

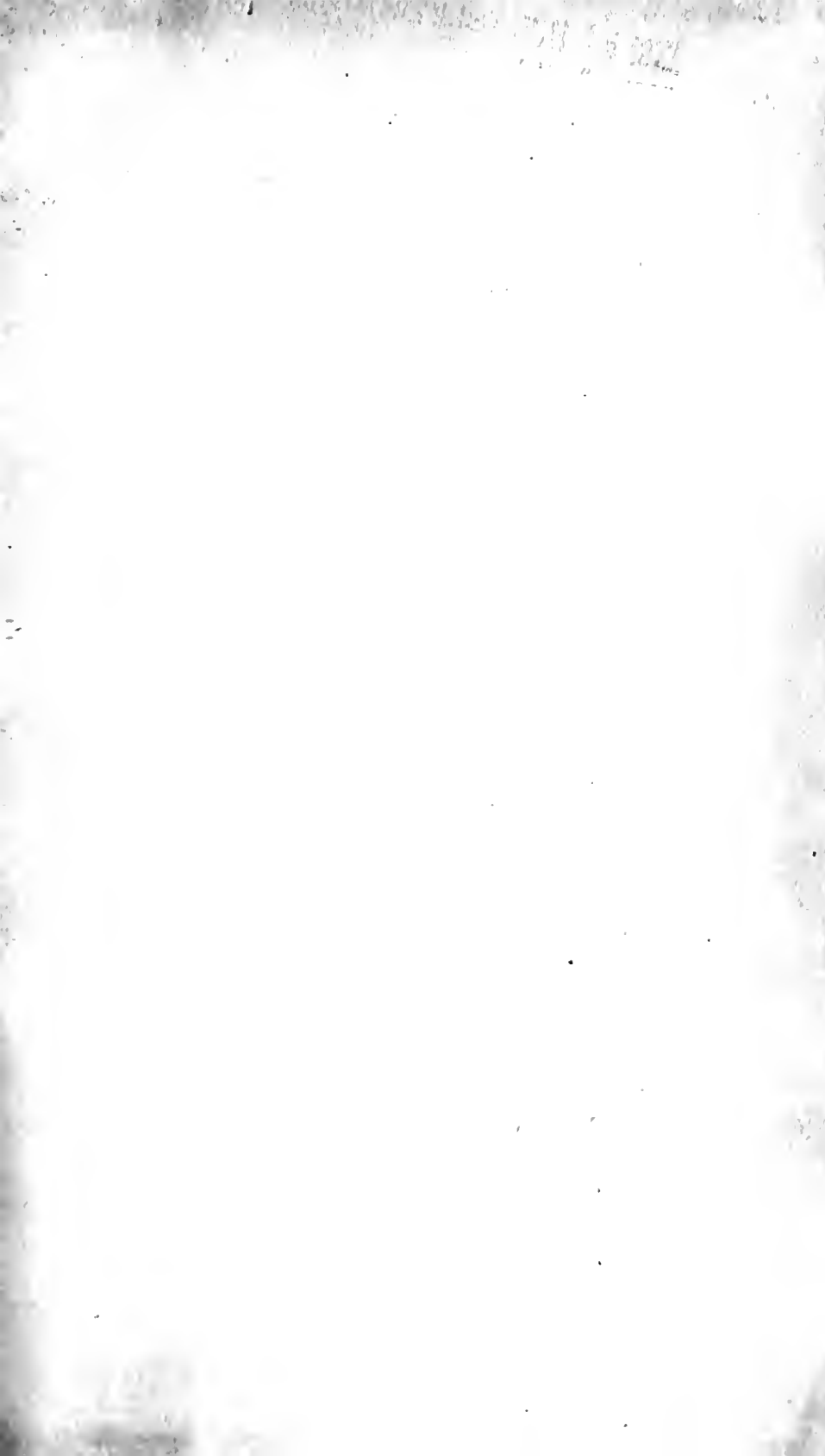
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01514197 1

UNIV. OF  
TORONTO  
LIBRARY

**GOLDWIN SMITH.**

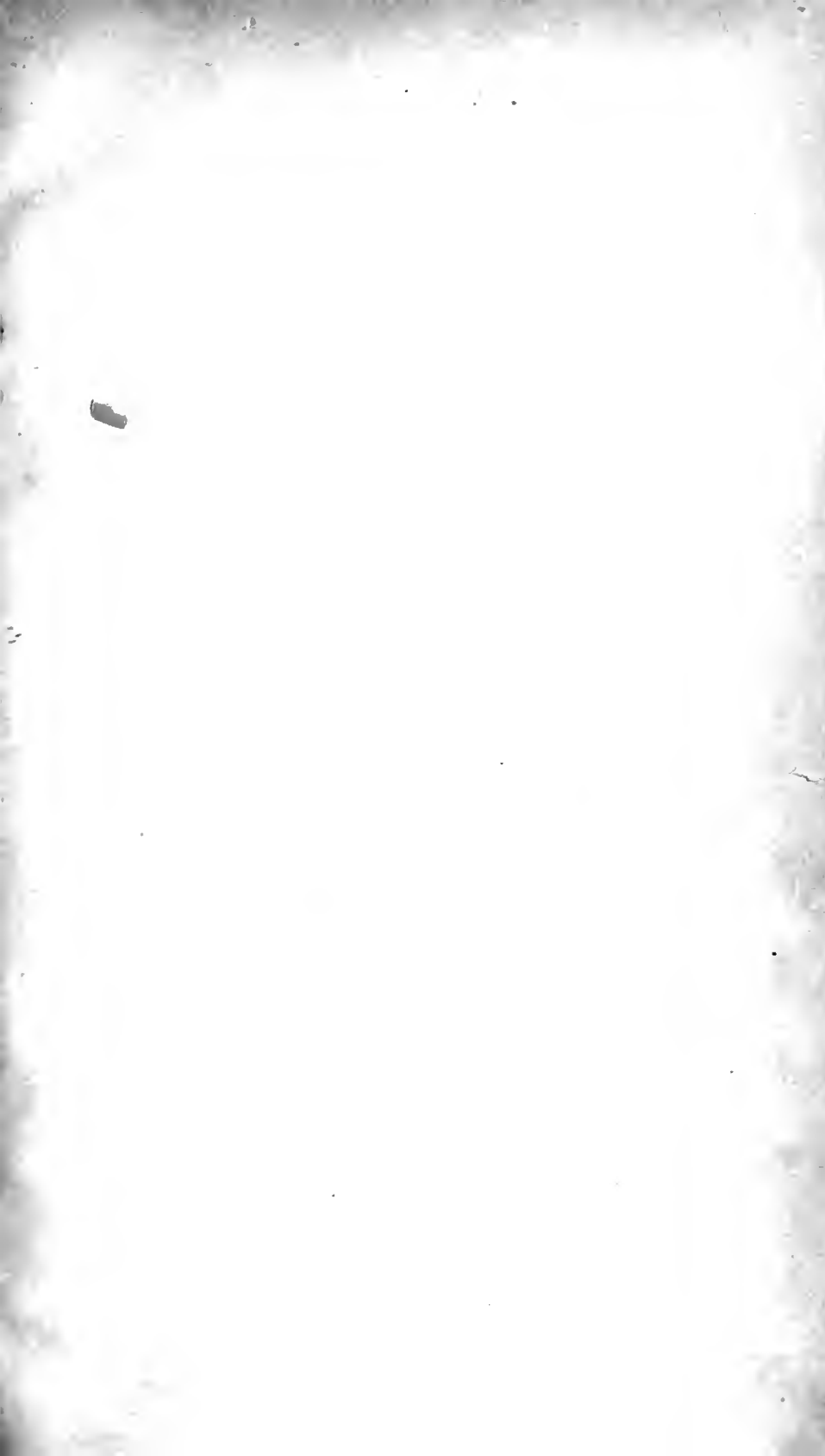


Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2008 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation



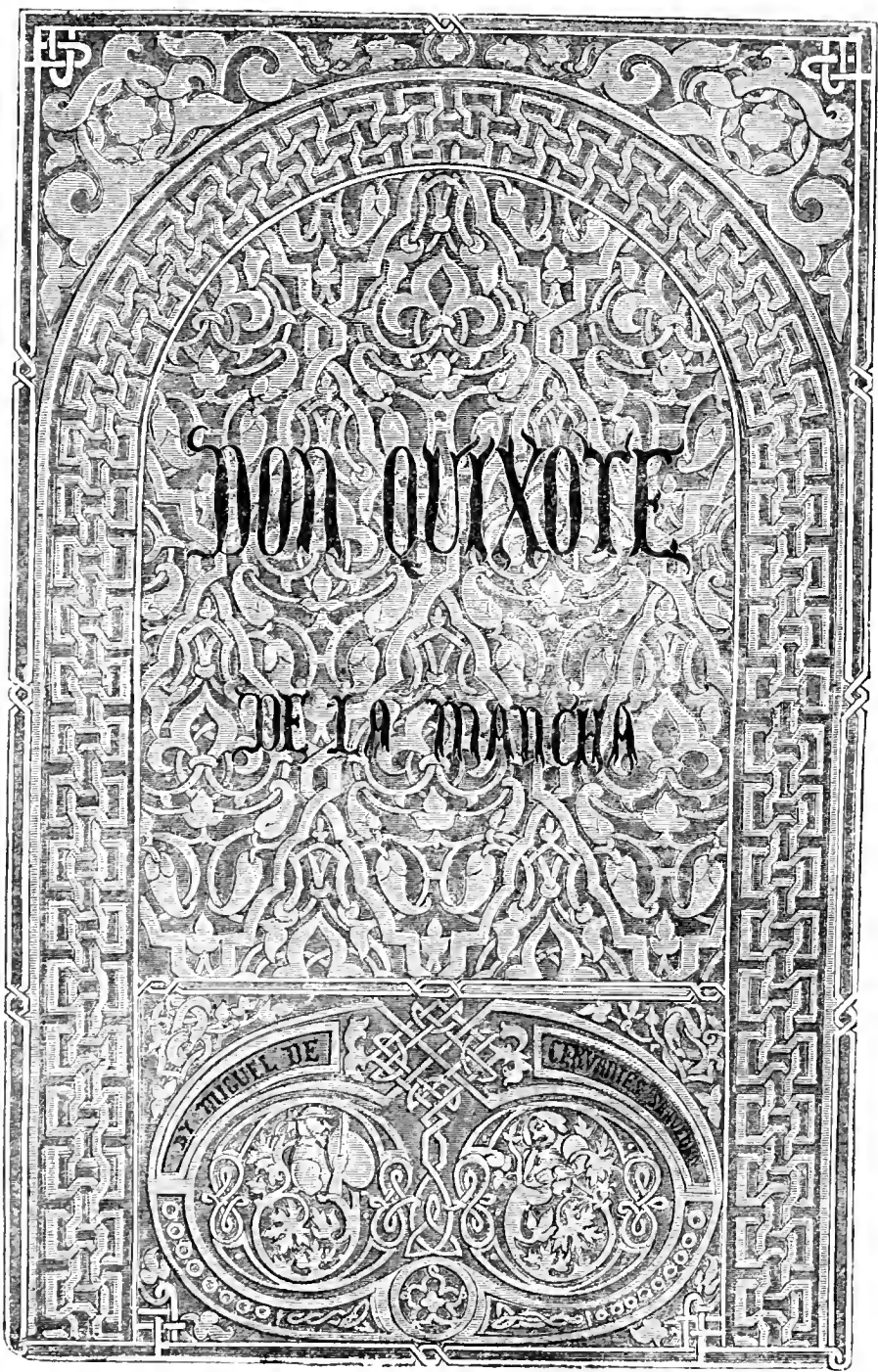
# 10017  
2







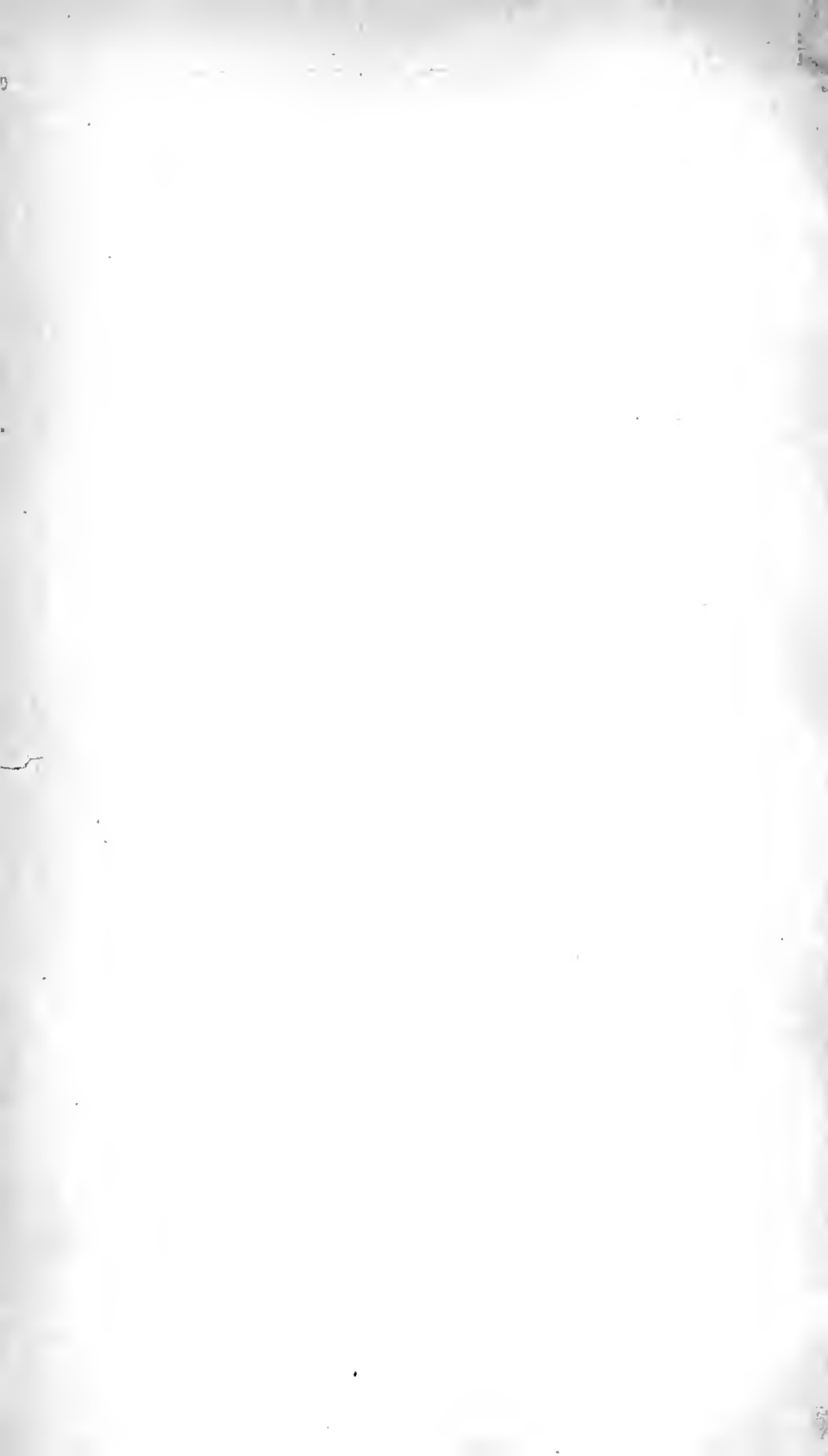
LOTHARIO AND CAMILLA, BOOK IV., CHAP. VII.



DON QUIXOTE

DE LA MANCHA





1837

7

# D O N Q U I X O T E

DE LA MANCHA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,  
|||

BY

CHARLES JARVIS, ESQ.

CAREFULLY REVISED AND CORRECTED.

---

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY JOHANNOT.

---

VOL. II.

LONDON:

J. J. DUBOCHET & CO., 75, OLD BROAD STREET.

113000

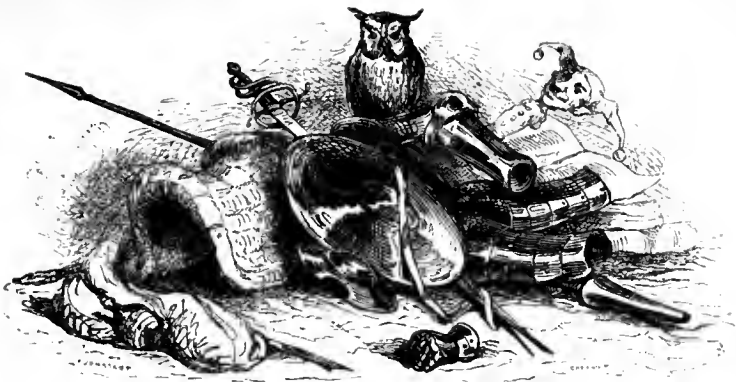
1837

PG  
6329  
A2  
1837  
v. 2  
cop. 1

LONDON:

WILLOUGHBY AND CO., PRINTERS, 109, GOSWELL STREET.





# DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

## PART I. BOOK IV.

(CONTINUED)

### CHAPTER VII. <sup>4</sup>/<sub>36</sub>

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE NOVEL OF  
"THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT."



USTOMARY, as it is, to say that an army makes but an ill appearance without its general, and a castle without its governor, a young married woman, I say, makes a still worse appearance without a husband, when there is no just cause for his absence. I am so uneasy without you,

and so entirely unable to support this absence, that, if you do not return speedily, I must go and pass my time at my father's house,

though I leave your's without a guard; for the guard you left me, if you left him with that title, is, I believe, more intent upon his own pleasure than upon any thing which concerns you. You are wise, I say no more, nor is it proper I should <sup>168</sup>."

Anselmo received this letter, and understood by it that Lothario had begun the attack, and that Camilla must have received it according to his wish. Overjoyed at this good news, he sent Camilla a verbal message not to stir from her house upon any account, for he would return very speedily. Camilla was surprised at Anselmo's answer, which increased the perplexity she was under, for now she durst neither stay in her own house, nor retire to that of her parents. By staying she hazarded her virtue, and by going she would act contrary to her husband's positive command. At length she resolved upon that which proved the worst for her, to stay, and not to shun Lothario's company, lest it might give her servants occasion to talk. Already she began to be sorry that she had written what she had to her spouse, fearing lest he should think Lothario must have observed some signs of lightness in her which had emboldened him to lay aside the respect he owed her. But conscious of her own integrity, she trusted in God and her own virtuous disposition, resolving to resist, by her silence, whatever Lothario should say to her, without giving her husband any farther account, lest it should involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even began to consider how she might excuse Lothario to Anselmo, when the latter should ask her the cause of her writing the letter.

With these thoughts, more honourable than wise, the next day she sate still, and heard what Lothario had to say to her, who plied her so warmly, that Camilla's firmness began to totter, and her virtue had much ado to get into her eyes and prevent some indications of the amorous compassion which the tears and arguments of Lothario had awakened in her breast. All this Lothario observed, and all contributed to inflame him the more. In short, he thought it necessary, while he had the time and opportunity

<sup>168</sup> This billet is literally preserved in the Comedy composed by Don Guillen de Castro, on the same subject and under the same title as this novel.

which Anselmo's absence afforded him, to shorten the siege of this fortress. Therefore he attacked her pride with the praises of her beauty; for there is nothing which sooner reduces and levels the towering castles of the vanity of the fair sex, than vanity itself when employed by the tongue of adulation. In effect, he undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines, that Camilla, though she had been made of brass, must have fallen to the ground. Lothario wept, entreated, flattered and solicited with such earnestness and demonstrations of sincerity, that he quite overthrew Camilla's reserve, and at last triumphed over what he least expected and most desired. Camilla surrendered, Camilla was overcome. And what wonder, when even Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A striking example, shewing us that the passion of love is to be vanquished only by flying, and that we must not pretend to grapple with so powerful an enemy, since divine assistance is necessary to subdue such force, though human.

Leonella alone was privy to her lady's frailty, for the two faithless friends and new lovers could not hide it from her. Lothario would not acquaint Camilla with Anselmo's project, nor with his having designedly given him the opportunity of arriving at that point, lest she should esteem his passion the less, or should think he had made love to her by chance rather than out of choice. A few days after, Anselmo returned home; but he did not miss what he had lost, which was what he took least care of, and yet valued most. He presently went to make a visit to Lothario, and found him at home. They embraced each other, and Anselmo enquired what news concerning his life or death. "The news I have for you, friend Anselmo," said Lothario, "is that you have a wife worthy to be the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her are given to the wind; my offers have been despised, my presents refused; and when I shed some few feigned tears, she made a mere jest of them. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, she is also the repository in which modesty, good-nature and reserve, with all the virtues which can make a good woman praiseworthy and happy, are treasured up. Therefore, friend, take hack your money; here it is; I had no occasion to make

use of it, for Camilla's integrity is not to be shaken by things so mean as presents and promises. Be satisfied, Anselmo, and make no farther trials. Since you have safely passed the gulf of those doubts and suspicions we are apt to entertain of women, do not again expose yourself on the deep sea of new disquiets, nor make a fresh trial, with another pilot, of the goodness and strength of the vessel which Heaven has allotted you for your passage through the ocean of this world; but make account, on the contrary that you are arrived safe in port; and secure yourself with the anchor of serious consideration, and lie by, until you are required to pay that debt from which no human rank is exempted."

Anselmo was entirely satisfied with Lothario's words, and believed them as if they had been delivered by some oracle. Nevertheless he desired him not to give over the undertaking, though he carried it on merely out of curiosity and amusement,—without in future plying her so closely as he had done. "All I now desire of you," said he, "is that you will write some verses in her praise, under the name of Cloris; and I will give Camilla to understand that you are in love with a lady, to whom you have given that name that you may celebrate her with due regard to her modesty. And if you do not care to be at the trouble of writing these verses, I myself will compose them for you." "There will be no need of that," said Lothario; "the Muses are not so unpropitious to me but that now and then they make me a visit. Tell Camilla your thoughts of my counterfeit passion, and leave me to make the verses, which if not so good as the subject deserves, shall at least be the best I can make."

Thus agreed the imprudent and the treacherous friend. Anselmo, having returned to his house, enquired of Camilla what she wondered he had not already enquired, namely, the occasion of her writing the letter she had sent him. Camilla answered that she then fancied Lothario looked at her a little less respectfully than when he was at home; but that now she was undeceived, and believed it to be but a mere imagination of her own, as Lothario had of late avoided seeing and being alone with her. Anselmo replied that she might be very secure from that suspicion; for, to

his knowledge, Lothario was in love with a young lady of condition in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Cloris; and, though it were not so, she had nothing to fear, considering Lothario's virtue and the great friendship that subsisted between them. Had not Camilla been before-hand advertised by Lothario that this story of his love for Cloris was all a fiction, and that he had told it Anselmo that he might have an opportunity now and then of employing himself in the praises of Camilla herself, she had doubtless fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy; but, being prepared for it, it gave her no disturbance.

The next day, they all three being together at table, Anselmo desired Lothario to recite some of the verses he had composed on his beloved Cloris, remarking that since Camilla did not know her, he might safely repeat what he pleased. "Though she did know her," answered Lothario, "I should have no reason to conceal what I have written: for, when a lover praises his mistress's beauty and at the same time taxes her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But, be that as it will, I must tell you that yesterday I made this sonnet on the ingratitude of Cloris:

## SONNET.

"In the dead silence of the peaceful night,  
 When other's cares are hush'd in soft repose,  
 The sad account of my neglected woes  
 To conscious Heaven and Cloris I recite.  
 And when the sun, with his returning light,  
 Forth from the east his radiant journey goes,  
 With accents such as sorrow only knows,  
 My grief to tell is all my poor delight.  
 And when bright Phæbus, from his starry throne,  
 Sends rays direct upon the parched soil,  
 Still in the mournful tale I persevere.  
 Returning night renews my sorrow's toil;  
 And though from morn to night I weep and moan,  
 Nor Heaven nor Cloris my complainings hear<sup>169</sup>."

<sup>169</sup> Cervantes has repeated this sonnet in his Comedy entitled: *La Casa de los celos* (the House of Jealousy), in the beginning of the second *jornada*.



Camilla was very well pleased with the sonnet, but Anselmo still more; he commended it, and said the lady was extremely cruel, who made no return to so much truth. "What, then," replied Camilla, "are we to take all that the enamoured poets tell us for truth?" "Not all they tell us as poets," answered Lothario, "but as lovers; for though, as poets, they may exceed, as lovers they always fall short of the truth." "There is no doubt of that," replied Anselmo, resolved to second and support the credit of every thing Lothario said with Camilla, who was now become as indifferent to Anselmo's artifice, as she was in love with Lothario. Being therefore pleased with every thing that was his, and taking it likewise, for granted that all his desires and verses were addressed to her, and that she was the true Cloris, she desired him, if he could recollect any other sonnet or verses, to repeat them. "I remember one,"

answered Lothario; “but I believe it is not so good as the former, or, to speak more properly, worse. But judge for yourselves :

## SONNET.

“ I die ; if not believed, 'tis sure I die ;  
 For ere I cease to love and to adore,  
 Or fly, ungrateful fair, your beauty's pow'r,  
 Dead at your feet you shall behold me lie.  
 When to the regions of obscurity  
 I hence am banish'd, to enjoy no more  
 Glory and life, you, in that luckless hour,  
 Your image graven in my heart shall see,  
 That relie, with a lover's generous pride,  
 I treasure in my breast, the only source  
 Of comfort, whilst thy rigour lets me live.  
 Unhappy he, who steers his dangerous course  
 Through unfrequented seas, no star to guide,  
 Nor port his shatter'd vessel to receive !”

Anselmo commended this second sonnet as much as he had done the first, thus adding link after link to the chain wherewith he bound himself, and secured his own dishonour. In effect, when Lothario dishonoured him most, he assured him his honour was safest, and every step of the ladder Camilla descended toward the centre of her disgrace, she ascended, in her husband's opinion, toward the uppermost round of virtue and good fame.

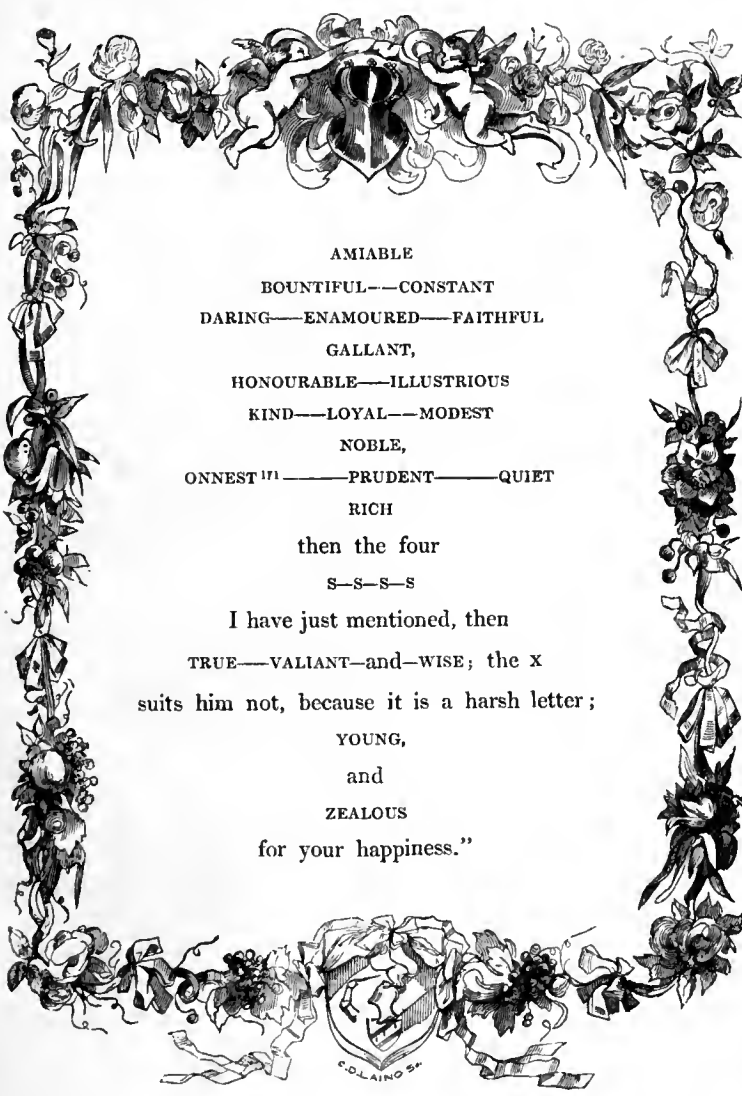
One day Camilla being alone with her maid, said to her : “ I am ashamed, dear Leonella, to think how little value I set upon myself, in not making it cost Lothario more time to gain the entire possession of my inclinations, which I gave up so soon. I fear he will look upon my easiness in surrendering, as levity, without reflecting on the violence he used, which put it out of my power to resist him.” “ Dear madam,” answered Leonella, “ let not this trouble you, for there is nothing in it ; the value of a gift, if it be good in itself and worthy of esteem, is not lessened by being soon given. It is even customary to say, that he who gives quickly gives twice.” “ They

say also," quoth Camilla, " that which costs little is less valued." " This does not affect your case," answered Leonella; " for Love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies, and sometimes walks; runs with one person, and goes leisurely with another, some he warms, and some he burns, some he wounds, and others he kills. In one and the same instant he begins and concludes the career of his desires; in the morning, he lays siege to a fortress, and in the evening it surrenders to him, for no force is able to resist him. This being the case, what are you afraid of? And it is the very same with Lothario, Love having made my master's absence the instrument to oblige you to surrender to him, and it being absolutely necessary to finish in that interval what Love had decreed, without giving Time himself any time to bring back Anselmo, and, by his presence, render the work imperfect; for Love has no surer minister to execute his designs than opportunity; it is opportunity that he makes use of in all his exploits, especially in the beginnings. All this I am well acquainted with, and from experience rather than hearsay; and one day or other, madam, I may let you see that I also am a girl of flesh and blood. Besides, madam, you did not declare your passion, nor engage yourself so soon, but you had first seen in his eyes, in his sighs, in his expressions, in his promises and his presents, Lothario's whole soul; nor before judging from that, and seeing in all his accomplishments, how worthy Lothario was of your love. As it is so, let not these scruples and niceties disturb you, but rest assured that Lothario esteems you no less than you do him; and live contented and satisfied, that, since you are fallen into the snare of love, it is with a person of worth and character. In fact, he possesses not only the four S.S.S.S. which, they say, all true lovers ought to have, but the whole alphabet<sup>170</sup>. Do but hear me, and you shall see how I have it by heart. He is, if I judge right:

<sup>170</sup> According to a verse of Luis Brahona, in his poem of *The Tears of Angelica* (Lagrimas de Angelica, Canto IV.), these four S.S.S.S. represented the following line:

SABIO, SOLO, SOLICITO Y SECRETO,  
 which may be translated thus:  
 Sprightly, Sightly, Sincere and Secret.





AMIABLE  
 BOUNTIFUL—CONSTANT  
 DARING—ENAMOURED—FAITHFUL  
 GALLANT,  
 HONOURABLE—ILLUSTRIOUS  
 KIND—LOYAL—MODEST  
 NOBLE,  
 ONNEST<sup>171</sup>—PRUDENT—QUIET

RICH

then the four

S—S—S—S

I have just mentioned, then

TRUE—VALIANT—and—WISE; the X  
 suits him not, because it is a harsh letter;

YOUNG,

and

ZEALOUS

for your happiness.”

<sup>171</sup> We have preserved this orthographical inaccuracy as it stands in the original (*onesto* for *honesto*); a lady's maid would not be so nice.

Camilla laughed at her maid's alphabet, and took her to be more conversant in love matters than she had hitherto owned. Leonella then confessed as much, and discovered to Camilla that she had a love-affair with a young gentleman of the same city. On hearing this Camilla was much disturbed, fearing lest, from that quarter, her own honour might be in danger; therefore she sifted her, to know whether her amour had gone farther than words. Leonella, with little shame and much boldness, owned it had. Indeed, it is certain that the slips of the mistress take off all shame from the maid-servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of downright halting, nor of its being known. Camilla could do no more than beg of Leonella to say nothing of her affair to the person she said was her lover, and to manage her own with such secrecy that it might not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or of Lothario. Leonella answered she would do so; but she kept her word in such a manner as justified Camilla's fears that she might lose her reputation by her means.

The culpable and audacious Leonella, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not the same it used to be, had the assurance to introduce and conceal her lover in the house, presuming that her lady durst not speak of it, though it came to her knowledge. This inconvenience, among others, attends the failings of mistresses: they become slaves to their very servants, and are necessitated to conceal their dishonesty and wantonness. This was the case with Camilla, who, though she saw several times that Leonella was with her gallant in a room of her house, she was so far from daring to chide her, that she gave her opportunities of locking him in, and did all she could to prevent his being seen by her husband.

But all her precautions did not hinder Lothario from seeing him once go out of the house at break of day. Not knowing who he was, he thought at first it must be some apparition; but when he saw him steal off, muffling himself up and concealing himself with care, he changed one foolish opinion for another, which must have been the ruin of them all, if Camilla had not remedied it. Lothario was so far from thinking that the man whom he had seen coming out of Anselmo's house at so unseasonable an hour came thither



upon Leonella's account, that he did not so much as remember there was such a person as Leonella in the world. His only thought was that Camilla, as she had been easy and complying to him, was so to another; for the wickedness of a bad woman carries this additional mischief along with it, that it weakens her credit even with the man to whose entreaties and persuasions she surrendered her honour; and he is ready to believe, upon the slightest grounds, that she yields to others even with greater facility. All Lothario's good sense and prudent reasonings, seem to have failed him upon this occasion. Without making one proper or even rational reflection, without more ado, impatient and blinded with a jealous rage that gnawed his bowels, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo before he had risen.

“ Know, Anselmo,” said he, “ that for several days past I have struggled with myself to keep from you what it is no longer possible nor just to conceal. Know, that Camilla’s fort has surrendered, and that she is ready to submit to my will and pleasure. If I have delayed discovering to you this truth, it was to satisfy myself whether it was any wanton desire in her, or whether she had a mind to try me, and to see whether the love I made to her with your connivance was in earnest. I still believed that, if she were what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, she would before now have given you an account of my solicitations. But since I find she has not, I conclude she intends to keep the promise she has made me of giving me a meeting, the next time you are absent from home, in the wardrobe (and, indeed, that was the place where Camilla used to entertain him).—As the fault is not yet committed, excepting in thought only, I would not have you run precipitately to take revenge; for perhaps between this and the time of putting it in execution, Camilla may change her mind, and repent; therefore, as you have hitherto always followed my advice, excepting in one instance, follow and observe this I shall now give you, that, without possibility of being mistaken, and upon maturest deliberation, you may satisfy yourself as to how it is most fitting for you to act. Pretend an absence of three or four days, as you used to do at other times, and contrive to hide yourself in the wardrobe, where the tapestry and furniture will serve to conceal you. Then, you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camilla intends. If her intention is culpable, as is rather to be feared than expected, you may, with secrecy and caution, be the avenger of your own injury.”

Poor Anselmo was thunderstruck at Lothario’s communication. It came upon him at a time when he least expected it, for he already piously looked upon Camilla as victorious over Lothario’s feigned assaults, and began to enjoy the glory of the conquest. He stood a good while with his eyes fixed motionless on the ground; at length he cried: “ Lothario, you have done what I expected from your friendship; I must follow your advice in every thing; do what you will, and be as secret as so unlooked-for an event requires.”

Lothario promised him he would; and scarcely had he left him when he began to repent of all he had said, and was convinced he had acted foolishly, since he might have revenged himself on Camilla by a less cruel and less dishonourable method. He cursed his want of sense, condemned his heedless resolution, and was at a loss how to undo what was done, or to get tolerably well out of the scrape. At last he resolved to discover all to Camilla; and, as he could not long want an opportunity of seeing her in secret, that very day he found her alone. Immediately on his coming in, she said: "Know, dear Lothario, that I have an uneasiness at heart which tortures me in such a manner that methinks it will make it break. Leonella's impudence is arrived to such a pitch that she every night entertains a gallant in the house, who stays with her until daylight; judge how much to the prejudice of my reputation, and what a wide field it will leave for censure to whoever shall see him go out at such unseasonable hours. But what gives me the most concern is, that I cannot chastise, or so much as reprimand her: for her being in the secret of our intrigue, puts a bridle into my mouth, and obliges me to conceal her's, whence I fear some unlucky catastrophe."

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it a piece of cunning to deceive him, by persuading him that the man he saw go out was Leonella's gallant, and not Camilla's; but, perceiving that she wept, and afflicted herself, and begged his assistance to find a remedy, he soon came into the belief of what she said, and was filled with confusion and repentance for what he had done. He desired Camilla to make herself easy, for he would take an effectual course to restrain Leonella's insolence. He also confided to her all that the furious rage of jealousy had instigated him to tell Anselmo, and how it was agreed that Anselmo should hide himself in the wardrobe to be an eye-witness from thence of her disloyalty to him. He begged her to pardon this madness, and entreated her advice how to remedy what was done, and extricate them from the perplexed labyrinth his rashness had involved them in. Camilla was astonished at hearing what Lothario said, and with much resentment began to reproach him for the ill thoughts he had entertained of her, and to set before him the folly and rashness of

the resolution he had taken. But, as women have naturally a more ready invention, either for good or bad purposes, than men, an invention which often fails them when they set themselves purposely to deliberate, Camilla instantly hit upon a way to remedy an affair so seemingly irremediable. She told Lothario to see that Anselmo hid himself the next day where he had proposed; for by this very hiding she trusted to secure for the future their mutual enjoyment without fear of surprise. Though she refused to impart to him the whole of her design, she desired him not to fail, after Anselmo was posted, to be ready at Leonella's call, and to take care to answer to whatever she should say to him just as he would do if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario pressed her to explain to him her whole design, that he might be able to act with more safety and caution. "Nothing is necessary," said Camilla, "but to answer directly the questions I shall ask you." She was not willing to let him into the secret of what she intended to do, lest he should not come into her design which she thought so good, and should look out for some other, not likely to prove so successful.

Lothario then left her; and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's villa, went from home, but turned presently back to hide himself; which he might conveniently enough do, for Camilla and Leonella were out of the way on purpose. Anselmo being now hidden, with all the agitation of mind which may be imagined in one who expected to see with his own eyes the bowels of his honour ripped up, fully expected that he was upon the point of losing that supreme bliss he thought himself possessed of in his beloved Camilla. The latter and Leonella, being well assured that Anselmo was behind the hangings, came together into the wardrobe; Camilla had scarcely set her foot in it, when, fetching a deep sigh, she said: "Ah, dear Leonella, would it not be better, before I put that in execution which I would keep secret from you, lest you should endeavour to prevent it, that you should take Anselmo's dagger, and plunge it into this infamous breast? But no; it is not reasonable I should bear the punishment of another's fault. I will first know what

the bold and wanton eyes of Lothario saw in me, to give him the assurance to discover so wicked a design as that he has made known to me, in contempt of his friend and of my honour. Step to the window, Leonella, and call him: doubtless he is wait-



ing in the street, in hopes of putting his wicked design in execution; but first, my cruel though honourable purpose shall be executed. "Ah, dear madam!" answered the cunning Leonella, "what is it you intend to do with this dagger? Is it to take away your own life or Lothario's? whichever of the two you do, will redound to the ruin of your credit and fame. It is better you should dissemble

your wrong, than let this wicked man now into the house, while we are alone. Consider, madam, that we are weak women, and that he is a resolute man, who, as he comes blinded with passion and big with his wicked purpose, may, perhaps, before you can execute yours, do what would be worse for you than taking away your life. Mischief take my master Anselmo, for giving this impudent fellow such an ascendant in his house. But, pray, madam, if you kill him as I imagine you intend, what shall we do with him after he is dead?" "What child!" answered Camilla: "why leave him here for Anselmo to bury him: for it is but just he should have the agreeable trouble of burying his own infamy. Call the traitor, without more delay, for all the time I lose in deferring to take due revenge for my wrong, methinks I offend against that loyalty I owe to my husband."

To all this Anselmo listened, and at every word Camilla spoke his sentiments changed. But when he understood that she intended to kill Lothario, he was inclined to prevent it by coming out and discovering himself; but he was withheld by the strong desire he had to see what would be the end of so brave and virtuous a resolution, holding himself ready, however, to discover himself in time to prevent mischief. At that moment Camilla appeared to be taken with a strong fainting fit and Leonella having thrown her upon a bed that was there, began to weep bitterly, and to say: "Ah! woe is me, that I should be so unhappy as to see die here, between my arms, this flower of virtue, this model of good women, this pattern of chastity!" with other such expressions, that no one who had heard her could have taken her for any other than the most compassionate and faithful servant in the universe, and her lady for another persecuted Penelope. Camilla soon recovered from her swoon, and as she opened her eyes she said: "Why do you not go, Leonella, and call the most faithless friend of all friends that the sun ever saw, or the night covered? Be quick, run, fly; let not the fire of my rage evaporate and be spent by delay, and my just vengeance pass off in empty threatenings and curses."—"I am going to call him," said Leonella; "but dear madam, you must first give me that dagger, lest when I am gone you should do a deed which might give those who love you cause





to weep all their lives long.”—“Go, dear Leonella, and fear not,” said Camilla; “I will not do it: for though I am resolute, and in your opinion sincere in defending my honour, I shall not be so to the degree that Lucretia was, of whom it is said that she killed herself without having committed any fault, and without first killing him who was the cause of her misfortune. I will die, if die I must, after I have satiated my revenge on him who is the occasion of my being now here to bewail his insolence, which proceeded from no fault of mine.”

Leonella wanted more entreating before she would go and call Lothario; but at last she went, and, while she was away, Camilla, as if she was talking to herself, said: “Good God, would it not have

been more advisable to have dismissed Lothario, as I have done many other times, than to give him room, as I have now done, to think me dishonest and immodest, though it be only for the short time I defer undeceiving him? Without doubt it would have been better; but should I be revenged, or my husband's honour satisfied, if he were to get off so clean, and so smoothly, from the attempt to which his wicked thoughts have led him? No! let the traitor pay with his life for what he enterprises with so lascivious a desire. Let the world know, (if perchance it comes to know it), that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty to her husband, but revenged him on the person who sought to wrong him. After all, would it not perhaps be better to give an account of the whole matter to Anselmo? But I have already hinted it to him in the letter I wrote him into the country; and I fancy his neglecting to remedy the mischief I pointed out to him, must be owing to his pure good nature, and to a confidence in Lothario, which will not let him believe that the least thought to the prejudice of his honour can be lodged in the breast of so faithful a friend: nor did I myself believe it for many days, nor should I ever have given credit to it, if his insolence had not risen so high, and his avowed presents, large promises and continual tears, put it past all dispute. But why do I talk thus? does a brave resolution stand in need of counsel? no, certainly. Traitor, avaunt! come vengeance! let the false one come, let him enter, let him die, and then befall what will. Unspotted I enter into the power of him, whom Heaven allotted me for my husband, and unspotted I will leave him, though bathed all over in my own chaste blood, and the impure gore of the falsest friend that friendship ever saw." Saying this, she walked up and down the room with the drawn dagger in her hand, taking such irregular and huge strides, and with such gestures, that one would have thought her beside herself, and have taken her, not for a soft and delicate woman, but for some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo observed all from behind the arras where he had hidden himself. Amazed and confounded, he already thought what he had seen and heard sufficient to balance still greater suspicions, and began to wish that Lothario might not come, for fear of some

sudden disaster. Being now upon the point of discovering himself, and coming out to embrace and undeceive his wife, he was prevented by seeing Leonella return leading Lothario by the hand. As soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line between her and him, and said: "Take notice, Lothario, of what I



say to you. If you shall dare to pass this line you see here, or even come up to it, that moment I will pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hand. Before you answer me a word to this injunction, hear a few words I have to say to you, and then answer me as you please. In the first place, Lothario, I desire you to tell me whether you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what estimation you hold him; in the next place, I would be informed whether you know me. Answer me to this, and be under no concern nor study for an answer; for they are no difficult questions I ask you." Lothario was not so ignorant, but that, from the instant Camilla bade him hide Anselmo, he guessed what she intended to do, and accordingly humoured her design so well, that they were able,

between them, to make the counterfeit pass for something more than truth. Therefore he answered Camilla in this manner:—"I did not imagine, fair Camilla, that you called me to answer to questions so wide of the purpose for which I came hither. If you do it to delay me the promised favour, why did you not adjourn it to a still farther day? for the nearer the prospect of possession is, the more eager we are to enjoy the desired good. But, that you may not say I do not answer to your questions, I reply that I know your husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our tender years: of our friendship I will say nothing, that I may not be a witness against myself of the wrong which love, that powerful excuse for greater faults, has made me do him. You too I know, and prize you as highly as he does. Were it not so, I should not for less excellence, have acted so contrary to my duty as a gentleman, and so much against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated, through the tyranny of that enemy, love." "If you acknowledge so much," replied Camilla, "mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face dare you appear before her whom you know to be the mirror in which Anselmo looks, and in which you might have seen upon what slight grounds you injure him? But alas! unhappy me! I now begin to find what it was that made you forget yourself. It was doubtless some indiscretion of mine, for I will not call it immodesty, since it proceeded not from design, but from some one of those inadvertencies which women frequently fall into unawares, when there is nobody present before whom they think they need be upon the reserve: if not, tell me, O traitor, when did I ever answer your addresses with any word or sign that could give you the least shadow of hope that you should ever accomplish your infamous desires? When were not your amorous expressions repulsed and rebuked with rigour and severity? When were your many promises, and greater presents, believed or accepted? But, knowing that no one can persevere long in an affair of love unless it be kept alive by some hope, I take upon myself the blame of your impertinence; doubtless, some inadvertence of mine has nourished your hope so long. Therefore I will chastise and inflict that punishment

on myself, which your offence deserves. To convince you that, being so severe to myself, I could not possibly be otherwise to you, I had a mind you should come hither to be a witness to the sacrifice I intend to make to the offended honour of my worthy husband, injured by you with the greatest deliberation imaginable, and by me too, through my carelessness in not shunning the occasion (if I gave you any) of countenancing and authorizing your wicked intentions. It is the suspicion, I repeat, that some inadvertence of mine has given birth to such licentious thoughts in you, that disturbs me the most, and which I most desire to punish with my own hands, for should some other executioner do it, my crime, perhaps, would be more public. Yes, I will die, but not alone; I will carry with me one whose death shall entirely satisfy the thirst of my revenge, and who will learn, go wherever he may, that justice always overtakes perseverance in wickedness."

At these words, Camilla flew upon Lothario, with the drawn dagger, so swiftly, with such incredible violence, and with such seeming earnestness to stab him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt himself whether those efforts were feigned or real, and was forced to make use of all his dexterity and strength to prevent being wounded. Camilla played the counterfeit so to the life, that, to give this strange imposture still more the appearance of truth, she resolved to stain it with her own blood. Perceiving, or rather pretending to perceive, that she could not wound Lothario, she said: "Since fortune denies a complete satisfaction to my just desires, it shall not however be in its power to defeat that satisfaction entirely." Making an effort to free her dagger-hand, held by Lothario, she got it loose, and directing the point to a part where it could not enter deeply, she stabbed herself above the breast, near the left shoulder, and immediately fell to the ground as in a swoon. Leonella and Lothario were equally terrified and surprised at this accident, and were in doubt what to think of it, especially when they saw Camilla lying on the floor, bathed in her own blood. Lothario ran hastily to draw out the dagger; but perceiving the slightness of the wound, the fear he had been in vanished, and he admired afresh the sagacity, prudence and great ingenuity of the

fair Camilla. To act his part, he began to make a long and sorrowful lamentation over the body of Camilla, as if she were dead, imprecating heavy curses, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of bringing him to that pass; and, knowing that his friend Anselmo overheard him, he said such things, that whoever had heard them would have pitied him more than they would have done Camilla herself, though they had judged her to be really dead. Leonella took her in her arms and laid her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to procure somebody to dress Camilla's wound secretly. She also desired his advice and opinion what they should say to Anselmo about it, if he should chance to come home before it was healed. He answered that they might say what they pleased; that he was not in a condition to give any advice worth following; he bade her endeavour to staunch the blood, and as for himself, he would go where he should never be seen more. With a show of much sorrow and concern, he left the house; and when he found himself alone, and in a place where nobody saw him, he ceased not to cross himself in admiration at the cunning of Camilla, and the suitable behaviour of Leonella. He considered what a thorough assurance Anselmo must have of his wife's being a second Portia, and wanted to be with him, that they might rejoice together over the most skilfully dissembled truth and the most cleverly planned artifice that can be imagined.

Leonella, as she was bidden, staunched her mistress's blood, which had flowed in just a sufficient quantity to give credit to her stratagem. Having washed the wound with a little wine, she bound it up the best she could, saying such things, while she was dressing it, as were alone sufficient to make Anselmo believe that he had in Camilla an image of chastity. To the words Leonella said, Camilla added others, calling herself coward, in that she wanted the resolution, at a time when she stood most in need, to deprive herself of that life she so much abhorred. She asked her maid's advice whether she should give an account of what had happened, to her beloved spouse, or not. Leonella persuaded her to say nothing about it, since it would lay him under a necessity of revenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without greater

danger to himself; and added, a good woman was bound to avoid all occasion of involving her husband in a quarrel, and should rather prevent all such as much as she possibly could. Camilla replied that she approved of her opinion and would follow it; but that by all means they must contrive what to say to say to Anselmo about the wound, which he must needs see. To which Leonella answered that, for her part, she knew not how to tell a lie though but in jest. “Then, pray,” replied Camilla, “how should I know how, who dare not invent or stand in one though my life were at stake? if we cannot contrive to come well off, it will be better to tell him the naked truth than that he should catch us in a false story.” “Be in no pain, madam,” answered Leonella; “for, between this and to-morrow morning I will study what we shall tell him; and perhaps, the wound being where it is, you may conceal it from his sight, and Heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Compose yourself, madam; endeavour to quiet your spirits, that my master may not find you in so violent a disorder; and leave the rest to my care, and to that of Heaven, which always favours good intentions.”

Anselmo stood, with the utmost attention, listening to and beholding represented the tragedy of the death of his honour, a tragedy in which the actors performed with such strange and moving passions, that it seemed as if they were transformed into the very characters they personated. He longed for the night, and for an opportunity of slipping out of his house, that he might see his dear friend Lothario, and rejoice with him on finding so precious a jewel, by the perfectly clearing up of his wife's virtue. They both took care to give him a convenient opportunity of going out; which he made use of, and immediately went to seek Lothario; he found him at home, and it is impossible to recount the embraces he gave him, the satisfaction he expressed, and the praises he bestowed on Camilla. Lothario listened, without being able to show any signs of joy; for he could not but reflect how much his friend was deceived, and how ungenerously he treated him. Though Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any joy, he believed it was because Camilla was wounded, and that he had been the occasion of it.

Therefore, he desired him to be in no pain about Camilla, for without doubt the wound must be very slight, since her maid and she had agreed to hide it from him. "So," he added, "depend upon it there is nothing to fear on that score; nothing remains but for you to rejoice with me, for, by your diligence and intervention, I find myself raised to the highest pitch of happiness I conceive myself capable of enjoying. For myself, in future I will employ all my leisure in writing verses in praise of Camilla, to perpetuate her chaste memory in all future ages." Lothario applauded his good resolution, and said that he too would lend a helping hand towards raising so illustrious an edifice to his wife's glory. Anselmo now remained the most agreeably deceived man in the world. He led home by the hand, the instrument, as he thought, of his glory, but in reality the ruin of his fame. Camilla received Lothario with a countenance seemingly shy, but with inward gladness of heart. This imposture lasted some time, until, a few months after, fortune turned her wheel; the iniquity, until then so artfully concealed, came to light, and his impertinent curiosity cost poor Anselmo his life.





