

money paid, the arms broken;’ go back a little further, your worship,

and let me give myself at any rate a thousand lashes more; for in a

couple of bouts like this we shall have finished off the lot, and there

will be even cloth to spare.”

“As thou art in such a willing mood,” said Don Quixote, “may heaven aid

thee; lay on and I’ll retire.”

Sancho returned to his task with so much resolution that he soon had

the bark stripped off several trees, such was the severity with which

he whipped himself; and one time, raising his voice, and giving a beech

a tremendous lash, he cried out, “Here dies Samson, and all with him!”

p71b.jpg (349K)

Full Size

At the sound of his piteous cry and of the stroke of the cruel lash,

Don Quixote ran to him at once, and seizing the twisted halter that

served him for a courbash, said to him, “Heaven forbid, Sancho my

friend, that to please me thou shouldst lose thy life, which is needed

for the support of thy wife and children; let Dulcinea wait for a

better opportunity, and I will content myself with a hope soon to be

realised, and have patience until thou hast gained fresh strength so as

to finish off this business to the satisfaction of everybody.”

“As your worship will have it so, señor,” said Sancho, “so be it; but

throw your cloak over my shoulders, for I’m sweating and I don’t want

to take cold; it’s a risk that novice disciplinants run.”

Don Quixote obeyed, and stripping himself covered Sancho, who slept

until the sun woke him; they then resumed their journey, which for the

time being they brought to an end at a village that lay three leagues

farther on. They dismounted at a hostelry which Don Quixote recognised

as such and did not take to be a castle with moat, turrets, portcullis,

and drawbridge; for ever since he had been vanquished he talked more

rationally about everything, as will be shown presently. They quartered

him in a room on the ground floor, where in place of leather hangings

there were pieces of painted serge such as they commonly use in

villages. On one of them was painted by some very poor hand the Rape of

Helen, when the bold guest carried her off from Menelaus, and on the

other was the story of Dido and Æneas, she on a high tower, as though

she were making signals with a half sheet to her fugitive guest who was

out at sea flying in a frigate or brigantine. He noticed in the two

stories that Helen did not go very reluctantly, for she was laughing

slyly and roguishly; but the fair Dido was shown dropping tears the

size of walnuts from her eyes. Don Quixote as he looked at them

observed, “Those two ladies were very unfortunate not to have been born

in this age, and I unfortunate above all men not to have been born in

theirs. Had I fallen in with those gentlemen, Troy would not have been

burned or Carthage destroyed, for it would have been only for me to

slay Paris, and all these misfortunes would have been avoided.”

“I’ll lay a bet,” said Sancho, “that before long there won’t be a

tavern, roadside inn, hostelry, or barber’s shop where the story of our

doings won’t be painted up; but I’d like it painted by the hand of a

better painter than painted these.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “for this painter is like

Orbaneja, a painter there was at Úbeda, who when they asked him what he

was painting, used to say, ‘Whatever it may turn out; and if he chanced

to paint a cock he would write under it, ‘This is a cock,’ for fear

they might think it was a fox. The painter or writer, for it’s all the

same, who published the history of this new Don Quixote that has come

out, must have been one of this sort I think, Sancho, for he painted or

wrote ‘whatever it might turn out;’ or perhaps he is like a poet called

Mauleon that was about the Court some years ago, who used to answer at

haphazard whatever he was asked, and on one asking him what \_Deum de

Deo\_ meant, he replied \_Dé donde diere\_. But, putting this aside, tell

me, Sancho, hast thou a mind to have another turn at thyself to-night,

and wouldst thou rather have it indoors or in the open air?”

“Egad, señor,” said Sancho, “for what I’m going to give myself, it

comes all the same to me whether it is in a house or in the fields;

still I’d like it to be among trees; for I think they are company for

me and help me to bear my pain wonderfully.”

“And yet it must not be, Sancho my friend,” said Don Quixote; “but, to

enable thee to recover strength, we must keep it for our own village;

for at the latest we shall get there the day after to-morrow.”

Sancho said he might do as he pleased; but that for his own part he

would like to finish off the business quickly before his blood cooled

and while he had an appetite, because “in delay there is apt to be

danger” very often, and “praying to God and plying the hammer,” and

“one take was better than two I’ll give thee’s,” and “a sparrow in the

hand than a vulture on the wing.”