## CHAPTER VIII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE DREADFUL BATTLE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND CERTAIN SKINS OF RED WINE, AND IN WHICH IS CONCLUDED THE NOVEL OF  
“THE CURIOUS IMPERTINENT.”



HERE remained but little more of the novel to be read, when from the room where Don Quixote lay, Sancho Panza came running out all in a fright, crying aloud: “Run, Sirs, quickly, and succour my master, who is over head and ears in the toughest and closest battle my eyes have ever beheld. As God shall save me, he has given the giant, that enemy of the Princess Micomicona, such a stroke that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if it had been a turnip.”—“What say you, brother?” quoth the priest, leaving

off reading the remainder of the novel, “are you in your senses, Sancho? how the devil can this be, seeing the giant is two thousand leagues off?” At that instant they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote calling aloud: “Stay, cowardly thief, robber, rogue; for here I have you, and your scimitar shall avail you nothing.” Then it seemed as if he gave several hacks and slashes against the walls. “Do not stand listening,” quoth Sancho; “but go in and end the fray, or aid my master; though by this time there will be no occasion, for doubtless the giant is already dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life; for I saw the

blood run about the floor, and the head cut off and fallen on one side, and as big as a great wine-skin."—" I will be hanged," quoth the inn-keeper, at this juncture, " if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not given a gash to some of the wine-skins that stand at his bed's head, and the wine he has let out must be what this honest fellow takes for blood."

So saying, the host went into the room, and the whole company after him; they found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not quite long enough



before to cover his thighs, and was six inches shorter behind: his legs were very long and lean, full of hair, and not over clean: he

had on his head a little red cap, somewhat greasy, which belonged to the inn-keeper. About his left arm he had twisted the bed-blanket, to which Sancho owed a grudge, and he very well knew why, and in his right hand he held his drawn sword, with which he was laying about him on all sides, and uttering words as if he had really been fighting with some giant. The best of it was that his eyes were shut; for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was engaged in battle with the giant. His imagination was so taken up with the adventure he had undertaken, that it made him dream he was already arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon and engaged in fight with his enemy. Fancying he was cleaving the giant down, he had given the skins so many cuts that the whole room was afloat with wine.

When the inn-keeper saw this havock, he fell into such a rage, that he set upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, began



to give him so many cuffs, that, if Cardenio and the priest had not taken him off, he would have put an end to the war of the giant. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the poor gentleman did not awake until the barber brought a large bucket of cold water from the well, and soused it all over his body at a dash. Then Don Quixote awakened, but not so thoroughly as to be sensible of the pickle he

was in. Dorothea, perceiving how scantily and airily he was arrayed, would not go in to see the fight between her champion and her adversary. Sancho searched on all fours about the floor for the head of the giant; and not finding it, he said: "Well, I see plainly that every thing about this house is enchantment; the time before, in this very same place where I now am, I had several punches and thumps given me without knowing whence they came, or seeing any body; and now the head is vanished, which I saw cut off with my own eyes, the blood spouting from the body like any fountain."—"What blood, and what fountain? thou enemy to God and his saints?" said the inn-keeper: "dost thou not see, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins pierced and ripped open, and the red wine floating about the room? I wish I may see his soul floating in hell that pierced them!"—"I know nothing," said Sancho; "only that I should be so unfortunate that, for want of finding this head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water." Sancho, wide awake, was madder than his master asleep; so besotted was he with the promises Don Quixote had made him.

The inn-keeper lost all patience to see the squire's phlegm after the knight's wicked handy-work; he swore they should not escape this time as they did before, without paying; and that, this bout, the privileges of his chivalry should not exempt him from discharging both reckonings, even to the patches of the torn skins. The priest held Don Quixote by the hands, who, imagining he had finished the adventure, and that he was in the presence of the princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the priest, and said: "High and renowned lady, well may your grandeur from this day forward live more secure, now that this ill-born creature can do you no hurt; and I also, from this day forward, am freed from the promise I gave you, since, by the assistance of Heaven, and through the favour of her by whom I live and breathe, I have so happily accomplished it."—"Did not I tell you so?" quoth Sancho, hearing this; "so that I was not drunk: see, if my master has not already put the giant in pickle: here are my bulls\*; my earldom is cock-sure."

\* In allusion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they see the bulls coming into the arena, previous to a bull-fight.



Who could forbear laughing at the absurdities of both master and man? they all laughed except the inn-keeper, who cursed himself to the devil. At length, the barber, Cardenio and the priest, with much ado, threw Don Quixote on the bed; who fell fast asleep, with signs of very great fatigue. They left him to sleep on, and went out to the inn-door, to comfort Sancho for not finding the giant's head. But they had most to do to pacify the inn-keeper, who was out of his wits for the murder of his wine-skins. The hostess muttered, and said: "In an unlucky minute, and in an evil hour, came this knight-errant into my house: O that my eyes had never seen him! he has been a dear guest to me. The last time, he went away with a night's reckoning, for supper, bed, straw and barley, for himself and for his squire, for a horse and an ass, telling us, forsooth, that he was a knight-adventurer, (evil adventures befall him, and all the adventurers in the world!) and

that therefore he was not obliged to pay any thing; for so it was written in the registers of knight-errantry. Then again, on his account too, comes this other gentleman and carries off my tail, and returns it me diminished by half, with all the hair off, so that it can serve no more for my husband's purpose. Now, to crown all, he rips open my skins, and wastes all my wine! would I could see his blood so let out. But let him not think to escape; for, by the bones of my father and the soul of my mother, they shall pay me down upon the nail every farthing, or may I never be called by my own name, nor be my own father's daughter." The hostess said all this and more, in great wrath, and honest Maritornes, her maid, seconded her; the daughter held her peace, and now and then smiled.

The priest quieted the tempest only by promising to make the best reparation he could for their loss, as well in the wine-skins as the wine, and especially for the damage done to the tail, which they valued so much. Dorothea comforted Sancho Panza, telling him that as it really appeared that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised, when she was peaceably seated on her throne, to bestow on him the best earldom in her dominions. On this promise Sancho was comforted, and assured the princess she might depend that he had seen the giant's head, by the same token that it had a beard which reached down to the girdle; and if it was not to be found, it was, because every thing passed in that house, by way of enchantment, as he had experienced the last time he lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so, and bid him be in no pain, for all would be well, and succeed to his heart's desire.

Peace being re-established, the priest had a mind to read the remaining pages of the novel. Cardenio, Dorothea, and the rest, entreated him to do so; and the curate willing to please all the company, and himself among the rest, went on with the story as follows:

Anselmo, through the satisfaction he took in the supposed virtue of Camilla, now lived with all the content and security in the world; and Camilla purposely looked shy on Lothario, that Anselmo might

think she rather hated than loved him ; and Lothario, for farther security in his affair, begged Anselmo to excuse his coming any more to his house, since it was plain the sight of him gave Camilla great uneasiness. But the deceived Anselmo would by no means comply with his request, thus, by a thousand different ways, becoming the contriver of his own dishonour, while he thought he was so of his pleasure. As for Leonella, she was so pleased to find herself thus at liberty to follow her amour, that, without minding any thing else, she let loose the reins and took her swing, being confident that her lady would conceal it, and even put her in the most commodious way of carrying it on. At last, one night, Anselmo perceived somebody walking in Leonella's chamber ; and, being desirous to go in to know who it was, he found the door was held against him. Irritated at this resistance, which increased his desire of getting in, he made such an effort, that he burst open the door, and entered just in time to see a man leap down from the window into the street, Anselmo was about to follow him, to seize him or at least find out who he was ; but he was hindered by Leonella, who clung about him, crying : “ Dear Sir, be calm ; be not so greatly disturbed, nor pursue the man who leaped out. He belongs to me ; in short, he is my husband.” Anselmo would not believe Leonella, but, blinded by rage, drew his poniard and offered to stab her, assuring her that, if she did not tell him the whole truth, he would kill her. She in an agony, not knowing what she was saying, cried : “ Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of greater importance than any you can imagine.”—“ Tell me then, quickly,” said Anselmo, “ or you are a dead woman.”—“ At present it is impossible,” said Leonella, “ I am in such confusion ; give me until to-morrow morning, and then you shall learn from me what will amaze you. In the meantime, be assured that the person who jumped out of the window is a young man of this city who has given me a promise of marriage.” With this Anselmo was somewhat pacified, and was content to wait the time she desired, not dreaming he should hear any thing against Camilla, of whose virtue he was so satisfied and secure. So, leaving the room, he locked Leonella in, telling her she should not stir from thence until

she had told him what she had to say to him. He went immediately to Camilla, and related to her all that had passed with her waiting-woman, and the promise she had given him to acquaint him with things of the utmost importance. It is needless to say whether Camilla was disturbed or not. So great was the consternation she was in that, verily believing, (as indeed it was very likely), that Leonella would tell Anselmo all she knew of her disloyalty, she had not the courage to wait until she saw whether her suspicion was well or ill grounded. That very night, when she found Anselmo was asleep, taking with her all her best jewels and some money, without being perceived by any body, she left her house and went to Lothario's. Arrived there, she recounted to him all that had passed, desiring him to conduct her to some place of safety, or to go off with her where they might live secure from Anselmo. Camilla put Lothario into such confusion that he knew not how to answer her a word, much less to resolve what was to be done. At length he bethought himself of carrying Camilla to a convent, the prioress of which was a sister of his. Camilla having consented, Lothario conveyed her to the convent with all the haste the case required, and left her there. He, too, immediately left the city, without acquainting any body with his departure.

When it was day-break, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, so impatient was he to know what Leonella had to tell him, arose and went to the chamber where he had left her locked up. He opened the door and went in, but found no Leonella there; he only found the sheets tied to the window, an evident sign that by them she had slid down and effected her escape. He presently returned, full of concern, to acquaint Camilla with it; and, not finding her in bed, nor any where in the house, he stood confounded, astonished. He enquired of the servants for her, but no one could give him any tidings. It accidentally happened, as he was searching for Camilla, that he found her cabinet open, and most of her jewels gone. Then the first suspicion of the fatal truth flashed on his mind, and he ceased to think that Leonella was the cause of his misfortune. Without even waiting to put on the remainder of his clothes, he went, sad and pensive, to give an



account of his disaster to his friend Lothario ; but not finding him, and his servants telling him that their master went away that night and took all the money he had with him, Anselmo was ready to run mad. To complete all, when he came back to his house, he found not one of his servants there, man or maid : the house abandoned and deserted. He knew not what to think, say or do, and, by little and little, his wits began to fail him. He considered, and saw himself in an instant deprived of wife, friend and servants, abandoned by Heaven and all nature, and, above all, robbed of his honour ; since, in the flight of Camilla, he saw his own ruin. After some thought, he resolved to go to his friend's country-house, where he had been when he gave the opportunity for plotting this unhappy business. He locked the doors of his house, mounted a horse, and set forward in great depression of spirits. Scarcely had he gone half way when, overwhelmed by his melancholy thoughts, he was forced to alight and tie his horse to a tree, at the foot whereof he



dropped down, breathing out bitter and mournful sighs. He staid there until nearly dusk, about which time he saw a man coming on horseback from the city; and having saluted him, he enquired what news there was in Florence? "The strangest," replied the passenger, "that has been heard these many days. It is publicly talked, that last night Lothario, that great friend of Anselmo the rich, who lived at St. John's, carried off Camilla, wife to Anselmo, and that he also is missing. All this was told by a maid-servant of Camilla, whom the governor caught in the night letting herself down by a



sheet from a window of Anselmo's house. I do not know the particulars; all I know is, that the whole town is in admiration at this

accident, for no one could have suspected any such thing, considering the strict friendship that united Anselmo and Lothario, which, it is said, was so remarkable that they were styled the *two friends*."

"Pray, is it known," said Anselmo, "which road Lothario and Camilla have taken?"—"It is not," replied the Florentine, "though the governor has ordered diligent search to be made for them."

"God be with you," said Anselmo. "And with you also," said the passenger, and went his way.

This dismal news reduced Anselmo almost to the losing, not only his wits, but his life. He got up as well as he could, and arrived at his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in pale, spiritless and faint, he concluded he was oppressed by some heavy affliction. Anselmo begged him to lead him immediately to a chamber, and to let him have pen, ink and paper. They did so, and left him alone on the bed, locking the door at his request. When he found himself alone, his imagination was so overwhelmed by the thoughts of his misfortunes, that he plainly felt he was drawing near his end. Wishing to leave behind him some account of the cause of his strange death, he seized a pen and began to write; but before he had set down all he had intended, his breath failed him, and he expired of the grief occasioned by his impertinent curiosity.

The master of the house, finding that it grew late and Anselmo did not call, determined to go in to him to learn whether his indisposition increased. He found him motionless, with his face downward, half of his body in bed, and half leaning on the table, with the paper he had written, open, and his hand still holding the pen. His friend, having first called to him, went and took him by the hand; and finding he did not answer him, and that he was cold, perceived that he was dead. He was very much surprised and troubled, and called the family to be witnesses of the sad mishap that had befallen Anselmo. Afterwards he read the paper, which he recognized to be Anselmo's own hand-writing, and which contained only the following words :



“ A foolish and impertinent desire has deprived me of life. If the news of my death reaches Camilla’s ears, let her know I forgive her; for she was not obliged to do miracles, nor was I under a necessity of desiring she should. Since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——”

Thus far Anselmo wrote; by which it appeared that at this point, without being able to finish the sentence, he gave up the ghost. The next day his friend sent his relations an account of his death; they had already heard of his misfortune, and of Camilla’s retiring to the convent, where she was almost in a condition of bearing her husband company in that inevitable journey, through the news, not of his death, but of her lover’s absenting himself. It is said that, though she was now a widow, she would neither quit the convent nor take the veil until, not many days after, news arrived of Lothario’s being killed in a battle fought between Monsieur

de Lautrec and the great captain Gonzalo of Cordova<sup>172</sup>, in the kingdom of Naples, whither the too late repenting friend had made his retreat. On hearing this news Camilla took the religious habit, and soon after gave up her life of grief and melancholy. Such was the deplorable end of them all, an end sprung from an extravagant folly at the beginning.

“I like this novel very well,” said the priest; “but I cannot persuade myself it is a true story. If it be a fiction, the author has erred against probability: for it cannot be imagined there can be any husband so senseless as to desire to make so dangerous an experiment as did Anselmo. Had this case been supposed between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but, between husband and wife, there is something impossible in it; however, I am not displeased with the manner in which it is related.”



<sup>172</sup> Cervantes is here guilty of an anachronism. The *Great Captain*, having quitted Italy in 1507, died in Grenada in 1515. Lautrec did not appear at the head of the French army until the year 1527, when the Prince of Orange commanded that of Charles V.

## CHAPTER IX.

WHICH TREATS OF OTHER UNCOMMON ADVENTURES THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.



ENTERING at that moment from the door-way, where he had been standing while the priest was reading the conclusion of the novel, the host cried: “Here comes a goodly company of guests; if they stop here, we shall sing *gaudeamus*\*.” —“What folks are they?” said Cardenio.—“Four men,” answered the host, “on horse-

back à la Gineta †, with lances and targets, and black masks on their faces<sup>173</sup>; in the midst of them rides a woman on a side-saddle, dressed in white, and her face likewise covered; and two attendants

\* O be joyful.

† A kind of riding with short stirrups, which the Spaniards took from the Arabians, and is still used by all the African and eastern nations, with part of the northern, such as the Hungarians, and is advantageous in fight: for, being ready to strike with their sabres, they rise on their stirrups, and following as it were the blow, give more force to it.

<sup>173</sup> At that time masks (*antifaces*) were worn, especially when on a journey; they were made of light stuff and generally black.

besides on foot.”—“Are they near at hand?” demanded the priest.  
 “So near,” replied the inn-keeper, “that they are already at the



door.” Dorothea, hearing this, veiled her face; and Cardenio went into Don Quixote’s chamber. Scarcely had they done so, when the persons the host mentioned entered the yard. The four horsemen, who by their appearance seemed to be persons of distinction, having alighted, went to help down the lady, who came on the side-saddle; one of them took her in his arms, and set her down in a chair which stood at the door of the room into which Cardenio had withdrawn. In all this time, neither she nor they had taken off their masks, nor spoken one word: but the lady sitting down in the chair, fetched a deep sigh, and let fall her arms, like one sick and about to faint. The servants on foot took the horses to the stable. The priest, seeing all this, and desirous to know who they were in that odd guise, and that kept such silence, went where the servants were, and enquired of one of them. “In truth, Signor, I cannot inform you who those gentlefolks are; I can only tell you they must be people of considerable quality, especially he who took

the lady down in his arms; I say this, because all the rest pay him such respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs.”—“And the lady, pray, who is she?” demanded the priest. “Neither can I tell that,” replied the lacquey; “for I have not once seen her face during the whole journey. I have indeed often heard her sigh, and utter such groans that one would think one of them enough to break her heart. But it is no wonder we know no more than we have told you; for it is not above two days since my comrade and I came to serve them. Having met us upon the road, they asked and persuaded us to go with them as far as Andalusia, promising to pay us very well.”—“And have you heard any of them called by their names?” said the priest. “No, indeed,” answered the lad; “for they all travel with so much silence that you would think they were performing a vow. Nothing is heard among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity her, and make us think that whithersoever she is going, it must be against her will. By what we can gather from her habit, she must be a nun, or going to be one, which seems most probable, and perhaps, because she is averse to taking the veil, she goes thus heavily.”—“Very likely,” quoth the priest; and leaving the stable he returned to the room where he had left Dorothea. The latter, hearing the lady in the mask sigh, moved by a natural compassion went to her and said: “What is the matter, dear madam? if it be any thing that we women can assist you in, speak; for, on my part, I am ready to serve you with great good-will.” To all this the afflicted lady returned no answer, and though Dorothea urged her still more, she persisted in her silence. At last the cavalier in the mask, who the servant said was superior to the rest came up, and said to Dorothea: “Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer any thing to this woman; for it is her way not to be thankful for service done her; nor endeavour to get any answer from her, unless you would hear some lie from her mouth.”—“No,” said she, who hitherto had held her peace, “on the contrary, it is for being too sincere, and too averse to lying and deceit, that I am now reduced to such hard fortune; and of this you may be a witness yourself, since it is my truth alone which makes you act so false and treacherous a part.”



Cardenio heard these words plainly and distinctly, being very near to her who spoke them; for Don Quixote's chamber-door only was between. Uttering a piercing cry: "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what is this I hear? what voice is this which has reached my ears?" The lady, all in surprise, turned her head at these exclamations; and, not seeing who uttered them, she got up and was going into the room; but the cavalier, who was watching her motions, stopped her, and would not suffer her to stir a step. In the agitation of her dress caused by her sudden rising, her mask fell off, and she discovered a beauty incomparable, and a countenance almost divine, though pale and full of horror, for she rolled her eyes round as far as she could see, examining every place with so much eagerness that she seemed distracted. Dorothea and the rest, though ignorant of the cause of her grief were moved to great compassion. The cavalier held her fast by the shoulders; and, his hands being thus employed, he could not keep on his mask, which was falling off and at last did fall. Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, lifting up her eyes, discovered that the person who also held her was her husband, Don Fernando. No sooner did she recognize him than, fetching from the bottom of her heart a deep and dismal sigh, she fell backward in a swoon; and, had not the barber, who stood close by, caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The priest ran immediately, and took off her veil to throw water in her face; and no sooner had he uncovered it than Don Fernando, for it was he who held the other in his arms, knew her and stood like one half dead at the sight. Nevertheless, he did not let go Lucinda, who was the lady struggling so hard to get from him. She knew Cardenio's voice in his exclamations, and he knew her's. Cardenio heard also the exclamations of Dorothea when she fainted away; and believing it came from his Lucinda, he started out of the room, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando holding Lucinda close in his arms. Don Fernando presently knew Cardenio; and all three, Lucinda, Cardenio and Dorothea, were struck dumb, hardly knowing what had happened to them. They stood silent and gazing at one another, Dorothea on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio,

Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio. But the first who broke silence was Lucinda, who addressed herself to Don Fernando in this manner: "Suffer me, Signor Don Fernando, as you are a gentleman, since you will not do it upon any other account; suffer me to cleave to that wall of which I am the ivy; to that prop from which neither your importunities, your threats, your promises nor your presents, were able to separate me. Observe how Heaven, by unusual, and to us hidden, ways, has brought me into the presence of my true husband; and well you know, by a thousand dear bought proofs, that death alone can efface him from my memory. Then (since all farther attempts are vain), let this open declaration convert your love into rage, your good will into despite, and put an end to my life; for if I lose it in the presence of my dear husband, I shall reckon it well disposed of. Perhaps my death may convince him of the fidelity I have preserved for him to my last moment."

Dorothea, meanwhile, had revived, and had listened to all that Lucinda said, whereby she discovered who she was. Seeing that Don Fernando did not yet let her go from between his arms, nor make her any answer, she got up as well as she could, then kneeled down at his feet, and pouring forth an abundance of piteous tears, she began to say: "If, my dear lord, the rays of that sun you hold now eclipsed between your arms had not dazzled and obscured your eyes, you must have seen that she who lies prostrate at your feet is the unhappy (so long as you are pleased to have it so) and unfortunate Dorothea. I am that humble country girl, whom you, through goodness or love, deigned to raise to the honour of calling herself your's. I am she who, confined within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life until, to the voice of your importunities and seemingly sincere and real passion, opened the gates of her reserve, and delivered up to you the keys of her liberty: a gift by you so ill requited, as appears by my being driven into the circumstances in which you find me, and forced to see you in the posture you are now in. Notwithstanding all this, I would not have you imagine, that I am brought hither by any dishonest motives, but only by those of grief and concern to see

myself neglected and forsaken by you. You would have me be your's, and would order it in such a manner that, though now you would not have it be so, it is not possible you should cease to be mine. Consider, my lord, that the matchless affection I have for you may balance the beauty and nobility of her for whom I am abandoned. You cannot be the fair Lucinda's, because you are mine; nor can she be your's, because she is Cardenio's. And it is easier, if you take it right, to reduce your inclination to love her who adores you, than to bring her to love who detests you. You importuned my indifference; you solicited my integrity; you were not ignorant of my condition; you know very well in what manner I gave myself up entirely to your will; you have no room to pretend any deceit. This being the case, and if you are as much a christian as a gentleman, why do you, by so many evasions, delay making me as happy at last as you did at first? If you will not acknowledge me for what I am, your true and lawful wife, at least admit me for your slave; for, so I be under your power, I shall account myself happy and very fortunate. Do not, by forsaking and abandoning me, give the world occasion to censure and disgrace me. Do not so sorely afflict my aged parents, whose constant and faithful services as good vassals to your's do not deserve it. And if you fancy your blood is debased by mixing it with mine, consider there is little or no nobility in the world but what has run in the same channel, and that what is derived from women is not essential in illustrious descents. Besides, true nobility consists in virtue; and if you forfeit that, by denying me what is so justly my due, I shall then remain with greater advantages of nobility than you. In short, Sir, I shall only add that, whether you will or not, I am your wife. Witness your words, which, if you value yourself on that account on which you undervalue me, cannot be false: witness your handwriting; and witness Heaven, which you invoked to bear testimony to what you promised. Though all this should fail, your conscience will not fail to whisper you in the midst of your guilty joys, justifying this truth I have proclaimed to you, disturbing your greatest pleasures and satisfactions."

These and other reasons did the afflicted Dorothea urge so

feelingly, and with so many tears, that all who were present at this scene, even the cavaliers who accompanied Don Fernando, could not forbear sympathizing with her. Don Fernando himself listened to her without answering a word, until she had ceased to speak, her voice becoming choked by so many sighs and sobs, that it must have been a heart of brass which the signs of so much sorrow could not soften. Lucinda gazed at her, with no less pity for her affliction, than admiration at her wit and beauty. She had a mind to go to her, and endeavour to comfort her, but she was prevented by Don Fernando still holding her fast in his arms. That guilty person, full of confusion and astonishment, after he had attentively beheld Dorothea for a good while, opened his arms, and leaving Lucinda free, he said: "You have conquered, fair Dorothea, you have conquered. There is no withstanding so many united truths." Scarcely recovered from her swoon, Lucinda was so faint, when Don Fernando let her go, that she was just falling to the ground. But Cardenio, who was near her, and had placed himself behind Don Fernando that he might not know him, ran to support Lucinda. Catching her between his arms; "If," said he, "it pleases pitying Heaven that at last you should have some rest, my dear, faithful and constant mistress, I believe you can find it no where more secure than in these arms, which now receive you, and did receive you heretofore, when fortune was pleased to allow me to call you mine." At these expressions Lucinda fixed her eyes on Cardenio; and having begun first to know him by his voice, and being then assured by sight that it was he, almost beside herself with joy, she threw her arms about his neck, and joining her face to his, said: "You, my dear Cardenio, you are the true owner of this your slave, though fortune were yet more adverse, and though my life, which depends upon your's, were threatened yet more than it is."

A strange sight it was to Don Fernando and all the by-standers, who were astonished at so unexpected an event. Dorothea fancied that Don Fernando changed colour, and looked as if he had a mind to revenge himself on Cardenio; for she saw him put his hand towards his sword. Quick as lightning she ran immediately, and embracing his knees, she covered them with her kisses and tears,

holding him so fast that he could not stir. "What is it you intend to do," she said "my only refuge in this unexpected crisis? you have your wife at your feet, and she whom you would have to be your's is in the arms of her own husband. Consider: is it fit or possible for you to undo what Heaven has done? Would it not better become you to raise her to an equality with yourself, who, regardless of all obstacles and confirmed in her truth and constancy, is bathing the bosom of her true husband, before your face, with the tears of love flowing from her eyes? For God's sake, and your own character's sake, I beseech you that this public declaration, far from increasing your wrath, may appease it in such sort, that these two lovers shall be permitted, without any impediment from you, to live together in peace all the time Heaven shall be pleased to allot them. By this you will shew the generosity of your noble and illustrious breast, and the world will see that reason sways more with you than appetite."



While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, holding Lucinada between his arms, kept his eyes fixed on Don Fernando, with a resolution, if he saw him make any motion toward assaulting him, to endeavour to defend himself, and also to act offensively against all who should take part against him, though it cost him his life. But Don Fernando's friends, together with the priest and the barber, who were present all the while, not omitting honest Sancho Panza, ran and surrounded Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to Dorothea's tears, and not to suffer her, if, as they verily believed, she had said nothing but what was true, to be disappointed in her just expectations. And the curate, making his voice heard above the rest, desired he would consider that, not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of Heaven, they had all met in a place where one would have least imagined they should meet. Then the priest put him in mind that nothing but death could part Lucinda from Cardenio, and that, though they should be severed by the edge of the sword, they would account their deaths most happy. In a case which could not be remedied, the highest wisdom would be, by forcing and overcoming himself, to shew a greatness of mind, in suffering that couple, by his mere good-will, to enjoy that happiness which Heaven had already granted them. He desired him also to turn his eyes on the beauty of Dorothea, and see how very few, if any, could equal, much less exceed her; and that to her beauty he would add her humility, and the extreme love she had for him; but especially that he would remember that, if he valued himself on being a gentleman and a christian, he could do no less than perform the promise he had given her, and that in so doing he would please God, and do what was right in the eyes of all wise men, who know and understand that it is the prerogative of beauty, though in a mean subject, if it be accompanied with modesty, to be able to raise and equal itself to any height, without any disparagement to him who raises and equals it to himself; and that, in complying with the strong dictates of appetite, there is nothing blame-worthy, provided there be no sin in the action. To these remonstrances of the curate, all present added such and so many powerful arguments, that the generous heart of

Don Fernando, being nourished with noble blood, was softened, and suffered itself to be overcome by that truth, which, if he had had a mind, he could not have resisted. The proof he gave of surrendering himself, and submitting to what was proposed, was, to stoop down, and embrace Dorothea, saying: "Rise, dear madam; for it is not fit she should kneel at my feet, who is mistress of my soul; and if hitherto, I have given no proof of what I say.



perhaps it has been so ordered by Heaven, that, by finding in you the constancy of your affection to me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you is, not to reproach me with my past unkind behaviour and great neglect of you, for the very same cause and motive that induced me to take you for mine, influenced me to endeavour not to be your's. To shew you the truth of what I say, turn and behold the eyes of the now satisfied Lucinda; in them you will see an excuse for all my errors. Since she has found and attained to what she desired, and I have found in

you all I want, let her live secure and contented many happy years with her Cardenio; and I will beseech Heaven, that I may do the like with my dear Dorothea." Saying this, he embraced her again, and joined his face to her's, with such tenderness of passion, that he could scarcely restrain his tears from giving undoubted signs of his love and repentance. It was not so with Lucinda and Cardenio, and almost all the rest of the company present; for they began to shed so many tears, some for joy on their own account, and some on the account of others, that one would have thought some heavy and dismal disaster had befallen them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he owned afterwards that, for his part, he wept only to see that Dorothea was not as he imagined, queen Micomicona, from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and weeping lasted for some time. After a while, Cardenio and Lucinda went and kneeled before Don Fernando, thanking him for the favour he had done them, in such terms of respect, that Don Fernando knew not what to answer; so he raised them up, and embraced them with much courtesy and many demonstrations of affection. Then he desired Dorothea to tell him how she came to that place so far from home. She related, in few and discreet words, all she had before related to Cardenio; with which Don Fernando and his company were so pleased, that they wished the story had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which Dorothea recounted her misfortunes. And when she had made an end, Don Fernando related what had befallen him in the city, after his finding the paper in Lucinda's bosom wherein she declared that she was wife to Cardenio, and could not be his. He said that he had a mind to have killed her, and should have done it, if her parents had not hindered him; then he quitted the house, enraged and ashamed, with a resolution of revenging himself at a more convenient time. The following day, he heard that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, no one knowing whither she was gone. In fine, at the end of some months, he came to know, that she was in a convent, purposing to remain there all her days, unless she could spend them with Cardenio. As soon as he knew it, choosing those three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where she





was, but did not speak to her, fearing that, if she knew he was there, the monastery would be better guarded. So waiting for a day when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door, and he with the other entered the convent in search of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters talking to a nun. Snatching her away without giving her time to resist, they came with her to a place where they accommodated themselves with whatever was needful for the carrying her off: all which they could very safely do, the monastery being in the fields, a good way out of the town. He added, when Lucinda saw herself in his power, she swooned, and



on coming to herself, she did nothing but weep and sigh without speaking. "Thus," Don Fernando concluded, "accompanied by silence and tears, we arrived at this inn which to me was arriving at Heaven, where all earthly misfortunes have an end."



## CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF THE FAMOUS INFANTA MICOMICONA, WITH OTHER PLEASANT ADVENTURES.



**S**ANCHO listened to all this with no small grief of mind, seeing that the hope of his preferment was disappearing and vanishing into smoke ; since the fair princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master lay in a sound sleep, without

troubling his head about what passed. Dorothea could not be sure whether the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream ; Cardenio was in the same doubt, and Lucinda knew not what to think. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the blessing bestowed on him in bringing him out of that perplexed labyrinth, in which he was upon the brink of losing his honour and his soul. In short, all the persons were pleased at the happy conclusion of such intricate and hopeless affairs. The priest, like a man of sense, placed every thing in its true light, and congratulated every one upon his

individual share of general happiness. But she who was most delighted was the hostess, Cardenio and the priest having promised to pay her with interest for all the damage sustained upon Don Quixote's account.

Sancho, as has been said, was the only unhappy and sorrowful person. With dismal looks he went in to his master, who had just then awakened, and said: "Your worship may very well sleep your fill, Signor Sorrowful Figure, without troubling yourself about killing



any giant, or restoring the princess to her kingdom ; for all is done and over already."—" I verily believe it," answered Don Quixote, " for I have had the most monstrous and dreadful battle with the giant, that ever I believe I shall have in all the days of my life ; with one back-stroke I tumbled his head to the ground, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed from it, that the streams ran along the ground as if it had been water."—" As if it had been red wine, your worship might better say," answered Sancho ; " for

I would have you to know, if you do not know it already, that the dead giant is a pierced skin, and the blood, eighteen gallons of red wine contained in its belly; and may the devil take all for me." "What is it you say, fool?" replied Don Quixote; "are you in your senses?"—"Pray get up, Sir, quoth Sancho, and you will see what a fine job of work you have made, and what a reckoning we have to pay. You will see also, the queen converted into a private lady called Dorothea, with other accidents, which, if you take them right, will astonish you."—"I shall wonder at nothing of this" replied Don Quixote; "for, if you remember well, the last time we were here I told you that all things in this place went by enchantment. It would be no wonder therefore, if it should be so now."—"I should believe so too," answered Sancho, "if my being tossed in a blanket had been a matter of this nature; but it was downright real and true. I saw that the inn-keeper, who was here this very day, held a corner of the blanket, and canted me toward Heaven with notable alacrity and vigour, and with as much laughter as force. Where it happens that we know persons, in my opinion, simple and a sinner though I be, there is no enchantment at all, but much misusage and much mishap."—"Well, Fortune will remedy it," quoth Don Quixote, "give me my clothes, that I may go and see the accidents and transformations you talk of."

Sancho reached him his apparel, and while he was assisting him to dress, the priest gave Don Fernando and the rest an account of Don Quixote's madness, and of the artifice they had made use of to get him from the Poor Rock, to which he imagined himself banished through his lady's disdain. He related also to them almost all the adventures which Sancho had recounted; at which they did not a little wonder and laugh, thinking, as every body did, that it was the strangest kind of madness that ever entered into an extravagant imagination. The priest said farther, that, since madam Dorothea's good-fortune would not permit her to go on with their design, it was necessary to invent and find out some other way of getting him home to his village. Cardenio offered to assist in carrying on the project, and proposed that Lucinda should personate Dorothea. "No," said Don Fernando, "it must not be so: I will have Dorothea

herself go on with her contrivance; and if it is not far from hence to this good gentleman's village, I shall be glad to contribute to this cure."—"It is not above two days' journey," said the priest. "Though it were farther," said Don Fernando, "I would undertake it with pleasure to accomplish so good a work."

By this time Don Quixote sallied forth, completely armed with his whole furniture; Mambrino's helmet, though bruised and battered, on his head, his target braced on, and resting on his saplin, or lance. The strange appearance he made greatly surprised Don Fernando and his company. They gazed with astonishment on his tawny, withered, lengthy lantern jaws, his ill-matched armour, his calm and haughty bearing, and awaited in silence to hear what he would say. Don Quixote, with much gravity and solemnity, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, said: "I am informed, fair lady,



by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated and your very being demolished; that, from a queen and great lady, which you

were wont to be, you are metamorphosed into a private maiden. If this has been done by the order of the necromantic king your father, out of fear lest I should not afford you the necessary and due aid, I say he neither knows, nor ever did know, one half of his trade, and that he is but little versed in the histories of knight-errantry: for, had he read and considered them as attentively and as much at leisure as I have read and considered them, he would have found, at every turn, how other knights of a great deal less fame than myself, have achieved matters much more difficult; it being no such mighty business to kill a pitiful giant, be he never so arrogant: for not many hours are past since I had a bout with one myself, and—I say no more, lest I should be thought to lie; but time, the revealer of all things will tell it when we least think of it.”—“It was with a couple of wine-skins, and not a giant,” quoth the inn-keeper. But Don Fernando commanded him to hold his peace, and in no wise to interrupt Don Quixote’s discourse, who went on saying: “I say, in fine, high and disinherited lady, that if, for the cause aforesaid, your father has made this metamorphosis in your person, I would have you give no heed to it at all: for there is no danger upon earth, through which my sword shall not force a way and; by bringing down the head of your enemy to the ground, place the crown of your kingdom upon your own in a few days.”

Don Quixote said no more, but awaited the princess’s answer; who, knowing Don Fernando’s inclination, that she should carry on the deceit until Don Quixote was brought home to his house, with much grace and gravity answered him: “Whoever told you, valorous Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, that I was changed and altered from what I was, did not tell you the truth; for I am the same to-day that I was yesterday. It is true, indeed, some fortunate accidents that have befallen me, to my heart’s desire, have made some alteration in me for the better; for all that, I do not cease to be what I was before, and to have the same thoughts I always had of employing the prowess of your redoubted and invincible arm. So, dear Sir, of your accustomed bounty, restore to the father who begot me his honour, and esteem him to be a wise and prudent man, since by his skill he found out so easy and certain a way to remedy

my misfortune. I verily believe, had it not been for you, Sir, I should never have alighted upon the happiness I now enjoy: and in this I speak the very truth, as most of these gentlemen here present can testify. What remains is, that to-morrow morning we set forward on our journey; as to-day we could not go far: and for the rest of the good success I expect, I refer it to God, and to the valour of your breast."

Thus spoke the discreet Dorothea; and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of much indignation, said to him: "I tell thee now, little Sancho, that thou art the greatest rascal in all Spain; say, thief, vagabond, didst thou not tell me just now, that this princess was transformed into a damsel called Dorothea; with other absurdities, which put me into the greatest confusion I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow" (and here he looked up to Heaven, and gnashed his teeth), "I have a great mind to make such havock of thee as shall put wit into the noddles of all the lying squires of knights-errant that shall be from henceforward in the world."—"Pray, dear Sir, be pacified," answered Sancho, "for I may easily be mistaken as to the transformation of madam the princess Micomicona; but as to the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and the blood being but red wine, I am not deceived as God liveth. The skins yonder at your worship's bed's-head are cut and slashed, and the red wine has turned the room into a pond. If not, it will be seen at the frying of the eggs,\* I mean, you will find it when his worship Signor inn-keeper here demands damages. As for the rest, I rejoice in my heart that madam the queen is as she was; for I have my share in it, as every neighbour's child has."—"I tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, thou art an ass; forgive me, that's enough."—"It is enough," said Don Fernando, "and let no more be said of this; and since madam the princess says we must set forward in the morning, it being too late to-day, let us do so, and let us pass this night in

\* When eggs are to be fried, there is no knowing their goodness until they are broken. Royal Dic. Or, a thief stole a frying-pan, and the woman who owned it meeting him, asked him what he was carrying away; he answered, you will know when your eggs are to be fried. Pineda.



agreeable conversation, until to morrow, when we will all bear Signor Don Quixote company, for we desire to be eye witnesses of the valorous and unheard-of deeds which he is to perform in the progress of this grand enterprize which he has undertaken.”—“It is I that am to wait upon you, and bear you company,” answered Don Quixote, “and I am much obliged to you for the favour you do me, and the good opinion you have of me ; which it shall be my endeavour not to disappoint, or it shall cost me my life and even more, if more it could cost me.”

Many compliments, and many offers of service passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando: but all was put a stop to by a



traveller, who just then entered the inn. By his garb he seemed to be a Christian newly come from among the Moors. He had on a blue cloth loose coat, with short skirts, half-sleeves, and no collar; his breeches also were of blue cloth, and he wore a cap of the same colour. He had on a pair of date-coloured stockings, and a Moorish scimitar hung in a shoulder-belt that came across his breast. There came immediately after him a woman, mounted on an ass, in a Moorish dress, her face veiled, a brocade turban on her head, and covered with a mantle from her shoulders to her feet. The man was of a robust and agreeable make, a little above forty years old of a brownish complexion, large whiskers and a well-set beard. In short, his mien, if he had been well-dressed, would have denoted him a person of quality and well-born. At coming in he asked for a room, and he seemed to be troubled on being told there was none to spare in the inn. Going however, to the woman, who by her habit seemed to be a Moor, he took her down in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the landlady, her daughter and Maritornes, gathered about the Moorish lady, attracted by the novelty of her dress, the like of which they had never seen before; and Dorothea, who was always obliging and thoughtful, imagining that both she and her conductor were uneasy for want of a room, said to her: "Be not much concerned, madam, about proper accommodations: it is what one must not expect to meet with in inns. But as it is so, if you please to take share with us (pointing to Lucinda), perhaps, in the course of your journey, you may have met with worse welcome." The veiled lady returned her no answer; but rising from her seat and laying her hands across on her breast, she bowed her head and body, in token that she thanked her. By her silence they concluded she must be a Moor, and could not speak the Christian language.

By this time the captive, who had hitherto been employed about something else, came in. Seeing that they were all standing about the woman that accompanied him, and that whatever they said to her she continued silent, he said: "Ladies, this young woman understands scarcely any thing of our language, nor can she speak any other than that of her own country; and therefore it is that she

has not answered to any thing you may have asked her.”—“ Nothing has been asked her,” answered Lucinda, “ but whether she would accept of our company for this night, and take part of our lodging, where she shall be accommodated and entertained as well as the place will afford, and with that good-will which is due to all strangers that are in need of it, and especially from us to her, as she is of our own sex.”—“ Dear madam,” answered the stranger, “ I kiss your hands for her and for myself, and highly prize, as I ought, the favour offered us, which, at such a time and from such persons as you appear to be, must be owned to be very great.” “ Pray tell me, Signor,” said Dorothea, “ is this lady a Christian or a Moor ? for her habit and silence make us think she is what we wish she were not.”—“ She is a Moor,” answered the captive, “ in her attire and in her body ; but in her soul she is already very much a Christian, having a very strong desire to become one.”—“ She is not yet baptized then ? ” answered Lucinda. “ There has been no time for that yet,” answered the captive, “ since she left Algiers, her native country and place of abode ; and she has not hitherto been in any danger of death so imminent as to make it necessary to have her baptized, before she be instructed in all the ceremonies our holy mother the church enjoins. But I hope, if it please God, she shall soon be baptized with the decency becoming her quality, which is above what her habit or mine seem to denote.”

This discourse gave all who heard him, a desire to know who the Moor and the captive were ; but nobody would ask them just then, seeing it was more proper at that time to let them take some rest than to be enquiring into their lives. Dorothea took the stranger by the hand, and led her to sit down by her, desiring her to uncover her face. She looked at the captive, as if she asked him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in Arabic, that they desired she would uncover her face, and that he would have her do so. Accordingly she removed her veil, and discovered a face so beautiful, that Dorothea thought her handsomer than Lucinda, and Lucinda than Dorothea ; and all the by-standers saw that, if any beauty could be compared with theirs,



it must be that of the Moor ; nay, some of them thought she surpassed them in certain points. And as beauty has the prerogative and power to reconcile minds and attract inclinations, they all presently fell to caressing and making much of the beautiful Moor. Don Fernando asked of the stranger the Moor's name, who answered Lella Zoraïda <sup>174</sup> ; but, as soon as she heard this name, she understood what they had enquired of the Christian, and said hastily, with a sprightly but concerned air : “ No, not Zoraïda ; *Maria Maria* ;” letting them know her name was Maria, and not Zoraïda. These words, and the great earnestness with which she pronounced them, extorted more than one tear from those who heard her, especially from the women, who are naturally tender-hearted and

<sup>174</sup> Lella, or rather Elella, means in Arabic, according to the Spanish Academy, the adorable, the divine, the superlatively happy. This name is only applied to the Virgin Mary. Zoraïda is a diminutive of *zorath*. flower.

compassionate. Lucinda embraced her very affectionately, saying to her: "Yes, Maria, Maria." To this the Moor answered, "*Si, si, Maria. Zoraïda macangé* <sup>175</sup>;" as much as to say, *not Zoraïda*.

By this time it was four in the afternoon, and, by order of Don Fernando and his company, the inn-keeper had taken care to provide a collation for them, the best it was possible for him to get. It being now ready, they all sat down at a long table, like those in halls, there being neither a round nor a square one in the house. They gave the upper end and principal seat (though he would have declined it) to Don Quixote, who would needs have the lady Micomicona sit next him, as being her champion. Then sat down Lucinda and Zoraïda, opposite to them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the stranger and the rest of the gentlemen; next to the ladies sat the priest and the barber. Thus they made their repast, with appetite and good-humour, and it gave them



<sup>175</sup> *Macangé* is a barbarous Turkish word (*angé mac*) which signifies *not at all, by no means*.

an additional pleasure to hear Don Quixote, moved by the same spirit that had prompted him to talk so much when he supped with the goatherds, instead of eating, speak as follows :

“ In truth, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unheard-of things do they see, who profess the order of knight-errantry. If any one think otherwise, let me ask him what man living, that should now enter at this castle-gate, and see us sitting in this manner, could judge or believe us to be the persons we really are ? who could say that this lady sitting here by my side is that great queen that we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of the Sorrowful Figure, so blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame ? There is no doubt that this art and profession exceeds all that have been ever invented by men ; and so much the more honourable is it, as it is exposed to more dangers. Away with those who say that letters have the advantage over arms ; I will tell them, be they who they will, that they know not what they say <sup>176</sup>. For the reason they usually give, and upon which they lay the greatest stress, is that the labours of the brain exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised by the body alone ; as if the use of them were the business of porters, for which nothing is necessary but downright strength ; or as if in this, which we who profess it call chivalry, were not included the acts of fortitude, which require a very good understanding to execute them ; or as if the mind of the warrior who has an army, or the defence of a besieged city, committed to his charge, does not labour with his understanding as well as his body. If not, let us see how, by mere bodily strength, he will be able to penetrate into the designs of the enemy, to form stratagems, overcome difficulties, and prevent dangers which threaten : for all these things are acts of the understanding, in which the body has no share at all. It being admitted then, that arms employ the mind as well as letters, let us next see whose mind labours most, the scholar’s or the warrior’s. This may be determined by the scope and ultimate end of each ; for that intention is to be the most

<sup>176</sup> Thus, according to Don Quixote, Cicero, with his adage *cedant arma toga*, did not know what he said.

esteemed, which has the noblest end for its object. Now the end and design of letters, (I do not now speak of divinity, which has for its aim the raising and conducting souls to Heaven, for to an end so endless as this no other can be compared,) I speak of humane learning<sup>177</sup>, whose end, I say, is to regulate distributive justice, to give to every man his due, to know good laws and cause them to be strictly observed. This end is most certainly, generous and exalted, and worthy of high commendation; but it is not equal to that which is annexed to the profession of arms, whose object and end is peace, the greatest blessing men can wish for in this life. Accordingly, the first good news the world and men received, was what the angels brought, on that night which was our day, when they sung in the clouds: ‘*Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace and good-will towards men.*’ In like manner, the salutation, which the best Master of earth or Heaven taught his followers and disciples, was that, when they entered into any house, they should say: ‘*Peace be to this house!*’ And many other times he said: ‘*My peace I give unto you, my peace I leave with you, peace be amongst you*’<sup>178</sup>, a jewel and a legacy, worthy of coming from such a hand! a jewel, without which there can be no happiness either in earth or in Heaven! This peace is the true end of war, for to say arms or war, is the same thing. Granting therefore this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage of the end proposed by letters, let us come now to the bodily labours of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms; and let us see which are the greatest.”

<sup>177</sup> The word *letras*, adapted from Spanish to English, unavoidably produces an equivocal. In Cervantes' mind, *divine letters* meant theology, and *humane letters* jurisprudence, taught in the universities. The word *letrado*, which he always opposes to the word *guerrero*, means, not a man of letters, in the strict sense of that expression, but a man of the robe. In a word, it is the magistracy and its dependencies, that he opposes to the army.

<sup>178</sup> Don Quixote, who borrows texts from St. Luke. St. John and St. Matthew, forgets these passages of Ecclesiastes (chap IX):—“Then said I, wisdom is better than strength.”—“Wisdom is better than weapons of war.”

Don Quixote went on with his discourse in such a manner, and in such proper expressions, that none of those who heard him at that time could take him for a madman. On the contrary, most of his hearers being gentlemen to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him with pleasure :

“ I say then,” he continued “ that the hardships of the scholar <sup>179</sup> are these : in the first place, and above all, poverty ; not that they are all poor, but I would put the case in the strongest manner possible. When I have said that he endures poverty, methinks no more need be said to shew his misery ; for he who is poor is destitute of every thing. He endures poverty in all its parts, sometimes in hunger and cold, sometimes in nakedness, and sometimes in all these together. But notwithstanding all this, it is not so great but that still he eats, though somewhat later than usual, or of the rich man’s scraps and leavings, or, which is the scholar’s greatest misery, by what is called among them *going a sopping* <sup>180</sup>. Neither do they always want a fire-side or chimney-corner of some other person, which, if it does not quite warm them, at least abates their extreme cold ; and lastly, at night they sleep somewhere under cover. I will not mention other trifles, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes, nor that laying about them with so much eagerness and pleasure, when good fortune sets a plentiful table in their way. By this way that I have described, rough and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, then falling again, they arrive to the degree they desire. That end attained, we have seen many, who, having passed these shoals, these Scyllas, these Charybdises, buoyed up, as it were, by favourable fortune, from a chair, have commanded and

<sup>179</sup> *Estudiante*. This name is given indiscriminately to the pupils of universities who are destined to the church, the magistracy, the bar, or to any learned profession.

<sup>180</sup> *To go to soup* (*andar à la sopa*) is said of mendicants who go at fixed hours to the gates of endowed convents to receive doles of broth, bread, and broken victuals. The condition of students in Spain has little changed since the time of Cervantes’. Numbers of them are to be seen at the present day doing better than *going to soup* ; with the assistance of a cornered hat and a long black cloak, they beg in houses, in coffee-shops and in the streets.



govern the world ; their hunger converted into satiety, their pinching cold into refreshing coolness, their nakedness into embroidery, and their sleeping on a mat to reposing in holland and damask ; a reward justly merited by their virtue. But their hardships, opposed to and compared with those of the warrior, fall far short !”



## CHAPTER XI.

THE CONTINUATION OF DON QUIXOTE'S CURIOUS DISCOURSE  
UPON ARMS AND LETTERS.

ON QUIXOTE here paused to take breath; continuing his discourse, he said: "Since in speaking of the scholar we began with his poverty and its several branches, let us see whether the soldier be richer; and we shall find that poverty itself is not poorer. Effectively, he either depends on his wretched pay, which comes late, or perhaps never, or on what he can pilfer, with great peril of his life and conscience. Sometimes his nakedness is such that his slashed buff doublet serves him both for finery and shirt; and, in the midst of winter, being in the open field, what has he to warm him? Nothing but the breath of his mouth, which issuing from an empty place, must needs come out cold, against all the rules of nature. But let us wait until night, and see whether his bed will make amends for these inconveniences. That, if it be not his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness; for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets. Suppose now the day and hour come of taking the degree of his profession; I would say, suppose the

day of battle come, and then his doctoral cap will be of lint, to cure some wound made by a musket-shot, which perhaps has gone through his temples, or crippled him in the leg or arm. Though this should not happen, and merciful Heaven should keep and preserve him alive and unhurt, he shall remain, perhaps, in the same poverty as before; and there must happen a second and a third engagement, and battle after battle, and he must come off victor from them all, to get any thing considerable by it. But these miracles are seldom seen. But tell me, gentlemen, if you have observed it, how much fewer are they who are rewarded for their services in war, than those who have perished in it? Doubtless you must answer that there is no comparison between the numbers, that the dead cannot be reckoned up, whereas, those who live and are rewarded may be numbered with three figures.—All this is



quite otherwise with scholars, who, from the gown, (I am loth to say the sleeves, <sup>181</sup>) are all handsomely provided for:—thus, though the hardships of the soldier are greater, his reward is less. To this it may be answered that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers, for the former are rewarded by giving them employments, which must of course be given to men of their profession, whereas the latter cannot be rewarded but with the very property of the master whom they serve; but this impossibility serves to strengthen my assertion.

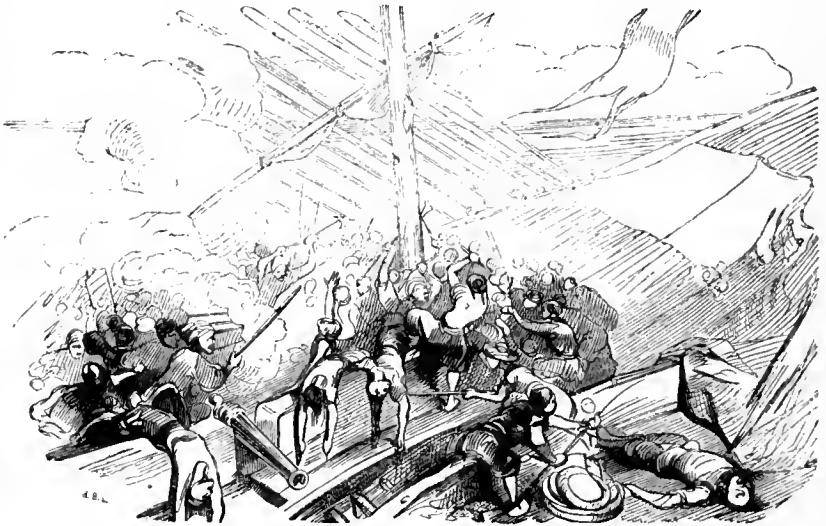
“But, setting aside this, which is a very intricate point, let us turn to the pre-eminence of arms over letters; a controversy hitherto undecided, so strong are the reasons which each party advances on its own side: for, besides those I have already mentioned, letters, allege that, without them, arms could not subsist, for war also has its laws, to which it is subject, and laws are the province of letters and learned men. To this arms answer, that laws cannot be supported without them, for by arms republics are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are guarded, highways are secured, the seas are cleared from pirates; in short, were it not for them, republics, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, journeys by land and voyages by sea, would be subject to the cruelties and confusion which war carries along with it while it lasts, and is at liberty to make use of its privileges and its power. Besides, it is past dispute that, what costs most the attaining, is and ought to be most esteemed. Now, what is requisite in order to arrive at a degree of eminence in learning? It costs time, watching, hunger, nakedness, dizziness in the head, weakness of the stomach, and other like inconveniences such as I have already mentioned in part. But for a man to rise gradually to be a good soldier costs him all it can cost the scholar, and that in so much greater a degree that there is no comparison, since at every step he is in imminent danger of his life. What dread of necessity and poverty can affect or distress a scholar, equal to that which a soldier feels, who, being besieged in some fortress, and placed as a sentinel at the angle of some ravelin,

<sup>181</sup> It is well known what is meant by the expression *to have a copacious sleeve*.



perceives that the enemy is mining toward the place where he stands, and yet must on no account stir from his post, or shun the danger that so nearly threatens him? All that he can do, is to give notice to his officer of what passes, that he may remedy it by some counter-mine; and, in the mean time, he must stand his ground, fearing and expecting the instant when of a sudden he is to mount to the clouds without wings, and then descend headlong to the deep against his will. If this be thought but a trifling danger, let us see whether it be equalled or exceeded by the encounter of two galleys, prow to prow, in the midst of the wide sea; which, being locked and grappled together, there is no more room left for the soldier than the two-foot plank at the beak-head. He sees as many threatening ministers of death before him, as there are pieces of artillery and small arms pointed at him from the opposite side, not the length of a lance from his body, he knows that the first slip of his foot will send him to visit

the profound depths of Neptune's bosom ; notwithstanding all this, with an undaunted heart, carried on by honour that inspires him, he exposes himself as a mark to all their fire, and endeavours, by that narrow pass, to force his way into the enemy's vessel. And what is most to be admired is, that scarce is one fallen, whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another takes his place ; and



if he also fall into the sea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another and another succeeds, without any intermission between their deaths : an instance of bravery and intrepidity the greatest that is to be met with in all the extremities of war, A blessing on those happy ages, strangers to the dreadful fury of those devilish instruments of artillery, whose inventor, I verily believe, is now in hell, receiving the reward of his diabolical invention ! By means of which latter, it is in the power of a cowardly and base hand to take away the life of the bravest cavalier ; and to which is owing, that, without knowing how, or from whence, in the midst of that resolution and bravery, which inflame and animate gallant spirits, comes a chance ball, shot off by one who, perhaps, fled affrighted at the very flash in the pan, and in an instant cuts short and puts an end to the

thoughts and life of him who deserved to have lived for many years<sup>182</sup>. Therefore, when I consider this, I could almost say I repent having undertaken this profession of knight-errantry, in so detestable an age as that in which we live. Certes, though no danger can daunt me, it gives me some concern to think that powder and lead may chance to deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous and renowned, by the valour of my arm and the edge of my sword, over the face of the whole earth. But Heaven's will be done; I have this satisfaction, that I shall acquire so much the greater fame, if I succeed, in the same proportion that the perils to which I expose myself are greater than those to which the knights-errant of past ages were exposed."

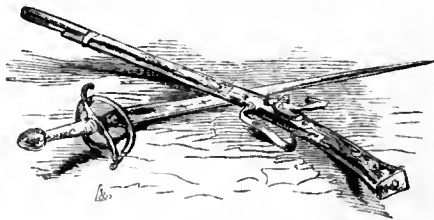
Don Quixote made this long harangue while the rest were eating, forgetting to reach a bit to his mouth, though Sancho Panza ever and anon desired him to mind his victuals, telling him he would have time enough afterwards to talk as much as he pleased.—Those who heard him were moved with fresh compassion to see a man who to every body's thinking had so good an understanding, and could talk so well upon every other subject, so egregiously want it whenever the discourse happened to turn upon his unlucky and cursed chivalry. The priest told him there was great reason in all he had said in favour of arms, and that he, though a scholar and a graduate, was of his, Don Quixote's, opinion.

The collation being over, and the cloth taken away, while the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes were preparing the chamber where Don Quixote de la Mancha lay, in which it was ordered that

<sup>182</sup> Cervantes here repeats the imprecations of Ariosto in the eleventh canto of *Orlando furioso*.

Comme trovasti, o scelerata e brutta  
 Invenzion, mai loco in uman core !  
 Per te la militar gloria è distrutta  
 Per te il mestier dell' armi è senza honore ;  
 Per te è il valore e la virtù ridutta,  
 Che spesso par del buono il rio migliore—  
 Che ben fu il più crudele, e il più di quanti  
 Mai furo al mondo ingegni empi e maligni  
 Chi immaginò si abdominosi ordigni.  
 E crederò che Dio, perche vendetta  
 Ne sia in eterno, nel profondo chiuda  
 Del cieco abisso quella maladetta  
 Anima appresso al maladetto Giuda.

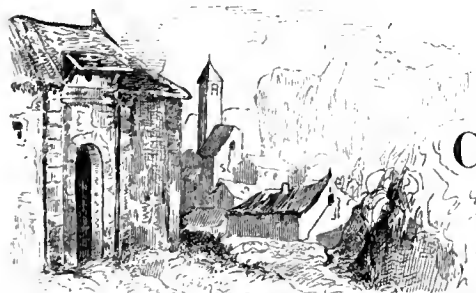
the ladies should be lodged by themselves that night, Don Fernando desired the captive to relate to them the history of his life, since it could not but be extraordinary and entertaining, if they might judge by his coming in company with Zoraïda. The captive answered that he would very willingly do what they desired, and that he only feared the story would not prove such as might afford them the pleasure he wished ; however, rather than not comply with their request, he would relate it. The priest and all the rest thanked him, and entreated him to begin. Then finding himself courted by so many, he said : “ There is no need of entreaties, gentlemen, where you may command, therefore pray be attentive, and you shall hear a true story, not to be equalled, perhaps, by any feigned ones which are usually composed with the most curious and studied art.” Those words made the company seat themselves in order, and observe a strict silence. The captive, observing that they held their peace, expecting what he would say, with an agreeable and composed voice, began as follows :





## CHAPTER XII.

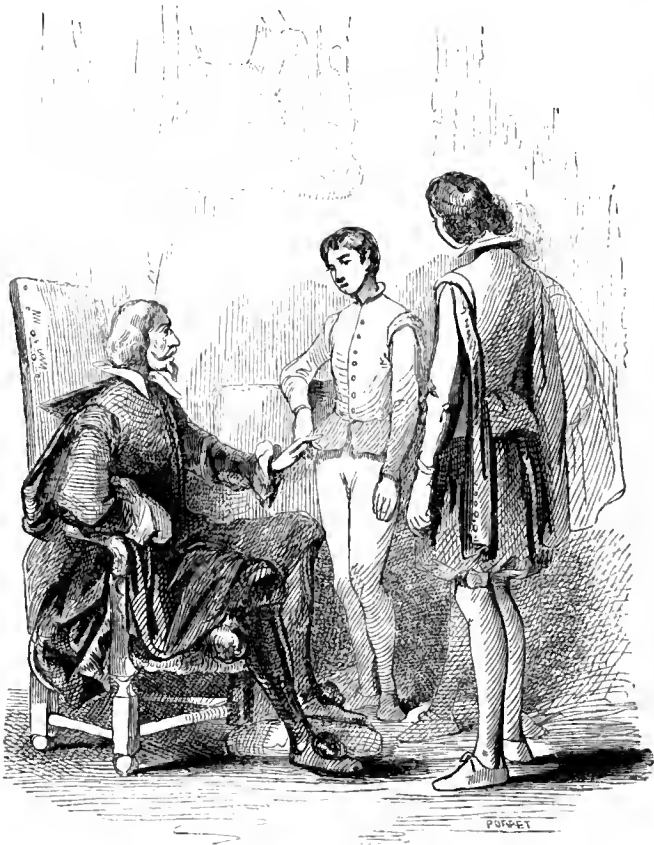
WHEREIN THE CAPTIVE RELATES HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.



HARMINGLY situated in the mountains of Leon, is a certain town, wherein my lineage had its beginning, to which nature was more kind and liberal than fortune; though, amidst the penury of those parts, my father passed for a rich man, and really would have been such, had he had the knack of saving, as he had that of squandering his estate. This disposition of his to prodigality and profusion, proceeded from his having been a soldier in his younger days; for the army is a school in which the niggardly become generous, and the generous prodigal; and if there are some soldiers misers, they are a kind of monsters but very rarely seen. My parent exceeded the bounds of liberality, and bordered near upon being prodigal; a thing very inconvenient to married men, who have children to inherit their name and quality.

My father had three sons, all men, and of age to choose their way of life : and seeing, as he himself said, that he could not bridle his natural propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the means that made him a prodigal and a spendthrift; he resolved to rid himself of his riches, without which Alexander himself could not be generous. Accordingly, one day, having called us all three into a room by ourselves, he spoke to us in this manner :

“ My sons, to tell you that I love you, it is sufficient that I say



you are my children; and to make you think that I do not love you, it is sufficient that I am not master enough of myself to forbear dissipating your inheritance. But, that from henceforth you may see that I love you like a father, and have no mind to ruin you like a step-father, I design to do a thing by you which I have had in my thoughts this good while, and which I have weighed with mature deliberation. You are all three of an age to choose for yourselves a settlement in the world, or at least to pitch upon some way of life which may be for your honour and profit when you are grown up. What I have resolved upon is, to divide what I possess into four parts; three I will give to you, share and share alike, without making any difference; and the fourth I will reserve to subsist upon for the remaining days of my life. But when each has his share that belongs to him in his own power, I would have him follow one of these ways I shall purpose. We have a proverb here in Spain, in my opinion a very true one, as most proverbs are, seeing that they are short sentences drawn from long experience, and it is this: *The church, the sea, or the court*,<sup>183</sup> meaning more plainly: whoever would thrive and be rich, let him either get into the church, or go to sea and exercise the art of merchandising, or serve the king in his court; for it is said farther, *the king's crumbs are better than the lord's bounty*. Accordingly, it is my will that one of you follow letters, another merchandise, and the third serve the king in his wars, for it is difficult to get admission into his household, and though the wars do not procure a man much wealth, they usually procure him much esteem and reputation. Within eight days I will give you each your share in money, without wronging you of a farthing, as you will see in effect. Tell me now, whether you will follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed?"

Then my father bade me, being the eldest, to answer. After I had desired him not to part with what he had, but to spend whatever he pleased, we being young enough to shift for ourselves, I

<sup>183</sup> Lope de Vega thus cites this old adage, in one of his comedies (*Dorotea*, jorn. 1<sup>a</sup> escena 151): *Three things make man prosper: science, the sea and the king's house.*

concluded by assuring him I would do as he desired, and take to the army, there to serve God and the king. My second brother complied likewise, and chose to go to the Indies, turning his portion into merchandise. The youngest, and I believe the wisest, said he would take to the church, and finish his studies at Salamanca. When we had agreed and chosen our several professions, my



father embraced us all; and, with the dispatch he had promised, put his design in execution, giving to each his share, which, as I

remember, was three thousand ducats; for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not be alienated from the main branch of the family. On the same day we all took leave of our good parent; and it then seeming to me inhuman to leave my father at his age with so little to subsist on, I prevailed upon him to take back two thousand ducats out of my three, the remainder being sufficient to equip me with what was necessary for a soldier. Each of my two brothers, incited by my example, returned him a thousand ducats; so that my father now had four thousand in ready money, and three thousand more, which was the value of the land that fell to his share, and which he would not sell; then we took our leave of him, and of our aforesaid uncle, not without much concern and tears on all sides. They charged us especially to acquaint them of our success, whether prosperous or adverse, as often as we had the opportunity. We promised so to do; and they having embraced us, and given us their blessing, one of us took the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicant, where I heard of a Genoese ship that loaded wool there for Genoa. It is now two-and-twenty years since I first left my father's house; and in all that time, though I have written several letters, I have had no news, neither of him nor of my brothers. As to what has befallen me in the course of that time, I will briefly relate it.

I embarked at Alicant, and had a good passage to Genoa; thence I went to Milan, where I furnished myself with arms, and some military finery, and then determined to go into the service in Piedmont. Being upon the road to Alexandria, I was informed that the great duke D'Alva was passing into Flanders with an army. Hereupon I changed my mind, went with him, and served under him in all his engagements. I was present at the death of the counts D'Egmont and Horn, and I got an ensign's commission in the company of a famous captain of Guadalaxara, called Diego de Urbina<sup>184</sup>. Soon after my arrival in Flanders, news came of the league concluded between Pope Pius V., of happy memory, and

<sup>184</sup> This Diego de Urbina was captain of the company in which Cervantes fought at the battle of Lepanto.

Spain, against the common enemy, the Turk; who, about the same time, had taken with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which was before subject to the Venetians; a sad and unfortunate loss! It was known for certain, that the most serene Don Juan of Austria,



natural brother of our good king Philip, was appointed generalissimo of this league ; and great preparations for war were every where talked of. This incited vehement desire in me to be present at the battle that was expected ; and though I had reason to believe, and had some promises and almost assurances, that, on the first occasion that offered, I should be promoted to the rank of a captain, I resolved to quit all, and go, as I did, into Italy. My good fortune would have it that Don Juan of Austria was just then come to Genoa, and was going to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he afterwards did at Messina. In short, I was present at the glorious action, at Lepanto<sup>185</sup>, being already made a captain of foot, to which honourable post I was advanced rather by my good fortune than by my deserts. But that day, which was so fortunate to Christendom, for all nations were then undeceived of their error, in believing that the Turks were invincible by sea ; on that day, I say, on which the Ottoman pride and haughtiness were broken, among so many happy persons as were there (for sure the Christians who died there



<sup>185</sup> Cervantes speaks as an eye witness of this battle, and it is thought that he took pleasure in relating the details of his campaigns.

had better fortune than the survivors and conquerors), I alone remained unfortunate ; since, instead of what I might have expected, had it been in the times of the Romans, a naval crown, I found myself, the night following that famous day, with chains on my feet and manacles on my hands. Thus it happened. Uchali<sup>186</sup>, king of Algiers, a bold and successful corsair, having boarded and taken the captain-galley \* of Malta, three knights only being left alive in her, and those desperately wounded<sup>187</sup>, the captain-galley of John Andrea Doria came up to her relief. I was on board of this last named vessel, with my company ; and, doing my duty upon this occasion, I leaped into the enemy's galley, which getting off



<sup>186</sup> He was called Aluch-Ali, corrupted by the Christians into Uchali. "Aluch," says Father Haedo, "means, in Turkish, *new mussulman, a new convert, or renegade* ; so it is not a name, but a surname. The name is Ali, and the compound means, the renegade Ali."—(*Epitome de los reyes de Argel.*)

\* The galleys are always commanded by a general, and not an admiral.

<sup>187</sup> "Uchali," says Arroyo, "attacked this captain with seven galleys, and ours were unable to assist them because they were too far in advance of the line of battle. Of the three wounded knights, one was, F. Piétro Giustiniano, prior of Messina and general of Malta ; another, a Spaniard ; and the other a Sicilian. They were found, still living, interred among the heaps of slain." (*Relacion de la santa Liga, fol. 67, etc.*)



suddenly from ours, my soldiers could not follow me. Thus was I left alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, being so many. After an ineffectual struggle I was carried off prisoner, sorely wounded; and as you must have heard, gentlemen, that Uchali escaped with his whole squadron, I remained a captive in his power. Thus I became the only sad person among so many joyful, and the only captive among so many who had just escaped, for fifteen thousand Christians, who were at the oar in the Turkish galleys, that day recovered their long-wished-for liberty.

They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Signor Selim made my master general of the sea<sup>188</sup>, for having done his duty in the fight, and having brought off as proof of his valour the flag of the order of Malta. The year following, which was 1572<sup>189</sup>, I was at Navarino, rowing in the captain-galley called the *Three Lanterns*. There, I saw and observed the opportunity that was lost of taking the whole Turkish navy in port; for all the Levantines<sup>190</sup> and Janizaries on board took it for granted that they should be attacked in the very harbour, and had their baggage and papooshes in readiness for running away immediately by land, without staying for an engagement, such terror had our navy struck into them. But Heaven ordered it otherwise, not through any fault or neglect of the general who commanded our men, but for the sins of Christendom, and because God permits and ordains that there should always be some scourges to chastise us. In effect, Uchali got into Modon, an island near Navarino; and, putting his men on shore, he fortified the entrance of the port, and lay still until the season of the year forced Don Juan to return home<sup>191</sup>.

<sup>188</sup> Capitan-Pacha.

<sup>189</sup> Cervantes was at this campaign, and likewise at that of the year 1575.

<sup>190</sup> The sailors of the Grecian Archipelago were so called.

<sup>191</sup> "Don Juan of Austria," says Arroyo, "marched all the night of the 16th of September 1572, to gain by day-break the port of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet lay at anchor; as he had been informed by the captains Luis de Acosta and Pedro Pardo de Villamarin."—"But the commander of the galley," adds Aguilera, "and the pilots were deceived in their reckoning by their hour-glass, and in the morning they found themselves off an isle called Prodano, about three leagues from Navarino. Thus Uchali had time to quit the port with his squadron, and place the latter under the cannon of the fortress of Modon."

In this campaign, the galley called *the Prize*, whose captain was a son of the famous corsair Barbarossa, was taken by the captain-galley of Naples called *the She-Wolf*, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, that father of the soldiers, that fortunate and invincible captain, Don Alvaro de Bazan, marquis of Santa Cruz <sup>192</sup>. I cannot forbear relating what happened at the taking of *the Prize*. The son of Barbarossa was so cruel, and treated his captives so ill, that, as soon as they who were at the oar saw that *the She-wolf* was ready to board and take them, they all at once let fall their oars and seized their captain, who stood near the poop\*, ordering them to row hard ;



then passing him along, from bank to bank, and from the poop to the prow, they gave him such blows that before he was so far forward as

<sup>192</sup> Cervantes and his brother Rodrigo, on their return from their captivity, served under the Marquis of Santa-Cruz at the taking of the Island of Terceira from the Portuguese.

\* *Estanterol*. The estanterol is the pillar near the poop to which the poop-awning is stretched, and is at the end of the path of communication which runs fore and aft the galley, amidships, from stem to stern.

the mast, his soul had passed into hell, such was the cruelty wherewith he treated them, and the hatred they bore to him<sup>193</sup>.

We returned to Constantinople, and the year following, 1573, it was known there that Don Juan had taken Tunis by assault, and put Muley-Hamet in possession of that town, cutting off the hopes that Muley-Hamida had of reigning again there, who was one of the cruellest and yet bravest Moors, that ever was in the world<sup>194</sup>. The grand Turk felt this loss sensibly, and putting in practice that sagacity which is inherent in the Ottoman family, he concluded a peace with the Venetians, who desired it more than he. The next year, 1574, he attacked the fortress of Goleta, and the Fort which Don Juan had left half finished near Tunis<sup>195</sup>. During all these transactions I was still at the oar, without any hope of

<sup>193</sup> Maco Antonio Arroyo says that this captain, called Hamet-Bey, grand-son and not son of Barbarossa, "was slain by one of the Christian slaves, and that the others tore him in pieces with their teeth." Geronimo Torrès de Aguilera, who was, like Cervantes and Arroyo, at the battle of Lepanto, says that: "the galley of Hamet-Bey was taken to Naples; and, in commemoration of this event, was christened *the Captured*." (*Cronica de varios Sucesos*) P. Haedo adds that the unmerciful Moor flogged the Christian captives who composed part of his galley's crew, with an arm that he had severed from the body of one of them. (*Historia de Argel*, fol. 123).

<sup>194</sup> Muley-Hamida and Muley-Hamet were sons of Muley-Hassan, king of Tunis. Hamida usurped the throne from his father, and had him blinded by burning out his eyes with a red-hot copper basin. Hamet, flying from his brother's cruelty, took refuge in Palermo, in Sicily. Uchali and the Turks drove Hamida out of Tunis, when he fortified himself in the Goleta. Don Juan of Austria, in his turn, drove the Turks out of Tunis, recalled Hamet from Palermo, made him governor of the kingdom, and delivered up the cruel Hamida into the hands of Don Carlos of Arragon, duke of Sesa, viceroy of Sicily. Hamida was conducted to Naples, where one of his sons became a convert to christianity. Don Juan of Austria himself was his god-father, and Donna Violante de Moscoso his god-mother, who christened him Don Carlos of Austria. Hamida died of grief, in consequence. (*Torrès de Aguilera*, pag. 105 y sig. *Bibliot. real.*, *cod.* 45, *f.* 551 y 558.)

<sup>195</sup> Don Juan of Austria raised this fort capable of containing 8,000 soldiers, beyond the walls of the city, whose canal he governed and near the island of Estano. He conferred the command of it on Gabrio Cervelon, a celebrated engineer, who had constructed it. This fort was erected in direct opposition to the express orders of Philip II., who had commanded Tunis to be demolished. But Don Juan of Austria, abused by the flattery of his secretaries Juan de Boto and Juan de Escovedo, had an idea of having himself crowned King of Tunis, and obstinately resolved to preserve that town. This was doubtless one of the causes of Escovedo's death, whom Antonio Perez, a minister of Philip II., had assassinated by order of his superior, as he afterwards confessed when put to the torture, and doubtless also of the disgrace of Antonio Perez, who was overwhelmed by his enemies in the end. (*Torrès de Aguilera*, f. 107. *Don Lorenzo Vander-Hemmen*, in his book entitled *Don Felipe el Prudente*, f. 98 and 152).

redemption ; at least I did not expect to be ransomed ; for I was determined not to write an account of my misfortune to my father. In short, the Goleta was lost and then the Fort. Before these places the Turks had 65,000 men in pay, besides above 400,000 Moors and Arabs from all parts of Africa. This vast multitude of combatants was furnished with such quantities of ammunition, and such large warlike stores, together with so many pioneers, that, each man bringing only a handful of earth, they might therewith have covered both the Goleta and the Fort. The Goleta, until then thought impregnable, was first taken, not through default of the besieged, who did all that men could do, but because experience had shewn how easily trenches might be raised in that desert sand, in which though the water was within two spans of the surface, it was averred that the Turks met with none within two yards. So by the help of an immense number of sacks of sand, they raised their work so high as to overlook and command the fortification, and levelling from a cavalier, they put it out of the power of the besieged to make any defence. It was the general opinion that our troops ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goleta, but have met the enemy in the open field, at the place of debarkation. They who talk thus speak at random, and like men little experienced in affairs of this kind, for there were scarcely seven thousand soldiers in the Goleta and in the Fort. How could so small a number, though ever so resolute, both take the field and garrison the forts against such a multitude as that of the enemy ? And how is it possible that a place can be maintained which is not relieved, and especially when besieged by an army that is both numerous and obstinate, and, besides, in their own country ? But many were of opinion, and I was of the number, that Heaven did a particular grace and favour to Spain, in suffering the destruction of that forge and refuge of all iniquity, that devourer, that sponge, and that moth of infinite sums of money, idly spent there, to no other purpose than to preserve the memory of its having been a conquest of the invincible emperor Charles V. as if it were necessary to the making that memory eternal, as it will be, that those stones should record it.

The Fort also was taken at last ; but the Turks were at least

forced to purchase it inch by inch. The soldiers who defended it, fought with such bravery and resolution, that they killed above twenty-five thousand of the enemy in twenty-two general assaults. Of three hundred that were left alive, not one was taken prisoner unwounded; an evident proof of their courage and bravery, and of the vigorous defence they had made. A little fort also, or tower, built on a small island called Estano<sup>196</sup>, in the middle of the lake, commanded by Don John Zanoquera, a cavalier of Valencia and a famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. They took prisoner Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of the Goleta, who did all that was possible for the defence of his fortress, and took the loss of it so much to heart that he died for grief on the way to Constantinople, whither they were carrying him prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, called Gabrio Cervellon, a Milanese gentleman, a great engineer and a most valiant soldier<sup>197</sup>. Several persons of distinction lost their lives in these two garrisons; among whom was Pagano Doria, Knight of Malta, a gentleman of great generosity, as appeared by his exceeding liberality to his brother, the famous John Andrea Doria. What made his death more lamented, was his dying by the hands of some Arabs, who, upon seeing that the Fort was lost, offered to convey him, disguised as a Moor, to Tabarca, a small haven or settlement, which the Genoese have on that coast for the coral-fishing. These Arabs cut off his head, and carried it to the general of the Turkish fleet; the latter made good upon them our Castilian proverb, *though we love the treason, we hate the traitor*, for it is said he ordered that those who brought him the present should be instantly hanged, because they had not brought him alive.

<sup>195</sup> This little island of Estano formed, according to Ferreras, the ancient port of Carthage. The engineer Cervellon found on it an ancient tower, of which he formed a fortress, by adding curtains and bulwarks. (*Aguilera*, f. 122.)

<sup>197</sup> Gabrio Cervellon was general of the artillery and fleet of Philip II., grand-prior of Hungary, &c. When he was taken at the Goleta, Suian-Pacha treated him ignominiously, boxed his ears, and, notwithstanding his grey hair, made him walk on foot before his horse to the sea shore. Cervellon recovered his liberty at the exchange which took place of the Austrian prisoners of the Goleta and Tunis and the Mussulmans of Lepanto. He died at Milan in 1580.



Among the Christians who were taken in the Fort, was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some town in Andalusia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a good soldier, and a man of excellent parts; in particular, he had a happy talent in poetry. I mention this, because his fortune brought him to be slave to the same patron with myself, and we served in the same galley and at the same oar; and before we parted from that port, this cavalier made two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon the Goleta, and the other upon the Fort. Indeed I have a mind to repeat them; for I

have them by heart, and I believe they will rather be entertaining than disagreeable to you.



## CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE HISTORY OF 'THE CAPTIVE.'



At the instant the captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, who all three smiled; and when he mentioned the sonnets, one of them said: "Pray, Sir, before you go any further, I beseech you to tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar you talk of?"—"All I know," answered the captive, "is that after he had been two years at Constantinople, he escaped in the habit of an Arnaut<sup>198</sup>, with a Greek spy; but I cannot tell whether he recovered his liberty, though I believe he did, for, about a year after, I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but had not an opportunity of asking him the success of their journey."—"He returned to Spain," said the gentleman; "for that Don Pedro is

<sup>198</sup> This is the name by which the Albanese were known at that day.



my brother, and is now in our town, rich and in health; is married, and is the father of three children.”—“Thanks be to God,” said the captive, “for the blessings bestowed on him, for, in my opinion there is not on earth a satisfaction equal to that of recovering one’s liberty.”—“Besides,” replied the gentleman, “I have by heart the sonnets my brother made.”—“Then pray, Sir, repeat them,” said the captive; “for you will be able to do it better than I can.” “With all my heart,” answered the gentleman: “that upon the Goleta ran thus:

## SONNET.

“ Ah! happy souls, by death at length set free  
 From the dark prison of mortality,  
 By glorious deeds, whose memory never dies,  
 From earth’s dim spot exalted to the skies!  
 What fury stood in every eye confess’d!  
 What generous ardour fir’d each manly breast!  
 Whilst slaughter’d heaps distain’d the sandy shore,  
 And the ting’d ocean blush’d with hostile gore.  
 O’erpower’d by numbers, gloriously ye fell:  
 Death only could such matchless courage quell.  
 Whilst dying thus ye triumph o’er your foes,  
 Its fame the world, its glory Heaven bestows.”

“You have it right,” said the captive. “That on the Fort,” said the gentleman, “if I do not forget, was as follows:

## SONNET.

“ From ’midst these walls, whose ruins spread around,  
 And scatter’d clods that heap th’ ensanguined ground,  
 Three thousand souls of warriors, dead in fight,  
 To better regions took their happy flight.  
 Long with unconquer’d force they bravely stood,  
 And fearless shed their unavailing blood;  
 Till, to superior force compell’d to yield,  
 Their lives they quitted in the well-fought field.  
 This fatal soil has ever been the tomb:  
 Of slaughter’d heroes, buried in its womb.  
 Yet braver bodies did it ne’er sustain,  
 Nor send more glorious souls the skies to gain.”

The sonnets were not disliked, and the captive, pleased with the news they told him of his comrade, resumed the thread of his story : the Goleta and the Fort being delivered up, the Turks gave orders to dismantle the former ; as for the Fort, it was in such a condition, that there was nothing left to be demolished. To do the work more speedily and with less labour, they undermined it in three places ; it is true they could not blow up what seemed to be least strong, the old walls ; but whatever remained of the new fortification, made by the Fratin <sup>200</sup>, came very easily down. In short, the fleet returned to Constantinople victorious and triumphant ; and, within a few months, died my master, the famous Uchali, whom people called *Uchali Fartax*, that is to say, in the Turkish language, *the scabby renegado*, <sup>201</sup> for he was so ; and it is customary among the Turks to nick-name people from some personal defect, or give them a name from some good quality belonging to them. This leper had been at the oar fourteen years, being a slave of the grand Signor's ; when he was about thirty-four years of age, being enraged at a blow given him by a Turk while he was at the oar, in order to be revenged on him, he renounced his religion. So great was his valour that, without rising by those base methods, by which the minions of the grand Signor generally rise, he came to be king of Algiers <sup>202</sup>, and afterwards general of the sea, which is the third command in that empire. He was born in Calabria, and was a good moral man and treated his slaves with great humanity. He had three thousand of them, and they were divided

<sup>200</sup> Fratin, the little friar.—The real name of this engineer, who served Charles V. and Philip II., was Jacomo Paleazzo. Besides the military works made mention of here by Cervantes, he repaired, in 1573, the walls of Gibraltar, and raised fortifications at the bridge of Zuazo, before Cadiz. It was his brother, George Paleazzo, who planned the fortifications of Majorca, in 1583, and directed the works of the citadel of Pampeluna, in 1592.

<sup>201</sup> P. Haedo gives the same etymology to his name.

<sup>202</sup> P. Haedo, in his *Topografia de Argel* (chap. XXXI.) gives him the title of *Capitan of the Corsairs*. "This," he says, "is a charge conferred by the Grand-Turk. There is a captain of the corsairs at Algiers, another at Tripoli and a third at Tunis." This Uchali Fartax was a native of Licastelli, in Calabria. Having become a mussulman, he was present in 1560, at the defeat of Gelvès, when upwards of 10,000 Spaniards were taken prisoners. Later, being Dey of Algiers, he assisted the Moors of Grenada in their revolt against Philip II. Having been appointed general of the Turkish fleet, in 1571, after the battle of Lepanto, he was present the following year at Navarino, and died of poison in 1580.

after his death, as he had ordered by his last will, one half to the grand Signor, (who is every man's heir in part, sharing equally with the children of the deceased,) and the other among his renegades. I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegade, who, having been cabin-boy in a ship, was taken by Uchali, and was so beloved by him that he became one of his most favourite boys. He was one of the cruellest renegades that was ever seen; his name was Hassau-Aga <sup>203</sup>. He grew very rich, and became king of Algiers; and with him I came from Constantinople, a little comforted by being so near Spain; not that I intended to write an account to any body of my unfortunate circumstances, but in hopes fortune would be more favourable to me in Algiers than it had been in Constantinople, where I had tried a thousand ways of making my escape, but none rightly timed nor successful. In Algiers I purposed to try other means of compassing what I desired, for the hope of recovering my liberty never entirely abandoned me; and whenever what I devised, contrived and put in execution did not answer my design, I presently, without desponding, searched out and formed to myself fresh hopes to sustain me, though they were slight and inconsiderable.

Thus I made a shift to support life, shut up in a sort of prison-house, which the Turks call a *bagne* <sup>204</sup>, where they keep their Christian captives locked up, as well those who belong to the king as some of those belonging to private persons, and those also whom they call of the *almacen*, that is to say captives of the council, who serve the city in its public works, and in other offices. This kind of captives find it very difficult to recover their liberty; for, as they

<sup>203</sup> The Spaniards call him Azanaga.

<sup>204</sup> *Bagne* (*bano*) means, according to the Arab root whence the Spaniards have derived their word *albanil* (mason), an edifice of plaster. The life led by the captives in these bagnets was not so miserable as it is commonly thought to have been. They had places of prayer where their priests celebrated mass, where divine service was performed with pomp and accompanied by music, where children were baptized, and where all the sacraments were administered; in these oratories, likewise, sermons were preached, processions made, and brotherhoods instituted; in them *antos Sacramentales* were represented on Christmas-night, and during Passion-week; in a word, as Clemencin remarks, it is quite certain that the mussulman prisoners in Spain, or, indeed, in any other christian country, had not nearly so much liberty, (Gomez de Losada, *Escuela de trabajos y cautiverio de Argel*, Lib. ii. cap. 46, y sig.)

belong to the public and have no particular master, there is nobody for them to treat with about their ransom, though they should have it ready. To these bagnés, as I have said, private persons sometimes carry their slaves, especially when their ransom is agreed upon; for there they keep them without work, and in safety until their ransom comes. The king's slaves also, who are to be ransomed, do not go out to work with the rest of the gang; unless it be when their ransom is long coming, for in that case, to make them writé for it with greater importunity, they are made to work, and go for wood with the rest, which is no small toil and pains. As they knew I had been a captain, I was one upon ransom; for, though I assured them I wanted both interest and money, it did not hinder me from being put among the gentlemen and those who were to be ransomed. They put a chain on me, rather as a sign of ransom than to secure me; and so I passed my life in that bagne with many distinguished gentlemen, and other persons of condition accounted as ransomable. And though hunger and nakedness often, and indeed generally afflicted us, nothing troubled us so much as to see, at every turn, the unparalleled and excessive cruelties with which our master used the Christians. Each day he hanged one, impaled another, and cut off the ears of a third; and that upon the least provocation, and sometimes none at all, insomuch that the very Turks were sensible he did it for the mere pleasure of doing it, and to gratify his murderous and inhuman disposition<sup>205</sup>. One Spanish soldier only, called such an one of Saavedra, happened to be in his good graces, and did things which will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all towards obtaining his liberty. Yet Hassan-Aga never gave him a blow, nor ordered one to be given him, nor ever gave him so much as a hard word, while for the least of the many

<sup>205</sup> This slave master was a Venetian, and his name was Andreta. He was made a captive while serving as purser's clerk on board a ship of Ragusa. Having become a Turk, he assumed the name of Hassan-Aga; he was appointed élamir or treasurer to Uehali, succeeded that person in the government of Algiers, and subsequently in the post of general of the sea, and died, like his predecessor, of poison administered by a rival who governed in his stead. (Haedo, *Historia de Argel*, fol. 89.)

things he did, we all feared that he would be impaled alive, and he feared it himself more than once. If I had time to do so, I would now tell you of some things done by this soldier which would be more entertaining and more surprising than the relation of my story<sup>206</sup>. But to return.

The court-yard of our prison was overlooked by the windows of a house belonging to a rich Moor of distinction. As is usual in that country, they were rather peep-holes than windows; and even these had thick and close lattices. One day, I was upon a terrace of our



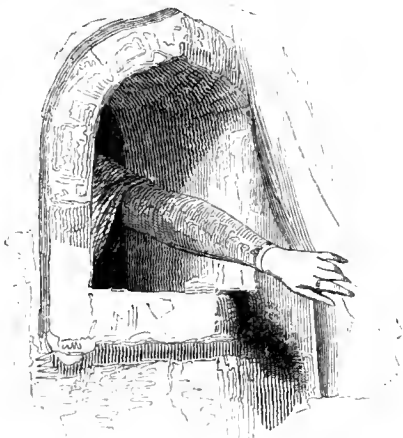
<sup>206</sup> This *such an one* of Saavedra was Cervantes himself. P. Haedo expresses himself as follows on this subject: "Of what occurred in this cavern during the seven months that the Christians were in it, also of the captivity and exploits of Miguel de Cervantes, a separate history might be written."—(*Topografía*, fol. 184.) With regard to the captive who here relates his own history, he was captain Ruy Perez de Viedma, a slave, like Cervantes, of Hassan-Aga, and one of his companions in captivity.

prison with three of my companions, trying, by way of pastime, who could leap farthest with his chains on, being by ourselves, for all the rest of the Christians were gone out to work. Happening by chance to look up, I saw, from out of one of those little windows I have mentioned, a cane appear, with a handkerchief tied at the end of it, the cane being moved up and down, as if in sign for us to come and take it. We looked earnestly up at it, and one of my companions went and placed himself under the cane, to see whether they who held it would let it drop, or what they would do. But as he came near, the cane was pulled up and moved from side to side, as much as to say *no* with the head. The Christian came back, and the cane was let down with the same motions as before. Another of my companions went, and the same happened to him as to the former; then the third went, and he had the same success with the first and second. Seeing this, I resolved to try my fortune likewise; and, as soon as I had placed myself under the cane, it was let fall at my feet. I immediately untied the handkerchief, and in a knot at a corner of it I found ten *cianis*, a sort of base gold coin used by the Moors, each piece worth about ten reals \* of our money.



\* About an English crown.

I need not tell you whether I rejoiced at the prize ; and indeed I was no less pleased than surprised to think whence this good fortune could come to us, especially to me ; for the letting fall the cane to me alone, plainly shewed that the favour was intended to me alone. I took my precious money, broke the cane to pieces, returned to the terrace to look once more at the window,



and I perceived a very white hand open the lattice, show itself and again hastily close it. Thence we understood, or fancied that it must be some woman, living in that house, who had been thus charitable to us, and to express our thanks, we made our



reverences <sup>207</sup> after the Moorish fashion, inclining the head, bending the body, and laying the hands on the breast.

A moment afterwards, there was put out of the same window a little cross made of cane, which was immediately withdrawn. On this signal we concluded that some Christian woman was a captive in that house, and that it was she who had done us the kindness. But the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we had a glimpse of, soon destroyed that fancy. Then we imagined it must be some Christian renegade, whom their masters often marry, reckoning it happy to get one of them, for they value them more than the women of their own nation.

All our reasonings and conjectures were very wide of the truth; and now all our entertainment was to gaze at and observe the window, the north whence our pole-star, the cane, had appeared. But full fifteen days passed without our seeing either hand or any other signal whatever. Though in this interval we endeavoured all we could to inform ourselves who lived in that house, and whether there was any Christian renegade there, we never could learn any thing more than that the house was the residence of a considerable and rich Moor, named Agi-Morato, who had been kayd of the fort of Bata, an office among them of great authority <sup>208</sup>. But, when we least dreamed of its raining any more cianis from thence, we perceived, unexpectedly, another cane appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot larger than the former. This was at a time when the bagne, as before, was empty, and without people. We made the same trial as before, each of my three companions going before me; but the cane was not let down to either of them; but when I went up to it, it was let fall. I untied the knot, and found in it forty Spanish crowns in gold, and a paper written in Arabic; and at the end of the writing was a large cross.

<sup>207</sup> *Zalemas.*

<sup>208</sup> P. Haedo, in his *Topografia* and in his *Epitome de los reyes de Argel*, frequently mentions this Agi-Morato, a renegade captive, as one of the richest inhabitants of Algiers.



I kissed the cross, took the crowns, and returned to the terrace; we all made our reverences, the hand appeared again, I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window was immediately closed. We all remained amazed and overjoyed at what happened; but as none of us understood Arabic, great was our desire to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty to find one to read it. At last I resolved to confide in a renegade, a native of Murcia<sup>209</sup>, who professed himself very much my friend, and we had exchanged such pledges of our mutual confidence, as obliged him to keep whatever secret I should commit to him. For it is usual with renegades, when they have a mind to return to Christendom, to carry with them certificates from the most considerable captives, attesting, in the most ample manner, and best form they can get, that such a renegade is an honest man, has always been kind and obliging to the Christians, and that he has a desire to make his escape the first opportunity that offers. Some procure these certificates with a good intention; others make use of them occasionally, and out of cunning only. They go out to rob and plunder on the Christian coasts; and if they happen to be shipwrecked or taken, they produce their certificates, pretending that those papers will shew the design they came upon, namely, to get into some Christian country, and affirm that as the reason of their going pirating, with the Turks. By this means they escape the first fury, reconcile themselves to the church, and live unmolested; and, when an opportunity offers, they return to Barbary and to their former course of life. Others there are, who procure and make use of these papers with a good design, and remain in the Christian countries. Now this friend of mine was a renegade of the latter sort, and had certificates from all of us, wherein we recommended him as much as possible; and if the Moors had found these papers about him, they would certainly have burnt him alive. I knew he understood Arabic very well, and could not only speak, but write

<sup>209</sup> He was called Morato Ræz Maltrapillo. This renegade was that friend who saved Cervantes from punishment and perhaps from death, when he attempted to make his escape in 1579. Haedo frequently makes mention of this Maltrapillo.

it. But, before I would let him into the whole affair, I desired him to read that paper, which I found by chance in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while looking at and translating it to himself. I asked him if he understood it. He said he did very well, and, if I desired to know its contents word for word, I must give him pen and ink, that he might translate it with more exactness. We gave him presently what he required, and he went on translating it in order, and having done, he said :



“ What is here set down in Spanish is precisely what is contained in this Moorish paper ; and you must take notice that where it says *Lella Maryem*, it means *Our Lady the Virgin Mary*.” We then read the paper, which ran as follows :

“ When I was a child, my father had a woman-slave <sup>210</sup> who taught me to repeat the *azala* <sup>211</sup> in my own language, and told me

<sup>210</sup> This slave's name was Juana de Renteria. Cervantes makes mention of her in his comedy called *Los Baños de Argel*, of which the subject is likewise the history of Zoraida. The captive Don Lope asks of the renegade Hassem : “ Is there, by chance, any renegade or Christian slave in this house ? ” Hassem, “ There was, one, some years ago, whose name was Juana, and whose family name was, if I am not mistaken, de Renteria. ” Lope, “ What has become of her ? ” Hassem, “ She is dead. It was she who brought up the Moor that I was speaking to you about. She was a rare matron, &c. ”—(*Jornada*, 1a.)

<sup>211</sup> Prayer, orison.

many things of Lella Maryem. This Christian died, and I know she did not go to the fire, but to Allah, for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the country of the Christians to see Lella Maryem, who loved me very much. I know not how to go there. I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has looked like a gentleman but yourself. I am beautiful and young, and have a great deal of money to carry away with me. Try if you can find out how we may get away, and you shall be my husband there, if you please; and if not, I shall not care, for Lella Maryem will provide me a husband. I write this myself, but be careful to whom you give it to read; trust not to any Moor, for they are all treacherous. This makes me very much perplexed, and I would not have you discover yourself to any body, for if my father comes to know it, he will immediately throw me into a well and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane; tie your answer to it, and if you have nobody that can write Arabic, tell me by signs: for Lella Maryem will make me understand you. She and Allah keep you, and this cross, which I very often kiss; for so the captive directed me to do."

Think, gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be overjoyed and surprised at the contents of this paper. Our joy and surprise were so great that the renegade perceived that the paper was not found by accident, but was written to one of us. He entreated us, if what he suspected was true, to confide in him and tell him all, promising to venture his life for our liberty. So saying, he pulled a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and, with many tears, swore by the God that image represented, in whom he, though a great sinner, truly and firmly believed, that he would faithfully keep secret whatever we should discover to him. He imagined and almost divined that, by means of the person who had written that letter, himself and all of us should regain our liberty, and he, in particular, attain what he so earnestly desired, which was to be restored to the bosom of holy Church, his mother, from which, like a rotten member, he had been separated and cut off through his sin and ignorance. The renegade spoke to that effect with so many tears, and with such signs

of repentance, that we unanimously agreed to tell him the truth of the ease, and gave him in effect an account of the whole, without concealing any thing. We shewed him the little window out of which the cane appeared, and having marked the house, he resolved to take especial care to inform himself who lived in it. We also agreed it would be right to answer the Moor's billet, and as we now had one who knew how to do it, the renegade wrote what I dictated to him, which was exactly what I shall repeat to you, for of all the material circumstances which befel me in this adventure, not one has yet escaped my memory, nor shall I ever forget them whilst I have breath. The answer to the Moor was this :

“ The true Allah preserve you, dear lady, and that blessed Maryem, who is the true mother of God, and who has put into your heart the desire of going into the country of the Christians, because she loves you. Pray to her that she will be pleased to instruct you how to bring about what she commands you to do ; for she is so good she will assuredly do it. On my part, and that of all the Christians with me, I offer to do for you all we are able, at the hazard of our lives. Do not fail writing to me, and acquainting me with whatever resolutions you take, and I will constantly answer you. The great Allah has given us a Christian captive, who speaks and writes your language well, as you may perceive by this paper. So that you may, without fear, give us notice of your intentions. As to what you say of becoming my wife, when you get into a Christian country, I promise you, on the word of a good Christian, it shall be so ; and you know that the Christians keep their words better than the Moors Allah and Maryem his mother have you in their keeping, dear lady !”

This letter being written and folded up, I waited two days until the bagne was empty as before, and then presently I took my accustomed post upon the terrae to look for the cane ; it was not long before it appeared. As soon as I saw it, though I could not discern who held it out, I shewed the paper, as giving them notice to put the thread to it ; but it was already fastened to the cane. I affixed

the letter, and in a short time after, our star appeared again with the white flag of peace, the handkerchief. It was let drop and I took it up, and found in it, in all kinds of coin, both silver and gold, above fifty crowns; which multiplied our joy fifty times, confirming the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same evening, our renegade returned. He told us he had learned that the same Moor we were before informed of dwelt in that house, and that his name was Agi Morato; that he was extremely rich, and had one only daughter, heiress to all he had; that it was the general opinion of the whole city that she was the most beautiful woman in Barbary; and that several of the viceroys who had been sent thither had sought her to wife <sup>212</sup>, but that she never would consent to marry; finally, that she had had a Christian woman slave, who died some time before. All this agreed perfectly with what was in the paper. We presently consulted with the renegade what method we should take to carry off the Moorish lady, and make our escape into Christendom. It was agreed for that time that we should wait for a second letter from Zoraïda, (that was the name of her who now desires to be called Maria), for it was easy to see that she, and no other, could find the means of surmounting the difficulties that lay in our way. After we had come to this resolution, the renegade bid us not be uneasy, for he would either lose his life or set us at liberty.

The bagne, after this, was full of people for four successive days, which occasioned the cane's not appearing. At the end of that time, the bagne being empty as usual, it appeared, with the handkerchief so pregnant that it promised a happy birth. The cane and the linen inclined toward me: I found in it another paper, and a hundred crowns in gold only, without any other coin. The renegade being present, we gave him the paper to read in our cell, and he told us that it contained the following:

“ I do not know, dear Sir, how to contrive a method for our going

<sup>212</sup> Cervantes says, in his comedy intituled *Los Baños de Argel* (jornada III), that this only daughter of Agi-Morato married Muley-Maluch, who was crowned king of Fez in 1576. This statement is confirmed by P. Haedo, in his *Epitome*, and by Antonio de Herrera, in his *Historia de Portugal*.

to Spain, nor has Lella Maryem informed me, though I have asked it of her. All that I can do, is to convey to you through this window a large sum of money in gold. Redeem yourself and your friends with this money, and let one of you go to the country of the Christians and buy a bark, and return with it for the rest. I shall be found in my father's garden, at the Bab-Azoun<sup>213</sup> gate close to the sea-side, where I am to be all this summer with my father and my servants. Thence you may carry me off by night without fear, and put me on board the bark<sup>214</sup>. And remember you are to be my husband; for if not, I will pray Maryem to punish you. If you can trust nobody to go for the bark, ransom yourself and go; for I shall be more secure of your return than another's, as you are a gentleman and a Christian. Take care not to mistake the garden; and when I see you walking where you now are, I shall conclude the bagne is empty, and will furnish you with money enough. Allah preserve you, dear Sir!"

Such were the contents of the second letter; which being heard by us all, every one offered himself, and would fain be the ransomed person, promising to go and return very punctually. I also offered myself. But the renegade opposed these offers, saying he would in no wise consent that any one of us should get his liberty before the rest, experience having taught him how ill men, when free, keep the promises they have made while in slavery. "Several considerable captives," he said, "have tried this expedient, ransoming some one who should go to Valencia, or Majorca, with money to buy and arm a vessel, and return for those who ransomed him; but the person sent has never come back, for liberty once regained and the fear of losing it again

<sup>213</sup> *Bab-Azoun* signifies *the gate for flocks of sheep*. P. Haedo, in his *Topografía*, says, in the sixth chapter: "Four hundred steps lower down, is another principal gate, called Bah-Azoun, which looks towards the south and east—All those who go to the field, the villages and to the Moorish tribes, pass through this gate." Algiers it would appear, had undergone no change since the captivity of Cervantes.

<sup>214</sup> This project of Zoraïda is precisely similar to that contrived by Cervantes, when his brother Rodrigo obtained his liberty, for the latter to send him immediately a vessel in which he and the other Christian captives proposed to make their escape: he attempted this project, but failed of success, in 1577.

effaced from the memory all obligations in the world." In confirmation of this truth, he told us briefly a case which had happened very lately to certain Christian gentlemen, the strangest that had ever fallen out even in those parts, where every day the most surprising and wonderful things come to pass<sup>215</sup>. He concluded by saying that the best way would be to give him the money designed for the ransom of a Christian, to buy a vessel there in Algiers, upon pretence of turning merchant and trading to Tetuan and on that coast; and that, being master of the vessel, he would easily contrive how to get them all out of the bagné and put them on board<sup>216</sup>. But if the Moor, as she promised, should furnish money enough to redeem them all, it would be a very easy matter for them, being free, to go on board even at noon-day. The greatest difficulty, he said, was that the Moors do not allow any renegade to buy or keep a vessel, unless it be a large one to go pirating, for they suspect that he who buys a small vessel, especially if he be a Spaniard, designs only to get into Christendom therewith. But this inconvenience, he added, he would obviate by taking in a tagarin Moor<sup>217</sup> for partner of the vessel and in the profits of the merchandise. Under this colour our renegade purposed becoming master of the vessel, and then he reckoned the rest as good as achieved. Though to me and my companions it seemed better to send for the vessel to Majorca, as the Moorish lady said, yet we did not dare to contradict him, fearing that, if we did not do as he would have us, he should betray our design and put us in danger of losing our lives, by discovering Zoraïda's intrigue, for whose life we would all have laid down our own. Therefore we resolved to commit ourselves into the hands of God, and those of the renegade. We forthwith answered Zoraïda that we would do all that she advised, for she had directed as well as if Lella

<sup>215</sup> This is an allusion to the adventure of the bark which came, in 1577, to enable Cervantes and the other Christian gentlemen who were remaining in the cavern to make their escape into Spain.

<sup>216</sup> This arrangement for the purchase of a bark is exactly similar to that made by Cervantes, in 1579, not with Maltrapillo, but with another renegade named the licentiate Giron.