“For God’s sake, Sancho, no more proverbs!” exclaimed Don Quixote; “it

seems to me thou art becoming \_sicut erat\_ again; speak in a plain,

simple, straight-forward way, as I have often told thee, and thou wilt

find the good of it.”

“I don’t know what bad luck it is of mine,” said Sancho, “but I can’t

utter a word without a proverb that is not as good as an argument to my

mind; however, I mean to mend if I can;” and so for the present the

conversation ended.

p71e.jpg (42K)

CHAPTER LXXII.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO REACHED THEIR VILLAGE

p72a.jpg (155K)

Full Size

All that day Don Quixote and Sancho remained in the village and inn

waiting for night, the one to finish off his task of scourging in the

open country, the other to see it accomplished, for therein lay the

accomplishment of his wishes. Meanwhile there arrived at the hostelry a

traveller on horseback with three or four servants, one of whom said to

him who appeared to be the master, “Here, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, your

worship may take your siesta to-day; the quarters seem clean and cool.”

When he heard this Don Quixote said to Sancho, “Look here, Sancho; on

turning over the leaves of that book of the Second Part of my history I

think I came casually upon this name of Don Álvaro Tarfe.”

“Very likely,” said Sancho; “we had better let him dismount, and

by-and-by we can ask about it.”

The gentleman dismounted, and the landlady gave him a room on the

ground floor opposite Don Quixote’s and adorned with painted serge

hangings of the same sort. The newly arrived gentleman put on a summer

coat, and coming out to the gateway of the hostelry, which was wide and

cool, addressing Don Quixote, who was pacing up and down there, he

asked, “In what direction is your worship bound, gentle sir?”

“To a village near this which is my own village,” replied Don Quixote;

“and your worship, where are you bound for?”

“I am going to Granada, señor,” said the gentleman, “to my own

country.”

“And a goodly country,” said Don Quixote; “but will your worship do me

the favour of telling me your name, for it strikes me it is of more

importance to me to know it than I can tell you.”

“My name is Don Álvaro Tarfe,” replied the traveller.

To which Don Quixote returned, “I have no doubt whatever that your

worship is that Don Álvaro Tarfe who appears in print in the Second

Part of the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha, lately printed and

published by a new author.”

“I am the same,” replied the gentleman; “and that same Don Quixote, the

principal personage in the said history, was a very great friend of

mine, and it was I who took him away from home, or at least induced him

to come to some jousts that were to be held at Saragossa, whither I was

going myself; indeed, I showed him many kindnesses, and saved him from

having his shoulders touched up by the executioner because of his

extreme rashness.”

“Tell me, Señor Don Álvaro,” said Don Quixote, “am I at all like that

Don Quixote you talk of?”

“No indeed,” replied the traveller, “not a bit.”

“And that Don Quixote—” said our one, “had he with him a squire called

Sancho Panza?”

“He had,” said Don Álvaro; “but though he had the name of being very

droll, I never heard him say anything that had any drollery in it.”

“That I can well believe,” said Sancho at this, “for to come out with

drolleries is not in everybody’s line; and that Sancho your worship

speaks of, gentle sir, must be some great scoundrel, dunderhead, and

thief, all in one; for I am the real Sancho Panza, and I have more

drolleries than if it rained them; let your worship only try; come

along with me for a year or so, and you will find they fall from me at

every turn, and so rich and so plentiful that though mostly I don’t

know what I am saying I make everybody that hears me laugh. And the

real Don Quixote of La Mancha, the famous, the valiant, the wise, the

lover, the righter of wrongs, the guardian of minors and orphans, the

protector of widows, the killer of damsels, he who has for his sole

mistress the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is this gentleman before

you, my master; all other Don Quixotes and all other Sancho Panzas are

dreams and mockeries.”

“By God I believe it,” said Don Álvaro; “for you have uttered more

drolleries, my friend, in the few words you have spoken than the other

Sancho Panza in all I ever heard from him, and they were not a few. He

was more greedy than well-spoken, and more dull than droll; and I am

convinced that the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote the Good have

been trying to persecute me with Don Quixote the Bad. But I don’t know

what to say, for I am ready to swear I left him shut up in the Casa del

Nuncio at Toledo, and here another Don Quixote turns up, though a very

different one from mine.”

“I don’t know whether I am good,” said Don Quixote, “but I can safely

say I am not ‘the Bad;’ and to prove it, let me tell you, Señor Don

Álvaro Tarfe, I have never in my life been in Saragossa; so far from

that, when it was told me that this imaginary Don Quixote had been

present at the jousts in that city, I declined to enter it, in order to

drag his falsehood before the face of the world; and so I went on

straight to Barcelona, the treasure-house of courtesy, haven of

strangers, asylum of the poor, home of the valiant, champion of the

wronged, pleasant exchange of firm friendships, and city unrivalled in

site and beauty. And though the adventures that befell me there are not

by any means matters of enjoyment, but rather of regret, I do not

regret them, simply because I have seen it. In a word, Señor Don Álvaro

Tarfe, I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the one that fame speaks of, and

not the unlucky one that has attempted to usurp my name and deck

himself out in my ideas. I entreat your worship by your devoir as a

gentleman to be so good as to make a declaration before the alcalde of

this village that you never in all your life saw me until now, and that

neither am I the Don Quixote in print in the Second Part, nor this

Sancho Panza, my squire, the one your worship knew.”

“That I will do most willingly,” replied Don Álvaro; “though it amazes

me to find two Don Quixotes and two Sancho Panzas at once, as much

alike in name as they differ in demeanour; and again I say and declare

that what I saw I cannot have seen, and that what happened me cannot

have happened.”

“No doubt your worship is enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso,”

said Sancho; “and would to heaven your disenchantment rested on my

giving myself another three thousand and odd lashes like what I’m

giving myself for her, for I’d lay them on without looking for

anything.”

“I don’t understand that about the lashes,” said Don Álvaro. Sancho

replied that it was a long story to tell, but he would tell him if they

happened to be going the same road.

By this dinner-time arrived, and Don Quixote and Don Álvaro dined

together. The alcalde of the village came by chance into the inn

together with a notary, and Don Quixote laid a petition before him,

showing that it was requisite for his rights that Don Álvaro Tarfe, the

gentleman there present, should make a declaration before him that he

did not know Don Quixote of La Mancha, also there present, and that he

was not the one that was in print in a history entitled “Second Part of

Don Quixote of La Mancha, by one Avellaneda of Tordesillas.” The

alcalde finally put it in legal form, and the declaration was made with

all the formalities required in such cases, at which Don Quixote and

Sancho were in high delight, as if a declaration of the sort was of any

great importance to them, and as if their words and deeds did not

plainly show the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two

Sanchos. Many civilities and offers of service were exchanged by Don

Álvaro and Don Quixote, in the course of which the great Manchegan

displayed such good taste that he disabused Don Álvaro of the error he

was under; and he, on his part, felt convinced he must have been

enchanted, now that he had been brought in contact with two such

opposite Don Quixotes.

Evening came, they set out from the village, and after about half a

league two roads branched off, one leading to Don Quixote’s village,

the other the road Don Álvaro was to follow. In this short interval Don

Quixote told him of his unfortunate defeat, and of Dulcinea’s

enchantment and the remedy, all which threw Don Álvaro into fresh

amazement, and embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, he went his way, and

Don Quixote went his. That night he passed among trees again in order

to give Sancho an opportunity of working out his penance, which he did

in the same fashion as the night before, at the expense of the bark of

the beech trees much more than of his back, of which he took such good

care that the lashes would not have knocked off a fly had there been

one there. The duped Don Quixote did not miss a single stroke of the

count, and he found that together with those of the night before they

made up three thousand and twenty-nine. The sun apparently had got up

early to witness the sacrifice, and with his light they resumed their

journey, discussing the deception practised on Don Álvaro, and saying

how well done it was to have taken his declaration before a magistrate

in such an unimpeachable form. That day and night they travelled on,

nor did anything worth mention happen to them, unless it was that in

the course of the night Sancho finished off his task, whereat Don

Quixote was beyond measure joyful. He watched for daylight, to see if

along the road he should fall in with his already disenchanted lady

Dulcinea; and as he pursued his journey there was no woman he met that

he did not go up to, to see if she was Dulcinea del Toboso, as he held

it absolutely certain that Merlin’s promises could not lie. Full of

these thoughts and anxieties, they ascended a rising ground wherefrom

they descried their own village, at the sight of which Sancho fell on

his knees exclaiming, “Open thine eyes, longed-for home, and see how

thy son Sancho Panza comes back to thee, if not very rich, very well

whipped! Open thine arms and receive, too, thy son Don Quixote, who, if

he comes vanquished by the arm of another, comes victor over himself,

which, as he himself has told me, is the greatest victory anyone can

desire. I’m bringing back money, for if I was well whipped, I went

mounted like a gentleman.”

p72b.jpg (375K)

Full Size

“Have done with these fooleries,” said Don Quixote; “let us push on

straight and get to our own place, where we will give free range to our

fancies, and settle our plans for our future pastoral life.”