<sup>217</sup> *Tagarin* means of the frontier. This name was given to the Moors who came from Arragon and Valencia. In contradistinction to them, the Moors who came from Andalusia were called *Mudejares*, which signifies from the interior. (Hacdo, *Topografia*, etc. Luis del Marmol, *Description of Africa*, etc.)

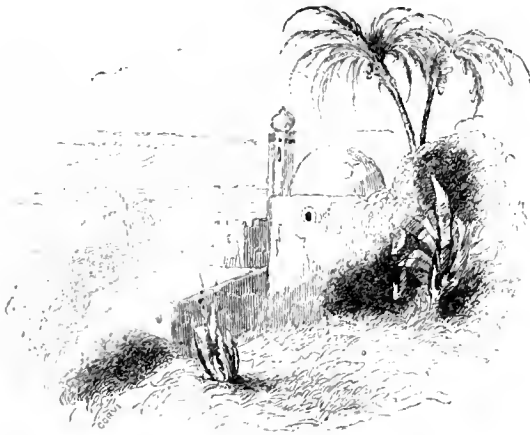
Maryem herself had inspired her, and that it depended entirely upon her either that the business should be delayed or set about immediately. I again promised to be her husband; and the next day the *bagne* happening to be clear, she lowered to us, at several times, with the help of the cane and handkerchief, two thousand crowns in gold. She said, in a little note that reached us in the same way, the first *dogiuma*, that is Friday, she was to go to her father's garden; but that, before she went, she would give us more money: and that, if that were not sufficient we were to let her know, and she would give us as much as we desired, for her father had so much that he would never miss it, and besides she kept the keys of all. We immediately gave five hundred crowns to the renegade to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I ransomed myself, depositing the money with a merchant of Valencia, then at Algiers <sup>218</sup>, who redeemed me from the king, passing his word for me that the first ship that came from Valencia my ransom should be paid, for, if he had paid the money down, it would have made the king suspect that the money had been a great while in his hands, and that he had employed it to his own use. In a word, my master was so jealous, that I dared not upon any account pay the money immediately.

The Thursday preceding the Friday on which the fair Zoraïda was to go to the garden, she gave us a thousand crowns more, and advertised us of her going thither, entreating me, if I ransomed myself first, immediately to find out her father's garden, and by all means find an opportunity of going thither and seeing her. I answered her in a few words that I would not fail, and desired that she would take care to recommend us to Lella Maryem, using all those prayers the captive had taught her. When this was done, means were concerted for redeeming our three companions, and getting them out of the *bagne*, lest, seeing me ransomed and themselves not, knowing there was money sufficient, they should be uneasy, and the devil should tempt them to do something to the prejudice of Zoraïda. Although their being men of honour might

<sup>218</sup> This merchant's name was Onofre Exarque. It was he who procured the money for the purchase of the bark in which Cervantes attempted to make his escape with the other Christians in 1579.

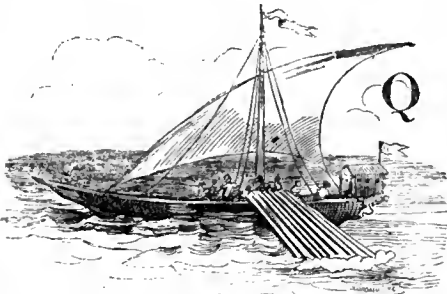


have freed me from such an apprehension, I had no mind to run the hazard, so I got them ransomed by the same means I had been ransomed myself, depositing the whole money with the merchant, that he might safely and securely pass his word for us; to him, nevertheless, we did not discover our management and secret. Such confidence would have been too dangerous.



## CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH THE CAPTIVE CONTINUES THE STORY OF HIS ADVENTURES.



Q UITE fifteen days had not passed ere our renegade had bought a very good bark, capable of holding above thirty persons. To make sure work, and give the business a colour, he made a short voyage to a place

called Sargel, thirty leagues from Algiers in the direction of Oran, where there is a great trade for dried figs <sup>219</sup>. Two or three times he made this trip, in company with the Tagarin aforesaid. The Moors of Aragon are called in Barbary *Tagarins*, and those of Grenada <sup>220</sup> *Mudejares*. In the kingdom of Fez the latter are called Elchès, and they are the people the king makes most use of in his wars. Each time that the renegade passed with his bark, he cast anchor in a little creek not two bow-shots distant from the garden where Zoraïda expected us. There the renegade designedly set himself, together with the young Moors that rowed, either to

<sup>219</sup> Sargel, or Cherchel, is situated on the ruins of a Roman city, of which the name is supposed to have been Julia Cæsarea. It was, in the early part of the sixteenth century, a small town of about three hundred houses, and was nearly depopulated when Barbarossa conquered Algiers. The Moriscoes, driven from Spain in 1610, took refuge there in great numbers, attracted by the fertility of the fields about it, and established an extensive commerce, not only in dry figs, but in earthenware, steel and timber. The harbour of Sargel, which at that time could accommodate twenty covered galleys, was filled up with sand and the ruins of buildings by the earthquake in 1738.

<sup>220</sup> Vide note 217, Chap. xiii., *antè* page 111, of this volume.

perform the Azala, or to practise, by way of jest, what he intended to execute in earnest. With this view he would go to Zoraïda's garden, and beg some fruit, which her father would give him without



knowing who he was. His design was, as he afterwards told me, to speak to Zoraïda, and to tell her that he was the person, who, by my direction, was to carry her to Christendom, and that she might be confident and secure ; but it was impossible for him to do it, the Moorish women never suffering themselves to be seen either by Moor or Turk, unless when commanded by their husbands or fathers : Christian slaves indeed are allowed to keep company and converse with them, with more freedom perhaps than is proper. But I should have been sorry if he had talked to her, because it might have frightened her, to see that the business was intrusted with a

renegade. But God, who ordered it otherwise, gave the latter no opportunity of effecting his good design. Finding how securely he went to and from Sargel, and that he lay at anchor, when, how and where he pleased; that the Tagarin, his partner, had no will of his own, but approved whatever he directed; in fine, that I was ransomed and that there wanted nothing but to find some Christians to help to row, he bid me consider who I would bring with me, besides the gentlemen already ransomed, and bespeak them for the first Friday, the day he fixed for our departure. Hereupon I spoke to twelve Spaniards, all able men at the oar, and such as could most easily get out of the city unsuspected. It was no easy matter to find so many at that juncture; for there were twenty corsairs out pirating, and they had taken almost all the rowers with them. Those whom I engaged would not have been found, but that their master did not go out that summer, having a galeot to finish that was then upon the stocks. I said nothing more to them than that they should steal out of the town one by one, the next Friday in the dusk of the evening, and wait for me somewhere about Agi-Morato's garden. I gave this direction to each of them separately, warning them that, if they should see any other Christians there, they should only say I ordered them to stay for me in that place.

This step being taken, one thing was yet wanting, and that the most necessary of all: it was, to advertise Zoraïda how matters stood, that she might be in readiness and on the watch, so as not to be affrighted if we rushed upon her suddenly, before she could think it was time the vessel from Christendom could be arrived. I resolved to go to the garden, and try if I could speak to her. Under pretence of gathering some herbs, the day before our departure I went thither, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language, which, all over Barbary, and even at Constantinople, is spoken among captives and Moors, and is neither Morisco nor Castilian, nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, and generally understood <sup>221</sup>. In that

<sup>221</sup> The lingua-franca. P. Haedo, in his *Topografia* (chap. 29,) has the following: "The third language spoken at Algiers is that called by the Moors, and Turks *franca*. It is a mixture of several Christian tongues, and expressions which are

jargon he asked what I came to look for in that garden, and to whom I belonged. I answered him that I was a slave of Arnaut Mami <sup>222</sup> (who I knew was a very great friend of his), and that I came for a few herbs of several sorts to make a salad. He then asked me if I was upon ransom or not, and how much my master demanded for me. While we were thus talking, the fair Zoraïda, who had espied me some time before, came out of the house, and, as the Moorish women make no scruple of appearing before the Christians, nor are at all shy towards them, as I have already observed, she made no difficulty of coming where I stood with her father, who, seeing her walk slowly towards us, called to her to quicken her steps. It would be too hard a task for me, at this time, to express the great beauty, the genteel air, the finery and richness of attire, with which my beloved Zoraïda appeared then before my eyes. More pearls, if I may so say, hung about her beauteous neck, and more jewels were in her ears and hair, than she had hairs on her head. About her ancles, which were bare, according to custom, she had two carcadj (so they call the enamelled foot-bracelets in Arabic) of the purest gold, set with so many diamonds that, as she told me since, her father valued them at ten thousand pistoles, and the bracelets that she wore on her wrists were of equal value. The pearls were in abundance, and very good, for the greatest finery and magnificence of the Moorish women consists in adorning themselves with the finest seed pearls. Therefore there are more pearls among the Moors, than among all other nations. Zoraïda's father had the reputation of having a great many, and those the very best in Algiers, and to be worth besides above two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which, she who is now mine was once mistress. Whether, with all these ornaments,

chiefly Italian, Spanish, and, of late years, Portuguese. As this confusion of all kinds of idioms is augmented by the wretched pronunciation of the Moors and Turks, who know nothing of mood, tense or case, the lingua-franca is merely a jargon similar to that spoken by a negro, recently brought into Spain, in his attempts to express himself in the language of that country."

<sup>222</sup> That is to say the Albanese Mami. He was captain of the fleet to which the corsair belonged who captured Cervantes, and, "so cruel a monster," says Haedo "that his house was littered with the noses and ears which, for the most trivial offences, he had cut off his unfortunate Christian captives." Cervantes makes mention of him likewise in the *Galatea* and other works.

she then appeared beautiful or not, and what she must have been in the days of her prosperity, may be conjectured by what remains after so many fatigues. For it is well known that the beauty of some women has days and seasons, and depends upon accidents which diminish or increase it, and that the passions of the mind naturally improve or impair it, and very often utterly destroy it. In short, she came, extremely adorned and extremely beautiful; to me, at least, she seemed the most so of any being I had ever beheld: which, together with my obligations to her, made me think her an angel from Heaven, descended for my pleasure and relief.

When she was come up to us, her father told her, in his own tongue, that I was a captive belonging to his friend Arnaut Mami, and that I came to look for a salad. She took up the discourse, and, in the aforesaid medley of languages, asked me whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her I was already ransomed, and by the price, she might guess what my master thought of me, since he had got fifteen hundred zoltanis<sup>223</sup> for me. To which she answered: "Truly had you belonged to my father, he should not have parted with you for twice that sum; for you Christians always falsify in your accounts of yourselves, pretending to be poor, in order to cheat the Moors."—"It may very well be so, madam," answered I; "but I protest that I dealt sincerely with my master, and ever did, and shall do the same by every body in the world."—"And when go you away?" said Zoraïda. "To-morrow, I believe," said I. "There is a French vessel which sails to-morrow, and I intend to go in her."—"Would it not be better," replied Zoraïda, "to stay until some ships come from Spain, and go with them, and not with those of France, who are not your friends?"—"No madam," answered I; "but should the news we have of a Spanish ship's coming, suddenly prove true, I would perhaps stay a little for it, though it is more likely I shall depart to-morrow, for the desire I have to be in my own country, and with the persons I love, is so great that it will not suffer me to wait for any other conveniency, though ever so much better."—"You are

<sup>223</sup> The *zoltani* was worth forty apres of silver, or about two large Spanish piasters.

married, doubtless, in your own country," said Zoraïda, "and therefore you are so desirous to be gone, and be at home with your wife."—"No," replied I, "I am not married; but I have given my word to marry as soon as I get thither."—"And is the lady whom you have promised beautiful?" said Zoraïda. "So beautiful," answered I, "that, to compliment her, and tell you the truth, she is very like yourself." Zoraïda's father laughed heartily at this, and said: "By Allah! Christian, she must be beautiful indeed if she resembles my daughter, who is accounted the handsomest woman in all this kingdom; observe her well, and you will see I speak the truth." Agi-Morato served us as an interpreter to most of this conversation, as understanding Spanish; for though Zoraïda spoke the bastard language in use there, as I told you, yet she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

While we were thus engaged in discourse, a Moor came running to us, crying aloud that four Turks had leaped over the pales or wall of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man was frightened, and so was Zoraïda, for the Moors are naturally afraid of the Turks, especially of their soldiers, who are so insolent and imperious over the Moors who are subject to them, that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. Therefore Agi-Morato said to Zoraïda: "Daughter, retire into the house and lock yourself in, while I go and talk to these dogs; and you, Christian, gather your herbs and be gone in peace, and may Allah send you safe to your own country." I bowed myself, and he went his way to find the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraïda, who also made as if she were going whither her father bid her. But scarcely was he got out of sight among the trees of the garden, when she turned back to me with her eyes full of tears, and said: "*Ataméji*, Christian, *ataméji*?" that is, "Are you going away, Christian? are you going away?" I answered: "Yes, madam, but not without you: expect me the next *djuma*, and be not frightened when you see us; for we shall certainly get to Christendom." I said this, and other words that I took advantage of that opportunity to say, in such a manner that she understood me very well. Then, throwing an arm about my neck, she began to walk softly and trembling

toward the house. Fortune would have it (which might have proved fatal, if Heaven had not ordained otherwise) that, while we were walking thus embraced, her father, returning from driving away the Turks, saw us in that posture, and we were sensible that he





discovered us. But Zoraïda had the discretion and presence of mind not to take her arm from about my neck, but to hold me closer; and leaning her head against my breast, and bending her knees a little, she gave plain signs of fainting away. I also made as if I held her up only to keep her from falling. Her father came running to us, and, seeing his daughter in that posture, asked what ailed her; but she not answering, he said: "Without doubt these dogs have terrified her into a swoon." Then, taking her from me, he inclined her gently to his bosom. Zoraïda, fetching a deep sigh, and her eyes still full of tears, said again, in the language she had used before: "Begone, Christian, begone!" To which her father answered: "There is no occasion, child, for the Christian to go away; he has done you no harm, and the Turks are gone off. Let nothing frighten you; there is no danger: for as I have already told you, the Turks, at my request, have returned by the way they came." "Sir," said I, to her father, "they have frightened her, as you say. But since she bids me be gone, I will not disturb her. God be with you, and, with your leave, I will come again, if we have occasion for herbs, to this garden; for my master says there are no better for a salad any where than here."—"You may come when ever you will," answered Agi-Morato; "for my daughter does not say this as having been offended by you or any other Christian; but instead of bidding the Turks be gone, she bid you be gone, or because she thought it time for you to go and gather your herbs."



I now took my leave of them both, and she, seeming as if her soul had been sent from her, went away with her father. Under pretence of gathering herbs, I walked over and took a view of the whole garden at my leisure, observing carefully all the inlets and outlets, the strength of the house, and every conveniency which might tend to facilitate our business. When I had so done, I went and gave an account to the renegade and my companions of all that had passed, longing eagerly for the hour when, without fear of surprise, I might enjoy the happiness which fortune presented me in the beautiful Zoraïda.

Time passed on, and the day appointed, and by us so much wished for, came. We all punctually observed the order and method which, after mature deliberation and long debate, we had agreed on, and we had the desired success. The Friday following the day when I talked with Zoraïda in the garden, the renegade, at the close of the evening, cast anchor with the bark almost



opposite the dwelling where the amiable daughter of Agi-Morato awaited our coming. The Christians who were to be employed at the oar were ready, and hid in several places thereabouts. They were all vigilant, their hearts beating with the joyful expectation of my coming, and eager to surprise the bark which lay before their

eyes; for they knew nothing of what was concerted with the renegade, but thought they were to regain their liberty by mere force, and by killing the Moors who were on board the vessel. As soon, therefore, as I and my friends appeared, all they that were hid came out, and joined us one after another. It was now the time that the city-gates were shut, and nobody appeared abroad in all that quarter. Being met together, we were in some doubt whether it would be better to go first to Zoraïda, or secure the bagarin Moors<sup>224</sup> who rowed the vessel. While we were in this uncertainty, our renegade came to us, asking what we staid for, adding that now was our time, all his Moors being thoughtless of danger, and most of them asleep. We told him what we demurred about; but he said that the thing of the most importance was first to seize the vessel, which might be done with all imaginable ease and without any manner of danger, and then we might presently go and fetch Zoraïda. We all approved of what he said; and so, without farther delay, he being our guide, we went to the little vessel. He leaped aboard first, seized a cutlass, and called aloud in Arabic: "Let not one man of you stir unless he has a mind it should cost him his life." By this time all the Christians were got on board; and the Moors, who were timorous fellows, hearing their irraarez<sup>225</sup> speak thus, were in a great fright, and without making any resistance, (for indeed they had few or no arms,) silently suffered themselves to be bound. That was done very expeditiously, the Christians threatening the Moors that, if they raised any manner of cry or made the least noise, they would in that instant put them all to the sword.

This being done, and half our number remaining on board to guard them, the rest of us, the renegade being still our leader, went to Agi-Morato's garden, and, as good luck would have it, the door opened as easily to us as if it had not been locked. So we came up to the house with great stillness and silence, and without being

<sup>224</sup> Bagarins, from *bahar*, sea, means sailors. "The Moors of the mountains," says Haedo, "who live in Algiers, gain their livelihood, some of them by serving the Turks or rich Moors; others, by working in gardens and vineyards, or rowing in galleys and galeots; the latter, who hire their services to their employers, are called *bagarinès*." (*Topografia*, chap. II.)

<sup>225</sup> Commander of an Algerine vessel.

perceived by any one. The lovely Zoraïda was expecting us at a window, and, when she heard people coming, she asked in a low voice whether we were *nazarani*, that is, Christians. I answered that we were, and desired her to come down. When she knew it was I, she staid not a moment, but, without answering me a word, came down in an instant, and opening the door appeared to us all, so beautiful and so richly attired that I cannot easily express it. As soon as I saw her, I took her hand and kissed it; the renegade did



the same, and my two comrades also; and the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, followed our example, thinking we only meant to express our thanks and acknowledgements to her as the instrument of our deliverance. The renegade asked her in Arabic whether her father were in the house. She answered that he was, and asleep. "Then we must awake him," replied the renegade, "and carry him with us, and all that he has of value in this beautiful villa."—"No," said she, "my father must by no means be touched; and there is nothing considerable here but what I have

with me, which is sufficient to make you all rich and content. Stay a little, and you shall see." So saying, she went in again, and bid us be quiet, and make no noise, for she would come back immediately. I asked the renegade what she said, and when he told me I bid him be sure to do just as Zoraïda would have him. The latter was now returned with a little trunk, so full of gold crowns that she could hardly carry it.

Ill fortune would have it, that her father happened at that moment to awake, and hearing a noise in the garden, looked out at the window and observed there were Christians in it. Immediately he cried out as loud as he could in Arabic: "Christians, Christians!



Thieves, thieves!" which outcry put us all into the utmost terror and confusion. But the renegade, seeing the danger we were in, and considering how much it imported him to go through with the

enterprise before it was discovered, ran up with the greatest speed to the room where Agi-Morato was. With him ran up several others of us; but I did not dare to quit Zoraïda, who had sunk into my arms almost in a swoon. In short, they that went up acquitted themselves so well, that in a moment they came down with Agi-Morato, having tied his hands and stopped his mouth with a handkerchief, so that he could not speak a word, and threatening him with death, if he made the least noise. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes, and her father was astonished at seeing her, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. But at that time it being of the utmost consequence to us to fly, we got as speedily as we could to the bark, where our comrades already expected us with impatience, fearing that some misfortune had befallen us.

Scarce two hours of the night were passed when we were all got on board the bark. Then we untied the hands of Zoraïda's father, and took the handkerchief out of his mouth; but the renegade warned him again not to speak a word, for, if he did, they would take away his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to weep most tenderly, and especially when he perceived that I held her closely embraced, and that she, without making any show of opposition or coyness, sat quiet; nevertheless he held his peace, lest the renegade should put his threats in execution.

When Zoraïda saw that we begun to handle our oars, seeing her father there and the rest of the Moors who were bound, she spoke to the renegade to desire me to do her the favour to loose those Moors, and set her father at liberty, for she would sooner throw herself into the sea than see a father who loved her so tenderly carried away captive before her eyes, and upon her account. The renegade told me what she desired, and I answered that I was entirely satisfied it should be so. But he replied that it could not be; for, should they be set on shore there, they would presently raise the country and alarm the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent out in quest of us, and so we should be beset both by sea and land, and it would be impossible for us to escape. What might be done, he added, was to give them their liberty at the first Christian country we should touch at. We all came in to this opinion, and Zoraïda

also was satisfied when we told her what we had determined, and the reasons why we could not at present comply with her request.

Then immediately, with joyful silence and cheerful diligence, each of our brave rowers handled his oar, and recommending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to make toward the Balearic Isles, which is the nearest Christian land. But the north wind beginning to blow fresh, and the sea being somewhat rough, it was not possible for us to steer the course of Majorca, and we were forced to keep along shore towards Oran, not without great apprehensions of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies on that coast, about sixty miles from Algiers. We were afraid likewise of meeting in our passage with some of those galeots which come usually with merchandise from Tetuan, though each relying on his own courage, and that of his comrades in general, we presumed that if we should meet a galeot, provided it were not a cruiser, we should, far from being ruined, probably take a vessel wherein we might more securely pursue our route. While we proceeded in our voyage, Zoraïda kept her head between my hands, that she might not look on her father; and I could perceive she was continually calling upon Lella Maryem to assist us.

We had rowed about thirty miles when day-break came upon us, and we found ourselves not above three musket-shots distant from the shore, which seemed to be quite a desert and without any creature to discover us. However, by mere dint of rowing, we gained a little offing, the sea having by this time become more calm. When we had advanced about two leagues, it was ordered they should row by turns, whilst we took a little refreshment, the bark being well provided. But the rowers said that it was not a time to take any rest, and that they would by no means quit their oars, but eat and row, if those who were unemployed would bring the victuals to them. They did so; and now the wind began to blow a brisk gale, which forced us to set up our sails and lay down our oars, and steer directly to Oran, it being impossible to hold any other course. All this was done with great expedition; and so we sailed above eight miles an hour, without any other fear than that of meeting some corsair. We gave the Moorish prisoners

something to eat, and the renegade comforted them by telling them they were not slaves, and that they should have their liberty given them the first opportunity. He said the same to Zoraïda's father, who answered: "I might perhaps expect or hope for any





other favour from your liberality and generous usage, O Christians! But as to giving me my liberty, think me not so simple as to imagine it. You would never have exposed yourselves to the hazard of taking it from me to restore it to me so freely, especially since you know who I am, and the advantage that may accrue to you from my ransom. Only name your price, and from this moment I promise you whatever you demand for myself and this poor child, who is the greater and better part of my soul." Saying this, he began to weep so bitterly that it moved us all to compassion, and forced Zoraïda to look up at him. She was so melted at witnessing her father's excessive grief, that she got up from me and ran to embrace him, and laying her face to his, they began so tender a lamentation that many of us could not forbear weeping. But when her father observed that she was adorned with her best attire, and had so many jewels about her, he said to her in his language: "How comes it, daughter, that yesterday evening, before this terrible misfortune befel us, I saw you in your ordinary and household dress; and now, without having had time to dress yourself, or having received any joyful news fit to be solemnized by adorning and dressing yourself out, I see you set off with the best clothes that I could possibly give you, when fortune was more favourable to us? Answer to this, for it holds me in greater surprise and uneasiness than the misfortune itself into which I am fallen."

The renegade interpreted to us all that the Moor said to his daughter, and Zoraïda answered him not a word. But when Agi-Morato saw in a corner of the vessel the little trunk in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in Algiers, and had not brought with him to the garden, he was still more confounded, and asked her how that trunk had come to our hands, and what was in it. Then the renegade, without giving Zoraïda time to speak, answered: "Trouble not yourself, Signor, about asking your daughter so many questions; with one word I will satisfy them all. Be it known to you, therefore, that she is a Christian, and has been the instrument to file off our chains and give us the liberty we enjoy. She is here with her own consent,

and as well pleased, I believe, to find herself in this condition, as one who goes out of darkness into light, from death to life, and from suffering to glory."

"Is this true, daughter?" said the Moor.

"It is," answered Zoraïda.

"In effect then," replied the old man, "you are become a Christian, and are she who has put her father into the power of his enemies?"

"I am indeed a Christian," answered Zoraïda, "but not she who has reduced you to this condition, for my desire never was to do you harm, but only myself good."

"And what good have you done yourself, my daughter?"

"Ask that," answered she, "of Lella Maryem, who can tell you better than I can."

The Moor had scarcely heard this answer, when with incredible precipitation he threw himself headlong into the sea, and without doubt had been drowned had not the wide and cumbersome garments he wore kept him a little while above water. At the cries of Zoraïda we all ran, and laying hold of his garment, dragged him out,



half drowned and insensible ; at this sight Zoraïda was so affected that she wept over him as if he had been really dead. We turned him with



his mouth downward ; he voided a great deal of water, and in about two hours came to himself. In the mean time, the wind being changed, we were obliged to ply our oars to avoid running upon the shore. By good fortune we came to a creek by the side of a small promontory, or headland, which the Moors call the cape of *Cava Rhoumia*, that is to say in our language, *of the wicked Christian woman*. The Moors have a tradition that Cava, who occasioned the loss of Spain, lies buried there ; *Cava* signifying in their language a *wicked woman* <sup>226</sup>, and *Rhoumia*, a *Christian*. They reckon it an ill omen to anchor there, and never do so unless forced by necessity. To us, it proved not the shelter of a wicked woman, but a safe harbour and retreat, considering how high the sea ran. We placed scouts on shore, and never dropped our oars : we ate of what the renegade had provided, and prayed to God and to Our Lady very devoutly for assistance and protection, that we might give a happy ending to so fortunate a beginning.

<sup>226</sup> *Kava* is the name given by the Arabs to Florinda, daughter of Count Julian.

Luis de Marmol, in his *General Description of Africa* (Book IV., Chap. 45), after having spoken of the ruins of Cæsarea, says of this promontory : " On this spot are still standing the ruins of two ancient temples—, in one of which is a very lofty dome, called by the Moors *Cobor Rhoumi*, which means *Roman sepulchre* ; but the Christians, little versed in Arabic, call it *Cava Rhoumia*, and fabulously assert that Cava, the daughter of Count Julian, is interred there—Eastward of this town, is a large wooded mountain, which the Christians call *the mountain of the wicked woman*, whence all the timber used in Algiers for ship-building is brought." This mountain is probably Cape Cajinès.

Order was given, at Zoraïda's entreaty, to set Agi-Morato on shore with the rest of the Moors, who until then had been fast bound ; for she had not the heart, nor could her tender bowels brook to see her father and her countrymen carried off prisoners before



her face. We promised her it should be done at our going off, since there was no danger in leaving them in so desolate a place. Our prayers were not in vain; Heaven heard them, the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea became calm, inviting us to return and prosecute our intended voyage. Then we unbound the Moors, and, to their astonishment, set them one by one on shore. But when we came to disembark Zoraïda's father, who was now perfectly in his senses, he said: "Why think you Christians, is this wicked woman desirous of my being set at liberty? Do you imagine that it is out of any filial piety she has towards me? No, certainly; it is because of the disturbance my presence would give her when she has a mind to put her evil inclinations in practice. Think not that she is moved to change her religion because she thinks yours is preferable to ours; no, it is because she knows that libertinism is more allowed in your country than in ours." Then, turning to Zoraïda, I and another Christian holding him fast by both arms, lest he should commit some outrage: "O infamous and ill-advised maiden!" cried he, "whither goest thou, blindfold and precipitate, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour wherein I begat thee, and cursed be the indulgence and luxury in which I brought thee up!" When I perceived he was not likely to give over in haste, I hurried him ashore, and thence he continued his execrations and wailings, praying to Mahomet that he would beseech Allah to destroy, confound and make an end of us. When, being under sail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his actions; he tore his beard, plucked off his hair, and rolled himself on the ground, and once he raised his voice so high that we could hear him say: "Come back, beloved daughter, come back to shore; for I forgive thee all. Let those men keep the money they already have, and do thou come back and comfort thy disconsolate father, who must lose his life in this desert land if thou forsakest him." All this Zoraïda heard; all this she felt and bewailed. But she could only answer him: "May it please Allah, my dear father, that Lella Maryem, who has been the cause of my turning Christian, may comfort you in your affliction. Allah well knows, that I could do no otherwise than I have done, and that

these Christians are not indebted to me for any particular good-will to them. Though I had even had no mind to have gone with them, but rather to have stayed at home, it was impossible, for my mind would not let me be at rest until I performed this work, which to me seems as good, as you my dearest father, think it culpable."

Zoraïda said that when we were got so far off that her father could not hear her, nor we see him any more. So I comforted her, and we all minded our voyage, which was now made so easy to us, by a favourable wind, that we made no doubt of being next morning upon the coast of Spain.

But as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed, without being accompanied or followed by some ill to alarm and disturb it, our evil star, or perhaps the curses the Moor bestowed on his daughter, (for such are always to be dreaded, let the father be what he will,) came to trouble our joy. We being now got far out to sea, the third hour of the night well-nigh past, and under full sail, the oars being lashed, for the fair wind eased us of the labour of making use of them, we suddenly observed, by the light of the moon, which shone very brightly, a round vessel, with all her sails out, a little a-head of us, but so close aboard of us that we were forced to strike sail, to avoid running foul of her; and they also put the helm hard up to give us room to go by. The men had posted themselves on the quarter-deck to ask who we were, whither we were bound and whence we came. As these questions were asked us in French, our renegade said: "Let no one answer; these without doubt are French corsairs, to whom all is fish that comes to net." Upon this caution nobody spoke a word, and having sailed a little on, their vessel being to windward of us, on a sudden they let fly two picces of artillery, both, as it appeared, charged with chain-shot, for one cut our mast through the middle, both that and the sail falling into the sea, and the other, fired nearly at the same instant, came through the middle of our bark, so as to lay it quite open, without wounding any of us. But, finding ourselves sinking, we all began to cry aloud for help, and to beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then struck their sails, and hoisting out their pinnace, about twelve Frenchmen, well armed

with muskets and their matches lighted, leaped into her and pulled alongside our bark. When they saw how few we were, and that the vessel was sinking, they took us in, telling us to attribute our ill-luck to our incivility in returning them no answer. Our renegade took the trunk which contained Zoraïda's treasure, and unperceived by any one, threw it overboard. In short, we all passed into the French ship, where after they had informed themselves of whatever they had a mind to know concerning us, immediately, as if they had been our capital enemies, they stripped us of every thing, and Zoraïda even of the bracelets she wore upon her ancles. But that sight gave me less uneasiness than the apprehension I was in lest they should proceed from plundering her of her rich and precious jewels, to depriving her of the jewel of most worth, and that which she valued most. But, fortunately, the desires of this sort of men seldom extend farther than to money and booty, with which their avarice is never satisfied, as was evident at that time, for they would have taken away the very clothes we wore as slaves, if they had thought they could have made any thing of them.

Some of them were of opinion it would be best to throw us all over-board, wrapped up in a sail, for their design was to trade in some of the Spanish ports, pretending to be of Britany; and should they carry us with them thither, they would be seized on and punished, upon discovery of the robbery. But the captain, who had rifled my dear Zoraïda, said he was contented with the prize he had already got, and that he would not touch at any port of Spain, but pass the Straits of Gibraltar by night, or as he could, and make the best of his way for La Rochelle whence he came. Therefore in conclusion they agreed to give us their ship-boat, and what was necessary for so short a voyage as we had to make; this they did the next day, in view of the Spanish coast; at which sight all our troubles and miseries were forgotten as entirely as if they had never happened to us: so great is the pleasure of regaining one's lost liberty!

It was about noon when they put us into the boat, giving us two barrels of water and some biscuit; and the captain, moved by I know not what compassion, gave the beautiful Zoraïda, at her going off, about forty crowns in gold, and would not permit his soldiers to

strip her of these very clothes she has now on. We went on board, giving them thanks for the favour they did us, and showing ourselves rather pleased than dissatisfied. They stood out to sea, steering towards the Straits; and we, without minding any other north-star than the land before us, rowed so hard that we were, at sun-set, sufficiently near to it to get thither, as we thought, before the night should be far spent. But the moon not shining, and the sky being cloudy, as we did not know the coast we were upon we did nor think it safe to land. However, several among us wished to go ashore, though it were among the rocks and far from any town, for by that means, they said, we should avoid the danger we ought to fear from the corsairs of Tetuan, who are over-night in Barbary, and the next morning on the coast of Spain, where they commonly pick up some prize, and return to sleep at their own homes. However, it was decided at last that we should row gently towards the shore, and if the sea proved calm, land wherever we could. We did so; and a little before midnight, we arrived at the foot of a very large and high mountain, not so close to the shore but there was room enough for our landing commodiously. We ran our boat into the sand; we all got on shore, kissed the ground, and, with tears of joy and satisfaction, gave thanks to God, our Lord, for the unparalleled mercy he had shewn us in our voyage. We took our provisions out of the boat, which we dragged on shore, and then ascended a good way up the mountain; but, even when we had penetrated so far, we could not satisfy our minds, nor thoroughly believe that the ground we were upon was Christian ground.

We thought the day would never come and presently ascended to the top of the mountain, to see if we could discover any houses, or shepherds' huts. But, so far as we could see, neither habitation nor person, nor path, nor road could we discover at all. However, we determined at all events to penetrate farther into the country, thinking it impossible but we must soon see somebody to inform us where we were. But what troubled me most was to see Zoraïda travel on foot through those craggy places; for though I occasionally took her on my shoulders, my weariness wearied her more than her own resting relieved her; therefore she would not suffer me to take



that pains any more, and so went on with very great patience and signs of joy, I still leading her by the hand.

We had hardly gone in this manner a quarter of a league, when the sound of a little bell reached our ears, a certain signal that some flocks were near us. All of us looking out attentively to see whether any appeared, we discovered a young shepherd at the foot



of a cork-tree, quietly employed in shaping a stick with his knife. We called out to him, and he, lifting up his head, got up nimbly on his feet. But, as we came to understand afterwards, the first who presented themselves to his sight were the renegade and Zoraïda, and he, seeing them in Moorish habits, thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him. Making towards the wood before him with incredible speed, he cried out as loud as he could: "The Moors! the Moors are landed! to arms! to arms!" When we heard this outcry, we were confounded, and knew not

what to do ; but, considering that the shepherd's outcries must needs alarm the country, and that the militia of the coast would presently come to see what was the matter, we agreed that the renegade should strip off his Turkish habit and put on a jerkin, or slave's cassock, which one of us immediately gave him, though he who lent it remained only in his shirt and breeches : then, recommending ourselves to God, we pursued the same way we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment when the coast guard would be upon us. Nor were we deceived in our apprehension : in less than two hours, as we came down the hill into the plain, we discovered about fifty horsemen coming towards us on a half-gallop. As soon as we saw them, we stood still to wait their coming up. But as they drew near, and found, instead of the Moors they looked for, a company of poor Christian captives, they were surprised, and



one of them asked us whether we were the occasion of the shepherd's alarming the country. I answered that we were ; and being about to acquaint him whence we came and who we were, one of the Christians who came with us, knew the horseman who asked us the question ; and, without giving me time to say any thing more, he

cried : “ God be praised, gentlemen, for bringing us to so good a part of the country ! for, if I am not mistaken, the ground we stand upon is the territory of Velez-Malaga, and if the length of my captivity has not impaired my memory, you, Sir, who are asking us who we are, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle.” Scarcely had the Christian captive said this, when the horseman threw himself from his horse and ran to embrace the young man. “ Dear nephew of my soul and of my life,” cried he, “ I know you ; and we have often bewailed your death, I, my sister, your mother and all your kindred, who are still alive. God has been pleased to prolong their lives that they may have the pleasure of seeing you again. We knew you were in Algiers, and, by the appearance of your dress and that of your companions, I guess you must have recovered your liberty in some miraculous manner.”—“ It is even so,” answered the young man, “ and we shall have time enough hereafter to tell you the whole story.”

As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives, they alighted from their horses, and each of them invited us to accept of his horse to carry us to the city of Velez-Malaga, which was a league and a half off. Some of them went back to carry the boat to the town, being told by us where we had left it. Others of them took us up behind them, and Zoraïda rode behind our captive’s uncle. All the people came out to receive us, having heard the news of our coming from some who went before. They were not surprised to see captives freed, nor Moors made slaves ; for the people of that coast are accustomed to see both the one and the other. But they were astonished by the beauty of Zoraïda, which was at that time in its full perfection ; for what with the fatigue of walking and the joy of being in Christendom, without the fear of being lost, such colours showed themselves in her face, that, if my affection did not then deceive me, I will venture to say there never was in the world a more beautiful creature, at least none that I had ever seen. We went directly to the church, to give God thanks for the mercy we had received, and Zoraïda, on entering, said there were faces there very like that of Lella Maryem. We told her they were pictures of her, and the renegade explained to her



the best he could what they signified, that she might adore them, just as if every one of them were really that very Lella Maryem who had spoken to her. Zoraïda, who has good sense, and a clear and ready apprehension, readily understood what was told her concerning the images <sup>227</sup>. After this they conducted us to the town, and lodged us in different houses. But the Christian who came with us took the renegade, Zoraïda and me, to the house of his parents, who were in pretty good circumstances, and who treated us with as much kindness as they did their own son.

We staid in Velez six days, at the end of which time the renegade, having informed himself of what was proper for him to do, repaired to the city of Grenada, there to be re-admitted, by means

<sup>227</sup> It is well known that the mussulmans are iconoclasts, and that they proscribe, as idols, every kind of representation of living creatures.

of the holy Inquisition, into the bosom of our holy mother the church. The rest of the freed captives went every one which way he pleased. As for Zoraïda and myself, we remained behind, with those crowns only which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed on Zoraïda. With part of it I bought this beast she rides on, and hitherto I have served her as a father and a gentleman-usher, but not as a husband. We are going with design to see if my father be living, or whether either of my brothers have had better fortune than myself; though, considering that Heaven has given me Zoraïda, no other fortune could have befallen me which I should have valued at so high a rate. The patience with which Zoraïda bears the inconveniences poverty brings along with it, and the desire she seems to express of becoming a Christian, is so great, so admirable, that I am astonished, and I look upon myself as bound to serve her all the days of my life. However, the delight I take in seeing myself hers and her mine, is sometimes interrupted and almost destroyed by a thought that frequently suggests itself to me: I know not whether I shall find any corner in my own country wherein to shelter her, whether time and death have not made such alterations in the affairs and lives of my father and brothers, that, if they are no more, I shall hardly find any one who will even deign to recognize me.

This, gentlemen, is my history; whether it be an entertaining and uncommon one, you are to judge. For my own part, I can say, I would willingly have related it still more succinctly, though the fear of tiring you; has made me omit several circumstances which were at my tongue's end <sup>228</sup>.

<sup>228</sup> The adventure of the captive is repeated in the comedy *los Banos de Argel*, and Lope de Vega has also introduced it in that intituled *los Cautivos de Argel*. Cervantes gives it as a true history, and concludes the first mentioned piece in the following words: "This tale of love and sweet recollections is still current at Algiers, and the garden and the window are to be seen to this day.—"



## CHAPTER XV.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT FARTHER HAPPENED IN THE INN, AND OF MANY OTHER THINGS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN.



**A**FTER the captive had ended his story, Don Fernando said: "Truly, captain the manner of your relating this strange adventure has been such as equals the novelty and interest of the event itself. The whole is extraordinary, uncommon and full of accidents, which astonish and surprise those who hear them. So great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it, that though the story had held until to-morrow, we should have wished it were to begin again." Cardenio and the rest of the company offered him all the service in their power, with such expressions of kindness and sincerity, that the captain was extremely well satisfied of their good-will. Don Fernando, among other offers, said that if he would return with him, he, Don Fernando, would prevail with the marquis his brother to stand godfather at Zoraïda's baptism, and that, for his own part, he would accommodate him in such a manner that he might appear in his own country with the dignity and distinction due to his person.—

The captive thanked him most courteously, but would not accept of any of his generous offers.

By this time night approached, and, about the dusk, a coach arrived at the inn, surrounded by some men on horseback, who



asked for a lodging. The hostess answered that there was not an inch of spare room in the whole inn. "Though it be so," said one of the men on horseback, "there must be room made for my lord judge <sup>229</sup> here in the coach." At this name the hostess was troubled: "Sir," she said, "the truth is, I have no bed. If his worship my lord judge brings one with him, as I believe he must, let him enter and welcome. I and my husband will quit our own chamber to accommodate his honour."—"Then let it be so?" quoth the squire. At that moment there alighted out of the coach a man whose garb announced the office and dignity he bore. His long and sleeveless gown made it apparent that he was a judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young lady, about

<sup>229</sup> The office of auditor of the courts and chancery, in Spain, answers to that of the judge of the court of Appeal among us.

sixteen years of age, in a riding-dress, so genteel, so beautiful and so gay, that her presence struck them all with admiration, and had



they not seen Dorothea, Lucinda and Zoraida, who were in the inn, they would hardly have believed that such charms could have



been found. Don Quixote was present at the arrival of the judge. When he saw him enter, leading the young lady, he said: "Your worship may securely enter and walk about in this castle. It is certainly narrow and ill accommodated, but there is no narrowness nor incommodiousness in the world which does not make room for arms and letters, especially if arms and letters bring beauty for their guide and conductor, as your worship's letters do in this fair maiden, to whom not only castles ought to throw open and offer themselves, but rocks to separate and divide, and mountains to bow their lofty heads, to give her entrance and reception. Enter, Sir, I say, into this paradise: you will find here stars and suns to accompany that Heaven you bring with you; you will find here arms at their post, and beauty in perfection."

The judge marvelled greatly at this speech of Don Quixote's, whom he scrutinized very earnestly from head to foot, no less astonished at his figure than at his words; and not knowing what to answer, he began to gaze at him again, when Lucinda, Dorothea and Zoraïda appeared before him, whom the report of these new guests, and the account the hostess had given them of the beauty of the young lady, had brought to see and receive her.—Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest, complimented him in a more intelligible and polite manner. Thereupon my lord judge entered the inn, no less confounded at what he saw than at what he heard; and the beauties of the house welcomed the fair stranger. The judge was at no loss to perceive that all there were persons of distinction; but the mien, visage and behaviour of Don Quixote disconcerted him. After the usual civilities, and when an enquiry had been made into what conveniences the inn afforded, it was again ordered, as it had been before, that all the women should lodge in the great room aforesaid, and the men remain without as their guard. The judge was contented that his daughter (such was the young lady) should accompany those ladies, which she did with all her heart. With part of the inn-keeper's narrow bed, together with that the judge had brought with him, they accommodated themselves that night better than they expected.

The captive, from the very moment he saw the judge, felt his

heart beat, and had a suspicion that this gentleman was his brother. He went into the yard and asked one of the servants that came with him what his name might be, and if he knew what country he was of. The servant answered that his master was called the licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, a native, as he had heard say, of a town in the mountains of Leon. This account, coupled with what he had seen, entirely confirmed the captive in his opinion that this was that brother who, by advice of his father, had applied himself to learning. Overjoyed and pleased to think that it was so, he called aside Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest, and told them what had passed, assuring them that the judge was his brother. The servant had also told him that he was going to the Indies in quality of judge of the courts of Mexico. He understood also that the young lady was his daughter, and that her mother had died in giving her birth, and had left the judge very rich by the dowry which came to him from his having this child by her. The captive asked their advice as to what way he should take to discover himself, or how he might first ascertain whether, after the discovery, his brother, seeing him so poor, would be ashamed to own him, or would receive him with fraternal affection. "Leave it to me to make the experiment," said the priest. "The rather because there is no reason to doubt, Signor captain, that you will be very well received, for the worth and prudence which appear in your brother's looks give no signs of his being arrogant or wilfully forgetful, or of his not knowing how to make due allowances for the accidents of fortune."—"Nevertheless," said the captain, "I would fain make myself known to him by some round-about way, and not suddenly and at unawares."—"I tell you," answered the priest, "I will manage it after such a manner that all parties shall be satisfied."

By this time supper was ready, and they all sat down to table, excepting the captive and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the midst of supper, the priest said: "My lord judge, I had a comrade of your name in Constantinople, where I was a slave some years; which comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in all the Spanish infantry, but as unfortunate

as he was resolute and brave.”—“And pray, Sir, what was the captain’s name?” said the judge. “He was called,” answered the priest, “Rui<sup>230</sup> Perez de Viedma, and he was born in a town in the mountains of Leon. He related to me a circumstance which happened between his father, himself and his two brothers, which, had it come from a person of less veracity than himself, I should have taken for a tale, such as old women tell by the fireside in winter. In effect, he informed me that his father had divided his estate equally between himself and his three sons, and had given them certain precepts better than those of Cato. I can assure you that the choice he made to follow the wars succeeded so well that, in a few years, by his valour and bravery, without other help than that of his great merit, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself in the road to become a colonel very soon. But there his good fortune deserted him; for where he might most have expected to have her favour, he altogether experienced her most bitter persecution. In a word, he lost his liberty in that glorious action whereby so many recovered theirs, at the battle of Lepanto. Mine I lost at the Goleta; and subsequently, by the fortune of war, we became comrades in Constantinople. From thence he was removed to Algiers, where, to my knowledge, one of the strangest adventures in the world befel him.” The priest then recounted very briefly and succinctly the history of what had passed between his brother and Zoraïda. The judge listened as attentively to this recital as ever he had done to evidence for or against a prisoner at the bar. The priest suddenly broke off at that point where the French stripped the Christians who came in the bark; he left off at the poverty and necessity wherein his comrade and the beautiful Moor were left, adding that he knew not what became of them afterwards, whether they arrived in Spain, or were carried by the Frenchmen to France.

The captain stood at some distance patiently listening to all the priest said, and observing all the emotions of his brother. The latter, perceiving that the priest had ended his story, fetched a deep sigh, and, his eyes standing with water, said: “O Sir! you

<sup>230</sup> *Rui*, an abbreviation of *Rodrigo*.

know not how nearly I am affected by the news you tell me ; so nearly, that I am constrained to shew it by these tears, which flow from my eyes in spite of all my discretion and reserve ! That gallant captain you mention is my elder brother, who, being of a stronger constitution and of more elevated thoughts than I or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms, which was one of the three careers proposed to us by our father, as your comrade told you when he related to you that history which you mistook for an old wife's tale. I applied myself to learning, which by God's blessing and my industry has raised me to the station you see me in. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich that, with what he has sent to my father and me, he has made large amends for what he took away with him, and besides has enabled my father to indulge his natural disposition to liberality ; and I also, thanks to him, have been enabled to prosecute my studies with more decorum and authority, and to befit myself for the rank to which I am now advanced. My father is still alive, but dying with desire to hear of his eldest born, and praying incessantly to God that death may not close his eyes until he has once again beheld his son alive. I wonder extremely, considering my brother's discretion, how, in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous successes, he could neglect giving his father some account of himself. Certainly, if my father or any of us had known his case, he needed not have waited for the miracle of the cane to have obtained his ransom. But what at present gives me the most concern, is to think whether those Frenchmen have set him at liberty, or killed him to conceal their robbery. This thought will make me continue my voyage, not with that satisfaction I began it, but rather with melancholy and sadness. O my dear brother ! did I but know where you now are, I would go and find you and deliver you from your troubles, though at the expense of my own repose ! Oh ! who shall carry the news to our aged father that you are alive ? Though you were in the deepest dungeon of Barbary, his wealth, my brother's and mine would fetch you thence. And you, O beautiful and bountiful Zoraïda ! who can repay the kindness you have done my brother ! who shall be so happy as to be present at your regeneration by



baptism, and at your nuptials, which would give us all so much delight!"

These and the like expressions the judge uttered, so full of compassion at the news he had received of his brother, that all who heard him bore him company in demonstrations of a tender concern for his sorrow. The priest, finding he had gained his point according to the captain's wish, would not hold them any longer in suspense. Rising from table and entering Zoraïda's room, he took her by the hand, and behind her came Lucinda, Dorothea and the judge's daughter. The captain stood expecting what the priest

would do. The latter, taking him by the other hand and leading them both into the room where the judge and the rest of the



company were, said: "My lord judge, dry your tears, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire. Behold your good brother and your good sister-in-law. Here is captain Viedma, and there is the beautiful Moor who did him so much

good. The Frenchmen I told you of reduced them to the poverty you see, to give you an opportunity of shewing the liberality of your generous breast." The captain ran to embrace his brother, who, in his surprise, set both his hands against the captain's breast to regard him a little more stedfastly; but when he thoroughly recognized him, he embraced him closely, shedding melting tears of joy, in which no one present could refrain from joining him. The words both the brothers uttered to each other and the concern they shewed, can, I believe, hardly be conceived, much less written. They gave each other a brief account of their adventures; then they demonstrated the height of brotherly affection; then the judge embraced Zoraïda, offering her all he had; then he made his daughter embrace her; then the fair Christian and beautiful Moor renewed the tears of all the company. Don Quixote stood attentive, without speaking a word, pondering upon these strange events, and ascribing them all to chimeras of knight-errantry. It was finally agreed, that the captain and Zoraïda should return with their brother to Seville, and acquaint their father with his being found at liberty, that the old man might contrive to be present at the baptism and nuptials of Zoraïda. It was impossible for the judge to discontinue his journey, he having received news of the flota's departure from Seville for New Spain in a month's time, and it would have been a great inconvenience to him to have lost his passage.

All present were satisfied and rejoiced at the captive's success; and, two parts of the night being well nigh spent, they agreed to retire and repose themselves during the remainder. Don Quixote offered his service to guard the castle, lest some giant or other miscreant-errant, for lucre of the treasure of beauty enclosed there, should make some attempt and attack them. They who knew him, returned him thanks, and gave the judge an account of his strange frenzy, with which he was not a little diverted. Sancho Panza alone was out of all patience at the company's sitting up so late; and after all, he was better accommodated than any of them, throwing himself upon the accoutrements of his ass, which cost him dear, as will be seen by and by. The ladies having now retired to their chamber,

and the rest having bestowed themselves as well as they could, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to stand sentinel at the castle-gate, as he had promised.





## CHAPTER XVI.

WHICH TREATS OF THE AGREEABLE HISTORY OF THE YOUNG MULETEER, WITH OTHER STRANGE ACCIDENTS THAT HAPPENED IN THE INN.



JUST before day-break, there reached the ladies' ears a voice so tuneable and sweet that it instantly attracted their attention, especially that of Dorothea, who lay awake, while Donna Clara de Viedma, for so the judge's daughter was called, slept by her side. Nobody could imagine who the person was that sung so well; it was a single voice, without

any instrument to accompany it. Sometimes they fancied the singing was in the yard, and at other times that it was in the stable. While they were thus in suspense, Cardenio came to the chamber-door, and said: "You that are not asleep, pray listen, and you will hear the voice of one of the muleteer lads, who sings enchantingly."—"We hear him already, Sir," answered

Dorothea. Cardenio then went away; and Dorothea, listening with the utmost attention, overheard the following stanzas :

“ I am a Mariner of Love,  
And in his seas profound,  
Toss'd betwixt doubts and fears I rove,  
And see no port around.

“ At distance I behold a star,  
Whose beams my senses draw,  
Brighter, and more resplendent far,  
Than Palinure <sup>231</sup> e'er saw.

“ Yet still, uncertain of my way,  
I stem a dangerous tide,  
No compass but that doubtful ray,  
My wearied bark to guide.

“ For when its light I most would see,  
Benighted most I sail :  
Like clouds, reserve and modesty  
Its shrouded lustre veil.

“ O lovely star <sup>232</sup>, by whose bright ray  
My love and faith I try,  
When thou withdraw'st thy cheering day,  
In night of death I lie.”

When the singer came to this point, Dorothea thought it would be wrong to let Clara lose the opportunity of hearing so good a voice. Jogging her gently to and fro, she awaked her, saying: “ Pardon

<sup>231</sup> The pilot of Æneas.

..... Surgit Palinurus, et omnes  
Explorat ventos .....  
Sidera cuncta notat tacito latentia cœlo.  
(Æn., lib. III.)