With this they descended the slope and directed their steps to their

village.

p72e.jpg (35K)

CHAPTER LXXIII.

OF THE OMENS DON QUIXOTE HAD AS HE ENTERED HIS OWN VILLAGE, AND OTHER

INCIDENTS THAT EMBELLISH AND GIVE A COLOUR TO THIS GREAT HISTORY

p73a.jpg (141K)

Full Size

At the entrance of the village, so says Cide Hamete, Don Quixote saw

two boys quarrelling on the village threshing-floor, one of whom said

to the other, “Take it easy, Periquillo; thou shalt never see it again

as long as thou livest.”

Don Quixote heard this, and said he to Sancho, “Dost thou not mark,

friend, what that boy said, ‘Thou shalt never see it again as long as

thou livest’?”

“Well,” said Sancho, “what does it matter if the boy said so?”

“What!” said Don Quixote, “dost thou not see that, applied to the

object of my desires, the words mean that I am never to see Dulcinea

more?”

Sancho was about to answer, when his attention was diverted by seeing a

hare come flying across the plain pursued by several greyhounds and

sportsmen. In its terror it ran to take shelter and hide itself under

Dapple. Sancho caught it alive and presented it to Don Quixote, who was

saying, “\_Malum signum, malum signum!\_ a hare flies, greyhounds chase

it, Dulcinea appears not.”

“Your worship’s a strange man,” said Sancho; “let’s take it for granted

that this hare is Dulcinea, and these greyhounds chasing it the

malignant enchanters who turned her into a country wench; she flies,

and I catch her and put her into your worship’s hands, and you hold her

in your arms and cherish her; what bad sign is that, or what ill omen

is there to be found here?”

The two boys who had been quarrelling came over to look at the hare,

and Sancho asked one of them what their quarrel was about. He was

answered by the one who had said, “Thou shalt never see it again as

long as thou livest,” that he had taken a cage full of crickets from

the other boy, and did not mean to give it back to him as long as he

lived. Sancho took out four cuartos from his pocket and gave them to

the boy for the cage, which he placed in Don Quixote’s hands, saying,

“There, señor! there are the omens broken and destroyed, and they have

no more to do with our affairs, to my thinking, fool as I am, than with

last year’s clouds; and if I remember rightly I have heard the curate

of our village say that it does not become Christians or sensible

people to give any heed to these silly things; and even you yourself

said the same to me some time ago, telling me that all Christians who

minded omens were fools; but there’s no need of making words about it;

let us push on and go into our village.”

The sportsmen came up and asked for their hare, which Don Quixote gave

them. They then went on, and upon the green at the entrance of the town

they came upon the curate and the bachelor Samson Carrasco busy with

their breviaries. It should be mentioned that Sancho had thrown, by way

of a sumpter-cloth, over Dapple and over the bundle of armour, the

buckram robe painted with flames which they had put upon him at the

duke’s castle the night Altisidora came back to life. He had also fixed

the mitre on Dapple’s head, the oddest transformation and decoration

that ever ass in the world underwent. They were at once recognised by

both the curate and the bachelor, who came towards them with open arms.

Don Quixote dismounted and received them with a close embrace; and the

boys, who are lynxes that nothing escapes, spied out the ass’s mitre

and came running to see it, calling out to one another, “Come here,

boys, and see Sancho Panza’s ass figged out finer than Mingo, and Don

Quixote’s beast leaner than ever.”

So at length, with the boys capering round them, and accompanied by the

curate and the bachelor, they made their entrance into the town, and

proceeded to Don Quixote’s house, at the door of which they found his

housekeeper and niece, whom the news of his arrival had already

reached. It had been brought to Teresa Panza, Sancho’s wife, as well,

and she with her hair all loose and half naked, dragging Sanchica her

daughter by the hand, ran out to meet her husband; but seeing him

coming in by no means as good case as she thought a governor ought to

be, she said to him, “How is it you come this way, husband? It seems to

me you come tramping and footsore, and looking more like a disorderly

vagabond than a governor.”

“Hold your tongue, Teresa,” said Sancho; “often ‘where there are pegs

there are no flitches;’ let’s go into the house and there you’ll hear

strange things. I bring money, and that’s the main thing, got by my own

industry without wronging anybody.”

“You bring the money, my good husband,” said Teresa, “and no matter

whether it was got this way or that; for, however you may have got it,

you’ll not have brought any new practice into the world.”

Sanchica embraced her father and asked him if he brought her anything,

for she had been looking out for him as for the showers of May; and she

taking hold of him by the girdle on one side, and his wife by the hand,

while the daughter led Dapple, they made for their house, leaving Don

Quixote in his, in the hands of his niece and housekeeper, and in the

company of the curate and the bachelor.

Don Quixote at once, without any regard to time or season, withdrew in

private with the bachelor and the curate, and in a few words told them

of his defeat, and of the engagement he was under not to quit his

village for a year, which he meant to keep to the letter without

departing a hair’s breadth from it, as became a knight-errant bound by

scrupulous good faith and the laws of knight-errantry; and of how he

thought of turning shepherd for that year, and taking his diversion in

the solitude of the fields, where he could with perfect freedom give

range to his thoughts of love while he followed the virtuous pastoral

calling; and he besought them, if they had not a great deal to do and

were not prevented by more important business, to consent to be his

companions, for he would buy sheep enough to qualify them for

shepherds; and the most important point of the whole affair, he could

tell them, was settled, for he had given them names that would fit them

to a T. The curate asked what they were. Don Quixote replied that he

himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotize and the bachelor the

shepherd Carrascon, and the curate the shepherd Curambro, and Sancho

Panza the shepherd Pancino.

Both were astounded at Don Quixote’s new craze; however, lest he should

once more make off out of the village from them in pursuit of his

chivalry, they trusting that in the course of the year he might be

cured, fell in with his new project, applauded his crazy idea as a

bright one, and offered to share the life with him. “And what’s more,”

said Samson Carrasco, “I am, as all the world knows, a very famous

poet, and I’ll be always making verses, pastoral, or courtly, or as it

may come into my head, to pass away our time in those secluded regions

where we shall be roaming. But what is most needful, sirs, is that each

of us should choose the name of the shepherdess he means to glorify in

his verses, and that we should not leave a tree, be it ever so hard,

without writing up and carving her name on it, as is the habit and

custom of love-smitten shepherds.”

“That’s the very thing,” said Don Quixote; “though I am relieved from

looking for the name of an imaginary shepherdess, for there’s the

peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the glory of these brooksides, the

ornament of these meadows, the mainstay of beauty, the cream of all the

graces, and, in a word, the being to whom all praise is appropriate, be

it ever so hyperbolical.”

“Very true,” said the curate; “but we the others must look about for

accommodating shepherdesses that will answer our purpose one way or

another.”

“And,” added Samson Carrasco, “if they fail us, we can call them by the

names of the ones in print that the world is filled with, Fílidas,

Amarilises, Dianas, Fleridas, Galateas, Belisardas; for as they sell

them in the market-places we may fairly buy them and make them our own.

If my lady, or I should say my shepherdess, happens to be called Ana,

I’ll sing her praises under the name of Anarda, and if Francisca, I’ll

call her Francenia, and if Lucia, Lucinda, for it all comes to the same

thing; and Sancho Panza, if he joins this fraternity, may glorify his

wife Teresa Panza as Teresaina.”

Don Quixote laughed at the adaptation of the name, and the curate

bestowed vast praise upon the worthy and honourable resolution he had

made, and again offered to bear him company all the time that he could

spare from his imperative duties. And so they took their leave of him,

recommending and beseeching him to take care of his health and treat

himself to a suitable diet.

It so happened his niece and the housekeeper overheard all the three of

them said; and as soon as they were gone they both of them came in to

Don Quixote, and said the niece, “What’s this, uncle? Now that we were

thinking you had come back to stay at home and lead a quiet respectable

life there, are you going to get into fresh entanglements, and turn

‘young shepherd, thou that comest here, young shepherd going there?’

Nay! indeed ‘the straw is too hard now to make pipes of.’”