<sup>232</sup> In the original, *Clara y luciente estrella*, jeu de mots on the name of Clara.

me, child, that I awake you, for I do it that you may have the pleasure of hearing the best voice, perhaps, you have ever heard in all your life." Clara awoke, quite sleepy, rubbed her eyes, and, not



understanding what Dorothea had said, asked her to repeat it. Dorothea did so, and Clara became all attention; but no sooner had she heard two or three of the verses which the young man was singing, than she began to tremble as excessively as if she had been seized by a violent fit of tertian ague, and, clasping Dorothea close

in her arms : “ Ah ! dear lady of my soul and life,” she said, “ why did you awaken me ? The greatest good that fortune could do me at this time, would be to keep my eyes and ears closed, that I might neither see nor hear this unhappy musician.”—“ What is it you say, child ? Pray take notice we are told he that sings is but a mule-teen.”—“ Oh, no ! he is no such thing,” replied Clara : “ he is a young gentleman of large possessions, and so much master of my heart that, if he has no mind to part with it, it shall be his eternally.” Dorothea was surprised to hear these passionate expressions of the girl, thinking them far beyond what her tender years might promise. “ You speak in such a manner, Miss Clara,” she said to her, “ that I cannot understand you. Explain yourself more clearly, and tell me what it is you say of heart and possessions, and of this musician whose voice disturbs you so much. But say nothing now ; for I will not lose the pleasure of hearing him sing, to mind your trembling, and methinks he is beginning to sing new verses to a new air.”—“ With all my heart,” answered Clara, and, that she might not hear him, stopped both her ears with her hands. Dorothea’s wonder increased at observing that ; but listening attentively to the singer, she distinguished the following words :

“ Sweet Hope, thee difficulties fly,  
 To thee disheartning fears give way :  
 Not e’en thy death impending nigh,  
 Thy dauntless courage can dismay.

“ No conquests bless, no laurels crown  
 The lazy general’s feeble arm,  
 Who sinks reposed in bed of down,  
 Whilst ease and sloth his senses charm.

“ Love sells his precious glories dear,  
 And vast the purchase of his joys ;  
 Nor ought he set such treasures rare  
 At the low price of vulgar toys.

“ Since perseverance gains the prize,  
 And cowards still successless prove,  
 Borne on the wings of Hope I'll rise,  
 Nor fear to reach the Heaven of love.”

Here the voice ceased, and Clara began to sigh afresh. All this inflamed Dorothea's curiosity to know the cause of so sweet a song, and so sad a plaint. Therefore she again asked her what it was she would have said a while ago. Then Clara, lest Lucinda should hear her, embracing Dorothea, put her mouth so close to her companion's ear that she might speak securely, without being overheard.

“ The singer, my dear madam,” she began, “ is son of a gentleman of the kingdom of Aragon, lord of two towns. He lived opposite to my father's house at court, and though my father kept his windows with canvas in the winter, and lattices in summer <sup>233</sup>, I know not how it happened that this young gentleman, who then was



<sup>233</sup> There was at that day no such thing as window-glass at Madrid even in the house of a judge.

engaged at his studies, saw me, at church or elsewhere. In short, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand his passion from the windows of his house, by so many signs and so many tears, that I was forced to believe, and even to love him, without knowing what I desired. Among other signs which he used to make, one was to join one hand with the other, signifying his



desire to marry me. I should have been very glad for it to have been so, yet, being alone and without a mother, I knew not to whom I could communicate the affair. Therefore I let it rest, without granting him any favour excepting when his father and mine chanced to be both abroad, to lift up the canvas or lattice window, and give him a full view of me; at which he was so transported, that he seemed stark mad. Now the time of my father's

departure drew near, which he heard, but not from me, for I never had an opportunity to tell it him. He fell sick, of grief, as far as I could learn, so that, on the day we came away, I could not see him to bid him farewell, though it were but with my eyes. But, after we had travelled two days, as we were going into an inn in a village a day's journey from hence, I saw him at the door, in the habit of a muleteer, so naturally dressed that, had I not carried his image deeply imprinted in my soul, it had been impossible for me to recognize him. I knew him and was both surprised and overjoyed. He stole looks at me unobserved by my father, whom he carefully avoids, when he crosses the way before me either on the road or at our inn. Knowing who he is and considering that he comes on foot and takes such pains for love of me, I die with concern, and continually set my eyes where he sets his feet. I cannot imagine what he proposes to himself, nor how he could escape from his father, who loves him passionately, having no other heir, and he being so very deserving, as you will perceive when you see him. I can assure you besides, that all he sings is of his own invention, for I have heard it said that he is a very great scholar and a poet. And now, every time I see him or hear him sing, I tremble all over, fearful lest my father should come to know him and discover our inclinations. In my life I never spoke a word to him, and yet I love him so violently that I shall never be able to live without him. This, dear madam, is all I can tell you of this musician, whose voice has pleased you so much, by which you may easily perceive he is no muleteer, but master of hearts and towns, as I have already told you."

"Say no more, my dear Clara," said Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times; "pray say no more, and stay until to-morrow; for I hope in God so to manage your affair that the conclusion shall be as happy as so innocent a beginning deserves."—"Ah madam," said Donna Clara, "what conclusion can be hoped for, since his father is of such quality and so wealthy that he will not think me worthy to be so much as his son's servant, and how much less his wife? And as to marrying without my father's consent and knowledge, I would not do it for all the world. I would only have this young

man go back and leave me; perhaps by not seeing him, and by the great distance of place and time, the pains I now endure may be abated, though I dare say this remedy is like to do me little good. I know not what sorcery this is, nor which way this love possesses me, he and I being both so young, for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet full sixteen, nor shall be, as my father says, until next Michaelmas." Dorothea could not forbear smiling to hear how childishly Donna Clara talked. "Let us try to rest the short remainder of the night;" she said, "to-morrow is a new day, and we shall speed, or my hand will be mightily out."

Then they composed themselves to sleep, and there was a profound silence all over the inn. The inn-keeper's daughter and her maid Maritornes only, were awake, who very well knowing Don Quixote's peccant humour, and that he was standing without doors, armed and on horseback, keeping guard, agreed to put some trick upon him, or at least to have a little pastime by over-hearing some of his extravagant speeches.

Now, be it understood that the inn had no windows towards the field, only a kind of pigeon-hole to the straw loft, by which they





threw in their straw. At this hole, then, the pair of demi-lasses planted themselves. They perceived that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, uttering every now and then such mournful and profound sighs that one would think each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They heard him also say, in a soft, soothing and amorous tone: "O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good-humour, and pledge of modesty, in a word the idea and example of all that is profitable, decent or delightful in the world, what may your ladyship be now doing? Art thou, peradventure, thinking of thy captive knight, who voluntarily exposes himself to so many perils, merely for thy sake? O thou triformed luminary<sup>234</sup>! bring me tidings of her, thou who, perhaps, art now gazing at her, envious of her beauty, as she is walking through a gallery of her sumptuous palace, or leaning over a balcony, considering how, without offence to her modesty and grandeur, she may assuage the torment this poor afflicted heart of mine endures for her sake, or perhaps considering what glory to bestow on my sufferings, what rest on my cares, what reward on my services, and, lastly, what life on my death. And thou, sun, who by this time must be hastening to saddle thy steeds to come abroad early and visit my mistress, I entreat thee, as soon as thou seest her, salute her in my name; but beware when thou seest and salutest her that thou dost not kiss her face; for I shall be more jealous of thee than thou wast of that swift ingrate who made thee sweat and run so fast over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of Peneus (for I do not well remember on which of them thou rannest at that time), jealous, and enamoured."

Thus far Don Quixote had proceeded in his piteous soliloquy, when the inn-keeper's daughter began to call softly to him, and to say: "Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please." On hearing this signal and voice, Don Quixote turned about his head, and perceived by the light of the moon which then shone very brightly, that somebody called him from the pigeon-hole, which to him seemed a window with gilded bars, fit for as rich a castle, as he fancied the

<sup>234</sup> *Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.*

inn to be; and instantly it came again into his mad imagination, as it had done before, that the fair damsel, daughter of the lord of the castle, being irresistibly in love with him, was come to solicit him again. With this thought, that he might not appear discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rocinante about, and came up to the pigeon-hole. As soon as he saw the two wenches, he said: "I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your amorous inclinations where it is impossible for you to meet with a suitable return, such as your great worth and beauty deserve. Yet ought you not to blame this unfortunate enamoured knight, whose affections love has been incapable of engaging to any other than to her whom, the moment he set his eyes on her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, good lady, and retire to your chamber, and do not, by a farther discovery of your desires, force me to seem still more ungrateful; and if the passion you have for me can enable you to find any thing in me to satisfy you, provided it be not downright love, pray command it; and I swear to you, by that absent sweet enemy of mine, to bestow it upon you immediately, though you should ask me for a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even sun-beams inclosed in a phial<sup>235</sup>."—"Sir," quoth Maritornes, "my lady wants nothing of all this."—"What is it then your lady wants, discreet Duenna?" answered Don Quixote. "Only one of your beautiful hands," quoth Maritornes, "to the end that she may partly satisfy the longing which brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour that, if her lord and father should come to know it, he would mince her in such a fashion that the smallest slice of her should be one of her ears."—"I would fain see that," answered Don Quixote; "but he had best have a care what he does, unless he has a mind to come to the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid violent hands on the delicate members of his amorous daughter."

Maritornes had no doubt Don Quixote would give his hand as they had desired, and resolving with herself what she would do, she went down into the stable, whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass; then she returned in haste to the hay-loft, just as Don

<sup>235</sup> Like the good sense of Rolando, which Astolpho fetched from the moon.

Quixote had got upon Rocinante's saddle to reach the pigeon-hole where he imagined the enamoured damsel stood. As he gave her his hand, he said: "Take, madam, this hand, or rather this chastiser of the evil-doers of the world; take, I say, this hand, which no



woman's hand ever touched before, not even her's who has the entire right to my whole body. I do not give it you to kiss, but only that you may behold the contexture of its nerves, the firm knitting of its muscles, the largeness and spaciousness of its veins, whence you may gather what must be the strength of the arm to which such a hand belongs."—"We shall soon see that" quoth Maritornes; and, making a running knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist; descending from the hole, she tied the other end of it very fast to the staple of the door of the hay-loft.

Don Quixote felt the harshness of the rope about his wrist. "You seem rather to rasp than grasp my hand said he; pray do not treat it so roughly, since it is not to blame for the injury my inclination does you, nor is it right to discharge the whole of your displeasure on so small a part. Consider, besides, that lovers do not take revenge at this cruel rate." But nobody heard a word of all this discourse: for as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, she and the inn-keeper's daughter both went away, ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner, that it was impossible for him to get loose. He stood, as has been said, upright on the back of Rocinante, his arm within the pigeon-hole and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door; in the utmost fear and dread that, if his horse stirred ever so little one way or other, he must remain hanging by the arm. Therefore he durst not make the least motion, though he might well expect from the sobriety and patience of Rocinante that he would stand stock still an entire century.

In short, Don Quixote, finding himself securely tied, and that the ladies were gone, began presently to imagine that all this was done in the way of enchantment, as on the previous occasion, when, in that very same castle, the enchanted Moor of a carrier so mauled him. Then within himself he cursed his own inconsiderateness and indiscretion, since having come off so ill before, he had ventured to enter a second time, it being a rule with knights-errant that, when they have once tried an adventure and cannot accomplish it, it is a sign of its not being reserved for them, but for somebody else; in which case there is no necessity for them to try it a second time.

However, he pulled his arm to see if he could loose himself; but the knot was so tight that all his efforts were in vain. It is true indeed, he pulled gently, lest Rocinante should stir, and though he would fain have got into the saddle, and have sat down, he was obliged either to stand up or pull off his hand. Now he wished for Amadis's sword, against which no enchantment had any power; now he cursed his fortune, and exaggerated the loss the world would have of his presence all the while he should continue enchanted, as he firmly believed was the case; now he bethought himself afresh of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso. Now he called upon his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon his ass's pannel and buried in sleep, did not, at that instant, so much as dream of the mother that bore him; now he invoked the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife, to help him, and called upon his special friend Urganda, to assist him. Eventually, there the morning overtook him, so despairing and confounded, that he bellowed like a bull, hopeless that the day would bring him any relief; for accounting himself enchanted, he concluded it would be eternal. He was the more induced to believe this to be the case, inasmuch as he observed that Rocinante budged not at all. Therefore he actually believed that himself and his horse must remain in that posture, without eating, drinking or sleeping, until that evil influence of the stars should be past, or until some more sage enchanter should disenchant him.

But he was very much mistaken in his belief. In effect, scarcely had the day began to dawn, when four men on horseback arrived at the inn, very well appointed and accoutred, with carbines hanging at the pommels of their saddles. They called at the inn-door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard. But Don Quixote, perceiving them from the place where he still stood sentinel, he cried out with an arrogant and loud voice: "Knights, or squires, or whoever you are, you have no business to knock at the gate of this castle, for it is very plain that at such hours the inhabitants are asleep; besides it is not customary to open the gates of fortresses until the sun has spread his beams over the whole horizon. Get farther off, and stay until daylight; then we

shall see whether it is fit to open to you or not.”—“What the devil of a fortress or castle is this,” quoth one of them, “to oblige us to observe all this ceremony? If you are the inn-keeper, make somebody open the door; for we are travellers, and only want to bait our horses and go on, for we are in haste.”—“Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an inn-keeper?” answered Don Quixote. “I know not what you look like,” answered the other; “but I am sure you talk preposterously, to call this inn a castle.”—“It is a castle,” replied Don Quixote, “and one of the best in this province, and there are in it persons who have had sceptres in their hands and crowns on their heads.”—“You had better have said the very reverse,” quoth the traveller, “the sceptre on the head, and the crown in the hand. But doubtless some company of strolling players is within, who frequently wear those crowns and sceptres you talk of; otherwise, I do not believe that, in so small and paltry an inn, and where all is so silent, there can be lodged persons worthy to wear crowns and wield sceptres.”—“You know little of the world,” replied Don Quixote, “if you are ignorant of the accidents which usually happen in knight-errantry.” The querist’s comrades, tired with the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, knocked again with such increased violence that the inn-keeper awaked, and all the rest of the people that were in the inn. The host got up and asked who knocked.

At that moment it chanced that one of the four strangers’ horses came to smell at Rocinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his distended master without stirring; but, being of flesh, although he seemed to be of wood, he could not but be sensible of it, and smell him again, that came so kindly to caress him. But scarcely had he stirred a step when, Don Quixote’s footing failing him, he had fallen to the ground had he not hung by the arm. His uneasy position put him to so much torture that he fancied his wrist was cutting off, or his arm tearing from his body. Yet did he hang so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tip of his toes, which turned to his prejudice, for, feeling how little he wanted to set his feet to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it quite. Thus

those who are tortured by the strappado <sup>236</sup>, being placed at touch or not touch, are themselves the cause of increasing their own pain by their eagerness to extend themselves, deceived by the hope that, if they stretch never so little farther, they shall reach the ground.



<sup>236</sup> *La Garrucha*. The malefactor was suspended, his body being laden with heavy weights, until he confessed his crime.

## CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH ARE CONTINUED THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES OF THE INN.



EFFECTUALLY, Don Quixote reared out so terribly that the host in a fright opened the door in haste, to see who it was that made those outcries. Martines, who was also waked by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw-loft and, unperceived by any one, untied the halter which held up Don Quixote. The knight fell to

the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers, who, coming up to him, asked him what ailed him that he so cried out. Don Quixote, without answering a word, slipped the rope from his wrist, raised himself up on his feet, mounted Rocinante, braced his target, couched his lance, and taking a good compass about the field, came up at a hand-gallop, calling out: "Whoever shall dare to affirm that I was fairly enchanted, provided my sovereign lady the princess Micomicona gives me leave, I say he lies, and I challenge him to single combat." The new comers were amazed at Don Quixote's



words; but the inn-keeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was, adding that they must not mind him, for he was beside himself.

They then enquired of the host whether there was not in the house a youth about fifteen years old, habited like a muleteer, and of such a height and mien, describing Donna Clara's lover. The host answered there were so many people in the inn that he had not taken particular notice of any such. But one of them, espying the coach the judge came in, said: "Without doubt he must be here, for this is the coach it is said he follows. Let one of us stay at the door, and the rest go in and look for him. It would not be amiss, likewise, for one of us to ride round about the inn, that he may not escape over the pales of the yard."—"It shall be done," answered one of them; and while two went in, the third remained at the door and the fourth walked the round. The inn-keeper observed all this, unable to divine why they took all these measures, though he believed they sought the young lad they had been describing to him.

By this time it was clear day, which, together with the noise Don Quixote had made, had raised the whole house, especially Donna Clara and Dorothea, who had slept but indifferently, the one through concern at being so near her lover, and the other through the desire of seeing him. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers minded him, nor deigned to answer his challenge, was dying and running mad with rage and despite; and could he have found a precedent in the statutes and ordinances of chivalry, that a knight-errant might lawfully undertake or begin any other adventure, after having given his word and faith not to engage in any new enterprise until he had finished what he had promised, he would have attacked them all, and made them answer whether they would or not. But thinking it neither convenient nor decent to set about a new adventure until he had reinstated Micomicona in her kingdom, he thought it best to say nothing and be quiet, awaiting, with his arms crossed on his breast, what would be the issue of the enquiry and search those travellers were making.

One of the latter found the youth he was in quest of sleeping by the side of a muleteer, little dreaming of any body's searching for him, or

finding him. The man, pulling him by the arm, said: "Upon my word, Signor Don Luis, the dress you are in, is very becoming such a



gentleman as you; and the bed you lie on is very suitable to the tenderness with which your mother brought you up." The youth rubbed his drowsy eyes, and looking wistfully in his disturber's face, he immediately recognized in him one of his father's servants. This sight so surprised him that he could not speak a word for some minutes. "There is no more to be done, Signor Don Luis, but for you to have patience and return home, unless you have a mind my master, your father, should depart to the other world; for nothing less can be expected from the pain he is in at your absence." "Why how did my father know," said Don Luis, "that I was come this road, and in this dress?"—"A student," answered the servant, "to whom you gave an account of your design, discovered it, being moved to pity by the lamentations your father made the

instant he missed you. He immediately despatched four of his servants in quest of you, and we are all here at your service, overjoyed beyond imagination at the good speed we have made, and that we shall so soon restore you to those eyes that love you so dearly.”—“That will be as I shall please, or as Heaven shall ordain,” answered Don Luis. “What should you please, or Heaven ordain, otherwise than that you should return home?” quoth the servant, “There is no possibility of avoiding it.”

The muleteer who lay with Don Luis, hearing the discourse between them, arose and informed Don Fernando, Cardenio and the rest of the company, who were all by this time up and dressed, with what had passed. He related to them that the man had styled the young lad *Don*, and that the man would have him return to his father's house, and that the youth refused to go. Hearing this, and considering besides how fine a voice Heaven had bestowed upon him, they had all a great longing to know who he was, and to assist him, if any violence should be offered him. Accordingly, they went towards the place where he was talking and disputing with his servant.

At this juncture, Dorothea came out of her chamber, and behind her Donna Clara in great disorder. Calling Cardenio aside, Dorothea related to him in a few words the history of the musician and Donna Clara. In return, he told her what had passed in respect to the servants coming in search after him; but he did not speak so low but Donna Clara overheard him, which put her in such an agony that, had not Dorothea sustained her, she would have fallen. Cardenio desired Dorothea to go back with Donna Clara to their chamber, adding that he would in the mean time endeavour to set matters to rights.

At that moment all the four horsemen who came in quest of Don Luis were in the inn, and had surrounded him, pressing him to return immediately to comfort his father. He answered that he could in no wise do so until he had accomplished a business wherein his life, his honour and his soul were concerned. The servants continued to urge him, saying that they would not go back without him, and that they were resolved to carry him whether he would or not. “That you shall not do,” replied Don Luis, “except you kill me; and, whichever way you carry me, it will be without life.” Most

of the people that were in the inn were attracted to the spot by the noise of the contention, particularly Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, who thought there was no farther need of continuing upon the castle-guard. Cardenio, already knowing the young man's story, asked the men who were for carrying him off, why they would take away the youth against his will. "Because," replied one of the four, "we would save the life of this gentleman's father, who is in danger of losing it by his absence."—"There is no need," interrupted Don Luis, "of giving an account of my affairs here. I am free, and will go back if I please; if not, none of you shall force me." "But reason will force you," answered the servant; "and though it should not prevail upon you, it must upon us, to do what we came about, and what we are obliged to."—"Hold," said the judge, "let us know what this business is to the bottom." But the man, who knew him to be his master's near neighbour, answered: "Pray my lord judge, does not your honour know this gentleman? he is your neighbour's son, and has absented himself from his father's house in an unbecoming garb, as your honour may see." Then the judge examined Don Luis more attentively, and having recognized, he embraced him, and said: "What childish frolic is this, Signor Don Luis, or what powerful cause has moved you to come in this manner, and this dress so little becoming your quality?" Tears came into the young gentleman's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The judge bid the servants be quiet, for all would be well; then taking Don Luis by the hand, he led him aside and interrogated him.

While the judge was questioning the young gentleman, a sudden and loud outcry was heard at the door of the inn. The occasion of it was as follows: two guests who had lodged there that night, seeing all the folks busy about learning what the four men searched for, had attempted to go off without paying their reckoning. But the host, who minded his own business more than other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded his money, giving them such hard words for their civil intention that he provoked them to return him an answer with their fists.

Accordingly, they began to belabour him so unmercifully that the poor inn-keeper was forced to call out for help. The hostess and her daughter seeing nobody so disengaged and so proper to succour him as Don Quixote, the daughter said to him: "Sir knight, I beseech you, by the valour God has given you, come and help my poor father, whom a couple of wicked fellows are beating to a mummy." Don Quixote answered very leisurely, and with much sang-froid: "Fair maiden, your petition cannot be granted at present: I am incapacitated from intermeddling in any other adventure, until I have accomplished one I have already engaged my word for. But what I can do for your service is this: run, and bid your father maintain the fight the best he can, and in no wise to suffer himself to be vanquished, while I go and ask permission of the princess Micomicona to relieve him in distress; which if she grants me, rest assured I will bring him out of it."—"As I am a sinner!" quoth Maritornes, who was standing by, "before your worship can obtain the license you talk of, my master may be gone into the other world."—"Permit me, madam, to obtain the necessary license," answered Don Quixote. "If it be granted me, no matter though he be in the other world; for thence would I fetch him back, in spite of the other world itself, should it dare to contradict or oppose me, or at least I would take such ample revenge on those who shall have sent him thither, that you shall be more than moderately satisfied." And, without saying a word more, he went and knelt before Dorothea, beseeching her, in knightly and errant-like expressions, that her grandeur would vouchsafe to give him leave to go and succour the governor of that castle, who was in grievous distress. The princess gave it him very graciously, and immediately bracing on his target and drawing his sword, the knight ran to the inn-door, where the two guests were still lugging and worrying the poor host. But, directly he came to the spot, he stopped short and looked irresolute, though Maritornes and the hostess asked him why he delayed succouring their master and husband. "I delay," quoth Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful for me to draw my sword against squire-like folks; but call hither my squire Sancho, for to him this defence and revenge most properly belong."



This passed at the door of the inn, where the boxing and cuffing went about briskly, to the inn-keeper's cost and the rage of Maritornes, the hostess and her daughter, who were half frantic at witnessing what they deemed the cowardice of Don Quixote, and the injury then doing to their master, husband and father. But let us leave him there awhile, for doubtless some one will soon come to relieve him; if not, so much the worse for him who is so fool-hardy as to engage in what is above his strength; let him suffer and be silent. Turn we fifty paces back, to see what Don Luis replied to the judge, whom we left apart, asking the cause of his coming on foot and so meanly apparelled. The youth, squeezing



him hard by both hands, as if some great affliction were wringing his heart, and pouring down tears in great abundance, made answer :

“All I can say, dear Sir, is that from the moment Heaven was pleased by means of our neighbourhood to give me sight of Donna Clara, your daughter, from that very instant I made her sovereign mistress of my affections; and if you, my true lord and father, do not oppose it, this very day she shall be my wife. For her I left

my father's house, and for her I put myself into this dress, to follow her whithersoever she went, as the arrow to the target, as the mariner follows the north-star. As yet she knows no more of my passion, than what she may have perceived from now and then seeing at a distance my eyes full of tears. You know, my lord, the wealth and nobility of my family: you know that I am sole heir. If you think these advantages sufficient for you to venture to make me entirely happy, receive me immediately for your son. Though my father, biassed by views of his own, should not approve of the happiness I have found for myself, time may work some favourable change and induce him to alter his mind."

Here the enamoured youth was silent, and the judge remained in suspense, no less surprised at Don Luis's ingenious manner of discovering his passion, than confounded and at a loss what measures to take in so sudden and unexpected an affair. The only reply he could make, was to bid him be easy for the present, and not to let his servants go back that day, that there might be time to consider what was most expedient to be done. Don Luis kissed his hands, and even bathed them with tears, which much affected the judge, who, being a man of sense, soon saw how advantageous and honourable this match would be for his daughter. He only wished, if possible, to effect it with the consent of Don Luis's father, who, he knew, had pretensions to a title for his son.

By this time, the guests had made their peace with the inn-keeper, more through the persuasion and arguments of Don Quixote than his threats, and had consented to pay him all he demanded; on the other hand, the servants of Don Luis were waiting until the judge should have ended his discourse, and their master determined what he would do, when the devil, who sleeps not, so ordered it that, at that very instant, there came into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza the ass-furniture, which he trucked for his own. That barber, leading his beast to the stable, espied Sancho Panza, who was mending some part of the pannel. No sooner did he set eyes on it than he knew it again, and, seizing Sancho bravely by the collar, he cried: "Ah, master thief, have I got you? Give me my basin



and my pannel, with all the furniture you robbed me of." Sancho, finding himself attacked so unexpectedly, and hearing the opprobrious language given him, with one hand held fast the pannel, and with the other gave the barber such a dowse that he bathed his mouth in



blood. However, the barber did not let go his hold; on the contrary, he raised his voice in such a manner that all the folks of the inn ran together at the noise and scuffle. He cried out: "Help, in the king's name, and in the name of justice; this rogue and highway robber would murder me for endeavouring to recover my own goods."—"You lie," answered Sancho, "I am no highway robber; my master, Don Quixote, won these spoils in fair war."

Don Quixote, who had been attracted to the spot by the uproar, was present, not a little pleased to see how well his squire performed both the defensive and offensive. Thenceforward, he took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his mind to dub him a knight the first opportunity that offered, thinking the order of chivalry would be very well bestowed upon him. Among other things which the barber said during the skirmish: "Gentlemen," quoth he, "this pannel is as certainly mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if it were a child of my own body; and yonder stands my ass in the stable, who will not suffer me to lie. Pray do but try it, and, if it does not fit him to a hair, let me be infamous. And moreover, by the same token, the very day they took this from me, they robbed me likewise of a new brass basin, never used, and which had cost me a crown." Here Don Quixote could not forbear answering; he thrust himself between the two combatants, parted them, and, making them lay the pannel on the ground in public view until the truth should be decided, he said, in an authoritative voice: "Sirs, you shall presently see clearly and manifestly the error this honest squire is in, in calling that a basin, which was, is and ever shall be Mambrino's helmet, which I won from him in fair war, and of which I am the right and lawful possessor. As to the pannel, I intermeddle not; what I can say of that matter, is that my squire Sancho asked my leave to take the trappings of this conquered coward's horse, to adorn his own withal. I gave him leave, he took the harness, and, if from horse-trappings they are metamorphosed into an ass's pannel, I can give no other reason for it than the common one, that these kind of transformations are frequent in adventures of chivalry. For conformation of what I advance, run, son Sancho, and fetch hither the helmet which this honest man will needs have to be a basin."—"In faith, Sir," quoth Sancho, "if we have no other proof of our cause but what your worship mentions, Mambrino's helmet will prove as arrant a basin as this honest man's trappings are a pack-saddle."—"Do what I bid you," replied Don Quixote; "surely, all things in this castle cannot be governed by enchantment." Sancho went for the basin, brought it, and, as soon as Don Quixote had taken it in his hands, he cried:

“Behold, gentlemen ; with what face can this squire pretend this to be a basin, and not the helmet I have mentioned ? I swear, by the



PORRET.

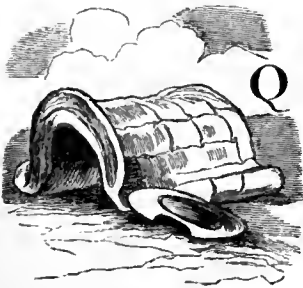
order of knighthood which I profess, that this helmet is the very same I took from him, without addition or diminution.”—“There is no doubt of that,” quoth Sancho ; “for, from the time my master won it until now, he has fought but one battle in it, which was when he freed those unlucky galley-slaves ; and had it not been for this

basin-helmet, he had not then come off over well, for, in that skirmish, stones fell as thick as hail-stones."



## CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE DISPUTE CONCERNING MAMBRINO'S HELMET AND THE PANNEL IS DECIDED, WITH OTHER ADVENTURES THAT REALLY AND TRULY HAPPENED.



QUITE anxious am I to learn, gentlemen," quoth the barber, "what is your opinion of what these gentlefolks affirm, for they persist in it that this is no basin, but a helmet."—"And whoever shall affirm the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I will make him know, if he be a knight, that he lies; and, if a squire, that he lies, and has lied a thousand times." Our barber, master Nicholas, who was present all the while, and well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to work up his madness, and carry on the jest to make the company laugh. Accordingly, addressing himself to the other barber, he said: "Signor barber, or whoever you are, know that I also am of your profession; that I have had my certificate of examination above these twenty years, and am very well acquainted with all the instruments of barber-surgery, without excepting one; know also that I have likewise been a soldier in my youthful days, and therefore know what is a helmet, what a morion or steel cap, and what a casque with its beaver, as well as other matters relating to soldiery, I mean to all kind of arms commonly used by soldiers. Now I affirm, with submission

always to better judgments, that this piece here before us, which this honest gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's basin, but is as far from being so as white is from black, and truth from falsehood. And I say also that, though it be a helmet, it is not a complete one."—"No, certainly," said Don Quixote, "for the beaver, that should make half of it, is wanting." "Exactly so," quoth the priest, who perceived his friend the barber's designs; and Cardenio, Don Fernando and his companions, confirmed the same. Even the judge, had not his thoughts been so taken up about the business of Don Luis, would have helped on the jest; but the concern he was in so employed his thoughts that he paid no attention to these pleasantries. "Holy Virgin!" quoth the bantered barber, "how is it possible so many honest gentlemen should maintain that this is not a basin, but a helmet! This is enough to astonish a whole university, though never so wise. If this basin be a helmet, then this pannel must needs be a horse's furniture, as this gentleman has said."—"To me it seems indeed to be a pannel," quoth Don Quixote; "but I have already said that I will not intermeddle with this dispute."—"Whether it be an ass's pannel or a horse's furniture," said the priest, "all that remains is for Signor Don Quixote to declare his opinion; for, in matters of chivalry, all these gentlemen and myself yield him the palm."—"By Heaven, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "so many and such unaccountable things have befallen me twice that I have lodged in this castle, that I dare not venture to vouch positively for any thing that may be asked me about it; for I am of opinion that every thing passes in it by the way of enchantment. The first time, I was very much harassed by an enchanted Moor that was in it, and Sancho fared little better among some of his followers; then, last night, I hung almost two hours by this arm, without being able to guess how or why I came to fall into that mischance. Therefore, for me to meddle now in so confused a business, and to be giving my opinion, would be to spend my judgment rashly. As to the singular question whether this be a basin or a helmet, I have already answered; but, as to declaring whether this be a pannel or a caparison, I dare not pronounce a definitive sentence,

and I prefer to submit it, gentlemen, to your discretion. Perhaps, not being dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have no power over you, and you may have your understandings free, and so may be able to judge of the things of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they appear to me."

"There is no doubt of that," answered Don Fernando; "Signor Don Quixote has spoken like an oracle, and it is to us that the decision of this case belongs; and that we may proceed in it upon better and more solid grounds, I will take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and then give you a clear and full account of the result." To those acquainted with Don Quixote, all this was a matter of the most excellent sport; but to those who knew not his humour, it seemed to be the greatest absurdity in the world, especially to Don Luis's four servants, and to Don Luis himself as much as the rest, as also to three other passengers, who were by chance just then arrived at the inn, and seemed to be archers of the *santa-hermandad*, as in reality they proved to be. As for the barber, he was quite at his wits' end to see his basin converted into Mambrino's helmet before his eyes, and he had no doubt that his pannel would be turned into a rich caparison for a horse. All the other spectators laughed to see Don Fernando walking the round, and taking the opinion of each person at his ear, that he might secretly declare whether that precious piece, about which there had been such a bustle, was a pannel or a caparison. After he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud: "The truth is, honest friend, I am quite weary of collecting so many votes, for I ask nobody that does not tell me that it is ridiculous to say this is an ass's pannel, and that it is not a horse's caparison, and even that of a race-horse. Therefore you must have patience, for, in spite of you and your ass too, this is a caparison, and no pannel, and the proofs you have brought forward are very trivial and invalid."—"Let me never enjoy a place in Heaven," quoth the poor barber, "if your worships are not all mistaken; and so may my soul appear before God, as this appears to be a pannel, and not a caparison! But, thus go the laws <sup>237</sup>. . . . I say no more. I am

<sup>237</sup> *Allà van leyes dò quieren reyes.* (Thus go the laws, according to the wills of kings)

not drunk, for I am fasting from every thing but sin." The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the follies of Don Quixote, who said at this juncture: "There is now no more to be done but for every one to take what is his own; and to whom God has given it, may St. Peter give his blessing." One of Don Luis's four servants said: "If this be not a premeditated joke, I cannot persuade myself that men of so good understanding as all here are, or seem to be, should venture to say and affirm that this is not a barber's basin, nor that a pannel. But seeing they do actually say and affirm it, I suspect there must be some mystery in obstinately maintaining a thing so contrary to truth and experience; for, by . . . . (and out he rapped a round oath) all the men in the world shall never persuade me that this is not a barber's basin, and that a jack-ass's pannel."—"May it not be a she-ass's?" quoth the priest. "That is all one," said the servant; "for the question is only to know whether it be or be not a pannel, as your worship says."

One of the archers who had entered the inn, having overheard the dispute, full of choler and indignation, said: "It is as much a pannel as my father is my father; and whoever says or shall say to the contrary, must be drunk."—"You lie like a pitiful scoundrel," answered Don Quixote. And lifting up his lance, which he never let go out of his hand, he went to give him such a blow over the head that, had not the officer slipped aside, he had been laid flat on the spot. The lance was broke to splinters on the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade abused, cried out: "Help, help the holy hermandad!" The inn-keeper, who was one of the troop, ran in that instant for his wand and his sword, and prepared himself to stand by his comrades; Don Luis's servants surrounded their master, lest he should escape during that hurly-burly; the barber, perceiving the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same; Don Quixote drew his sword and fell upon the troopers; Don Luis called out to his servants to leave him, and assist Don Quixote, Cardenio and Don Fernando,

This ancient Spanish proverb took its rise, according to Archbishop Rodrigo Ximenes de Rada (book VI. chap. XXV.), at the period of the controversy between the Gothic and Roman rituals, which was decided, in the reign of Alphonso VI. by the various trials of *God's judgment*, and even by combat in enclosed lists.



who all took part with Don Quixote ; the priest cried out, the hostess shrieked, her daughter roared, Maritornes wept, Dorothea was confounded, Lucinda stood amazed, and Donna Clara fainted away. The barber cuffed Sancho, and Sancho pommelled the barber ; Don Luis gave one of his servants, who laid hold of him by the arm lest he should escape, such a dash on the chops that he bathed his mouth in blood ; the judge interposed in his defence ; Don Fernando got one of the archers down, and kicked him to his heart's content ; the inn-keeper reinforced his voice, demanding aid for the holy hermandad ; in a word, the whole inn was nothing but weeping, cries, shrieks, confusions, fears, frights, mischances, cuffs, endgellings, kicks, and effusion of blood. Suddenly, in the midst of this chaos, this mass and labyrinth of things, it came into Don Quixote's fancy that he was plunged over head and ears in the discord of king Agramaute's camp<sup>238</sup> ; and therefore he said, in a voice of thunder which made the inn shake : " Hold, all of you ! all



<sup>238</sup> *Orlando furioso*, canto XXVII.

put up your swords; be pacified all, and hearken to me, if you would all continue alive!" Effectually, on hearing this tremendous voice, they all desisted, and he went on, saying: "Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of devils must certainly inhabit it? In confirmation whereof, I would have you see with your own eyes how the discord of Agramante's camp is passed over, and transferred hither among us. Behold! here they fight for the sword, there for the horse, yonder for the white eagle, here again for the helmet, and we all fight, and no one understands another. Come, therefore, my lord judge, and you, master priest, and let one of you stand for king Agramante, the other for king Sobrino, and make peace among us; for, by the eternal God, it is a thousand pities so many gentlemen of quality as are here of us should kill one another for such trivial matters."

The archers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio and their companions, would not be pacified. But the barber submitted, for both his beard and his pannel were demolished in the scuffle. Sancho, as became a dutiful servant, obeyed the least voice of his master; Don Luis's four servants were also quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise; the inn-keeper alone was refractory, and insisted that the insolence of that madman ought to be chastised, who at every foot turned the inn upside down.—At last the bustle ceased for that time, the pannel was to remain a saddle, the basin a helmet, and the inn a castle, in Don Quixote's imagination, until the day of judgment.

Peace and quietness being at length restored through the good offices of the judge and the priest, Don Luis's servants began again to press him to go with them that moment; and, while they were debating and settling the point, the judge consulted Don Fernando, Cardenio and the priest what he should do in this emergency, telling them all that Don Luis had said. At last it was agreed, that Don Fernando should tell Don Luis's servants who he was, and that it was his desire Don Luis should go along with him to Andalusia, where he should be treated by the marquis his brother according to his quality and worth, for he well knew his intention

and resolution not to return just at that time into his father's presence, though they should tear him to pieces. When Don Fernando's quality and Don Luis's resolution were made known to the four servants, they determined among themselves that three of them should return to give his father an account of what had passed, and that the other should stay to wait upon Don Luis, and not leave him until the rest should come back for him, or until his father's orders should be known.

Thus this mass of contentions was appeased by the authority of Agramante and the prudence of king Sobrino. But the enemy of peace and concord, finding himself deluded and disappointed, and observing also how thin a crop he had gathered from that large field of confusion, resolved to try his hand once more, by contriving fresh brangles and disturbances.

The case was this. The archers, upon notice of the quality of those that had attacked them, had desisted and retreated from the fray, thinking that, let matters go how they would, they were likely to come off by the worst; but one of them, to wit he who had been kicked and mauled by Don Fernando, bethought himself that, among some warrants he had about him for apprehending certain delinquents, he had one against Don Quixote, whom the holy hermandad had ordered to be taken into custody for setting at liberty the galley-slaves, as Sancho had very justly feared. Struck by this idea, he had a mind to be satisfied whether the person of Don Quixote answered to the description. He pulled a roll of parchment out of his bosom, presently found what he looked for, and, setting himself to read it leisurely, for he was no great clerk, at every word he spelled he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and then went on, comparing the marks in his warrant with the lines of Don Quixote's physiognomy. He found that, without doubt, he must be the person therein described. As soon as he had satisfied himself, rolling up the parchment and holding the warrant in his left hand, with his right he laid so fast hold of Don Quixote by the collar <sup>239</sup> that he did not suffer him to draw breath,

<sup>239</sup> The rules of the *santa-hermandad*, drawn up at Torrelaguna, in 1485, granted



crying out aloud: "Help the holy hermandad! and that every body may see I require it in earnest, read this warrant, wherein it is expressly commanded to apprehend this highway-robber." The priest took the warrant, and found it all true that the archer had said, the marks agreeing exactly with Don Quixote. The latter, on finding himself so roughly handled by this scoundrel, his choler being mounted to the utmost pitch, and all his joints trembling with rage, caught the archer by the throat as well as he could, with both hands, and, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he had lost his life before Don Quixote had loosed his hold.

to its archers (*cuadrilleros*), a recompense of three thousand maravédís for the arrest of a malefactor guilty of a crime punishable with death; two thousand, when the criminal incurred corporal punishment or imprisonment; and one thousand, when he could only be subjected to a pecuniary fine.

The inn-keeper, who was bound to aid and assist his brethren in office, ran immediately to his assistance. The hostess, seeing her husband again engaged in battle, raised her voice anew, and her daughter and Maritornes joined in the same tune, praying aid from Heaven and from the bystanders. Sancho, seeing what passed, said: "As God shall save me, my master says true concerning the enchantments of this castle, for it is impossible to live an hour in quiet in it." At length Don Fernando parted the archer and Don Quixote, and, to both their contents, unlocked their hands from the doublet-collar of the one, and from the windpipe of the other. Nevertheless, the four archers did not desist from demanding their prisoner, and to have him bound and delivered up to them, for so the king's service, and that of the holy hermandad, required, in whose name they again demanded help and assistance in apprehending that common robber, footpad, and highwayman. Don Quixote smiled to hear these expressions, and, with great calmness, said: "Come hither, base and ill-born crew. Call ye it robbing on the highway to loose the chains of the captived, to set the imprisoned free, to succour the miserable, to raise the fallen and cast down, and to relieve the needy and distressed! Ah, scoundrel race! undeserving, by the meanness and baseness of your understandings, that Heaven should reveal to you the worth inherent in knight-errantry, or make you sensible of your own sin and ignorance in not reverencing the very shadow, and much more the presence, of any knight-errant whatever! Come hither, ye rogues in a troop, and not troopers, highwaymen with the license of the holy hermandad, tell me who is the blockhead that signed the warrant for apprehending such a knight-errant as I am? Who is he that he knows not that knights-errant are exempt from all judicial authority, that their sword is their law, their bravery their privileges, and their will their edicts? Who is the imbecile, I say again, that is ignorant that no patent of gentility contains so many privileges and exemptions as are acquired by the knight-errant the day he is dubbed, and gives himself up to the rigorous exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid custom, poll-tax, subsidy, quit-rent, portorage or ferry-boat?—What tailor ever brought in a bill for

making his clothes? What governor, that lodged him in his castle, ever made him pay a reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel was not in love with him, and did not yield herself up to his whole pleasure and will? Lastly, what knight-errant has there ever been, is or shall be in the world, who has not courage singly to bestow four hundred bastinadoes on four hundred marauding archers that shall dare to present themselves before him?"



## CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH IS FINISHED THE NOTABLE ADVENTURE OF THE ARCHERS  
OF THE HOLY HERMANDAD, WITH THE GREAT FEROCITY  
OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE <sup>240</sup>.



THE priest, while Don Quixote was talking at this rate, was endeavouring to persuade the archers that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they might easily perceive by what he did and said, and that they need not give themselves any farther trouble upon that subject, for, though they should apprehend and carry him away, they must soon release him, as being a madman. But the officer that had produced the warrant answered that it was no business of

<sup>240</sup> The adventure of the archers is related in the preceding chapter, and the following chapter bears the title which belongs to this: *Of the strange and unheard of manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted*, etc. This arrangement of the chapters, frequently faulty and incorrect, and the misplacement of the titles which the Spanish Academy has in some instances corrected, must doubtless be attributed to the first edition of the first part being printed, in the absence of the author, from disordered MSS.

his to judge of Don Quixote's madness; that all he had to do was to obey the orders of his superior, and that, when he had once secured him, they might set him free three hundred times if they pleased. "For all that," said the priest, "on this occasion you must not take him, nor do I think he will suffer himself to be taken." In effect, the priest said so much, and Don Quixote committed such extravaganees, that the officers must have been more mad than he had they not discovered his infirmity. Therefore they judged it best to be quiet, and moreover to be mediators for making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still continued their quarrel with great rancour. At last, as officers of justice, they compounded the matter, and arbitrated it in such a manner that both parties, if not entirely contented, at least remained somewhat satisfied, for they exchanged pannels, but not girths nor halters. As for Mambriño's helmet, the priest, underhand and unknown to Don Quixote, gave eight reals\* for the basin, and the barber gave him a discharge in full, acquitting him of all fraud from thenceforth and for evermore, amen.

These two quarrels, as being the chief and of the greatest weight, being thus made up, it only remained that three of Don Luis's servants should be contented to return home, and leave one of their fellows behind to wait upon their master, whithersoever Don Fernando pleased to carry him. But fate less rigorous and fortune more propitious, began to pave the way and smoothe the difficulties in favour of the lovers and heroes of the inn, so fortune would carry it quite through, and crown all with prosperous success. The servants were contented to do as Don Luis commanded, whereat Donna Clara was so highly pleased, that nobody could look in her face without discovering the joy of her heart. Zoraïda, though she did not understand all she saw, yet grew sad or cheerful in conformity to what she observed in their several countenances, especially that of her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were fixed and her soul depended. } The inn-keeper, observing what recompense the priest had made the

\* A dollar, about four shillings and eightpence.



barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, with ample satisfaction for the damage done to the skins and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rocinante nor Sancho's ass should stir out of the inn until he should have been paid to the uttermost farthing. The priest pacified him, and Don Fernando paid him his demand, though the judge very generously offered to do so. Thus peace and quietness were completely restored, and the inn resembled no longer the discord of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had said, but peace itself, and the very tranquillity of Octavius Cæsar's days; and it was the general opinion that all was owing to the good intention and great eloquence of the priest, and the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

When Don Quixote found himself freed and clear of so many quarrels both of his squire's and his own, he thought it was high time to pursue his journey and put an end to that grand adventure whereunto he had been called and elected. Therefore, being thus resolutely determined, he went and kneeled before Dorothea, who would not suffer him to speak a word until he stood up. Standing accordingly, in obedience to her command, he said: "It is a common saying, fair lady, that diligence is the mother of success; and experience has shewn, in many and weighty matters, that the care of the solicitor brings the doubtful suit to a happy issue. But this truth is in nothing more evident than in matters of war, in which expedition and despatch prevent the designs of the enemy, and carry the victory before the adversary is in a posture to defend himself. All this I say, high and deserving lady, because our abode in this castle seems to me now no longer necessary, and may be so far prejudicial, that we may repent it one day; for who knows but your enemy the giant may, by secret and diligent spies, get intelligence of my coming to destroy him, and taking advantage of the opportunity we are now giving him, may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my industry, and the force of my unwearied arm, may little avail. Therefore, sovereign lady, let us prevent, as I have said, his designs by our diligence, and let us depart quickly in the name of good-fortune,

which you can want no longer than I delay to encounter your enemy."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and said no more, expecting with great sedateness the answer of the beautiful infanta. The latter, with the air of a princess, and in a style accommodated to that of Don Quixote, answered in these terms: "I am obliged to you, Sir Knight for the inclination you shew to favour me in my great need, like a true knight, whose office and employment it is to succour orphans and the distressed. And Heaven grant that your desire and mine be soon accomplished, in order that you may see there are some grateful women in the world. As to my departure let it take place instantly, for I have no will but yours. Dispose of me at your own pleasure; she who has once committed the defence of her person and the restoration of her dominions into your hands, must not contradict whatever your wisdom shall direct."—"In the name of God," quoth Don Quixote, "since a princess humbles herself before me, I will not lose the opportunity of exalting her, and setting her on the throne of her ancestors. Let us depart instantly, for I am spurred on by the eagerness of my desire and the length of the journey, and it is said that delays are dangerous. Since Heaven has not created, nor hell seen any danger that can daunt or affright me, hasten, Sancho, to saddle Rocinante and get ready your ass and her majesty's palfrey; let us take our leaves of the governor of the castle and of these nobles, and depart hence this instant."

Sancho, who was present all the while, said, shaking his head from side to side: "Ah master, master, there are more tricks in a town than the beadle dreams of, with respect to the honourable coifs be it spoken."—"What tricks can there be to my discredit in any town, or in all the towns in the world, thou bumpkin?" said Don Quixote. "If your worship puts yourself into a passion," answered Sancho, "I will hold my tongue and forbear to say what I am bound to tell as a faithful squire, and what a dutiful servant ought to tell his master."—"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so your words tend not to making me afraid; if you are afraid, you do but like yourself; and if I am not afraid, I do like

myself.”—“Nothing of all this, as I am a sinner to God,” answered Sancho; “only that I am sure and positively certain that this lady, who calls herself queen of the great kingdom Micomicon, is no more a queen than my mother. For, were she what she pretends to be, she would not be nuzzling, at every turn and in every corner, with somebody that is in the company.” Dorothea’s colour came at what Sancho said, it being true indeed that her spouse Don Fernando, now and then, by stealth, had snatched with his lips an earnest of that reward his affections deserved. Sancho having observed this, he thought this freedom more becoming a lady of pleasure than the queen of so vast a kingdom. Dorothea neither could nor would answer Sancho a word, but let him go on: “I say this, Sir,” he added, “because, supposing that, after we have travelled through thick and thin, after we have passed many bad nights and worse days, a certain person who is now solacing himself in this inn shall come to reap the fruit of our labours, why need I be in such haste to saddle Rocinante, and to get the ass and the palfrey ready? We had better be quiet, and let every drab mind her spinning, and let us to dinner.”

Oh Heavens! how great was the indignation of Don Quixote at hearing his squire speak thus disrespectfully! it was so great that, with living fire darting from his eyes, he cried, in a voice of thunder, and almost choked with rage and indignation: “Scoundrel! designing, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, impudent, murmuring and calumniating blasphemer! How darest thou utter such words in my presence, and in the presence of these illustrious ladies? How hast thou dared to entertain such rude and insolent thoughts in thy stupid imagination? Avoid my presence, monster of nature, treasury of lies, magazine of deceits, storehouse of rogueries, inventor of mischiefs, publisher of absurdities, and enemy of the respect due to royal personages; begone, appear not before me on pain of my indignation.” Saying this, he arched his brows, puffed his cheeks, stared round about him, and gave a violent stamp with his right foot on the floor; all manifest tokens of the rage that gnawed his vitals. At those words, at those furious gestures, Sancho was so frightened that he would have been glad

if the earth had opened that very instant and swallowed him. He knew not what to do but to turn his back, and slink out of the presence of his enraged master. But the discreet Dorothea, who now so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, said, to pacify his wrath: "Be not offended, good Sir Knight of the sorrowful Figure, at the follies your good squire has uttered; perhaps he has not said them without some ground, nor can it be suspected, considering his good understanding and christian conscience, that he would slander, or bear false witness against any body. Therefore we must believe, without all doubt, that since, as you yourself state, Sir Knight, all things in this castle fall out in the way of enchantment, perhaps Sancho, by means of this diabolical illusion, may have seen what he says he saw so much to the prejudice of my honour." "By the omnipotent God I swear," quoth Don Quixote "your grandeur has hit the mark. Yes, some wicked apparition must have appeared to this sinner, and have made him see what was impossible for him to see except by way of enchantment. I am too well assured of the simplicity and innocence of this unhappy wretch, to think that he knows how to invent a slander on any body."—"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando; "wherefore, Signor Don Quixote, you ought to pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these illusions shall have turned his brain." Don Quixote having answered that he pardoned him, the priest went for Sancho, who came in very humbly, and, falling down on his knees, begged his master's hand. Don Quixote allowed him to take it, and, after he had let him kiss it, he gave him his blessing, saying: "Now you will be thoroughly convinced, son Sancho, of what I have often told you before, that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment."—"I believe so too," quoth Sancho; "excepting the business of the blanket, which really fell out in the ordinary way."—"Do not believe anything of the kind," answered Don Quixote; "were it so, I would have revenged you at that time and even now. But neither could I then, nor can I now find on whom to revenge the injury." They all desired to know what that business of the blanket was, and the inn-keeper gave them a very



circumstantial account of Sancho Panza's aerial voyages, at which they were not a little diverted, and at which Sancho would have been no less angry, if his master had not assured him afresh that it was all enchantment. Still Sancho's folly never rose so high as to believe that it was not downright truth, without any mixture of illusion or deceit, being convinced that he had been tossed in the blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by imaginary or visionary phantoms, as his master supposed and affirmed.

Two days had already passed since all this illustrious company had been in the inn, and thinking it now time to depart, they contrived how, without giving Dorothea and Don Fernando the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the queen of Micomicon, the priest and the barber might conduct him there, as they desired, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. They agreed with a waggoner,



who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry the knight in the following manner: they made a kind of cage with poles, disposed cross-wise, capacious enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease; then, immediately, Don Fernando and his companions, Don Luis's servants, and the archers of the holy hermandad, all, by the contrivance and direction of the priest, covered their faces, and disguised themselves, some one way, some another, so as to appear to Don Quixote to be quite other persons than those he had seen in that castle. This being done, with the greatest silence they entered the room where Don Quixote lay fast asleep, little dreaming of any such accident. Stealthily approaching his bed, and laying fast hold of him, they bound him hand and foot, so that when the

poor knight awakened with a start, he could not stir, nor do any thing but look around, and wonder to see such strange visages about him. Presently he fell into the usual conceit that his disordered imagination was perpetually presenting to him; he persuaded himself that all these shapes were goblins of that enchanted castle, and that, without all doubt, he must be enchanted, since he could neither stir nor defend himself. This was precisely as the priest, the projector of this stratagem, fancied it would fall out.

Sancho alone, of all that were present, was in his perfect senses, and in his own figure; and, though he wanted but little of being infected with his master's disease, yet he was not at a loss to know who all these counterfeit goblins were. But he durst not open his lips until he saw how this arrest and imprisonment of his master was to terminate. Neither did the knight utter a word, waiting to see the issue of his disgrace. The issue was, that bringing the cage



to his bed, they shut him up in it, and nailed the bars so fast that it was impossible to break them open. They then hoisted him on their shoulders, and, as they bore him out of the room, a voice was heard, as dreadful as the barber, not he of the pannel, but the other, could command, saying:

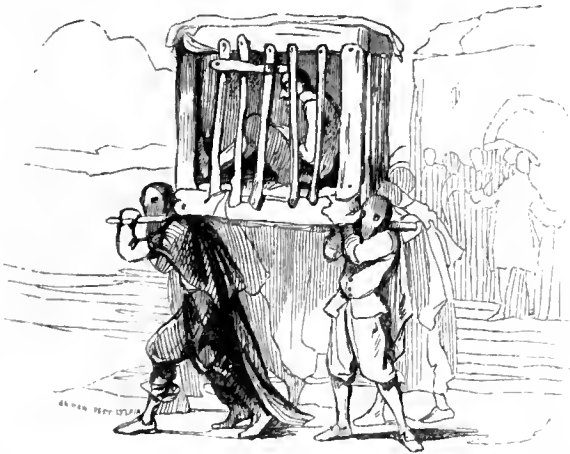
“O Knight of the sorrowful Figure! let not the confinement you are under afflict you; it is expedient it should be so for the more speedy accomplishment of the adventure in which your great valour has engaged you, which adventure shall be finished when the furious Manchegan lion shall be coupled with the white Tobosian dove, after having submitted their stately necks to the soft yoke of Hymen. From that unheard-of union shall spring into the light of the world brave lion-cubs who shall emulate the tearing claws of their valorous sire. This shall come to pass before the god who pursues the fugitive nymph shall have made two rounds to visit the bright constellations, in his rapid and natural course.—And thou, O most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword in belt, beard on face and smell in nostrils, be not thou dismayed nor afflicted to see the flower of knight-errantry carried thus away before thine eyes. 'Ere long, if it so please the fabricator of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and sublimated that thou shalt not know thyself, and shalt see accomplished the promises made thee by thy noble lord. I even assure thee, in the name of the sage Liaria\*, that thy wages shall be punctually paid thee, as thou wilt see in effect. Follow therefore the footsteps of the valorous and enchanted knight, for it is expedient for you to go where ye may both rest; and, since I am permitted to say no more, God be with you; I return I well know whither.” Finishing the prophecy, the prophet raised his voice very high, and then sunk it by degrees with so soft an accent, that even they who were in the secret of the jest were almost ready to believe that what they had heard was true.

Don Quixote remained much comforted by the prophecy he had heard, for he perfectly understood the whole signification thereof. He comprehended that it promised he should be joined in holy and lawful wedlock with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps, his sons, to the everlasting honour of La Mancha. Firmly persuaded of the truth of what he had just heard, he raised his voice, and, fetching a deep sigh, said: “O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated me so much good, I beseech thee to entreat on my behalf the sage enchanter who has the charge of my affairs that he suffer me not to perish in

\* In the original, *Mentironiana*, a word coined from *mentira*, a lie.



this prison wherein I am now carried, and if I see accomplished those joyous and incomparable promises now made me, I shall account the pains of my imprisonment glory, the chains with which I am bound refreshment, and this couch whereon I am laid, far from seeming a hard field of battle, shall be to me as a soft bridal bed of down. As touching the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I have too much confidence in his goodness and integrity to fear that he will forsake me in good or evil fortune; though it should fall out, through his or my evil destiny, that I should not be able to give him the long-promised island, or something equivalent, at least he shall not lose his wages, since in my will, which is already made, I have declared what shall be given him, not indeed proportionable to his many and good services, but according to my own poor means." Hereupon, Sancho Panza bowed with great respect, and kissed both his master's hands: one alone he could not, they being both tied together. Then the goblins took the cage on their shoulders, and placed it on the ox-waggon <sup>241</sup>.



<sup>241</sup> The play composed by Don Guillen de Castro, the original author of *the Cid*, on the adventures of Don Quixote, and which appeared between the publication of the first and second parts of the romance of Cervantes, concludes with this enchantment and prophecy. In his play, Guillen de Castro has introduced the principle episodes of the romance, but with a slight variation. Don Fernando is the eldest son of the duke, and Cardenio a simple peasant; and in the end it is discovered that they have been changed in their infancy, which renders the denouement more probable, for Don Fernando, become a peasant, marries the peasant Dorothea, and the noble lady Lucinda marries Cardenio, discovered to be a nobleman.

## CHAPTER XX.

OF THE STRANGE AND UNHEARD-OF MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA WAS ENCHANTED, WITH OTHER REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES <sup>242</sup>.



L

FT cooped up in this manner, the cage being placed upon the ox-waggon, Don Quixote thus spoke: "Many and most grave histories have I read of knights-errant, but I never read, saw or heard of enchanted knights being carried away after this manner, so slowly as the tread of these lazy, heavy animals

seem to promise. In effect, they are always used to be carried through the air with wonderful speed, wrapped up in some dark cloud, or seated in a chariot of fire, or mounted upon some hippogriff. But to be carried upon a waggon drawn by a team of oxen, by Heaven

<sup>242</sup> Vide note 240 at the beginning of the preceding chapter.

it puts me to confusion. But it may be that the chivalry and enchantments of these our times, may have taken a different turn from those of the ancients ; perhaps also, as I am a new knight in the world, and the first who has revived the long-forgotten exercise of knight-errantry, there may have been lately invented other kinds of enchantments and other methods of carrying away the enchanted. What think you of this, son Sancho?"—"I do not know what I think," answered Sancho, "not being so well read as your worship in scriptures-errant ; but I dare affirm and swear that these hobgoblins here about us are not altogether catholic."—"Catholic indeed!" cried Don Quixote ; "how can they be catholics, seeing that they are so many devils who have assumed fantastic shapes on purpose to come

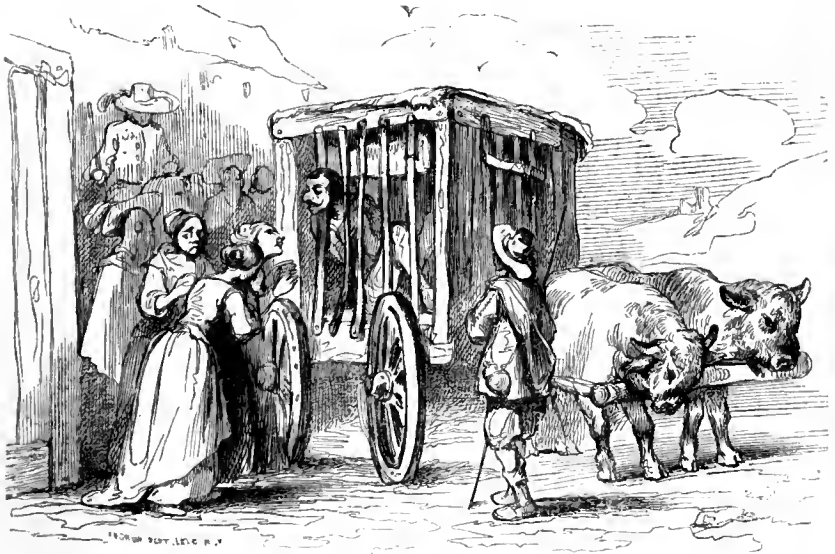


and put me into this state ? And if you would be convinced of this, touch them and feel them, and you will find they have no bodies but of air, consisting in nothing but appearance only."—"Before God, Sir," replied Sancho, "I have already touched them ; this devil, for example, who is so very busy here about us, is as plump as a partridge, and has another property very different from what

people say your devils are wont to have ; for, as I have heard say, they all smell of brimstone and other worse scents ; but this spark smells of amber at half a league's distance." Sancho spoke of Don Fernando, who, being a cavalier of quality, must have smelt as the squire had hinted. " Wonder not at it, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, " for you must know that the devils are a knowing sort of people, and, supposing they do carry perfumes about them, they have no scents in themselves, because they are spirits, or if they do smell, it can be of nothing but stinking exhalations. The reason is simple : it is because, let them go where they will, they carry their hell about them, and can experience no kind of diminution of their torments ; on the other hand, a perfume being a thing delightful and pleasing, it is impossible they should smell of so good a thing. If you think that this devil smells of amber, either you deceive yourself, or he would deceive you, that you might not take him for a devil."

This discourse passed between the master and the man. But Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing lest Sancho should discover their plot, he being already on the scent and pretty far advanced towards it, resolved to hasten their departure. Calling the inn-keeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rocinante and pannel the ass, which he did with great expedition. At the same time, the curate struck a bargain with the archers of the holy hermandad that, for so much a day, they should accompany Don Quixote home to his village. Cardenio took care to hang the buckler on one side, and the basin on the other, of the pommel of Rocinante's saddle ; he made signs to Sancho to mount his ass and take Rocinante by the bridle, and then placed the two archers with their arquebuses on each side of the waggon. But, before the waggon moved forward, the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes came out to take their leaves of Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears of grief at his misfortune. Don Quixote said to them : " Weep not, excellent ladies ; these kind of mishaps are incident to my honourable profession ; and, if such calamities did not befall me, I should not take myself for a knight-errant of any considerable fame ; in effect, such accidents as these never happen to

knights of little name and reputation, and nobody in the world thinks of them at all; to the valorous indeed they often fall out, for many princes and other knights, envious of their extraordinary virtue and courage, are constantly endeavouring, by indirect ways, to destroy them. Notwithstanding this, so powerful is virtue that of herself alone, and in spite of all the necromancy that its first inventor Zoroaster ever knew, she will come off victorious from every encounter, and spread her lustre round the world, as the sun does over the Heavens. Pardon me, all-amiable ladies, if I have, through inadvertency, done you any displeasure, for willingly and knowingly I never offended any body. Pray to God to vouchsafe to deliver me from these bonds which some evil-minded enchanter has cast upon me. If ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the favours you have done me in this castle, but shall acknowledge and requite them as they deserve."



While this scene was passing between the ladies of the castle and

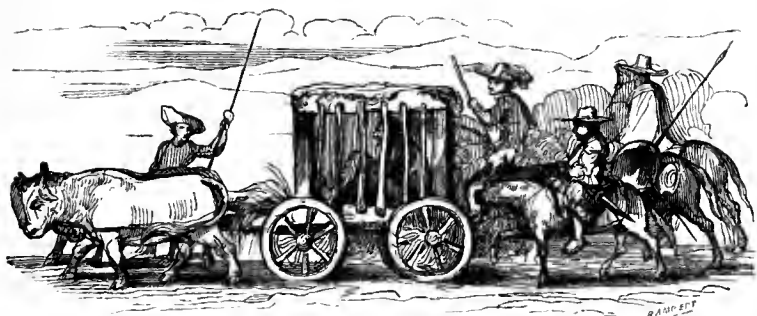
Don Quixote, the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Fernando and his companions, and of the captain and his brother the judge, and of all the now happy ladies, especially of Dorothea and Lucinda. They all embraced, promising to give each other an account of their future fortunes. Don Fernando gave the curate directions where to write to him to acquaint him with what should become of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing would afford him greater pleasure than to know it. He promised, on his part, to inform him of whatever might amuse or interest him, in relation to his own marriage, and to the baptizing of Zoraïda, as also concerning the issue of Don Luis's adventure, and Lucinda's return to her parents. The priest promised to perform all that was desired of him with the utmost punctuality. They again embraced, and renewed their mutual offers of service.

The inn-keeper came to the priest, and gave him some papers, telling him he found them in the lining of the portmanteau in which the novel of the *Curious Impertinent* was found. "Since the owner," he added, "has never come to reclaim them, you may take them all with you: as I cannot read, I have no desire to keep them." The priest thanked him, and, having unrolled the papers, he saw at the head of them this title: *The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*, whence he concluded it must be some tale; and, because that of the *Curious Impertinent* had appeared to him to be a good one, he imagined that this must be so too, it being probable they were both written by the same author<sup>243</sup>. Therefore he kept it, with a design to read it when he had an opportunity.

Then the curate and his friend the barber mounted on horseback with their masks on, that Don Quixote might not know them, and took their places in the procession behind the ox-waggon, the order of the cavalcade being as follows: first marched the waggon, guided by the waggoner; on each side went the archers with their firelocks, as has been said; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading

<sup>243</sup> It is, in fact, by Cervantes, and was first published in his collection of *Example Novels*, in 1613. It is the best, not only of those that he called *jocose* (*jocosas*), but according to the universal opinion of Spain, of all his Novels, including those that he termed *sericus* (*serias*).

Rocinante by the bridle; the priest and the barber brought up the



rear on their puissant mules, their faces masked, with a grave and solemn air, travelling no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote sat very passively in the cage, with his hands tied, his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if he had not been a man of flesh and blood, but a statue of stone.

Having thus slowly and silently proceeded about two leagues, they came to a valley which the waggoner thought a convenient place for resting and baiting his cattle. He informed the priest of his purpose, but the barber was of opinion that they should travel a little farther, saying that behind a rising ground not far on, there was a vale that afforded more and much better grass than that in which they had a mind to stop. They took the barber's advice, and the cavalcade again set forward. The priest at this moment happening to turn his head about, he perceived behind six or seven horsemen, well mounted and accoutred. The latter soon came up with them, for they travelled, not with the phlegm and slowness of the oxen, but as persons mounted on ecclesiastical mules, and in haste to arrive quickly and take their siesta at an inn which appeared not a league off.

The speedy accordingly overtook the slow, and the companies saluted each other courteously. But one of the new comers, who,

in short, was a canon of Toledo, and master of the rest, observing the orderly procession of the waggon, the troopers, Sancho, Rocinante, the curate and the barber, and especially Don Quixote imprisoned in his cage, could not forbear enquiring what was the meaning of carrying that man in that manner. However, he already guessed, by seeing the badges of the holy hermandad, that he must be some notorious highway robber, or other criminal, the punishment of whom belonged to that fraternity. One of the archers, to whom the question was put, answered thus: "Sir, if you would know the meaning of this gentleman's going in this manner, let him tell you himself, for we know nothing of the matter. Don Quixote overheard the discourse, and said: "If perchance, gentlemen, you are versed and skilled in matters of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; if not, I need not trouble myself to recount them." By this time, the priest and the barber, perceiving the travellers were in discourse with Don Quixote, were come close up, in order to be ready to give such answers as might prevent the discovery of their plot. The canon, in answer to what Don Quixote said, replied: "In truth, brother, I am more conversant in books of chivalry than in doctor Villalpando's<sup>244</sup> elements of logic. If therefore, that be all, you may safely communicate to me whatever you please."—"With Heaven's permission," replied Don Quixote, "you must understand, Signor cavalier, that I am enchanted in this cage by the envy and fraud of wicked necromancers, for virtue is more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. A knight-errant I am, not one whose name fame has forgotten to eternize, but one of those who, in spite of envy itself, in spite of all the magi of Persia, the brachmans of India and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia<sup>245</sup>, shall enrol his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and mirror of future ages, in which knights-errant may see the track they are to follow if they are ambitious of

<sup>244</sup> Gaspar Cardillo de Villalpando, who was distinguished at the council of Thirty, is the author of a scholastic work, very much esteemed in its time, intituled *Sumas de las sumulas*. Alcala, 1557.

<sup>245</sup> Pliny and all the ancient geographers have placed the gymnosophists in India. But a blunder may be excused, coming from Don Quixote.



reaching the honourable summit and pinnacle of arms.”—“Signor Don Quixote says the truth,” interrupted the curate at this moment. “He goes enchanted in this waggon, not through his own fault or demerit, but through the malice of those to whom virtue is odious and courage offensive. In a word, Sir, this is the *Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*, if ever you have heard him spoken of, whose valorous exploits and heroic deeds shall be written on solid brass and everlasting marble, whatever pains envy may take to obscure and malice to conceal them.”

When the canon heard the prisoner and him that was at liberty both talk in such a style, he was ready to cross himself with amazement; he could not imagine what had befallen him, and all his followers were in equal astonishment. At this moment, Sancho Panza, who had approached them to listen to their discourse, to set all to rights, said: “Look ye, gentlemen, let it be well or ill taken, I will out with the truth of the case, which is that my master Don Quixote is just as much enchanted as my mother. He is in his perfect senses, he eats, drinks and talks like other men, and as he did yesterday before they cooped him up. This being the case, do you attempt to persuade me he is enchanted? I have heard many people say that persons enchanted neither eat, sleep nor speak, and my master, if nobody thwarts him, will talk more than thirty barristers.” Turning his eyes on the curate, Sancho added: “Ah! master priest, master priest, do you think I do not know you? Think you that I do not perceive and guess what these new enchantments drive at? Let me tell you I know you, though you disguise your face so well, know that I understand you, though you manage your contrivances so slyly. In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns, nor liberality subsist with avarice. In spite of the devil, had it not been for your reverence, my master had been married by this time to the infanta Micomicona, and I should have been an earl at least, for less could not be expected, as well from the generosity of my master of the *Sorrowful Figure*, as for the greatness of my services. But I find nothing more true than the proverb that the wheel of fortune turns swifter than a mill-wheel, and that they who were yesterday at the top are to-day on

the ground. I am grieved for my poor wife and children, for when they might reasonably expect to see their father come home a governor or viceroy of some island or kingdom, they will see him return a mere groom. All this that I have said, master priest, is only intended to put your paternity in mind to make a conscience of the evil treatment of my master. Take heed that God does not call you to an account in the next life for this imprisonment of my lord, and require at your hands all those succours and all the good he might have done during this time of his confinement."—"Snuff me these candles!" quoth the barber when Sancho had got so far. "What, Sancho, are you also of your master's fraternity? As God shall save me, I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage, and be as much enchanted as he, for your share of his humour and his chivalry. In an evil hour were you with child by his promises, and in an evil hour the island you so long for entered into your pate."—"I am not with child by any body," answered Sancho, "nor am I a man to be got with child by the best king that may be; and though I am a poor man, I am an old Christian; and I owe nobody any thing: and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and every one is the son of his own works; and since I am a man, I may come to be pope, and much more easily governor of an island, especially since my master may win so many that he may be at a loss on whom to bestow them. Pray, take heed what you say, master barber; for shaving of beards is not all, and there is some difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me. Touching my master's enchantment, God knows the truth, and let us leave the dung in the corner, for it is the worse for stirring."

The barber would not answer Sancho, lest, by his simplicity, he should discover what he and the priest took so much pains to conceal. For the same reason the priest desired the canon to get on a little before, and he would let him into the secret of the engaged gentleman, with other particulars that would divert him. The canon did so, and rode on before with his servants, listening to all the priest had to tell him of the quality, manner of life and customs of Don Quixote. The curate recounted to him briefly the

beginning and cause of his distraction, with the whole progress of his adventures up to the putting him into the cage, and the design they had to carry him home and try if by any means they might find a cure for his madness. The canon and his domestics were not a little astonished to hear the strange history of Don Quixote, and, when he had heard it all: "Truly Sir," said the canon, "I am convinced that those they call books of chivalry are prejudicial to the commonweal. Though, led away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginning of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail on myself to read any of them to the end, because to me they appear to be all of the same stamp, and this to have no more in it than that, nor that than the other. In my opinion, moreover, this kind of writing and composition falls under the denomination of the fables they call Milesian, that is to say extravagant stories, tending only to please and not to instruct, quite contrary to the moral fables which at the same time both delight and instruct. Though the principal end of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain it, being stuffed with so many and such monstrous absurdities. The pleasure, the delight conceived in the mind, must proceed from the beauty and harmony it sees or contemplates in the things which the sight or the imagination sets before it; and nothing in itself ugly or deformed can afford any real satisfaction. In truth, what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable in which a youth of sixteen years hews down with his sword a giant as big as a steeple, and splits him in two as if he were made of gingerbread? And when they would give us a description of a battle, after having said that on the enemies' side there are a million of combatants, let but the hero of the book be against them, we must, in necessity and in despite of our teeth, believe that such or such a knight carried the victory by the single valour of his strong arm. What shall we say to that facility with which a queen or an empress throws herself into the arms of an errant and unknown knight? What genius, if not entirely barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied with reading that a vast tower full of knights scuds through the sea like a ship before the wind;

that over-night she quits the coast of Lombardy, and the next morning arrives at the shores of the country of Prester John in the Indies, or in some other that Ptolemy never discovered, nor Marco Paolo <sup>246</sup> ever saw? If it should be answered that the authors of such books write them professedly as lies, and therefore are not obliged to stand upon niceties or truth, I reply that the more closely fiction resembles truth the better it is, and pleases so much the more by how much the less it has of the doubtful and impossible. Fables should be suited to the reader's understanding; they should be so contrived that, by facilitating the impossible, lowering the vast and keeping the mind in suspense, they may at once surprise, delight and entertain, in such sort that admiration and pleasure may be united and go hand in hand. All this cannot be performed by him who pays no regard to probability and imitation, in which the perfection of writing consists. I have never yet seen a book of chivalry which makes a complete body of fable with all its members, so that the middle corresponds to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle. On the contrary, they are composed of so many members that the authors seem rather to design a chimera or monster, than to intend a well-proportioned figure. Besides all this, their style is harsh, their exploits incredible, their amours lascivious, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their reasonings foolish and their voyages extravagant, and lastly, they are devoid of all ingenious artifice, and therefore deserve to be banished the Christian commonwealth as an unprofitable race of people."

Our curate listened to the canon very attentively, took him to be a man of good understanding, and correct in all he had said. Therefore he made answer that, being of the same opinion, and bearing an old grudge to books of chivalry, he had burnt all those belonging to Don Quixote, which were not a few. Then he gave him an account of the scrutiny he had made, telling him which of

<sup>246</sup> It is well known that this famous Venetian traveller, returned from India and a prisoner of the Genoese in 1298, drew up, by the assistance of Eustache de Pise, his companion in captivity, an account of his travels. His account was translated into Spanish by the *maestre* Rodrigo de Santaella. Seville, 1518.

them he had condemned to the fire, and which he had reprieved, at which the canon laughed heartily, and continued: "Notwithstanding all the ill I have spoken of such books, I acknowledge that there is one thing good in them: the subject they present for a good genius to display itself. In effect, they afford a large and ample field, in which the pen may expatiate without any let or incumbrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, encounters and battles; delineating a valiant captain with all the qualifications requisite to make him such, shewing his prudence in preventing the stratagems of his enemy, his eloquence in persuading or dissuading his soldiers; mature in council, prompt in execution, equally brave in expecting as in attacking the enemy. The author may here set forth a sad and tragical accident, there a joyful and unexpected event; here a most beautiful lady, modest, discreet and reserved; there, a Christian





gentleman, valiant and courteous; now, an impertinent and barbarous braggadocio; then, an affable, valiant and good-natured prince; he may describe the goodness and loyalty of subjects, the greatness and generosity of nobles; he may shew himself an excellent astronomer or geographer, a musician, or a statesman; and, if he pleases, opportunities will not be wanting for him to shew himself a necromancer<sup>247</sup>. He may successively set forth the subtilty of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the bravery of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Cæsar, the clemency and probity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the wisdom of Cato, and finally all those actions which may serve to make an illustrious person perfect, sometimes placing them in one person alone, then

<sup>247</sup> Like Tasso, in the description of the enchantments of Ismene and Armida.

dividing them among many. This being written in a smooth and agreeable style, and with ingenious invention, approaching as nearly as possible to truth, the author will have wove a web of such various and beautiful contexture that, his work being finished, the perfection and excellency thereof will attain to the ultimate end of writing, both to instruct and delight. Effectively, the unconfined way of writing these books gives an author room to shew his skill in epic, lyric, tragedy and comedy, with all the parts included in the sweet and charming sciences of poetry and oratory, for the epic may be written as well in prose as in verse \* 248.



\* Fenelon possibly wrote his *Telemachus* upon this hint: at least it is an example of the assertion.

<sup>248</sup> Cervantes gave his opinion on the latter point long before the appearance of *Télémaque* gave birth to the memorable discussion.

## CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH THE CANON PROSECUTES THE SUBJECT OF BOOKS OF CHIVALRY, WITH OTHER MATTERS WORTHY OF HIS GENIUS.



VERILY it is as you say, Signor canon," quoth the curate, "and for this reason those who have hitherto composed such books are the more to blame, proceeding, as they do, without any regard to good sense or art, or to those rules, by the observation of which

they might become as famous in prose as the two princes of the Greek and Latin poetry are in verse."—"I myself," replied the canon, "have been tempted to write a book of knight-errantry, in which I purpose to observe all the restrictions I have mentioned. To confess the truth, I have gone through above a hundred sheets of it; and, to try whether they answered my own good opinion of them, I communicated them to some learned and judicious persons who are very fond of this kind of reading, and to other persons who are ignorant, and regard only the pleasure of reading extravagances.



I met with a kind approbation from all of them. Nevertheless, I would proceed no farther, as well in regard that I looked upon it as a thing foreign to my profession, as because the number of the unwise is greater than that of the prudent; and though it is better to be praised by the few wise than mocked by a multitude of fools, yet I am unwilling to expose myself to the confused judgment of the giddy vulgar, to whose lot the reading such books for the most part falls. But what chiefly induced me to lay it aside and think no more of finishing it, was an argument I formed to myself deduced from the modern comedies that are daily represented. ‘If the comedies now-a-days in fashion,’ said I to myself, ‘whether fictitious or historical, are all or most of them known absurdities, and things without head or tail; if, notwithstanding, the vulgar take a pleasure in listening to them, maintain and approve them for good, when they are so far from being so; if the authors who compose and the actors who represent them say that such they must be, because the people will have them so; that those which are regular and carry on the plot according to the rules of art serve only for four men of sense who understand them, while all the rest are at a loss to appreciate their merit, and that for their part it is better to get bread by the many, than reputation by the few; thus it would fare with my book, after I shall have burnt my eye-brows with poring to follow the aforesaid precepts, and I should get nothing but the privilege of sharing the fate of the tailor of Campillo, who sewed for nothing and found thread himself.’ I have often endeavoured to convince the actors of their mistake, that they would draw more company and gain more credit by acting plays written according to art than by such extravagant pieces; yet are they so attached and wedded to their own opinion that no reason, nor even demonstration, can wrest it from them. I remember one day saying to one of these headstrong fellows: ‘Do you not remember that a few years ago there were three tragedies acted in Spain, composed by a famous poet of this kingdom, which were such that they delighted and raised the admiration of all who saw them, as well the ignorant as the judicious, as well the vulgar as the better sort, and that they got the players more money than any thirty of the best that have been

written since?'—'Doubtless,' answered the author I speak of, 'your worship means the *Isabella*, the *Philis* and the *Alexandra*<sup>249</sup>?' 'The same' replied I. 'They carefully observed the rules of art; pray tell me whether that hindered them from appearing what they really were, and from pleasing all the world? Hence it is clear that the fault is not in the people's coveting absurdities, but in those who know not how to exhibit any thing better. There is nothing absurd in the play of *Ingratitude revenged*, in the *Numancia*, in the *Amorous Merchant*, much less in the *Fair favourable enemy*<sup>250</sup>, nor in some others composed by ingenious and judicious poets to their own fame and renown and to the advantage of their performers.' To these I added other reasons at which I fancied he was somewhat confounded, but not sufficiently convinced to make him retract his erroneous opinion."—"Signor canon," said then the priest, "you have touched upon a subject which has awakened in me an old grudge I bear to the comedies now in vogue, equal to that I have against books of chivalry. Whereas comedy, according to the opinion of Cicero, ought to be a mirror of human life, an exemplar of manners and an image of truth, those that are represented now-a-days are mirrors of inconsistency, patterns of folly and images of wantonness. Effectively, what greater absurdity can there be in the subject we are treating of than for a child to appear in the first scene of the first act in swaddling clothes, and enter, in the second, a grown man with a beard<sup>251</sup>? What can be more ridiculous than to draw the character of an old man valiant, a young man a coward, a footman a rhetorician, a page a privy councillor, a king a water-carrier, and a princess a scullion? Then what shall we say to their observance of the time and place in which the actions they represen-

<sup>249</sup> These three pieces are by Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, who, like his brother Bartholomew, succeeded better in lyric poetry than in dramatic. The *Isabella* and the *Alexandra* are to be found in the sixth volume of the *Parnaso Espanol* of Don Juan Lopez Sedano. The *Philis* is lost.

<sup>250</sup> *Ingratitude revenged* (*la Ingratitud revengada*) is by Lope de Vega; the *Numancia* by Cervantes himself; the *Amorous Merchant* (*el Mercader amante*), by Gaspar de Aguilar, and the *Fair Favourable Enemy* (*la Eneemiga favorable*) by the canon Francisco Tarraga.

<sup>251</sup> As is the case in several of Lope de Vega's pieces, *Urson y Valentino*, *los Porceles de Murcia*, *el Primer rey de Castilla*, etc.

are supposed to have happened? Have I not seen a certain comedy, the first act of which was laid in Europe, the second in Asia, the third in Africa; and, had there been four acts, the fourth would doubtless have concluded in America, so that the play would have taken in all the four parts of the world <sup>252</sup>? If historical imitation



<sup>252</sup> This is within a hair's breadth of applying equally to several of Lope de Vega's dramas, *el Nuevo mundo descubierto por Cristoval Colon*, *el rey Bamba*, *las cuentas del grand Capitan*, *la Doncella Teodor*, etc.

be the principal thing required in comedy, how is it possible any tolerable understanding can endure to see an action which passed in the time of king Pepin or Charlemagne ascribed to the emperor Heraclius, who is introduced carrying the cross into Jerusalem, or recovering the holy sepulchre from the Saracens, like Godfrey of Bouillon, numberless years having passed between these actions <sup>253</sup>? If, on the contrary, the comedy be grounded upon a fiction, are we not compelled to see real historical events worked up with a mixture of facts relating to different persons and times, and all this with no appearance of probability, but full of manifest and altogether inexcusable errors? The worst of it is, that some are so besotted as to call this perfection, and to say that all besides is mere pedantry. What shall I say of the comedies upon divine subjects <sup>254</sup>? How many false miracles do they invent, what apocryphal events do they not depict, ascribing to one saint the miracles of another! Even in the plays upon profane subjects, the authors take upon them to work miracles for no other reason but because they think such a miracle will do well, and make a figure in such a place, that ignorant people may admire and flock to see the comedy. Certes, all this is to the prejudice of truth, to the discredit of history, and even to the reproach of our Spanish writers; for foreigners, who observe the laws of comedy with great punctuality, take us for barbarous and ignorant, seeing the absurdities and extravagances, of those we write <sup>255</sup>. It would not be a sufficient excuse to say that the principal object of well organized governments, in permitting stage-plays to be acted, is that the populace may be entertained

<sup>253</sup> Lope de Vega had done better still in the comedy *la Limpieza no manchada* (*Purity without a stain*). In it figured king David, the holy Job, the prophet Jeremiah, Saint John the Baptist, Saint Bridget, and the university of Salamanca.

<sup>254</sup> Or *Autos sacramentales*. Lope de Vega made about four hundred of them: *San Francisco, san Nicolas, san Augustin, san Roque, san Antonio, etc.*

<sup>255</sup> I am not quite clear (says M. Viardot, in a note,) on what Cervantes founded his eulogy of the foreign drama. The Italians had only *the Mordrake* and the pieces of Trissin; the French theatre was as yet in its infancy; the German drama was not even in existence, and Shakspeare, the only grand dramatic author of the age, certainly did not pique himself on that classic elegance which would authorize foreigners to condemn as barbarous the taste of the admirers of Lope de Vega.

with some innocent recreation, and to divert the ill-humours which idleness is wont to produce ; that since this end may be attained by any play, whether good or bad, there is no need of prescribing laws or confirming those who write or act them to the strict rules of composition, since any play serves to compass the end proposed by it. To this, I would answer that this end is beyond all comparison much better attained by those that are good than by those that are not so ; for the audience, after beholding an artful and well contrived play, would go away diverted by what is witty, instructed by what is serious, surprised by the incidents, improved by the reasoning, forewarned by the frauds, made wise by the examples, incensed against vice, in love with virtue. A really good comedy is calculated to awaken all these passions in the mind of the hearer, let him be ever so gross or stupid. Nay farther, of all impossibilities it is the most impossible not to be pleased, entertained and satisfied much more with the comedy which has all these requisites, than by one which is defective in them, as most of our comedies now-a-days are. Nor is this entirely the fault of the poets who compose them, for several of them know very well wherein they err, and are equally well acquainted with what they ought to do. But as plays are made a saleable commodity, they say, and they say right, that the actors would not buy them if they were not of that stamp. Therefore the poet endeavours to accommodate himself to what is required by the player, who is to pay him for his work. That this is the truth, may be evinced by the infinite number of plays composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms, with so much sprightliness, such elegant verse, expressions so good, such excellent sentiments, such richness of dialogue and loftiness of style, that the world resounds with his fame <sup>256</sup>. Yet, in consequence of his having adapted himself

<sup>256</sup> This happy and fertile genius is Lope de Vega, against whom Cervantes principally directed his criticism on the Spanish drama. At the period when the first part of *Don Quixote* appeared, Lope de Vega had not composed a fourth part of the eighteen hundred pieces *de capa y espada* which emanated from his indefatigable pen.

It must likewise be remarked that at the same period the Spanish drama as yet only reckoned one great writer ; Calderon, Moreto, Tirso de Molina, Rojas, Solis, etc., who have far surpassed the contemporaries of Cervantes, have all appeared since his time.

to the taste of the actors, they have not all reached that point of perfection that some of them have, and which they all might. Other authors write their pieces with so little consideration of what they are doing, that the actors are often under a necessity of absconding for fear of being punished, as has happened over and over again, for having acted things to the prejudice of the crown, or the dishonour of families. All these inconveniences would cease, and many more which I have passed over in silence, if some intelligent and judicious person of the court were appointed to examine all plays before they are acted, not only those played in the capital, but all that should be acted throughout all Spain. Without this examiner's approbation under hand and seal, no local authority should suffer any play to be represented in his district. Thus the comedians would be obliged to send all their plays to the court, and might then act them with entire safety. The writers of them, also, would take more care and pains about what they did, knowing their performances must pass the rigorous examination of somebody capable of appreciating them. Finally, good plays would be written, and the design of them happily attained, namely, the entertainment of the people, the renown of Spanish writers and the interest of the players, whom there would no longer be any necessity to chastise. If, moreover, another person, or even the same, were to be commissioned to examine all the books of chivalry that shall be written for the future, doubtless some would appear with all the perfections that you have mentioned. They would enrich our language with all agreeable and pleasant treasure of eloquence; they might even cause the old books to be lain aside and forgotten, obscured by the lustre of the new books, which would be published for the innocent amusement, not only of the idle, but also of those who have most business, for the bow cannot possibly be always bent, nor can human nature subsist without some lawful recreation."

Thus far had the canon and the curate proceeded in their dialogue, when the barber coming up to them, said to the curate: "Here, Signor licentiate, is the place I told you was proper for us to pass the heat of the day, while the cattle may have fresh grass in abundance."—"I think so too," answered the curate. And when he

had acquainted the canon with his intention, he also would stay with them, invited by the beauty of a pleasant valley which presented



itself to their view. That he might enjoy the pleasure of the place, and the conversation of the curate of whom he began to be fond, and be informed likewise more particularly of Don Quixote's exploits, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which

was not far off, and bring thence what they could find to eat for the whole company, as he resolved to stay there that afternoon. One of the domestics answered that the sumpter-mule, which by that time must have reached the inn, carried provisions enough for them all, and that they need take nothing at the inn but barley.





“In that case,” said the caon, “take thither the other mules, and bring back the sumpter.”

While this passed, Sancho, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the curate and the barber, whom he looked upon as suspicious persons, came up to Don Quixote's cage and said: “Sir, in order to unburthen my conscience, I must tell you something about this enchantment of yours. In the first place, the two men who are riding along with us, with their faces masked, are the curate and the barber of our village; and I fancy they have played you this trick and are carrying you in this manner, out of pure envy, and because they are jealous of you for surpassing them in famous achievements. Supposing this to be true, it follows that you are not enchanted in this cage, but gulled and besotted. In proof of what I say, I would ask you one thing, and if you answer me, as I believe you must, you shall lay your finger upon this palpable cheat, and find that you are not enchanted, but distracted.”—“Ask whatever you will, son Sancho,” answered Don Quixote; “I will satisfy you, and answer fully to all your questions. As to what you tell me that those yonder who come with us are the priest and the barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, it may very easily be that they may seem to be so; but that they are so really and in effect, do not believe it in any wise. What you ought to understand and believe, is that if they seem to be those you say, it must be that they who have enchanted me have assumed that appearance and likeness. Effectively, enchanters can easily take what form they please, and may have taken that of our two friends in order to make you think as you do, and to involve you in such a labyrinth of imaginations that you shall not be able to find your way out though you had Theseus's clue. Besides, they may have done it to make me also waver in my judgment, and that I may be unable to guess from what quarter this injury comes. For if, on the one hand, you tell me that the curate and the barber of our village bear us company; if, on the other hand, I find myself locked up in a cage, and know of myself that no force but that which is supernatural could be sufficient to imprison me, what can I say or think, but that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have

ever read of in all the histories of knights-errant that have been enchanted up to this present time? Thus, you may set your heart at rest as to their being what you say, for they are just as much so as I am a Turk; and as to what concerns you asking me questions, speak, I will answer you, though you should continue asking from this time until to-morrow morning."

"Blessed Virgin!" cried Sancho, raising his voice, "is it then possible your worship can be so thick sculled, so devoid of brains, that you cannot perceive what I tell you to be the very truth, and that there is more roguery than enchantment in this confinement and disgrace of yours? But since it is so, I will prove most evidently that you are really not enchanted. Now tell me—As God shall save you from this storm, and as you hope to find yourself in my lady Dulcinea's arms when you least think of it! . . . . ."

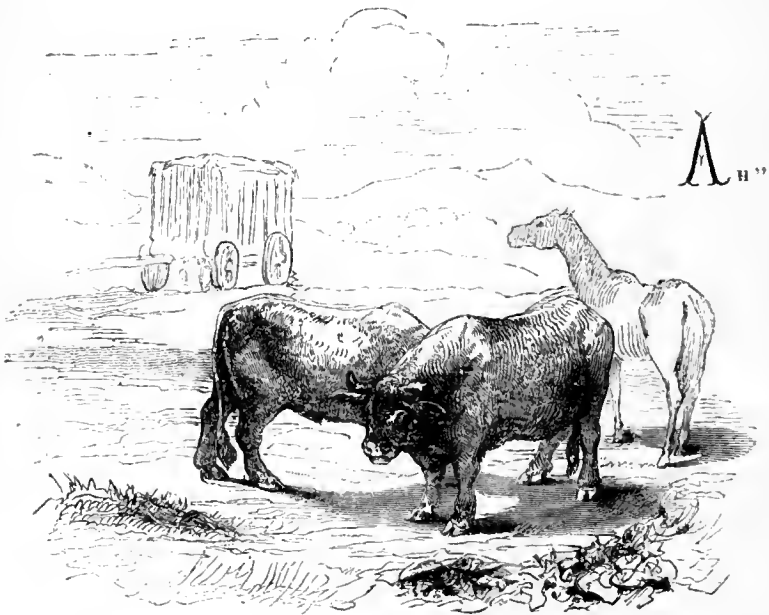


“Cease conjuring me,” cried Don Quixote, “and ask what questions you will; I have already told you I will answer them with the utmost punctuality.”—“That is what I would have you do,” replied Sancho. “Now, what I have a mind to know is, that you tell me, without adding or diminishing a tittle, and with all truth and candour, as is expected from and practised by all who profess the exercise of arms, as your worship does, under the title of knight-errant . . . . .” “I tell you I will lie in nothing,” answered Don Quixote. “Make, therefore, either a beginning or an end of asking; for, in truth, you tire me out with so many preambles, postulatum and preparatives, Sancho.”—“I say,” replied Sancho, “that I am fully satisfied of the goodness and veracity of my master; that being to the purpose in our affair, I ask, with respect be it spoken, whether, since your being cooped up, or rather enchanted in this cage, your worship has not had an inclination to do what no one can do for you.”— — “I comprehend you, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote. “Yes, yes, I have often and often had such a mind, and have at this very instant. Help me out of this strait; for I doubt all is not so clean as it should be.”



## CHAPTER XXII.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONFERENCE BETWEEN SANCIO PANZA AND  
HIS MASTER DON QUIXOTE.



quoth Sancho, “now I have caught you, this is what I longed to know with all my heart and soul. Confess, Sir, can you deny what is commonly said every where, when a person is in the dumps: I know not what such an one ails; he neither eats, nor drinks, nor sleeps, nor answers to the purpose when he is asked a question; he looks as if he were enchanted? Whence it must be concluded, that they only who do not eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor perform natural actions are really enchanted, and not they who have such calls as your

worship has, and who eat and drink when they can get it, and answer to all that is asked them.”—“You say right, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “but I have already told you that there are sundry sorts of enchantments; it may have so fallen out that in process of time they may have been changed from one to another, and that now it may be the fashion for those who are enchanted to do as I do, though formerly they did not. Therefore it is useless to argue or draw consequences against the custom of the times. I know and am firmly persuaded that I am enchanted; that is sufficient for the discharge of my conscience, which would be heavily burthened, if I thought I was not enchanted, and should suffer myself to lie in this cage like a coward, defrauding the necessitous and oppressed of that succour I might have afforded them, when, perhaps, at this very moment they may be in extreme want of my aid and protection.”—“For all that,” replied Sancho, “I repeat that, for your greater and more abundant satisfaction, your worship would do well to endeavour to get out of this prison. I will undertake to assist you with all my might, and to effect it too; that done, you must once more mount your trusty Rocinante, who seems, by his melancholy and dejected looks, as if he were enchanted too; we will again try our fortune in search of adventures; should it not succeed well, we shall have time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise, on the faith of a trusty and loyal squire, to shut myself up with your worship, if perchance you prove so unhappy, or I so simple as to fail in the performance of what I say.”—“I am content to do what you advise, brother Sancho,” replied Don Quixote. “When you see a proper opportunity for working my deliverance, I will be ruled by you in every thing. But, Sancho, depend upon it you will find how mistaken you are in your notion of my misfortune.”

This discourse brought the knight-errant and the evil-errant squire to the spot where the priest, the canon and the barber, who were already alighted, waited for them. The waggoner presently unyoked the oxen from his waggon, and turned them loose in that green and delicious place, whose freshness invited to the enjoyment of it, not only persons as much enchanted as Don Quixote, but as

considerate and discreet as his squire. The latter besought the priest to permit his master to come out of the cage for a while, as otherwise that prison would not remain quite so clean as the decorum of such a knight required. The priest understood him, and answered Sancho that he would with all his heart consent to what he desired, were it not that he feared lest his master, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and be gone where nobody should set eyes on him more. "I will be security for his not running away," replied Sancho. "And I also," said the canon, "especially if he will pass his word as a knight that he will not leave us without our consent."—"Yes, I promise," answered Don Quixote, who was listening to all they said. "And the rather, because whoever is enchanted as I am is not at liberty to dispose of himself as he pleases, for the magician who has enchanted him can make him that he shall not be able to stir in three centuries; and, if the enchanted should attempt an escape, the enchanter will fetch him back on the wing. This being the case, you may safely let me



loose, especially it being so much to the advantage of you all; for, should you not loose me, I protest that if you do not get farther off I must needs offend your noses." The canon took him by the hand though he was still manacled, and upon his faith and word, opened the door of his cage, at which he was beyond measure pleased.

The first thing he did was to stretch his whole body and limbs;



then he went where Rocinante stood, and, giving him a couple of slaps on the buttocks with the palm of his hand, he said tenderly:

“I have still hope in God, and in his blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds, that we two shall soon see ourselves in that state our hearts desire, thou with thy lord on thy back, and I mounted on thee, exercising the function for which Heaven sent me into the world.” Having thus said, Don Quixote, with his squire Sancho,



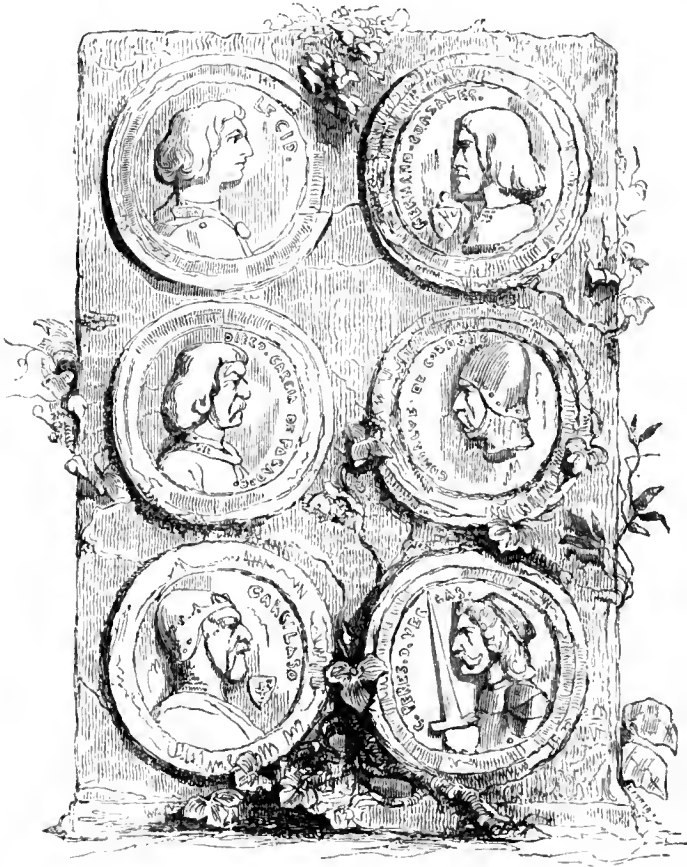
retired to some little distance, whence he came back more lightsome, and more desirous to put in execution what his squire had projected.

The canon gazed earnestly at him, and wondered at his strange and unaccountable madness. He was especially astonished that, in all he said or answered, the poor gentleman discovered a very good understanding, and only lost his stirrups, as has been already said, when the conversation happened to turn upon the subject of chivalry. After they were all set down on the green grass in expectation of the sumpter-mule, the canon, moved with compassion, said: “Is it possible, Signor hidalgo, that the crude and idle study



of books of chivalry should have had influence upon you to turn your brain in such manner as to make you believe you are now enchanted, with other things of the same stamp, as far from being true as falsehood itself is from truth? How is it possible any human understanding can persuade itself there ever was in the world that infinity of Amadisès, that rabble of famous knights? that there can have been so many emperors of Trebizond, so many Felixmartes of Hircania, so many palfreys, so many damsels-errant, so many serpents and dragons, so many andriaques, so many giants, so many unheard of adventures, so many kinds of enchantments, so many battles, so many furious encounters, so many costly costumes and magnificent apparels, so many princesses in love, so many squires become carls, so many witty dwarfs, so many billets-doux, so many courtships, so many valiant women, and lastly, so many and such absurd accidents as your books of knight-errantry contain? For my own part, when I read them, without reflecting that they are all falsehood and folly, they give me some pleasure; but when I consider what they are, I throw the very best of them against the wall, and should throw them into the fire, had I one near me. Yes, well do they deserve such a punishment, for being false and inveigling, and out of the road of common sense; they deserve it as broachers of new sects and new ways of life, and as giving occasion to the ignorant vulgar to believe and look upon as truths the multitude of absurdities they contain. They have even the presumption to dare to disturb the understandings of well born, well educated hidalgos, as is but too notorious in the effect they have had upon your worship, having reduced you to such a pass that you are forced to be shut up in a cage and carried on an ox-waggon, as a lion or tiger is carried from place to place to be shewn for money. Come, Signor Don Quixote, have pity on yourself, and return to the bosom of discretion. Learn to make use of those great abilities Heaven has been pleased to bestow upon you, by employing that happy talent you are blessed with in some other kind of reading which may redound to the benefit of your conscience and to the increase of your honour. But if a strong natural impulse must still lead you to books of exploits and chivalries, read, in the holy scriptures, the book of Judges: in it you will meet with wonderful truths, and achievements no less true

than heroic. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a count Fernando Gonzalez <sup>257</sup>, Valencia a Cid <sup>258</sup>, Andalusia a Gonzalvo of Cordova, Estremadura a Diego Garcia de Paredes, Xerez a Garci Perez de Vargas <sup>259</sup>, Toledo a Gacilaso <sup>260</sup>, Seville a Don Manuel Ponce de



<sup>257</sup> The first count of Castile, in the tenth century.

<sup>258</sup> The Cid was not a native of Valencia, but of the environs of Burgos, in Castile. Cervantes calls him so because he took Valencia on the Almoravides, in 1094.

<sup>259</sup> A warrior who distinguished himself at the taking of Seville, by Saint Ferdinand, in 1248.

<sup>260</sup> Cervantes does not mean the poet, although he was likewise of Toledo, and had passed his life in camps; he alludes to another Garcilaso de la Vega, who distinguished himself at the siege of Grenada by the catholic kings, in 1491. The latter was called Garcilaso of the *Ave-Maria*, because he slew in single combat a Moorish knight who bore, scoffingly, the name of *Ave-Maria* on his horse's tail.

Leon <sup>261</sup>; the perusal of the narratives of their valorous exploits may entertain, instruct and astonish the most elevated genius. This, indeed, would be a study worthy of your good understanding, Signor Don Quixote; having achieved it, you will have become learned in history, enamoured of virtue, instructed in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, cautious without cowardice; and all this will redound to the glory of God, to your own profit and to the frame of La Mancha, whence, as I understand, you derive your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened with great attention to the canon's discourse. When he observed the latter had ceased to speak, after having gazed stedfastly at him for several minutes in silence, he said: "I am to understand, Signor hidalgo, that the whole of what you have been saying tends to persuade me there never were any knights-errant in the world; that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous and unprofitable to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading them, worse in believing, and worst of all in imitating them, by taking upon me the rigorous profession of knight-errantry, which they teach, because you deny that ever there existed any Amadis, either of Gaul or Greece, or any other knights such as those books are full of."—"It is all precisely as you say," interrupted the canon.