“And,” added the housekeeper, “will your worship be able to bear, out

in the fields, the heats of summer, and the chills of winter, and the

howling of the wolves? Not you; for that’s a life and a business for

hardy men, bred and seasoned to such work almost from the time they

were in swaddling-clothes. Why, to make choice of evils, it’s better to

be a knight-errant than a shepherd! Look here, señor; take my

advice—and I’m not giving it to you full of bread and wine, but

fasting, and with fifty years upon my head—stay at home, look after

your affairs, go often to confession, be good to the poor, and upon my

soul be it if any evil comes to you.”

“Hold your peace, my daughters,” said Don Quixote; “I know very well

what my duty is; help me to bed, for I don’t feel very well; and rest

assured that, knight-errant now or wandering shepherd to be, I shall

never fail to have a care for your interests, as you will see in the

end.” And the good wenches (for that they undoubtedly were), the

housekeeper and niece, helped him to bed, where they gave him something

to eat and made him as comfortable as possible.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL SICK, AND OF THE WILL HE MADE, AND HOW HE DIED

p74a.jpg (96K)

Full Size

As nothing that is man’s can last for ever, but all tends ever

downwards from its beginning to its end, and above all man’s life, and

as Don Quixote’s enjoyed no special dispensation from heaven to stay

its course, its end and close came when he least looked for it.

For—whether it was of the dejection the thought of his defeat produced,

or of heaven’s will that so ordered it—a fever settled upon him and

kept him in his bed for six days, during which he was often visited by

his friends the curate, the bachelor, and the barber, while his good

squire Sancho Panza never quitted his bedside. They, persuaded that it

was grief at finding himself vanquished, and the object of his heart,

the liberation and disenchantment of Dulcinea, unattained, that kept

him in this state, strove by all the means in their power to cheer him

up; the bachelor bidding him take heart and get up to begin his

pastoral life, for which he himself, he said, had already composed an

eclogue that would take the shine out of all Sannazaro had ever

written, and had bought with his own money two famous dogs to guard the

flock, one called Barcino and the other Butron, which a herdsman of

Quintanar had sold him.

But for all this Don Quixote could not shake off his sadness. His

friends called in the doctor, who felt his pulse and was not very well

satisfied with it, and said that in any case it would be well for him

to attend to the health of his soul, as that of his body was in a bad

way. Don Quixote heard this calmly; but not so his housekeeper, his

niece, and his squire, who fell weeping bitterly, as if they had him

lying dead before them. The doctor’s opinion was that melancholy and

depression were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote begged them to

leave him to himself, as he had a wish to sleep a little. They obeyed,

and he slept at one stretch, as the saying is, more than six hours, so

that the housekeeper and niece thought he was going to sleep for ever.

But at the end of that time he woke up, and in a loud voice exclaimed,

“Blessed be Almighty God, who has shown me such goodness. In truth his

mercies are boundless, and the sins of men can neither limit them nor

keep them back!”

The niece listened with attention to her uncle’s words, and they struck

her as more coherent than what usually fell from him, at least during

his illness, so she asked, “What are you saying, señor? Has anything

strange occurred? What mercies or what sins of men are you talking of?”

“The mercies, niece,” said Don Quixote, “are those that God has this

moment shown me, and with him, as I said, my sins are no impediment to

them. My reason is now free and clear, rid of the dark shadows of

ignorance that my unhappy constant study of those detestable books of

chivalry cast over it. Now I see through their absurdities and

deceptions, and it only grieves me that this destruction of my

illusions has come so late that it leaves me no time to make some

amends by reading other books that might be a light to my soul. Niece,

I feel myself at the point of death, and I would fain meet it in such a

way as to show that my life has not been so ill that I should leave

behind me the name of a madman; for though I have been one, I would not

that the fact should be made plainer at my death. Call in to me, my

dear, my good friends the curate, the bachelor Samson Carrasco, and

Master Nicholas the barber, for I wish to confess and make my will.”

But his niece was saved the trouble by the entrance of the three. The

instant Don Quixote saw them he exclaimed, “Good news for you, good

sirs, that I am no longer Don Quixote of La Mancha, but Alonso Quixano,

whose way of life won for him the name of Good. Now am I the enemy of

Amadis of Gaul and of the whole countless troop of his descendants;

odious to me now are all the profane stories of knight-errantry; now I

perceive my folly, and the peril into which reading them brought me;

now, by God’s mercy schooled into my right senses, I loathe them.”