Don Quixote continued: "You also were pleased to add that those books had done me much prejudice, having turned my brain and reduced me to the being carried about in a cage; and that it would be better for me to amend and change my course of study, by reading other books more true, more pleasant and more instructive."—"True," quoth the canon. "Why then," said Don Quixote, "in my opinion you are the madman and the enchanted person, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so universally received in the world, and held for such truth that he who should deny it, as you do, deserves the same punishment you inflict on those books when you read them, and they vex you. Effectively, to endeavour to make people

<sup>261</sup> Another celebrated warrior of the same period.

believe that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any other of the knights-adventurers of which the histories are full, would be to endeavour to persuade them that the sun does not enlighten, the frost give cold, nor the earth yield sustenance. What genius can there be in the world able to persuade another that the affair of the Infanta Floripe and Guy of Burgundy <sup>262</sup> is not true, nor that of Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible, which fell out in the time of Charlemagne <sup>263</sup>? I vow to God they are as true as that it is now day-light. If they be lies, it must be equally false that there ever was a Hector or an Achilles, or a Trojan war, or the twelve peers of France, or king Arthur of England, who is still wandering about transformed into a raven, and is every minute expected in his kingdom <sup>264</sup>. Will any one presume to say that the history of Guarino Mezquino <sup>265</sup>, and that of the law-suit of Saint Grial <sup>266</sup>, are fictions; that the amours of Sir Tristan and the queen Iseult, and those of Genevra and Lancelot, are also apocryphal <sup>267</sup>, whereas there are persons who almost remember to

<sup>262</sup> The history of Floripe and her floating tower, in which she sheltered Guy of Burgundy and other peers, is related in the *Chronicles of the twelve Peers of France*.

<sup>263</sup> The bridge of Mantible, over the river Flagor (without doubt the Tagus), was composed of thirty arches of white marble, and defended by two square towers. The giant Galafre, assisted by a hundred Turks, exacted from the Christians, by way of toll, and under penalty of leaving their heads on the battlements of the bridge, *thirty couples of hunting dogs, a hundred young virgins, a hundred trained hawks, and a hundred caparisoned steeds having at each of their feet a mark of five gold*. Fierabras overcame and slew the giant. (*History of Charlemagne*, chap. XXX. et seq.)

<sup>264</sup> As the Jews the Messiah, and the Portuguese the king Don Sebastian.

<sup>265</sup> The history of this knight was originally written in Italian, in the course of the thirteenth century, by the *maestro* Andrea, of Florence; it was translated into Spanish by Alonzo Fernandez Aleman. Seville, 1548.

<sup>266</sup> The Saint Grial is the dish in which Joseph of Arimathea received the blood of Jesus Christ, when he lowered his body from the cross previous to placing it in the Sepulchre. The conquest of the Saint Grial by king Arthur and the knights of the Round Table is the subject of a book of chivalry, written in Latin, in the twelfth century, and subsequently translated into Spanish. Seville, 1500.

<sup>267</sup> The well known histories of Tristan de Leonais and of Sir Lancelot du Lac were also written in Latin, previous to their translation into French by command of King Henry II, of England, towards the close of the twelfth century. Shortly afterwards, the poet Christian of Troy composed a metrical imitation of the two romances.

have seen the Duenna Quintanona, who was the best wine-skinker that Great Britain could ever boast of? This is so certain, that I remember my grandmother by my father's side, when she saw any Duenna reverently coifed, would say to me: 'Look grandson, that



old woman is very like the Duenna Quintanona ;' whence I infer that she must have known her, or at least have seen some portrait of her. Who can deny the truth of the history of Peter and the

fair Magalona <sup>268</sup>, since, to this very day is to be seen, in the king's armoury, the peg wherewith the valiant Peter of Provence steered the wooden horse upon which he rode through the air, which peg is somewhat bigger than the pole of a coach? Close by the peg stands the saddle of Babieca, the Cid's mare, and, in the gorge of Roncesvalles, is to be seen Orlando's, horn as big as a great beam <sup>269</sup>.



I therefore conclude that there were the twelve Peers, that there

<sup>268</sup> Written at the end of the twelfth century by the Provençal troubadour Bernard Treviez, and translated into Spanish by Felipe Camus. Toledo, 1526.

<sup>269</sup> This celebrated horn, according to Dante and Boyardo, extended over a space of two leagues.

was a Peter, a Cid, and such other knights as those the world calls adventurers. If not, let them also tell me that the valiant Portuguese Juan de Merlo was no knight-errant, he who went to Burgundy, and, in the city of Ras, fought the famous lord of Charni, Moïse-Pierre <sup>270</sup>; and afterwards, in the city of Basil, had an encounter with Moïse-Henri of Remestan <sup>271</sup>, coming off from both engagements conqueror, and loaded with honourable fame. Let them also deny the adventures and challenges accomplished in Burgundy of the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (from whom I am lineally descended), who vanquished the sons of the count Saint Pol. Let them deny, likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara travelled into Germany in quest of adventures, where he fought with Messire George, a knight of the duke of Austria's <sup>272</sup> court; let them say, to conclude, that the jousts of Suero de Quinones, that of the Pass of Orbigo <sup>273</sup>, the enterprises of Mosen-Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzman, a Castilian knight <sup>274</sup>, are all fabulous and ridiculous. While all of them, with many more exploits performed by Christian knights of these and of foreign kingdoms, are so authentic, so true, that whoever denies them, I repeat, must be void of all sense and reason."

The canon stood astonished to hear the singular medley Don Quixote made of truths and lies, and to see how skilled he was in all matters any way relating to knight-errantry. Therefore he

<sup>270</sup> Peter of Beauremont, Lord of Charbot-Charny.

<sup>271</sup> Or rather Ravestein.

<sup>272</sup> Juan de Merlo, Pedro Barba, Gutierre Quixada, Fernando de Guevara, and many other knights of the court of king John the second of Castile, actually did quit Spain, in 1434, 35 and 36, to visit foreign courts and *break lances in honour of their ladies*. For details of these knightly pilgrimages, the reader may consult *La Cronica del Rey Don Juan el II.*, (chapters CCLV, to CCLXVII.)

<sup>273</sup> Suero de Quinones, knight of Leon, son of the grand bailiff (*merino-mayor*) of the Asturias, celebrated, in 1434, on the bridge of Orbigo, three leagues from Astorga, famous tournaments which lasted thirty days. Accompanied by nine other *mantenedores*, or champions, he maintained the lists against sixty-eight *conquistadores*, or adventurers, come to dispute the prize of the tourney. The account of these jousts forms the subject of a book of ehalry, written by Fray Juan de Pineda, intitled *Paso honroso*, and published at Salamanca, in 1588.

<sup>274</sup> *Cronica del rey Don Joan el II.* (chap CIII.)

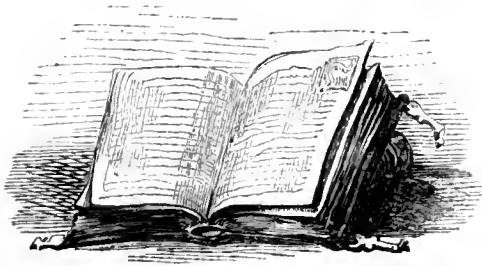
answered: "I cannot deny, Signor Don Quixote, but there is some truth in what you say, especially in relation to the Spanish knights-errant. I am also ready to allow that there were twelve peers of France; but I can never believe they did all those things ascribed to them by archbishop Turpin <sup>275</sup>. The truth is, they were knights chosen by the kings of France, and called *peers*, as being all equal in quality and prowess; at least, if they were not, it was fit they should be so. In that respect they were not unlike our religious-military orders of Saint Jago or Calatrava, which pre-suppose that the professors are all brave cavaliers; and as now-a-days we say a knight of St. John, or of Alcantara, in those times they said a knight of the Twelve Peers, those of that military order being twelve in number and all equal. That there was a Cid and a Bernard del Carpio <sup>276</sup>, is likewise beyond all doubt; but that they performed all the exploits told of them is quite another thing. As to Peter of Provence's peg, and its standing close by Babieca's saddle in the king's armoury, I confess my sin: I am so ignorant or short-sighted that, though I have seen the saddle, I could not discover the peg, which is somewhat strange, considering how big your worship says it is."—"Yet, without all question, there it is," replied Don Quixote "by the same token that they say it is kept in a leathern case, that it may not take rust."—"It may be so," answered the canon; "but, by the holy orders I have received, I do not not remember to have seen it. But supposing I should grant you it is there, I do not therefore think myself bound to believe the stories of so many Amadiscs nor those of such a rabble-rout of knights as we hear of; nor is it reasonable that a gentleman so honourable, of such excellent parts and endowed with so good an understanding as

<sup>275</sup> The *Historia Caroli Magni*, attributed to archbishop Turpin, and of which the real author is unknown, was translated into Spanish and considerably augmented by Nicolas de Piamonte, whose work was printed at Seville, in 1528.

<sup>276</sup> Notwithstanding the canon's affirmation, nothing is less certain than the existence of Bernard del Carpio; it is denied, among others, by the exact historian Juan de Ferreras.



yourself, should be persuaded that such strange follies as are written in the absurd books of chivalry are true.”



## CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE INGENIOUS CONTEST BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE  
CANON, WITH OTHER EVENTS <sup>277</sup>.



ERY good. A good jest indeed," answered Don Quixote, "that books printed with the licence of kings and the approbation of the examiners ; books read with general pleasure, applauded by great and small, poor and rich, learned and ignorant, gentry and commonalty, in short, by all sorts of people, of what state or condition soever they be ; to hear it asserted, I

say, that such books are all lies, carrying as they do, such an

<sup>277</sup> The contest had began in the preceding chapter, and the interview between Don Quixote and Sancho, which forms the title of it, had commenced in the chapter before that. Must these transpositions be attributed to the negligence of the first editor, or, on the contrary, to an odd whim of Cervantes? Seeing that this fault is so frequently repeated, I (says M. Viardot) incline to the latter opinion.

appearance of truth that they tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, with a particular detail of every action performed daily by such a knight or knights!! Good Sir, be silent; do not utter such blasphemies, and believe me, for I advise you to act in this affair like a discreet person. Do but peruse them, and you will find what pleasure attends this kind of reading. Bear with me a short time: can there be a greater satisfaction than to see, placed, as it were, before our eyes, a vast lake of boiling pitch, and in it a prodigious number of serpents, snakes, crocodiles and divers other kinds of fierce and dreadful creatures, swimming up and down? On a sudden, from the midst of the lake, is heard a most lamentable voice, saying: 'O knight, whoever thou art, that standest beholding this tremendous lake, if thou art desirous to obtain the treasure that lies concealed beneath these sable waters, shew the valour of thy undaunted breast, plunge thyself headlong into the midst of this black and burning liquor. If thou dost not, thou wilt be unworthy to see the mighty wonders enclosed therein, and contained in the seven castles of the seven enchanted nymphs who dwell beneath this horrid blackness.' Scarcely has the knight heard the fearful voice when, without farther consideration, without reflecting upon the danger to which he exposes himself, without putting off his cumbersome and weighty armour, recommending himself only to God and his mistress, he plunges into the middle of the boiling lake; and, heedless and inconsiderate of what may become of him, he finds himself in the midst of flowery fields, with which those of Elysium can in no wise compare. There the sky seems more transparent, and the sun shines with a fresher brightness<sup>278</sup>. Before him there appears a pleasing forest, so green and shady that its verdure rejoices the sight, whilst the ears are entertained with the sweet and artless notes of an infinite number of little birds of the most brilliant plumage,

<sup>278</sup> Virgil has, of the Elysian fields:

Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit  
Purpureo.

*Æneid.*, lib. 6.

hopping to and fro among the intricate branches. Here is visible a warbling brook, whose cool waters, resembling liquid crystal, meander over the fine sands and snowy pebbles, out-glittering sifted gold and purest pearl. There he spies an artificial fountain of variegated jasper and polished marble; farther on he beholds another of rustic work, in which the minute shells of the muscle, with the white and yellow wreathed houses of the snail, placed in orderly confusion and interspersed with pieces of glittering crystal and pellucid emeralds, compose a work of such variety, that art, imitating nature, seems in this instance to surpass her. On a sudden, he descries a strong castle, or a stately palace, whose walls are of massy gold, the battlements of diamonds, the gates of hyacinths; in short, the structure is so admirable that, though the materials whereof it is framed are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold and emeralds, yet the workmanship is still more precious\*. And after having seen all this, can any thing be more charming than to behold sallying forth at the castle-gate a goodly troop of damsels, whose bravery and gorgeous attire should I pretend to describe, as the histories do at large, I should never have done? She who appears to be the chief of them all presently takes by the hand the daring knight who threw himself into the burning lake, and without speaking a word carries him into the rich palace, or castle. Having stripped him as naked as his mother bore him, she bathes him in milk-warm water, and then anoints him all over with odoriferous essences, and puts on him a shirt of the finest lawn, all sweet-scented and perfumed; then comes another damsel, and throws over his shoulders a mantle, reckoned worth, at the very least, a city or more. What a sight is it when, after this, he is carried to another hall, to behold the tables spread in such order, that he is struck with wonder and astonishment!

\* *Regia solis erat sublimibus alta columnis,  
Clara micante auro, \_\_\_\_\_  
Materiam superabat opus.*



then to see his hands sprinkled with water distilled from amber and sweet-scented flowers! to see him seated in a chair of ivory! to



behold the damsels waiting upon him in marvellous silence ! then to see such variety of delicious viands so savourily dressed that the appetite is at a loss to direct the hand ! to hear soft music while he is eating, without knowing who it is that plays, or whence the sounds proceed !—and when dinner is ended and the cloth taken away, the knight lolling in his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, according to custom, suddenly there enters at the hall-door a damsel much more beautiful than any of the former, who, seating herself by the knight's side, begins to give him an account what castle that is, and how she is enchanted in it ; with sundry other matters which surprise the knight, and raise the admiration of those who read his history ! I will enlarge no farther on this head ; for from what I have said you may infer that, whatever passage one reads of



whatever history of knights-errant, must needs cause delight and wonder in the reader. Believe me then, Sir: as I have already said, read these books, and you will find that they will banish all your melancholy, and dissipate your spleen, if you chance to be suffering from it. For my own part, I can say that, since I have been a knight-errant, I am become valiant, civil, liberal, well-bred, generous, courteous, daring, affable, patient, a sufferer of toils, imprisonments and enchantments; and though it be so little a while since I saw myself locked up in a cage like a madman, yet I expect by the valour of my arm, Heaven favouring and fortune not opposing, in a few days to see myself king of some kingdom, wherein I may

display the gratitude and liberality enclosed in this my breast. For, upon my faith, Sir, the poor man is disabled from practising the virtue of liberality, though he possess it in an eminent degree; and the gratitude which consists only in inclination is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For this reason I should be glad that fortune would offer me speedily some opportunity of becoming an emperor, that I may shew my heart by doing good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the most honest man in the world; yes, I would fain bestow on him an earldom, as I have long since promised him; but that I fear he will not have ability sufficient to govern his estate."

Sancho overheard his master's last words, and immediately made answer: "Take you the pains, Signor Don Quixote, to procure me this same earldom, so often promised by you, and expected by me, I assure you I shall not want for ability sufficient to govern it. Supposing I had not, I have heard say, there are people in the world who take lordships to farm; they pay the owners so much a year, and take upon themselves the whole management thereof; whilst the lord himself, with outstretched legs, lies along at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him without concerning himself any farther about it. Just so will I do, and give myself no more trouble than needs must, but immediately surrender all up, and live upon my rents like a duke, and let the world rub on."—"This, brother Sancho," quoth the canon, "is to be understood only as to the enjoyment of the revenue, but not as to the administration of justice, to which the lord himself must look. For this, ability, sound judgment, and especially an upright intention, are required; for if these be wanting in the principle, the means and ends will always be erroneous. Therefore God usually prospers the good intentions of the simple, and disappoints the evil designs of the cunning."

"I do not understand these philosophies," answered Sancho; "I only know, I wish I may as speedily have the earldom as I should know how to govern it; for I have as large a soul as another, and as large a body as the best of them; and I should be as much king of my own dominions as any one is of his; and being so, I would do



what I pleased ; and doing what I pleased, I should have my will ; and having my will, I should be contented ; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired ; and when there is no more to be desired, there's an end of it. Therefore let the earldom come, say I



and God be with ye ; and let us see it, as one blind man said to another.”—“These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho,” quoth the canon ; “nevertheless there is a great deal more to be said upon the subject of earldoms.”—“I know not what more may be said,” interrupted Don Quixote ; “only I govern myself by the example of the great Amadis of Gaul, who made his squire Knight of the Firm Island ; therefore I may, without scruple of conscience, make an earl of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires that ever knight-errant had.”

The canon was amazed at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madness, at the manner of his describing the adventure of the knight of the lake, at the impression made upon him by those premeditated fables he had read in his books ; and lastly, he admired the simplicity of Sancho, who so vehemently desired to obtain the earldom his master had promised him.

By this time the canon's servants who went to the inn for the sumpter-mule, were come back, having spread a carpet on the green



grass, they sat down under the shade of some trees, and dined there, that the waggoner might not lose the conveniency of the fresh pasture, as we have said before. While they were eating, they heard on a sudden a loud noise, and the sound of a little bell in a thicket of briars and thorns that was hard by; and nearly at the same instant they saw a very beautiful she-goat, speckled with black, white and grey, run out of the thicket. After her came a goatherd, calling to her aloud in his wonted language to stop and come back

to the fold. The fugitive goat, trembling and affrighted, betook



herself to the company, as it were for their protection, and there she stopped. The goatherd came up, and taking her by the horns, as if she were capable of discourse and reasoning, he said to her: “ Ah ! wanton, spotted fool ! what caprice hath made thee halt thus of late days ? what wolves wait for thee, child ? Wilt thou tell me, pretty one, what this means ? but what else can it mean, but that thou art a female, and therefore canst not be quiet ? A curse on thy humours, and all theirs whom thou resemblest so much ! Turn back, my love, turn back ; for though, perhaps, you will not be so contented, at least you will be more safe ‘in your own fold, and among your own companions ; for if you, who are to look after and guide them, go yourself so much astray, what must become of them ? ”

The goatherd's words delighted all the hearers extremely, especially the canon, who said to him: "I entreat you, brother, be not in such a hurry to force back this goat to her fold. Since, as you say, she is a female, she will follow her natural instinct, though you take ever so much pains to hinder her. Come, take this morsel, and then drink, whereby you will temper your choler, and in the mean while the goat will rest herself." So saying, he gave him the hinder quarter of a cold rabbit on the point of a knife. The goatherd took it, thanked him, drank, sat down quietly, and said: "I would not have you, gentlemen, take me for a foolish fellow for having talked sense to this animal; for, in truth, the words I spoke to her are not without mystery. I am a country fellow, it is true, yet not so much a rustic but I know the difference between conversing with men and beasts."—"I verily believe you," said the priest; "for I have found by experience that the mountains breed poets, and that the cottages of shepherds contain philosophers."—"At least, Sir," replied the goatherd, "they afford men who have experience. In order to convince you of this truth, though I seem to invite myself without being asked, if it be not tiresome to you, and if you please, gentlemen, to lend me your attention, I will tell you a true story, which will confirm what I and this gentleman (pointing to the priest) have said."

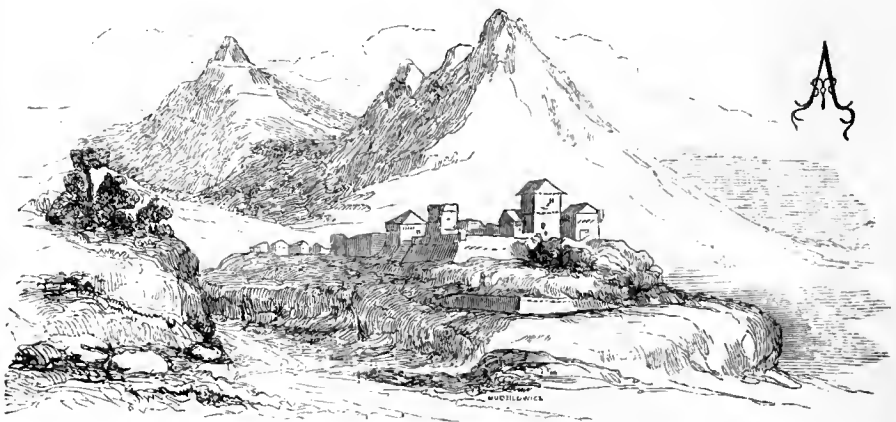
Don Quixote promptly answered: "Seeing that this business has somewhat of the face of an adventure, for my part, I will listen to you, brother, with all my heart, and so will these gentlemen, being discreet and ingenious persons, and such as love to hear curious novelties, that surprise, gladden and entertain the senses, as I do not doubt but your story will do. Begin then, friend, for we will all hearken."—"I draw my stake," quoth Sancho, "and will hie me with this pasty to yonder brook, where I intend to stuff myself for three days, for I have heard my master Don Quixote say that the squire of a knight-errant must eat when he has it until he can eat no longer, because it often happens that they get into some wood so intricate that there is no hitting the way out in six days; and then, if a man has not his belly well lined, or his wallet well provided, there he may remain, and often does remain, until he is turned into mummy."—"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "go

whither you will, and eat what you can; for I am already sated, and want only to give my mind its repast, which I am going to do by listening to this honest man's story."—"We all do the same," quoth the canon. And then he desired the goatherd to begin the narration he had just promised them. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two slaps on the back with the palm of his hand, saying: "Lie thee down by me, speckled fool; for we have time and to spare for returning to our fold." The goat seemed to understand him; for as soon as her master was seated, she laid herself close by him very quietly, and, looking up in his face, seemed to signify she was attentive to what the goatherd was going to relate, who began his story as follows :



## CHAPTER XXIV.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT THE GOATHERD RELATED TO ALL  
THOSE WHO ACCOMPANIED DON QUIXOTE.



BOUT three leagues from this valley there is a hamlet, which, though but small, is one of the richest in all these parts. In it dwelt a farmer of so good a character that, though esteem is usually annexed to riches, he was more respected for his virtue than for the wealth he possessed. But that which completed his happiness, as he used to say to himself, was his having a daughter of such extraordinary beauty, rare discretion, gracefulness and virtue, that whoever knew and beheld her was in admiration to see the surpassing



endowments wherewith Heaven and nature had enriched her. When a child, she was pretty, and, as she grew up, she became still more and more beautiful, until, at the age of sixteen she was beauty itself. The fame of her beauty began to extend itself through all the neighbouring villages; what do I say, through the neighbouring villages? it spread itself to the remotest cities, and even made its

way into the palaces of kings, and reached the ears of all sorts of people, who came to see her from all parts, as if she had been some relic, or wonder-working image. Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself, for there are no padlocks, bolts nor bars, that secure a maiden better than her own reserve. The wealth of the father and the beauty of the daughter induced many, both the villagers and strangers, to demand her to wife. But he, whose right it was to dispose of so precious a jewel, was perplexed, not knowing amidst the great number of importunate suitors, on which to bestow her. Among the many who were thus disposed, I was one, and flattered myself with many and great hopes of success, as being known to her father, born in the same village, of untainted christian blood, in the flower of my age, tolerably rich, and of no despicable understanding.

“With the very same advantages, another young man of our village demanded her also in marriage, which occasioned a suspense and balancing of her father’s will, who thought his daughter would be very well matched with either of us. To get out of this perplexity, he determined to acquaint Leandra with it (for that is the rich maiden’s name who has reduced me to misery), considering that, since our pretensions were equal, it was best to leave the choice to his beloved daughter; an example worthy the imitation of all parents who would marry their children. I do not say they should give them their choice in things prejudicial, but they should propose to them good ones, and out of them, let them choose to their own minds. I do not know what choice Leandra made; I only know that her father put us both off by pleading the too tender age of his daughter, and with other general expressions, which neither laid any obligation upon him, nor disobliged either of us. My rival’s name is Anselmo, and mine Eugenio; for it is fit you should know the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, the catastrophe of which is still depending, though one may easily foresee it will be disastrous.

“About this time, there came to our village one Vincent de la Roca, son of a poor farmer of the same village; which Vincent was come out of Italy and other countries, where he had served in the



wars. A captain who happened to pass that way with his company had carried him away from our town at twelve years of age, and the young man returned at the end of twelve years more in the garb of a soldier, set off with a thousand colours, and hung with a thousand crystal trinkets and fine steel chains. To-day he put on one finery, to-morrow another, but all slight and counterfeit, of little weight and less value. The country-folks, who are naturally malicious, and, if they have ever so little leisure, are malice itself, observed and reckoned up all his trappings and gewgaws, and found that he had three suits of apparel of different colours, with hose and garters to them; but he disguised them so many different ways and with so many inventions that, if one had not counted them, one would have sworn he had above ten suits and about twenty plumes of feathers. And let not what I have been saying of his dress be looked upon as impertinent or superfluous, for it makes a considerable part of this story. He used to seat himself



on a stone bench under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there he would hold us all gaping and listening to his accounts of his exploits. There was no country on the whole globe he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and fought more duels, as he said, than Gante and Luna, Diego Garcia de Parédès, and a thousand others, and always came off victorious, without having lost a drop of blood. Then again he would be shewing us marks of wounds which, though they were not to be discerned, he



would persuade us were so many arquebus-shots received in several actions and fights. In a word, with unheard-of arrogance, he would *thou* his equals; he said that his arm was his father, his deeds his pedigree, and that, under the title of soldier, he owed the king himself nothing. To these bravadoes I must add that he was somewhat of a musician, and scratched a little upon the guitar, which some said he would make speak. But his graces and accomplishments did not end here; he was also a bit of a poet, and would compose a ballad a league and a half in length on every childish accident that passed in the village. Now this soldier whom I have here described, this Vincent de la Roca, this hero, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was often seen and admired by Leandra, from a window of her house which faced the market-place. She was struck with the tinsel of his gaudy apparel, his ballads enchanted her, and as he gave away at least twenty copies of all he composed, the exploits he related of himself reached her ears. Lastly (for so it seems the devil had ordained), she fell downright in love with him, before he had entertained the presumption of courting her. As in affairs of love none are so easily accomplished as those which are favoured by the inclination of the lady, Leandra and Vincent soon came to an agreement. Before any of the multitude of her suitors had the least suspicion of her design, she had already accomplished it; she left the house of her dear and beloved father (for her mother is dead), and absented herself from the village with the soldier, who came off from this attempt more triumphantly than from any of those of which he had so arrogantly boasted.

“This event amazed the whole village, and all that heard any thing of it. I for my part was confounded, Anselmo astonished, her father sad, her kindred ashamed, justice alarmed, and the troopers of the holy brotherhood in readiness. They beset the highways, they searched the woods, leaving no place unexamined; and at the end of three days, they found the poor Leandra in a cave of a mountain, naked to her shift, and stripped of a large sum of money and several valuable jewels she had carried away from home. They brought her back to her disconsolate father, and interrogated her concerning her misfortune. She readily confessed

that Vincent de la Roca had deceived her ; that, upon promise of marriage, he had persuaded her to leave her father's house, telling her he would carry her to Naples, the richest and most delicious city of the whole world ; that she, imprudent and credulous, had believed him, and, after robbing her father had confided herself to the soldier's power the night she was first missing ; that he conveyed her to a



craggy mountain and shut her up in the cave in which they had found her. She also related to them that the soldier had plundered her of every thing but her honour, that he had left her in the cavern and fled : a circumstance which made us all wonder afresh.

“ Certes, gentlemen, it was no easy matter to persuade us of the young man's continency ; but she affirmed it with so much earnestness that her father was in some sort comforted, making no great account of the other riches the soldier had taken from his daughter, since he had left her that jewel which, once lost, can never be recovered. The same day that Leandra returned, she disappeared



again from our eyes, her father sending and shutting her up in a nunnery belonging to a town not far distant, in hopes that time might wear off a good part of the reproach his daughter had brought upon herself. Her tender years were some excuse for her fault, especially with those who had no interest in her being good or bad; but they who are acquainted with her good sense and understanding could not ascribe her fault to her ignorance, but to her levity, and to the natural propensity of the sex, which is generally in direct opposition to prudence, wisdom and good sense.

“Leandra being shut up, Anselmo’s eyes were blinded, or at least saw nothing that could afford them any satisfaction. Mine were also in darkness without light to direct them to any pleasurable object. The absence of Leandra increased our sadness and diminished our patience; we cursed the soldier’s finery, and detested her father’s want of precaution. At last, Anselmo and I agreed to quit the town and betake ourselves to this valley. Here, he feeding a great number of sheep of his own, and I a numerous herd of goats of mine, we pass our lives among these trees, giving vent to our passions, or singing together the praises or reproaches of the fair Leandra, or sighing alone, and each communicating his complaints to Heaven.

“Several others of Leandra’s suitors, in imitation of us, are come to these rocky mountains, practising the same employments; and they are so numerous, that this place seems to be converted into the pastoral Arcadia <sup>279</sup>, it is so full of shepherds and folds, nor is there any part of it where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. One utters execrations against her, calling her fond, fickle, immodest; another condemns her forwardness and levity; some excuse and pardon her; others arraign and condemn her; one celebrates her beauty, another rails at her ill qualities; in short, all blame and all adore her, and the madness of all rises to such a pitch, that some complain of her disdain who never spoke to her, yea, some there are who bemoan themselves and feel the raging disease of jealousy, though she never gave any occasion for it, for her guilt, as I have said, was known before her inclination. There is no hollow of a rock, nor brink of a rivulet, nor shade of a tree, that is not occupied by some shepherd, who is recounting his misfortunes to the air. The echo, wherever it can be formed, repeats the name of Leandra; the mountains resound Leandra; the brooks murmur Leandra <sup>280</sup>,

<sup>279</sup> Allusion to the poem of Giacombo Sannazaro, who lived at Naples about the year 1500. *The Arcadia* was famous in Spain, in which country several translations of it were published.

<sup>280</sup> One would hardly expect to meet with an imitation of Virgil in the goatherd’s tale :

Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

and Leandra holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among these extravagant madmen, he who shews the least and the most sense, is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many other causes of complaint,



complains only of absence, and to the sound of a rebec, which he touches to admiration, pours forth his complaints in verses which discover an excellent genius. I follow an easier, and in my opinion a better way, which is, to inveigh against the levity of women, their inconstancy, their double-dealing, their deceitful promises, their broken faith, finally, the little discretion they show in placing their affections or making their choice. This, gentlemen,

was the occasion of the expressions and language I used to this goat when I came hither; for being a female, I despise her, though she be the best of all my flock. This is the story I promised to tell you. If I have been tedious in the relation, I will endeavour to make you amends by my service. My cottage is hard by, where I have new milk and very savoury cheese, with a variety of fruits of the season, no less agreeable to the sight than to the taste <sup>281</sup>."



<sup>281</sup> Another imitation of Virgil, who thus terminates his first Eclogue :

Sunt nobis mitia poma,  
Castaneæ molles, et pressi copia lactis.



## CHAPTER XXV.

OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND THE GOATHERD,  
WITH THE RARE ADVENTURE OF THE WHITE PENITENTS, WHICH  
HE HAPPILY ACCOMPLISHED WITH THE SWEAT OF HIS BROW.



LEAVING off at those words the goatherd ceased to speak. His tale gave a general pleasure to all who heard it, especially to the canon, who, with unusual curiosity, took notice of the relater's manner of telling it, in which he discovered more of the polite courtier than of the rude goatherd. Therefore he said that the curate was very much in the right in affirming that the mountains produced men of letters. They all offered their service to Eugenio, but the most liberal of his offers upon this occasion was Don Quixote, who said to him: "In truth, brother goatherd, were I in a capacity of undertaking any new adventure, I would immediately set forward to do you a good turn by fetching Leandra out of the nunnery, in which doubtless she is

detained against her will, in spite of the abbess and all opposers, and putting her into your hands, to be disposed of at your pleasure, so far as is consistent with the laws of chivalry, which enjoin that no kind of violence be offered to damsels. Though I hope in Heaven that the power of one malicious enchanter shall not be so irresistible, but that the power of another and a better-intentioned one may prevail over it. Then I promise you my aid and protection, as I am bound to do by my profession, which is no other than to favour the weak and necessitous."

The goatherd stared at Don Quixote, and observing his bad plight and scurvy appearance, he said to the barber, who sat next him: "Pray, Sir, who is this man who makes such a strange figure, and talks so extravagantly?"—"Who should he be," answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the reliever of maidens, the dread of giants and the conqueror of battles?"—"This," said the goatherd "is like what we read of in the books of knights-errant, who did all that you tell me of this man; though, as I take it, either your worship is in jest, or the apartments in this gentleman's skull are unfurnished."—"You are a very great rascal," cried Don Quixote, "it is you who are the empty-skulled and the shallow-brained; for my head is fuller than ever was the belly of the graceless baggage that bore you." So saying he snatched up a loaf which was near him, and with it struck the goatherd full in the face, with so much fury that he laid his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand raillery, perceiving how much in earnest he was treated, without any respect to the carpet or table-cloth, or to the company that sat about it, leaped upon Don Quixote, and griped him by the throat with both hands. He would doubtless have strangled him, had not Sancho Panza come up in that instant, and taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back on the table, breaking the dishes and platters, and spilling and overturning all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself loose, ran at the goatherd, who, being kicked and trampled upon by Sancho, and his face all over bloody, was feeling about on all fours for a knife wherewith to take a bloody revenge. But the canon and the priest prevented

him. For the barber, he contrived it so that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he poured such a shower of buffets, that there rained as much blood from the visage of the poor knight as there did from his own. The canon and the priest were ready to burst with laughter, the archers danced and capered for joy; and they stood hallooing them on, shouting *xi, xi*, as people do to dogs when they are fighting <sup>282</sup>. Sancho Panza only was at his wits' end, not being able to get loose from one of the canon's servants who held him from going to assist his master.

At last, while all were in high joy and merriment, excepting the two combatants who were still worrying one another, on a sudden they heard the sound of a trumpet, so dismal that it made them turn their faces towards the way whence they fancied the sound came. But he who was most surprised at hearing it was Don Quixote, who, though he was under the goatherd sorely against his will and more than indifferently mauled, said to him: "Brother devil (for it is impossible you should be any thing else, since you have had the valour and strength to subdue mine), a truce, I beseech you, for one hour; the dolorous sound of that trumpet which reaches our ears seems to summon me to some new adventure." The goatherd, who by this time was pretty well weary of mauling and being mauled, immediately let him go, and Don Quixote, getting upon his legs, turned his face toward the place whence the sound came, and presently saw several people descending from a rising ground, arrayed in white after the manner of penitents <sup>283</sup>. The case was, that the clouds that year had failed to refresh the earth with seasonable showers, and throughout all the villages of that district they made processions, disciplines and public prayers, beseeching God to open the hands of his mercy, and send them rain. For this purpose, the people of a town hard by

<sup>282</sup> This passage is quite unworthy of Cervantes, who always displays such mildness and humanity; he makes the curate and the canon play a part which accords very ill with their character, and he falls into the same error that he subsequently contemns in his plagiary Fernandez de Avellaneda.

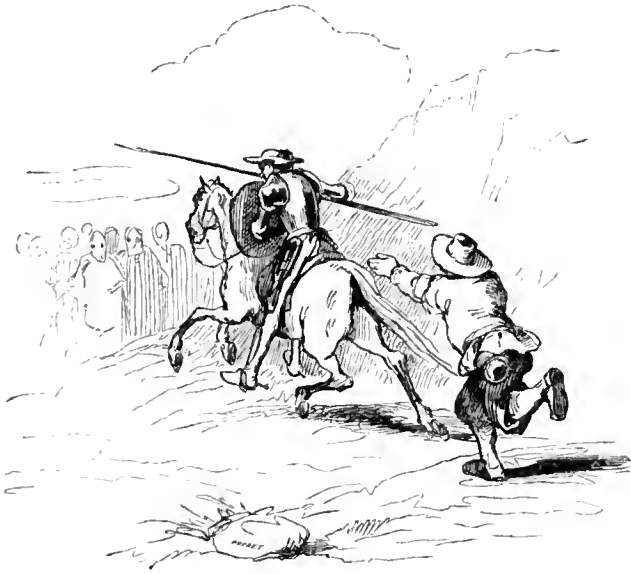
<sup>283</sup> The processions of penitents (*disciplinantes*), which gave scope to every species of excess, were forbidden, in Spain, about the close of the reign of Charles III.



were coming in procession to a devout hermitage built upon the side of the hill bordering upon that valley.

Don Quixote, perceiving the strange attire of the penitents, without recollecting how often he must have seen the like before, imagined it was some adventure, and that it belonged to him alone, as a knight-errant, to undertake it. He was the more confirmed in this fancy by thinking that an image they had with them covered with black was some lady of note, whom those miscreant and discourteous ruffians were forcing away. No sooner had he taken this into his head, than he ran with great agility to Rocinante, who was grazing, and taking the bridle and buckler from the pommel of his saddle, he bridled him in a trice; then, demanding from Sancho his sword, he mounted Rocinante, braced his target, and with a loud voice said to all present: "Now, my worthy companions, you shall see of what consequence it is that there are in the world such as profess the order of chivalry; now, I say, you shall see, by my restoring liberty to that good lady, who is carried captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be valued or not."

So saying, he laid legs to Rocinante, spurs he had none, and on a hand-gallop (for we no where read, in all this faithful history, that ever Rocinante went full speed), he ran to encounter the penitents. The curate, the canon and the barber in vain endeavoured to stop him; in vain did Sancho bawl: "Whither go you, Signor Don Quixote? what devils are in you, that instigate you to assault the catholic faith? Consider, a curse on me! that this is a procession of penitents, and that the lady carried upon the bier is an image of the blessed and immaculate Virgin. Have a care what you do; for this once I am sure you do not know." Sancho wearied himself to no



purpose; for his master was so bent upon encountering the men in white and delivering the mourning lady, that he heard not a word, and, if he had, would not have come back, though the king himself had commanded him. When he came up with the procession he checked Rocinante, who already had a desire to rest a little, and,

with a disordered and hoarse voice, said: "You there, who cover your faces for no good I suppose, stop, and give ear to what I shall say."

The first who stopped were they who carried the image; and one of the four ecclesiastics who sung the Litanies, observing the strange figure of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rocinante, and other ridiculous circumstances attending the knight, answered him: "Good brother, if you have any thing to say to us, say it quickly, for these our brethren are tearing their flesh to pieces, and we cannot, nor is it reasonable we should stop to hear any thing, unless it be so short that it may be said in two words."—"I will say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this: I order you immediately to set at liberty that fair lady, whose tears and sorrowful countenance are evident tokens of her being carried away against her will, and that you have done her some notorious injury. And I, who am come into the world on purpose to redress such wrongs, will not suffer you to proceed one step farther, until you have given her the liberty she desires and deserves." By these expressions, all that heard them gathered that Don Quixote must be some escaped madman, whereupon they laughed very heartily. Their merriment added fuel to the fire of Don Quixote's choler, for, without saying a word more, he drew his sword and attacked the bearers of the Virgin. One of them, leaving the burden to his comrades, stepped forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a pitch-fork whereon he rested the bier when they made a stand. He received on the handle of it a huge stroke which the knight let fly at him, and which broke it in two; but with what remained of it, he gave Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder of his sword-arm that, his target not being able to ward off so furious an assault, the poor Don fell to the ground in evil plight.

Sancho Panza, who came puffing close after him, perceiving him fallen, called out to his adversary not to strike him again, for he was a poor enchanted knight, who never had done any body harm in all the days of his life. But that which made the rustic forbear, was not Sancho's crying out, but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot. Believing he had killed him, in all



haste he tucked up his frock in his girdle, and began to fly over the fields as nimble as a buck. By this time all Don Quixote's company was come up, and the processioners, seeing them running towards them, and with them the troopers of the holy brotherhood with their cross-bows, began to fear some ill accident, and drew up in a circle round the image. Lifting up their hoods, and grasping their whips, as the ecclesiastics did their tapers, they stood expecting the assault, determined to defend themselves, and if they could, to punish the aggressors. But fortune ordered it better than they imagined; for all that Sancho did was to throw himself upon the

body of his master, and to pour forth the most dolorous and ridiculous lamentation, believing verily that he was dead. The curate was known by a priest who came in the procession, and their being acquainted dissipated the fear of the two squadrons. The curate gave the priest an account in two words who Don Quixote was, whereupon he and the whole rout of penitents went to see whether the poor knight was dead or not. They overheard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, speak as follows :



“ O flower of chivalry, who by one single thwack hath finished the career of thy well-spent life ! O glory of thy race, credit and renown of La Mancha, yea of the whole world, which, by wanting thee will be overrun with evil doers, who will no longer fear being chastised for their iniquities ! O liberal above all Alexanders, seeing that, for eight months' service only, thou hast given me the best island the sea doth compass or surround. O thou that wert humble with the haughty, and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base ; in a word, knight-errant, which is all that can be said ! . . . . .”



At Sancho's cries and lamentations, Don Quixote revived, and the first word he said was: "He who lives absent from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help, friend Sancho, to lay me upon the enchanted car; for I am no longer in a condition to press the saddle of Rocinante, all this shoulder being mashed to pieces."—"That I will do with all my heart, dear Sir," answered Sancho, "and let us return home in company with these gentlemen, who wish you well; there we will give order about another sally that may prove of more profit and renown."—"You say well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "it will be great prudence to wait until the evil influence of the stars which now reigns is passed."

The canon, the curate and the barber told him they approved his resolution. So, having received a great deal of pleasure from the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote in the waggon, as before. The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way; the goatherd bid them all farewell; the archers would go no farther, and the priest paid them what they had agreed for; the canon desired the priest to give him advice of what befell Don Quixote, and whether his madness were cured or continued, and so took leave and pursued his journey. In fine, they all parted, and took their several ways, leaving the priest, the barber, Don Quixote and Sancho, with good Rocinante, who bore all accidents as patiently as his master. The waggoner yoked his oxen, accommodated Don Quixote on a truss of hay, and with his accustomed pace jogged on the way the priest directed.

On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village. They entered it about noon, and it being Sunday, all the people were standing in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's cart must of necessity pass. Every body ran to see who was in the cage, and, when they found it was their townsman, they were greatly surprised. A boy ran full speed to acquaint the housekeeper and niece that their uncle and master was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon drawn by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, the buffets they gave themselves, and the

maledictions that they heaped afresh on the cursed books of chivalry, which increased tenfold when they saw Don Quixote coming in at the gate.



Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband was gone with him to serve as a squire, hastened to meet him. As soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked was whether the ass was come home well. Sancho answered that he was, and in a better condition than his master. "God be praised," replied she, "for so great a mercy to me! But tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireship? what petticoat do you bring home to me, and what shoes to your

children?"—"I bring nothing of all this, dear wife," replied Sancho; "but I bring other things of greater moment and consequence." "I am very glad of that," answered the wife: "pray



shew me these things of greater moment and consequence my friend; I would fain see them to rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sad and discontented all the long time of your absence." "You shall see them at home, wife," quoth Sancho, "and be satisfied at present; for if it please God that we make another sally in quest of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or

governor of an island, and not an ordinary one neither, but one of the best that is to be had.”—“Heaven grant it may be so, husband,” quoth the wife, “for we have need of it. But pray tell me what you mean by islands; for I do not understand you.” “Honey is not for the mouth of an ass,” answered Sancho; “in good time you shall see, wife, yea, and admire to hear yourself styled ladyship by all your vassals.”—“What do you mean Sancho, by ladyship, islands and vassals?” answered Juana Panza (that was Sancho’s wife’s name, though they were not of kin, but because it is the custom in La Mancha for the wife to take the husband’s name <sup>284</sup>). “Be not in so much haste, Juana, to know all this,” said Sancho. “Let it suffice that I tell you the truth, and sew up your mouth. But for the present, know that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as to be the honest squire to a knight-errant in search of adventures. It is true, indeed, most of them are not so much to a man’s mind as he could wish; for ninety-nine out of a hundred one meets with, fall out cross and unlucky. This I know by experience, for I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, and sometimes well cudgelled; but for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of accidents, traversing mountains, searching woods, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at discretion and the devil a farthing to pay.”

While this discourse passed between Sancho Panza and Juana Panza, the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote, and, having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his own bed. He looked at them with haggard eyes, not knowing perfectly where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care and make much of her uncle; and advised her to keep a watchful eye over him, lest he should once more give them the slip, telling her what difficulty they had had to get him home to his house. Here the two

<sup>284</sup> In other parts of Spain, married women preserved and still preserve their maiden-names

Cervantes, in the course of *Don Quixote*, gives several names to Sancho’s wife. In the beginning of the first part he calls her Mary Gutierrez, in this place, Juana Panza; in the second part, it will be seen that he calls her Tereza Cascajo, then again, Mary Gutierrez, and subsequently Tereza Panza. He calls her, however, most frequently by this latter name.



women exclaimed afresh, and renewed their execrations against all books of chivalry, begging of Heaven to confound to the centre of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. Lastly, they remained full of trouble and fear lest they should lose their uncle

and master as soon as ever he found himself a little better; and it did actually fall out as they imagined.

But the author of this history, though he applied himself with the utmost curiosity and diligence to trace the exploits Don Quixote performed in his third sally, could get no account of them, at least from any authentic writings. Only fame has preserved in the memoirs of La Mancha a tradition that Don Quixote, the third time he sallied from home, went to Saragossa\*, where he was present at a famous tournament in that city<sup>285</sup>, and that there befell him things worthy of his valour and good understanding. Nor would the historian have learned any thing concerning his death, if a lucky accident had not brought him acquainted with an aged physician, who had in his custody a leaden box, found, as he said, under the ruins of an ancient hermitage, then rebuilding<sup>286</sup>. In that box was found a manuscript of parchment, written in Gothic characters, but in Castilian verse, containing many of his exploits, and giving an account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the figure of Rocinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with several epitaphs and eulogies on his life and manners. All that could be read and perfectly made out, are those inserted here by the faithful author of this strange and never before seen history. This author desires no other reward from those who shall read it, in recompense of the vast pains it has cost him to enquire into and search all the archives of La Mancha to bring it

\* Hence, in his false second part, Avellaneda, took the hint to send the Don to Saragossa.

<sup>285</sup> In Cervantes's time, there was at Saragossa a fraternity, under the patronage of Saint George, which celebrated three times in the course of the year certain tournaments called *justas del armas* (Ger. de Urrea, *Dialogo de la verdadera honra militar*).

<sup>286</sup> Garcia Ordonez de Montalvo, the author of *Los sergas de Esplandian*, says, speaking of his book: "It was most luckily found in a stone sepulchre which was discovered deep in the earth in a hermitage near Constantinople, and was brought to Spain by a Hungarian merchant. It proved to be written on parchment, and in such ancient characters that the most learned Greek scholars could hardly decypher it." The chronicle of Amadis of Grece was likewise found "in a cavern called the *palace of Hercules*, locked up in a chest made of a kind of wood incapable of decay, and it was concealed there when Spain was taken by the Moors."

to light, but that they would afford him the same credit that ingenious people give to books of knight-errantry, which are so well received in the world. With this price he will reckon himself well paid, and rest satisfied ; and will moreover be encouraged to seek and find out others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment <sup>287</sup>.

The first words written in the parchment which was found in the leaden box were these :



<sup>287</sup> Cervantes had then no idea of publishing a second part of *Don Quixote*.

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA <sup>288</sup>, A TOWN  
OF LA MANCHA, ON THE LIFE AND DEATH  
OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA,  
HOC SCRIPSERUNT.

MONICONGO <sup>289</sup>, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,  
ON THE SEPULTURE OF DON QUIXOTE.

## EPITAPH.

“ La Mancha’s thunderbolt of war,  
The sharpest wit and loftiest muse;  
The hand which from Gaëta far  
To Catay did its force infuse;

“ He, who through love and valour’s fire,  
Outstript great Amadis’s fame,  
Bid warlike Galaor retire,  
And silenc’d Belianis’ name;

“ He who, with helmet, sword and shield,  
On Rocinante, steed well known,  
Adventures sought in many a field,  
Lies underneath this frozen stone.”

PANIAGUADO <sup>290</sup>, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,  
IN LAUDEM DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

## SONNET.

“ She whom you see, the plump and lusty dame,  
With high erected chest and vigorous mien,  
Was erst th’ enamour’d knight Don Quixote’s flame,  
The fair Dulcinea, of Toboso queen.

<sup>288</sup> In Cervantes’s time, the academies in the largest towns of Spain, Madrid, Seville, Valencia, were scarcely founded. Placing one at Argamasilla, was another sarcasm against the poor village of which he purposely omitted the name. Cervantes gives surnames or sobriquets to the academicians of Argamasilla, as was customary in the Italian academies.

<sup>289</sup> Emigrated from Congo.

<sup>290</sup> A word formed of *pan y agua*, bread and water: this is the name given to people on whom alms and victuals are bestowed.



“ For her, armed cap-a-pee with sword and shield,  
 He trod the Sable mountain o'er and o'er ;  
 For her he travers'd Montiel's well-known field,  
 And in her service toils unnumber'd bore.  
 Hard fate ! that death should crop so fine a flow'r,  
 And love o'er such a knight exert his tyrant pow'r ! ”

CAPRICHOSO<sup>291</sup>, A MOST INGENIOUS ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN  
 PRAISE OF ROCINANTE, THE HORSE OF DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

## SONNET.

“ On the aspiring adamantine trunk  
 Of a huge tree, whose root with slaughter drunk  
 Sends forth a scent of war, La Mancha's knight,  
 Frantic with valour and returned from fight,  
 His bloody standard trembling in the air,  
 Hangs up his glittering armour beaming fair,  
 With that fine temper'd steel, whose edge o'erthrows,  
 Hacks, hews, confounds, and routs opposing foes.  
 Unheard-of prowess ! and unheard-of verse !  
 But art new strains invents, new glories to rehearse.  
 “ If Amadis to Grecia gives renown,  
 Much more her chief does fierce Bellona crown,  
 Prizing La Mancha more than Gaul or Greece,  
 As Quixote triumphs over Amadis.  
 Oblivion ne'er shall shroud his glorious name,  
 Whose very horse stands up to challenge fame,  
 Illustrious Rocinante, wond'rous steed !  
 Not with mere generous pride, or mettled speed,  
 His rider erst Rinaldo's Bayard bore,  
 Or his mad lord Orlando's Brilladore.

BURLADOR<sup>292</sup>, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON SANCHO PANZA.

## SONNET.

“ Sec Sancho Panza, view him well,  
 And let this verse his praises tell.  
 His body was but small, 'tis true,  
 Yet he had a soul as large as two.

<sup>291</sup> The Capricious.

<sup>292</sup> The Sarcastic.

No guile he knew, like some before him ;  
 But simple as his mother bore him,  
 This gentle squire on gentle ass  
 Went gently Rocinante's pace,  
 Following his lord from place to place.  
 To be an earl he would aspire,  
 And reason good for such desire :  
 But worth, in these ungrateful times,  
 To envy'd honour seldom climbs.  
 Vain mortals, give your wishes o'er,  
 And trust the flatterer Hope no more,  
 Whose promises, whate'er they seem,  
 End in a shadow or a dream."

CACHIDIABLO<sup>293</sup>, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE  
 DON QUIXOTE.

EPITAPH.

" Here lies an evil-errant knight,  
 Well bruised in many a fray,  
 Whose courser, Rocinante hight,  
 Long bore him many a way.  
 " Close by his loving master's side  
 Lies booby Sancho Panza,  
 A trusty squire, of courage tried,  
 And true as ever man saw.



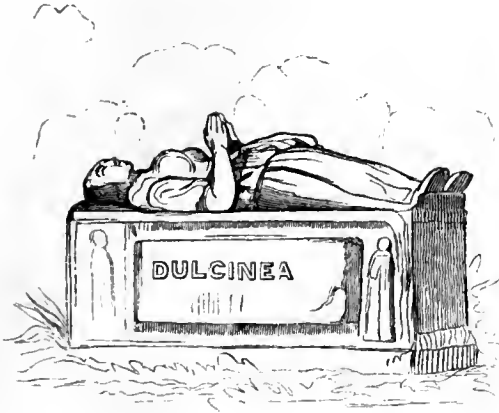
<sup>293</sup> The *nom de guerre* of a celebrated renegade, a corsair of Algiers and one of the officers of Barbarossa, who, in the reign of Charles V, made several descents on the coast of Valencia.