When the three heard him speak in this way, they had no doubt whatever

that some new craze had taken possession of him; and said Samson,

“What? Señor Don Quixote! Now that we have intelligence of the lady

Dulcinea being disenchanted, are you taking this line; now, just as we

are on the point of becoming shepherds, to pass our lives singing, like

princes, are you thinking of turning hermit? Hush, for heaven’s sake,

be rational and let’s have no more nonsense.”

“All that nonsense,” said Don Quixote, “that until now has been a

reality to my hurt, my death will, with heaven’s help, turn to my good.

I feel, sirs, that I am rapidly drawing near death; a truce to jesting;

let me have a confessor to confess me, and a notary to make my will;

for in extremities like this, man must not trifle with his soul; and

while the curate is confessing me let someone, I beg, go for the

notary.”

They looked at one another, wondering at Don Quixote’s words; but,

though uncertain, they were inclined to believe him, and one of the

signs by which they came to the conclusion he was dying was this so

sudden and complete return to his senses after having been mad; for to

the words already quoted he added much more, so well expressed, so

devout, and so rational, as to banish all doubt and convince them that

he was sound of mind. The curate turned them all out, and left alone

with him confessed him. The bachelor went for the notary and returned

shortly afterwards with him and with Sancho, who, having already

learned from the bachelor the condition his master was in, and finding

the housekeeper and niece weeping, began to blubber and shed tears.

The confession over, the curate came out saying, “Alonso Quixano the

Good is indeed dying, and is indeed in his right mind; we may now go in

to him while he makes his will.”

This news gave a tremendous impulse to the brimming eyes of the

housekeeper, niece, and Sancho Panza his good squire, making the tears

burst from their eyes and a host of sighs from their hearts; for of a

truth, as has been said more than once, whether as plain Alonso Quixano

the Good, or as Don Quixote of La Mancha, Don Quixote was always of a

gentle disposition and kindly in all his ways, and hence he was

beloved, not only by those of his own house, but by all who knew him.

The notary came in with the rest, and as soon as the preamble of the

will had been set out and Don Quixote had commended his soul to God

with all the devout formalities that are usual, coming to the bequests,

he said, “Item, it is my will that, touching certain moneys in the

hands of Sancho Panza (whom in my madness I made my squire), inasmuch

as between him and me there have been certain accounts and debits and

credits, no claim be made against him, nor any account demanded of him

in respect of them; but that if anything remain over and above, after

he has paid himself what I owe him, the balance, which will be but

little, shall be his, and much good may it do him; and if, as when I

was mad I had a share in giving him the government of an island, so,

now that I am in my senses, I could give him that of a kingdom, it

should be his, for the simplicity of his character and the fidelity of

his conduct deserve it.” And then, turning to Sancho, he said, “Forgive

me, my friend, that I led thee to seem as mad as myself, making thee

fall into the same error I myself fell into, that there were and still

are knights-errant in the world.”

“Ah!” said Sancho weeping, “don’t die, master, but take my advice and

live many years; for the foolishest thing a man can do in this life is

to let himself die without rhyme or reason, without anybody killing

him, or any hands but melancholy’s making an end of him. Come, don’t be

lazy, but get up from your bed and let us take to the fields in

shepherd’s trim as we agreed. Perhaps behind some bush we shall find

the lady Dulcinea disenchanted, as fine as fine can be. If it be that

you are dying of vexation at having been vanquished, lay the blame on

me, and say you were overthrown because I had girthed Rocinante badly;

besides you must have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a

common thing for knights to upset one another, and for him who is

conquered to-day to be conqueror to-morrow.”

“Very true,” said Samson, “and good Sancho Panza’s view of these cases

is quite right.”

“Sirs, not so fast,” said Don Quixote, “‘in last year’s nests there are

no birds this year.’ I was mad, now I am in my senses; I was Don

Quixote of La Mancha, I am now, as I said, Alonso Quixano the Good; and

may my repentance and sincerity restore me to the esteem you used to

have for me; and now let Master Notary proceed.

“Item, I leave all my property absolutely to Antonia Quixana my niece,

here present, after all has been deducted from the most available

portion of it that may be required to satisfy the bequests I have made.

And the first disbursement I desire to be made is the payment of the

wages I owe for the time my housekeeper has served me, with twenty

ducats, over and above, for a gown. The curate and the bachelor Samson

Carrasco, now present, I appoint my executors.

“Item, it is my wish that if Antonia Quixana, my niece, desires to

marry, she shall marry a man of whom it shall be first of all

ascertained by information taken that he does not know what books of

chivalry are; and if it should be proved that he does, and if, in spite

of this, my niece insists upon marrying him, and does marry him, then

that she shall forfeit the whole of what I have left her, which my

executors shall devote to works of charity as they please.

“Item, I entreat the aforesaid gentlemen my executors, that, if any

happy chance should lead them to discover the author who is said to

have written a history now going about under the title of ‘Second Part

of the Achievements of Don Quixote of La Mancha,’ they beg of him on my

behalf as earnestly as they can to forgive me for having been, without

intending it, the cause of his writing so many and such monstrous

absurdities as he has written in it; for I am leaving the world with a

feeling of compunction at having provoked him to write them.”

With this he closed his will, and a faintness coming over him he

stretched himself out at full length on the bed. All were in a flutter

and made haste to relieve him, and during the three days he lived after

that on which he made his will he fainted away very often. The house

was all in confusion; but still the niece ate and the housekeeper drank

and Sancho Panza enjoyed himself; for inheriting property wipes out or

softens down in the heir the feeling of grief the dead man might be

expected to leave behind him.

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Full Size

At last Don Quixote’s end came, after he had received all the

sacraments, and had in full and forcible terms expressed his

detestation of books of chivalry. The notary was there at the time, and

he said that in no book of chivalry had he ever read of any

knight-errant dying in his bed so calmly and so like a Christian as Don

Quixote, who amid the tears and lamentations of all present yielded up

his spirit, that is to say died. On perceiving it the curate begged the

notary to bear witness that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called

Don Quixote of La Mancha, had passed away from this present life, and

died naturally; and said he desired this testimony in order to remove

the possibility of any other author save Cide Hamete Benengeli bringing

him to life again falsely and making interminable stories out of his

achievements.

Such was the end of the Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, whose village

Cide Hamete would not indicate precisely, in order to leave all the

towns and villages of La Mancha to contend among themselves for the

right to adopt him and claim him as a son, as the seven cities of

Greece contended for Homer. The lamentations of Sancho and the niece

and housekeeper are omitted here, as well as the new epitaphs upon his

tomb; Samson Carrasco, however, put the following lines:

A doughty gentleman lies here;

A stranger all his life to fear;

Nor in his death could Death prevail,

In that last hour, to make him quail.

He for the world but little cared;

And at his feats the world was scared;

A crazy man his life he passed,

But in his senses died at last.

And said most sage Cide Hamete to his pen, “Rest here, hung up by this

brass wire, upon this shelf, O my pen, whether of skilful make or

clumsy cut I know not; here shalt thou remain long ages hence, unless

presumptuous or malignant story-tellers take thee down to profane thee.

But ere they touch thee warn them, and, as best thou canst, say to

them:

Hold off! ye weaklings; hold your hands!

Adventure it let none,

For this emprise, my lord the king,

Was meant for me alone.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him; it was his to act,

mine to write; we two together make but one, notwithstanding and in

spite of that pretended Tordesillesque writer who has ventured or would

venture with his great, coarse, ill-trimmed ostrich quill to write the

achievements of my valiant knight;—no burden for his shoulders, nor

subject for his frozen wit: whom, if perchance thou shouldst come to

know him, thou shalt warn to leave at rest where they lie the weary

mouldering bones of Don Quixote, and not to attempt to carry him off,

in opposition to all the privileges of death, to Old Castile, making

him rise from the grave where in reality and truth he lies stretched at

full length, powerless to make any third expedition or new sally; for

the two that he has already made, so much to the enjoyment and approval

of everybody to whom they have become known, in this as well as in

foreign countries, are quite sufficient for the purpose of turning into

ridicule the whole of those made by the whole set of the

knights-errant; and so doing shalt thou discharge thy Christian

calling, giving good counsel to one that bears ill-will to thee. And I

shall remain satisfied, and proud to have been the first who has ever

enjoyed the fruit of his writings as fully as he could desire; for my

desire has been no other than to deliver over to the detestation of

mankind the false and foolish tales of the books of chivalry, which,

thanks to that of my true Don Quixote, are even now tottering, and

doubtless doomed to fall for ever. Farewell.”

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