TIQUITOC, ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE SEPULTURE OF  
DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.

## EPITAPH.

“ Dulcinea, fat and fleshy, lies  
 Beneath this frozen stone,  
 But, since to frightful death a prize,  
 Reduced to skin and bone.

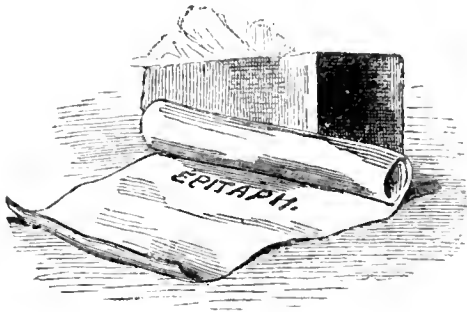
“ Of goodly parentage she came,  
 And had the lady in her ;  
 She was the great Don Quixote’s flame,  
 But only death could win her.”



These were all the verses that could be read. The rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were consigned to one of the Academicians

to find out their meaning by conjectures. We are informed he has done it, after many lucubrations and much pains, and that he designs to publish them, giving us hopes of Don Quixote's third sally.

Forse altri canterà con miglior plectro<sup>294</sup>.



<sup>294</sup> *Orlando furioso*, canto XXX.

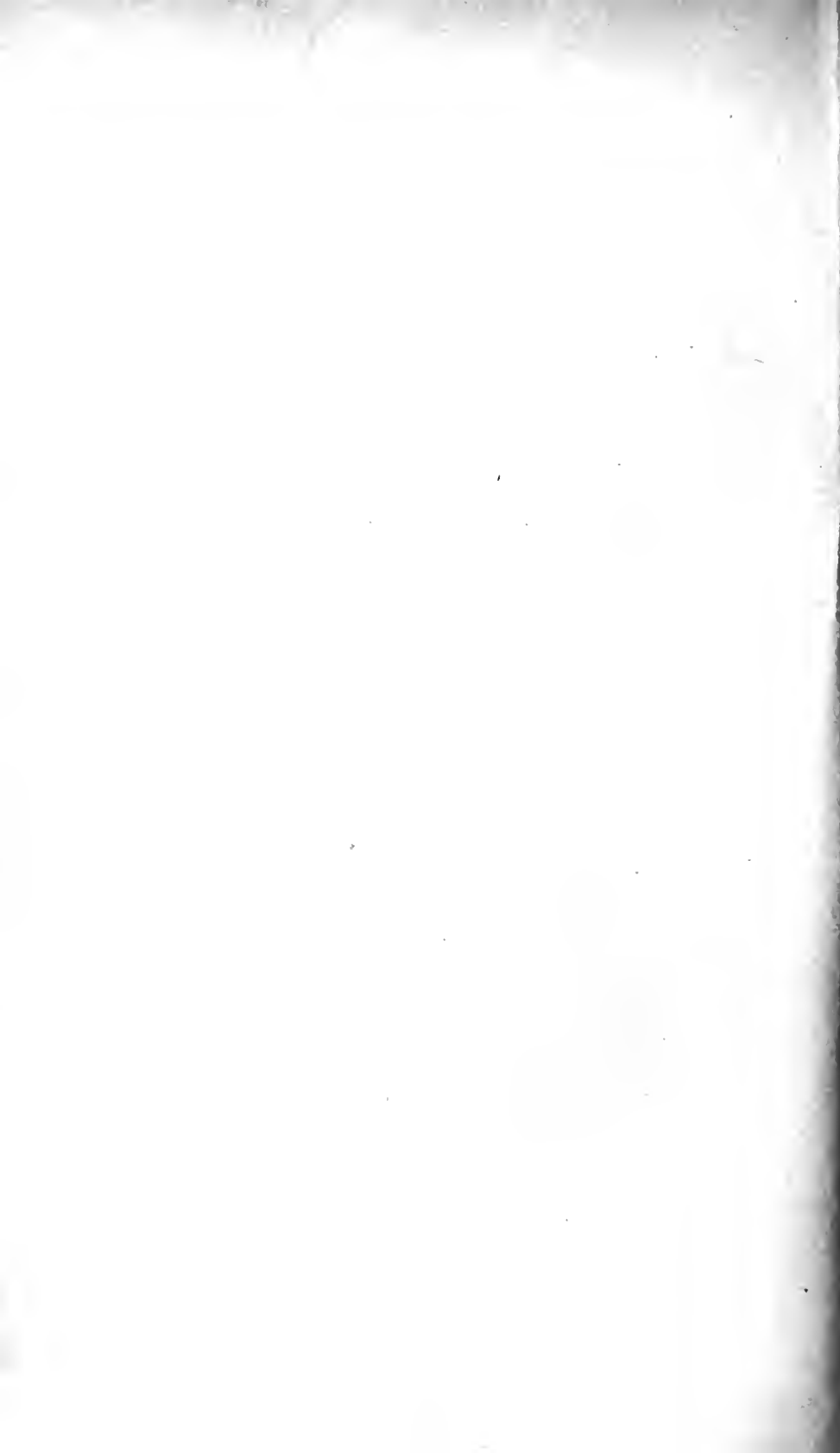
Cervantes repeats and translates this verse at the end of the first chapter of the second part :

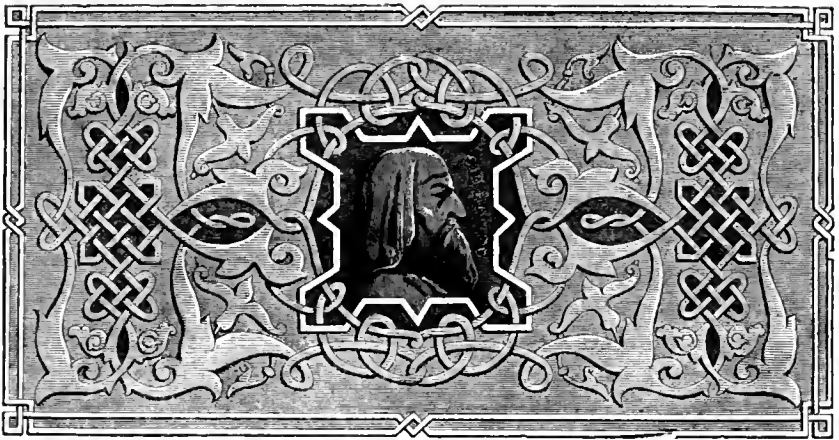
Y como del Catay recibio el cetro,  
Qniza otro cantarà con mejor plectro.

D O N Q U I X O T E

DE LA MANCHA.

PART SECOND.





## PROLOGUE.

### TO THE READER.



ERILY, gentle or it may be simple reader, with what impatience must you now be waiting for this prologue, expecting to find in it resentments, railings and invectives against the author of the second *Don Quixote*! I mean him who it is said was begotten in Tordesillas, and born in Tarragona<sup>295</sup>. But in truth, it is not my design to give

<sup>295</sup> The writer who concealed his real designation under the name of the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas, and whose book was printed at Tarragona.

you that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine this rule must admit of an exception. You would have me, perhaps, call him ass, madman and coxcomb; but I have no such design. Let his own sin be his punishment; let him eat it with his food, and much good may it do him.

What I cannot forbear resenting, is, that he upbraids me with my age, and with having lost my hand, as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if my injury had been got in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion that past or present ages have seen, or future can ever hope to see<sup>296</sup>. If my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those who barely behold them, they will, however, be esteemed by those who know how I came by them; for a soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and at liberty in running away. I am so firmly of this opinion, that could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity be recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious action, than whole and sound without having shared the glory of it. The scars a soldier shows in his face and breast are stars which guide others to the haven of honour and the desire of just praise.—And it must be observed that men do not write with grey hairs, but with the understanding which is usually improved by years.

I have also heard with anger that he taxes me with envy, and describes to me, as to one utterly ignorant, what envy is; and, in good truth, of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted only with that which is sacred, noble and well-meaning. This being so, as it really is, I am not inclined to reflect on any ecclesiastic, especially if he is besides dignified with the title of a familiar of the Inquisition<sup>297</sup>. If he said what he did for the sake of that person for whom he seems to have said it, he is utterly mistaken, for I adore that gentleman's genius, and admire his works, and his constant and virtuous employments. But in fine, I own myself obliged to this worthy author for saying that my *Novels* are more satirical than moral, but, however, that they are good, which they could not be without some share of both.

Methinks, reader, you tell me that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing that we should not

<sup>296</sup> The battle of Lepanto.

<sup>297</sup> In allusion to Lope de Vega, who was actually a priest and familiar of the Holy Office, after having been twice married.



add affliction to the afflicted; and this gentleman's must needs be very great, since he dares not appear in the open field, nor in clear day-light, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had committed some crime of high treason. If ever you should chance to fall into his company, tell him from me that I do not think myself aggrieved, for I know very well what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of the greatest is the putting it into a man's head that he can write and print a book, which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame. In confirmation hereof, I would have you, in a vein of mirth and pleasantry, tell him this story.

"There was a madman in Seville, who fell into one of the most ridiculous and extravagant conceits that ever madman did in the world. He sharpened the point of a cane at one end, and, catching a dog in the street, or elsewhere, he set his foot on one of the cur's hind legs, and lifting up the other with his hand, he inserted the end of the cane as well as he could into the dog's body, and blew him up as round as a ball. Holding the poor animal in this manner, he gave him a thump or two on the belly with the palm of his hand, and let him go, saying to the by-standers, who were always very many: 'Well, gentlemen, what think you? is it such an easy matter to blow up a dog?' And what think you, Sir; is it such an easy matter to write a book?" And if this story does not square with him, pray, kind reader, tell him this story, which is likewise of a madman and a dog:

"There was another madman in Cordova, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of a marble slab, or stone, not very heavy, and when he lighted upon any careless cur, he got close to him, and let the weight fall plump upon his head. The dog, in wrath, limps away barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets' length. Now it happened that, among the dogs upon whom he let fall the weight, one belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily. Down goes the stone, and hits him on the head; the poor dog raises the cry; his master seeing it, resents it. Catching up his measuring-yard, out he goes to the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin. At every blow he gave him, he cried: 'Dog! rogue! what, abuse my spaniel<sup>298</sup>?—Did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?'—And repeating the word spaniel very often, he dismissed the madman beaten to

<sup>298</sup> In the text, the word is *podenco*, which means a running dog. We have said spaniel, in order that the word dog might not be repeated too frequently in so few lines.

a jelly. The chastisement produced the desired effect, the madman went off, and appeared not in the market-place for above a month after. After a while, however, he returned with his invention, and a greater weight. Coming to a place where a dog was lying, and observing him carefully from head to tail, and not daring to let fall the stone, he said: 'This is a spaniel—have a care!' In short, whatever dogs he met with, though they were mastiffs or hounds, he said they were spaniels, and so let fall the slab no more."

Thus perhaps, it may fare with our historian; he may be cautious for the future how he lets fall his wit in books, which, if they are bad, are harder than rocks themselves. Tell him also, that as to his threatening to deprive me of my expected gain by his book, I value it not a farthing, but apply the famous interlude of the *Perendenga*<sup>299</sup>, and answer: "Long live the *veinticuatro*, my lord<sup>300</sup>, and Christ be with us all!" Yes, long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose well-known christianity and liberality support me under all the strokes of adverse fortune! and God prosper the eminent charity of his grace the archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas. Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mingo Revulgo<sup>301</sup>, the favour of these two princes, who without any flattering solicitation or any kind of applause on my part, but merely of their own goodness, have taken upon them to patronize me, would be my sufficient protection: and I esteem myself happier and richer than if fortune by ordinary means had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, but not the vicious; poverty may cloud nobility, but not wholly obscure it. As virtue shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, so it always gains the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

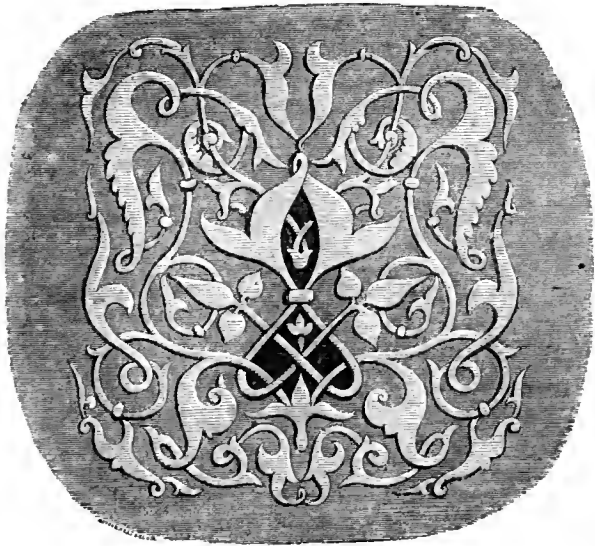
Say no more to him; nor will I say more to you. Only I will let you know that this second part of *Don Quixote*, which I offer you, is cut by the same hand

<sup>299</sup> A little piece of the epoch, of which the author is unknown.

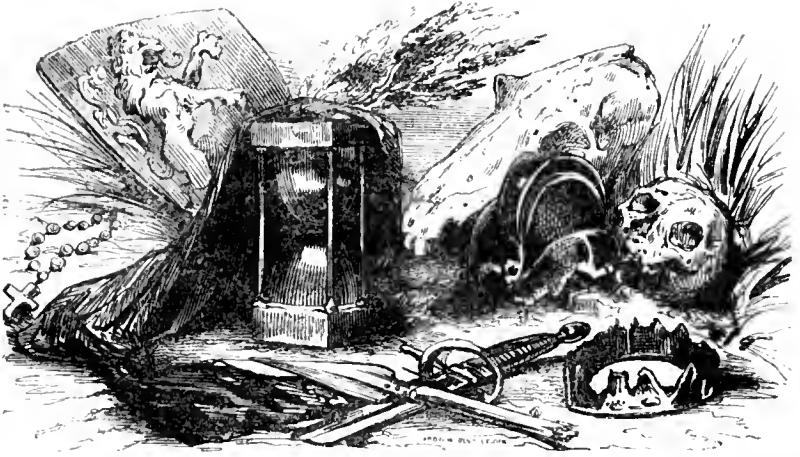
<sup>300</sup> The *regidores*, or municipal officers of Seville, Grenada and Cordova have been called *veinticuatros* ever since their number was reduced from thirty-six to twenty-four by Alphonso the Just.

<sup>301</sup> *Las coplas de Mingo Revulgo* are a species of satirical lamentation on the reign of Henry IV (*el impotente*). By some they have been attributed to Juan de Mena, author of the poem *el Laberinto*; by others to Rodrigo Cota, the original author of *Celestina*; and by others to the chronicler Fernando del Pulgar. The latter at least commented on the work at the end of the chronicle of Henry IV., by Diego, Enriquez del Castillo.

and out of the same piece, as the first. Herein I present you with Don Quixote at his full length, and at last fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring fresh accusation against him, those already brought being enough. Let it suffice also that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving not to take up the subject any more. Too much even of a good thing lessens it in our esteem, and scarcity, even of an indifferent, makes it of some estimation. I had almost forgotten to tell you, that you may soon expect the *Persiles* which I have nearly finished, and also the second part of *Galatea*.







# DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

P10-50

## PART II. CHAPTER I. ✓

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN THE PRIEST, THE BARBER AND DON QUIXOTE, CONCERNING HIS INDISPOSITION.



**C**id Hamet Benengeli relates, in the second part of this history and third sally of Don Quixote, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest they should bring back to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet they did not therefore forbear visiting his niece and his house-keeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and to give him comforting things to eat, such as are proper for the heart and brain, whence, in all appearance, his disorder proceeded. They said they did so and would continue so to do with all possible care and good-will, for they perceived that their master was ever and anon discovering signs of being in his right mind. When they heard this news, the priest and the barber were greatly

pleased, thinking they had hit upon the right course in bringing him home enchanted upon the ox-waggon, as is related in the last chapter of the first part of this no less great than exact history. They resolved therefore to visit him and make trial of his amendment, though they reckoned it almost impossible that he should be cured. They agreed between themselves not to touch upon the subject of knight-errantry; lest they should endanger the ripping up the stitches of a wound that was yet tender<sup>302</sup>.

In fine, they made him a visit, and found him sitting on his bed,



<sup>302</sup> A metaphor taken from the surgical art. It was at that day the usual custom

clad in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and so lean and shrivelled that he seemed as if he were reduced to a mere mummy. They were received by Don Quixote with much kindness; and, when they enquired after his health, he gave them an account both of that and of himself with much judgment and in very elegant expressions. In the course of their



of surgeons to sew up a wound, and thence to express its size by the number of stitches necessary to heal it. This expression brings to mind one of the most racy adventures in the Novel intituled *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. In it Cervantes relates that a gentleman gave fifty ducats to a bully by profession, as a fee for inflicting on another gentleman, his enemy, a wound of *fourteen stitches*. But the *bravo*, calculating that the gentleman's face, which was very small, would not contain so long a gash, inflicted it on his footman, whose cheeks were larger and plumper than his master's.

conversation, they fell upon matters of state and forms of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that, reforming one custom and banishing another, each of the three setting up himself for a new legislator, a modern Lyenrgus, or a second Solon; and in such manner did they new-model the commonwealth, that one would have thought they had clapped it into a forge, and taken it out quite altered from what it was before. Don Quixote delivered himself with such good sense on all the subjects they touched upon, that the two examiners undoubtedly believed he was entirely well and in his perfect senses.

The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and, seeing their master give such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never sufficiently thank Heaven. But the priest changing his former purpose of not touching on matters of chivalry, was now resolved to make a thorough experiment whether Don Quixote were perfectly recovered, or not. So from one thing to another, he came at length to tell him somenews lately brought from court. Among other things, he said that it was given out for certain that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet <sup>303</sup>; but that it was not known what his design was, nor where so great a storm would burst. He added that all Christendom was alarmed thereat, as it used to be almost every year, and that the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, and of the island of Malta.

Don Quixote replied: "His majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior in providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him. But if my counsel might be taken, I would advise him to make use of a precaution which his majesty is at present very far from thinking of," Directly the priest heard this he said within himself: "God defend thee, poor

<sup>303</sup> Since the middle of the sixteenth century, the maritime enterprises of the Turks were, in Spain and Italy, the ordinary topics of political conversations. They were even alluded to in the proverbial language of those countries; Juan Cortes de Toledo, the author of *The Lazarillo de Menzanares*, speaking of a mother-in-law, says she was a *woman more to be dreaded than an incursion of the Turk*. Cervantes also, in the beginning of his *Journey to Parnassus*, in bidding adieu to the steps of San Felipe's church, which were the general resort of the newsmongers of the day, has this passage: "Adieu, promenade of San Felipe, where I so often read, as in a Venetian newspaper, whether the Turkish dog embarks or disembarks."



Don Quixote! methinks thou art falling headlong from the top of thy madness down to the profound abyss of thy folly." The barber, who had made the same reflection as the priest, asked Don Quixote what precaution it was that he thought so proper to be taken. "Perhaps," he added, "it is such as may be put into the list of the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes."—"Mine, goodman shaver," answered Don Quixote, "shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose."—"I meant no harm," replied the barber; "but only that experience has shewn that all or most of the pieces of advice people give his majesty are either impracticable or absurd, or to the prejudice of the king or kingdom."—"True" answered Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd; it is the most easy, the most just, the most feasible, the most expeditious that can enter into the imagination of any contriver of expedients<sup>304</sup>."—"Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "you keep us too long in suspense."—"I have no mind," replied Don Quixote, "it should be told here now, and to-morrow by day-break get to the ears of the lords of the privy-council, so that somebody else should run away with the thanks and reward of my labour."—"I give you my word," said the barber, "here and before God, that I will not reveal what your worship shall say, either to king or to rook, or to any man upon earth: an oath which I learned from the *romance* of the priest, in the preface whereof he tells the king of the thief that robbed him of the hundred doubloons and his ambling mule<sup>305</sup>."

<sup>304</sup> These political charlatans were called *arbitristas*, and the measures that they proposed, *arbitrios*. Cervantes ridicules them amusingly in the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs*, in which he makes one of these *arbitristas* propose the following method of filling the empty royal treasury: "Permission must be asked of the *cortès* for all his majesty's vassals between the ages of fourteen and sixty to be compelled to fast once in a month on bread and water, and for all the outlay that would otherwise have been expended on that day in meat, fish, eggs, vegetables, fruit and wine to be valued in money and faithfully paid to his majesty, on oath. In twenty years, the money thus raised will be sufficient to liquidate all debts and heap up the treasury. For there are certainly more than three millions of persons of that age in Spain . . . who spend at least a real a day, though they eat only dandelion-roots. Then do you think it would be a trifle to have every month more than three millions of reals like sifting them through a sieve? Besides, it would be all for the profit of the fasters, since in fasting they would serve at once Heaven and the king; and, for a large number, it would be also profitable for the health. There is an expedient without expense of any kind, and without the necessity of commissioners, who are the ruin of the state. . . ."

<sup>305</sup> In allusion to some *romance* popular at that day, now wholly unknown.

“I know not the history,” said Don Quixote; “but I presume the oath is a good one, because I am persuaded master barber is an honest man.”—“Though he were not,” said the curate, “I will make it good, and engage for him that, as to this business, he will talk no more of it than a dumb man, under what penalty you shall think fit.”—“And who will be bound for your reverence, master curate?” said Don Quixote. “My profession,” answered the priest, “which obliges me to keep a secret.”

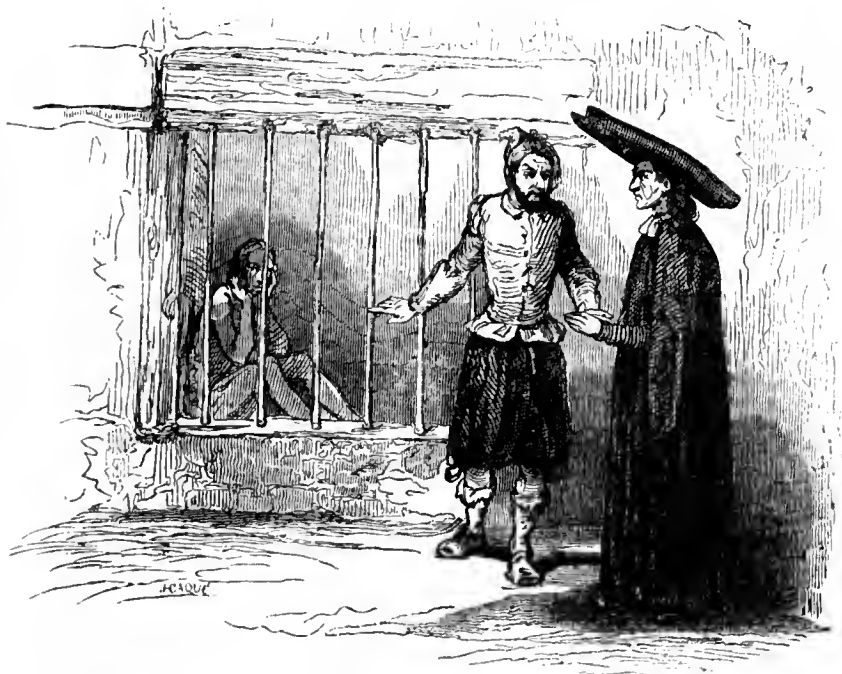
“Body of me!” cried Don Quixote, “then his majesty has only to cause proclamation to be made that all the knights-errant who are now wandering about Spain do, on a certain day, repair to court; for should there come but half a dozen, there may happen to be among them one, who may be able alone to destroy the whole power of the Turk. Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant singly to defeat an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had all but one throat, or were made of sugar-paste? Pray tell me, how many histories are full of these wonders! How unlucky is it for me, I will not say for any body else, that the famous Don Belianis, or some one of the numerous race of Amadis of Gaul, is not now in being! Were any one of them alive at this day, and were to confront the Turk, in good faith I should not like to be in the Turk’s place. But God will provide for his people, and send some one, if not as strong as the former knights-errant, at least not inferior to them in courage. God knows my meaning, I say no more.”—“Alas!” quoth the niece at this instant, “may I perish if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!”—“A knight-errant I will live and die,” answered Don Quixote: “let the Turk come down or up when he pleases, and as powerful as he may; I repeat that God knows my meaning.” Here the barber said: “I beg leave gentlemen, to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville; it comes in so pat to the present purpose that I must needs tell it.” Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, the rest lent him their attention, and the barber began thus:

“A certain man was put by his relations into the mad-house of Seville for having lost his wits. He had taken his degrees in

canon law in the university of Ossuna ; but, had he taken them in that of Salamanca, most people think he would nevertheless have been mad. This graduate, after some years' confinement, took it into his head that he was in his right senses and perfect understanding. With this conceit he wrote to the archbishop, beseeching him with great earnestness, and seemingly good reasons, that he would be pleased to send and deliver him from the miserable confinement in which he lived, since, through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost senses. He added that his relations, in order to enjoy part of his estate, kept him still there, and, in spite of truth, would have him be mad till his dying day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his many letters, all penned with sense and judgment, ordered one of his chaplains to inform himself from the rector of the mad-house whether what the licentiate had written to him was true, and to talk with the madman, and, if it appeared that he was in his senses, to take him out and set him at liberty. The chaplain did so ; and the rector assured him that the man was still mad ; for though he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, he would in the end break out in such distracted flights as more than counterbalanced his former rational discourse, as he might convince himself by conversing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial ; he paid a visit to the madman, and talked above an hour with him. During all that time he never returned a disjointed or extravagant answer ; on the contrary, he spoke with such sobriety, and so much to the purpose, that the chaplain was forced to believe he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said that the rector mis-represented him for the sake of the presents his relations sent him that he might say he was still mad, and had only some lucid intervals. The madman added that his great estate was the greatest enemy he had in his misfortune, since in order to enjoy it, his enemies had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God towards him, in restoring him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked in such a manner that he made the rector to be suspected, he made his relations appear covetous and, unnatural, and showed himself to be so discreet that the chaplain

determined to carry him away with him, that the archbishop himself might see and lay his finger upon the truth of this business. The good chaplain, possessed with this opinion, desired the rector to order the clothes to be given him which he wore when he was brought in. The rector enjoined him to take care what he did, since, beyond all doubt the licentiate was still mad. But the precautions and remonstrances of the rector availed nothing towards hindering the chaplain from carrying him away. The rector, seeing it was by order of the archbishop, obeyed, and they put the licentiate on his clothes, which were fresh and decent. When he found himself stripped of his madman's weeds, and habited like a rational creature, he begged of the chaplain that he would for charity's sake permit him to take leave of the madmen his companions. The chaplain said he would bear him company, and take a view of the lunatics confined in the house. So up stairs they went, and with them some other persons who happened to be present. The licentiate, approaching a kind of cage in which lay one that was outrageously mad, though at that time he was still and quiet, said to him: 'Have you any service, dear brother, to command me; I am returning to my own house, God having been pleased, of his infinite goodness and mercy, and without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with God nothing is impossible. Put great trust and confidence in him. Since he has restored me to my former state, he will also restore you, if you trust in his goodness. I will take care to send you some refreshing victuals, and be sure to eat of them; for I must needs tell you that I find, having experienced it myself, that all our distractions proceed from our stomachs being empty and our brains filled with wind. Take heart, take heart; for despondency under misfortunes impairs health, and hastens death.' All this discourse of the licentiate was overheard by another madman, who was in an opposite cell. Raising himself up from an old mat whereon he had been lying stark naked, he demanded aloud who it was that was going away recovered and in his senses. 'It is I, brother,' answered the licentiate, 'that am going; I need stay no longer here, and am infinitely thankful to Heaven for having bestowed so great a blessing upon me.'—'Take

heed, friend licentiate, what you say ; let not the devil delude you,' replied the madman. 'Stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and and you will spare yourself the trouble of being brought back.'— 'I know,' replied the licentiate, 'that I am perfectly well, and shall have no more occasion to visit the station-churches \*.'—'You well!' said the madman ; 'we shall soon see that; farewell! But I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this offence alone, which Seville is now committing in carrying you out of this house, and judging you to be in your senses, I am determined to inflict such a signal punishment on this city that the memory thereof shall endure for ever and ever, amen. Know you not, little brainless licentiate, that I can do as I say, since I am thundering



\* Certain churches, with indulgences, appointed to be visited, either for pardon of sins or for procuring blessings. Madmen, probably in their lucid intervals, were obliged to this exercise.

Jupiter, and hold in my hands the flaming bolts with which I threaten and destroy the world? But no; in one thing only will I chastise this ignorant people: there shall no rain fall on this town, nor in all its district, for three whole years, reckoning from the day and hour in which this threatening is denounced. You at liberty, you recovered and in your right senses! and I a madman, I distempered, and in bonds! I will no more rain than I will hang myself.' All the by-standers were very attentive to the madman's discourse; but our licentiate, turning to the chaplain, and holding him by both hands, said to him: 'Be in no pain, good Sir, nor make any account of what this madman has said. If he is Jupiter and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, will rain as often as I please, and whenever there shall be occasion.' To this the chaplain answered. 'However, Signor Neptune, it will not be convenient at present to provoke Signor Jupiter. Therefore pray stay where you are; some other time, when we have a better opportunity and more leisure, we will come for you.' The rector and by-standers laughed, which put the chaplain half out of countenance. They disrobed the licentiate, who remained where he was; and there is an end of the story.

"This then, master barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story which comes in here so pat that you could not forbear telling it? Ah! Signor cut-beard, he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve! Is it possible you should be ignorant that comparisons made between understanding and understanding, valour and valour, beauty and beauty, and family and family, are always odious and ill-taken? I, master barber, am not Neptune, god of the waters, nor do I set myself up for a wise man, being really not so; all I aim at is to convince the world of its error in not reviving those happy times in which the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this our degenerate age deserves not to enjoy so great a blessing as that which former ages could boast, when knights-errant took upon themselves the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the haughty and the reward of the humble. Most of the knights now in fashion, make a rustling rather in damasks, brocades and other rich stuffs, than in coats of

mail. You have now no knight who will lie in the open field, exposed to the rigour of the Heavens, in complete armour from head to foot; no one now who, without stirring his feet out of his stirrups and leaning upon his lance, takes a short nap like the knights-errant of the olden time. There is no knight now who, issuing out of the forest, ascends the mountain, who thence penetrates to a barren and desert shore of the sea, most commonly stormy and tempestuous, where finding on the beach a small skiff, without oar, sail, mast, or any kind of tackle, he boldly throws himself into it, exposing himself to the implacable billows of the profound sea, which now mount him up to the skies, and then cast him down to the abyss; while he, opposing his courage to the irresistible



hurricane, when he least dreams of it, finds himself above three thousand leagues from the place where he first embarked, and, leaping on the remote and unknown shore, encounters accidents

worthy to be written, not on parchment, but brass. But now-a-days, sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and flourished in those golden days and among those knights-errant. Otherwise, pray tell me who was more civil and more valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more affable and obliging than Tirant the White? who more gallant than Lisvart of Greece? who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hircania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more intrepid than Reynaldo? who more invincible than Orlando? who more courteous than Rogero, from whom, according to Turpin's *Cosmography* <sup>306</sup>, are descended the present Dukes of Ferrara? All these warriors, and others that I could name, master priest, were knights-errant, the light and glory of chivalry. Now these, or such as these, are the men I would advise his majesty to employ; by which means he will be sure to be well served, would save a vast expense, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness. Yet will I stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I, who will rain whenever I think proper; and I say this in order to let goodman Basin see that I understand him."

"In truth, Signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "I meant no harm in what I said, and may Heaven help me as my intention was good. Your worship ought not to take it ill."—"Whether I ought to take it ill or not," said Don Quixote, "is best known to myself."—"Well," said the curate, "I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would willingly get rid of a scruple which gnaws and

<sup>306</sup> Not according to Turpin, to whom the *Cosmography* has never been attributed; but according to Ariosto, in the *Orlando furioso*, of which Rogero is in fact the hero.



disturbs my conscience, occasioned by what Signor Don Quixote has just now said.”—“You have leave, master priest, for greater matters,” answered Don Quixote; “so you may out with your scruple, for there is no pleasure in going with a scrupulous conscience.” “With this licence then,” answered the priest, “my scruple, I say, is that I can by no means persuade myself that the multitude of knights-errant your worship has mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood in the world; on the contrary, I imagine that it is all fiction, fable, falsehood and dreams told by men awake, or, to speak more properly, half asleep.”—“This is another error,” answered Don Quixote, “into which many have fallen who do not believe that ever there were any such knights in the world. I have frequently, in company with divers persons and upon sundry occasions, endeavoured to confute this almost universal mistake. Sometimes I have failed in my design, and sometimes succeeded, supporting it on the shoulders of truth. This truth is so certain, that I can almost say these eyes of mine have seen Amadis of Gaul; who was a man tall of stature, of a fair complexion, with a well-set beard, though black, his aspect between mild and stern, a man of few words, not easily provoked and soon pacified. In like manner as I have described Amadis, I fancy I could paint and delineate all the knights-errant that are found in all the histories in the world, for apprehending as I do that they were such as their histories represent them, one may, by the exploits they performed and their dispositions, give a good philosophical guess at their features, their complexions and their statures.”—“Pray, good Signor Don Quixote,” quoth the barber, “how big, think ye, might the giant Morgante be?”—“As to the business of giants,” answered Don Quixote, “it is a controverted point whether there really have been such in the world or not. But the Holy Scripture, which cannot deviate a tittle from truth, shews us there have been such, giving us the history of that huge Philistine, Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high <sup>307</sup>, which is a prodigious stature.

<sup>307</sup> The Holy Scriptures do not make him so large. “And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath, of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.” (1 SAMUEL, Chap. XVII., Verse 4.)

Besides, in the island of Sicily, there have been found thigh-bones so large that their size demonstrates that those to whom they belonged were giants, and as big as large steeples: a truth which geometry evinces beyond all doubt. But, for all that, I cannot say with certainty how big Morgante was; though I fancy he could not be extremely tall, and I am inclined to this opinion by finding in the story wherein his achievements are particularly mentioned<sup>308</sup>, that he often slept under a roof; and since he found a house big enough to hold him, it is plain he was not himself of an immeasurable bigness.”—“That is true,” quoth the curate; who, being delighted to hear him talk so wildly and extravagantly, asked him what he thought of the faces of Reynaldo of Montalvan, Orlando and the rest of the twelve peers of France, since they were all knights-errant. “Of Reynaldo,” answered Don Quixote, “I dare boldly affirm he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, large rolling eyes, punctilious, choleric to an extreme, and a friend to rogues and profligate fellows. Of Rolan, or Rotolando, or Orlando (for histories give him all these names), I am of opinion, and do assert that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, red-bearded, hairy-bodied, of a threatening aspect, sparing of speech; but very civil and well-bred.”—“If Orlando,” replied the priest, “was no finer a gentleman than you have described him, no wonder that madam Angelica the Fair disdained and forsook him for the gaiety, sprightliness and good-humour of the downy-chinned little Moor with whom she had an affair; and of a truth she acted discreetly in preferring the softness of Medor to the roughness of Orlando.” “That Angelica, master priest,” replied Don Quixote, “was a light, gossiping, wanton hussey, and left the world as full of her impertinences as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a

<sup>308</sup> The Italian poem of *Morgante maggiore*, by Luigi Pulci. It was freely translated into Spanish by Geronimo Auner. Seville, 1550 and 1552.

thousand gentlemen, a thousand valiant and wise men <sup>309</sup>, and took up with a paltry beardless page, with no other estate and reputation than what the affection he preserved for his friend could give him <sup>310</sup>. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring or not caring to celebrate what befell this lady after her pitiful intrigue, the subject not being over modest, left her with these verses :

‘ Another bard may sing in better strain,  
How she Cataya’s sceptre did obtain.’

Without doubt this was a kind of prophecy, for poets are also called *vates*, that is to say diviners; and this truth is plainly seen, for, since that time, a famous Andalusian poet has bewailed and sung her tears, and another famous and singular Castilian poet has celebrated her beauty <sup>311</sup>.”

“ Pray tell me, Signor Don Quixote,” quoth the barber at this instant, “ has no poet written a satire upon this lady Angelica among so many who have sung her praises ? ”—“ I verily believe,” answered Don Quixote, “ that if Sacripante or Orlando had been poets, they would long ago have well soaped the damsel’s head, for it is peculiar and natural to poets, disdained or rejected by their false mistresses, or such as were feigned in effect by those who chose them to be the sovereign ladies of their thoughts, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons : a vengeance certainly unworthy a generous spirit. — But hitherto I have not met with any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she turned the world upside down <sup>312</sup>.”— “ A miracle, a miracle,” cried the

<sup>309</sup> Orlando, Ferragus, Renaud, Agrican, Saeripante, etc.

<sup>310</sup> Medor was wounded and left for dead on the spot, as he went to fetch away the corpse of his master, Daniel d’Almonte. (*Orlando furioso*, canto xxiii.)

<sup>311</sup> The Andalusian poet is Luis Barahona de Soto, the author of *The tears of Angelica* (*Las Lágrimas de Angélica*), a poem in twelve cantos. Grenada, 1586. The Castilian poet is Lope de Vega, who wrote *The Beauty of Angelica*, (*La Hermosura de Angélica*), a poem in twenty cantos. Barcelona, 1604.

<sup>312</sup> A few years later, Quevedo made himself the avenger of Angelica’s rejected lovers, in his *Orlando burlesco*.

priest. . . ; and all at once they heard the voice of the housekeeper and the niece, who had already quitted the conversation and were bawling aloud in the court-yard ; they all arose and ran towards the noise.



## CHAPTER II.

WHICH TREATS OF THE NOTABLE QUARREL BETWEEN SANCIO PANZA AND DON QUIXOTE'S NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER, WITH OTHER PLEASANT OCCURRENCES.



OSING sight, for a short time of Don Quixote, the priest and the barber; the history relates<sup>313</sup> that the outcry, which they heard was raised by the niece and the housekeeper, who were defending the door against Sancho Panza, who was striving to get in to see Don Quixote. “What would the paunch-gutted vagabond have in this house?” cried the housekeeper; “get you to your own, brother; for it is you, and no other, by whom

<sup>313</sup> A form in great vogue with the Arabian historians, from whom it was adopted by the ancient Spanish chroniclers; from the latter it was again imitated by the romance-writers, whom Cervantes imitated in his turn.

my master is seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways.”—“Mistress housekeeper for Satan,” answered Sancho, “it is I that am seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master. It was he who led me this dance, and you deceive yourselves half in half. He inveigled me from home with fair speeches, promising me an island,



which I still hope for <sup>314</sup>.”—“May evil islands choke thee, accursed Sancho!” answered the niece; and pray what are islands? Doubtless they are something eatable, glutton, cormorant that thou art!” “They are not to be eaten,” replied Sancho, “but governed, and

<sup>314</sup> The word *insula*, which Don Quixote borrows from romances of chivalry, was, even in Cervantes's time, a very ancient term. An island was called, at that time as at present, *isla*. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the niece and housekeeper do not understand the word. Sancho himself has not a very clear idea of its meaning. So Cervantes's pleasantry, rather forced in English, is perfectly natural in Spanish.

better governments than any four cities, or four justiceships at court.”—“For all that,” said the housekeeper, “you come not in here, sack of mischiefs, bundle of rogueries; get you home, and go vern there; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to islands or islets.”

The curate and the barber took a great deal of pleasure in hearing this dialogue between the three; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out some unseasonable follies, and touch upon some points not very much to his credit, called him to him, and ordered the women to hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered; and the curate and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how bent he was upon his extravaganees and intoxicated with the folly of his unhappy chivalry. Therefore the priest said to the barber: “You will see, neighbour, when we least think of it, our gentleman take the other flight.”—“I make no doubt of that,” answered the barber; “yet I do not wonder so much at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who is so possessed with the business of the island that I am persuaded all the demonstrations in the world cannot beat it out of his noddle.”—“God help them,” said the priest; “but let us be upon the watch, and we shall see the drift of this machine of absurdities of such a knight and such a squire, who, one would think, were east in the same mould, and the madness of the master without the follies of the man would not be worth a farthing.”—“True,” quoth the barber; “but I should be very glad to know what they are now talking of.”—“I lay my life,” answered the priest, “the niece or the housekeeper will tell us all by and bye, for they are not of a temper to forbear listening.”

In the mean while, Don Quixote had shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only. When the former had closed the door, he said: “I am very sorry, Sancho, you should say, and stand in it, that it was I who drew you out of your cottage, when you know that I myself stayed not in my own house. We set out together; we went on together; and together we performed our travels. We both ran the same fortune, and the same chance. If you were once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed a hundred

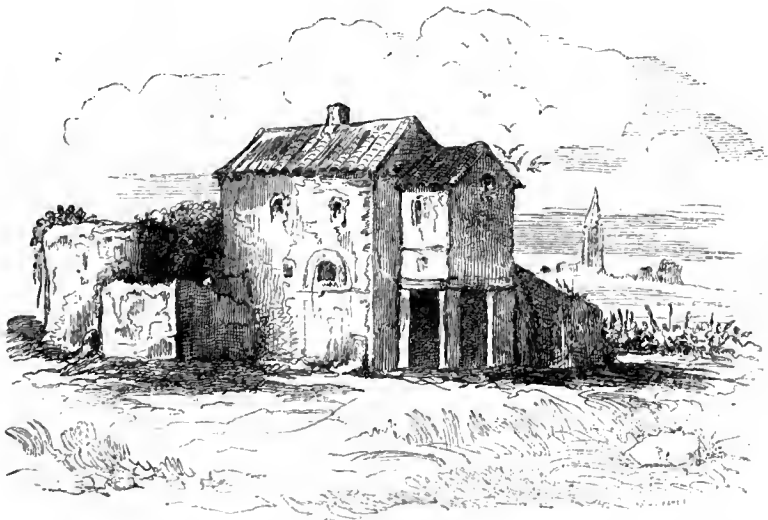
times ; and herein only have I had the advantage of you.”—“ And reason good,” answered Sancho, “ for, as your worship holds, misfortunes belong more properly to knights-errant themselves than to their squires.”—“ You are mistaken, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ according to the saying: *Quando caput dolet etc*<sup>315</sup>.”—“ I understand no other language than my own,” replied Sancho. “ I mean,” said Don Quixote, “ that when the head aches, all the members ache also. Therefore I, being your master and lord, am your head, and you are a part of me, as being my servant. For this reason, the ill that does or shall affect me must affect you also ; and so on the contrary.”—“ Indeed,” quoth Sancho, “ it should be so ; but when I, as a limb, was tossed in a blanket, my head stood on t’other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all ; and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, that also, in requital, ought to do the like for them.” “ Would you insinuate now, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “ that I was not grieved when I saw you tossed ? If that be your meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it, for I felt more pain than in my mind than you did in your body. But no more of this at present, a time will come when we may set this matter upon its right bottom. In the mean time, tell me, friend Sancho, what do folks say of me about this town ? what opinion have the common people of me ? what think the hidalgos, the gentlemen ? What is said of my prowess, what of my exploits, of my courtesy ? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in to revive and restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry ? In short, Sancho, I would have you tell me whatever you have heard concerning these matters, and that without adding to the good, without taking from the bad one tittle. It is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity, and proper figure, neither enlarged by adulation, nor diminished out of vain respect. And I would have you, Sancho, learn that, if naked truth could come to the ears of princes, without the disguise of flattery, we should see happier days, and former ages would be

<sup>315</sup> *Quando caput dolet, cœtera membra dolent.*



deemed as iron in comparison of ours, which would then be esteemed the golden age. Let this advertisement, Sancho, be a caution to you to give me an ingenuous and faithful account of what you know concerning the matters I have enquired about."

"That I will with all my heart, Sir," answered Sancho, "on condition that your worship shall not be angry at what I say, since you will have me show you the naked truth without arraying her in any other dress than that in which she appeared to me."—"I will in no wise be angry," replied Don Quixote; "you may speak freely, Sancho, and without circumlocution."—"First and foremost then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for a fool. The hidalgos say that your worship, not containing yourself within the bounds of gentility, have taken upon you the style of *Don* and invaded the dignity of knighthood, with no more than a paltry vineyard, a couple of acres



of land, with a tatter behind, and another before. The gentlemen say they would not have the hidalgos set themselves in opposition to them, especially those squire-like hidalgos, who black their shoes with smoke, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings

with green silk <sup>316</sup>.—"That," said Don Quixote, "is no reflection upon me; for I always go well clad, and my clothes are never patched; a little torn they may be, but more so through the fretting of my armour than by length of time."

"As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking," continued Sancho, "there are very different opinions. Some say: mad, but humorous; others: valiant, but unfortunate; others: courteous, but impertinent; and then they run divisions upon us, till they leave neither your worship nor me a whole bone in our skins."—"Thus you see, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Very few, perhaps none of the famous men of times past, escaped being calumniated by their malicious contemporaries. Julius Cæsar, the most courageous, the most prudent, the most valiant captain of antiquity, was noted for being ambitious, and somewhat unclean both in his apparel and his manners <sup>317</sup>. Alexander, whose exploits gained him the surname of Great, is said to have had a little smack of the drunkard; Hercules, with all his labours, is censured for being lascivious and effeminate; Don Galaor, brother of Amadis of Gaul, was taxed with being quarrelsome, and his brother with being a whimperer. So that, my poor Sancho, amidst so many calumnies cast on the worthy, those against me may very well pass, if they are no more than you have mentioned."—"Body of my father! there lies the *hic*," cried Sancho. "What, is there yet more behind?" demanded Don Quixote. "The tail remains still to be flayed," answered Sancho; "all hitherto has been tarts and cheesecakes; but if your worship has a mind to know the very bottom of the calumnies people bestow upon you, I will bring one hither presently who

<sup>316</sup> There were at that day several degrees of nobility: *hidalgos, caballeros, ricos-hombres, titulos, grandes*. We have put *gentlemen* instead of *cavaliers*, to avoid the equivocal which the latter word would give rise to, applied to Don Quixote.

Don Diego Clemencin has recovered the list of the nobility who inhabited the town of Argamasilla de Alba, in Cervantes's time. There were half-a-dozen undisputed *hidalgos*, and another half dozen of contestable *hidalgos*.

<sup>317</sup> With regard to manners, Suetonius is in accordance with Don Quixote; but not with respect to the toilet. On the contrary, he reproaches Cæsar for being too foppish.—*Circa corporis curam morosior, ut non solum tonderetur diligenter ac raderetur, sed velleretur etiam, ut quidam exprobraverunt.* cap. 45.

shall tell you them all, without missing a tittle. Last night arrived the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who comes from studying at Salamanca, having taken the degree of bachelor; and when I went to bid him welcome home, he told me that the history of your worship is already printed in books under the title of the *Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha*. He says also that it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and several other things which passed between us two only, insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement, to think how the historian who wrote them could come to know



them.”—“Depend upon it, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter. Nothing is hidden from those gentry that they have a mind to write.”—“A sage, and an enchanter!” quoth Sancho, “why the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, (for that is his name), says the author of this history is called Cid Hamet Berengena.”—“That is a Moorish name,” answered Don Quixote. “It may be so,” replied Sancho, “for I have heard that your Moors for the most part are lovers of berengenas <sup>318</sup>.”—“Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “you must mistake the surname of that same Cid, which in Arabic signifies a lord.”—“It may be so,” answered Sancho; “but if your worship will have me bring the bachelor hither, I will fly to fetch him.”—“You will do me a singular pleasure, friend,” said Don Quixote; “I am surprised at what you have told me, and I shall not eat a bit that will do me good, till I am informed of all.”—“Then I am going for him,” answered Sancho; and leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he returned soon after. Between the worthy trio there then ensued a most pleasant conversation.



<sup>318</sup> Sancho changes *Ben Engeli* into *Berengena*, the name of a kind of vegetable very plentiful in the kingdom of Valencia, into which it was introduced by the Moors.

## CHAPTER III.

OF THE LUDICROUS CONVERSATION WHICH PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO PANZA AND THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO.



DON QUIXOTE awaited in a very thoughtful mood the coming of the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear some accounts of himself, printed in a book, as Sancho had told him. He could not persuade himself that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade. How could people expect that his high feats of arms should be already in print? However, at last he concluded that some sage, either friend or enemy, by art magic had sent them to the press; if a friend, to aggrandize and extol them above the most signal achievement of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written of any squire. Although (he soliloquized) the feats of squires never were written; and if it should prove true that such

a history is really extant, since it is the history of a knight-errant, it must of necessity be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent and true. This reflection afforded him some comfort; but he lost it again upon considering that the author was a Moor, as was plain from the name of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from the Moors, who were all impostors, liars and visionaries. He



was apprehensive the writer might have treated of his love with some indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the modesty of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and wished he might find that the historian had faithfully depicted his constancy and the decorum he had always inviolably preserved towards her, slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, damsels of all degrees, and bridling the violent impulses of natural desire. Sancho Panza and Carrasco found him tossed and perplexed with these and a thousand other imaginations; and Don Quixote received the bachelor with much courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was none of the biggest; he was an arch wag of a very good understanding. He was about twenty-four years of age, of a wan complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of his being of a waggish disposition, and a lover of wit and humour, as he immediately made appear. Directly he saw Don Quixote, he threw himself upon his knees before him and said: "Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let me have the honour of kissing your grandeur's



hand; for by the habit of St. Peter which I wear, though I have

yet taken no other degrees towards holy orders but the four first, your worship is one of the most famous knights-errant that have been or shall be upon the whole circumference of the earth. A blessing light on Cid Hamet Ben Engeli, who has left us the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings upon blessings light upon that virtuoso who took care to have them translated out of Arabic into our vulgar Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all sorts of people!"

Don Quixote made him rise, and said: "It seems then it is true that my history is really extant, and that he who composed it was a Moor and a sage."—"So true it is, Sir," said Sampson, "that I verily believe that there are this very day above twelve thousand books published of that history; witness Lisbon, Barcelona, and



Valencia, where they have been printed, and there is a rumour that



it is now printing at Antwerp<sup>319</sup>. For my part, I foresee that no nation nor language will be without a translation of it." Here Don Quixote said: "One of the things which ought to afford the highest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to find, while he is living, his good name published and in print, in every body's mouth and in every body's hand. I say his good name, for if it be the contrary, no death can equal it."—"If fame and good name are to carry it," said the bachelor, "your worship alone bears away the palm from all knights-errant, for the Moor in his language, and the Castilian in his, have taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment of your worship, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that constancy in adversity, that patient enduring of mischances, that modesty and continence in love, so very platonic, as that between your worship and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."—"I never," interrupted Sancho Panza, "heard my lady Dulcinea called *Donna* before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso. Here the history is already mistaken."—"That objection is of no importance," answered Carrasco. "No, certainly," replied Don Quixote. "But pray tell me, Signor bachelor, which of my exploits are most esteemed in this same history?"—"As to that," answered the bachelor, "there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the windmills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants; others adhere to that of the fulling-hammers; these to the description of the two armies which afterwards proved to be two flocks of sheep; another cries up that of the dead body which was carrying to be interred at Segovia; one says the setting the galley-slaves at liberty was beyond them all; another, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the combat of the valourous Biscayan." "Pray tell me, Signor bachelor," interrupted Sancho again, "is there among the rest the adventure of the Yangueses, when our good Rocinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit?"—"The

<sup>319</sup> "Nearly a month," says Cervantes, in the first chapter, "after Don Quixote had returned home, having alighted from the enchanted car, twelve thousand copies of his history were circulating over all Europe, printed in four or five towns, and in several languages." The *Don Quixote* is full of similar blunders. Must they be attributed to negligenee, or to sportiveness?

sage," answered Sampson, "has left nothing at the bottom of the inkhorn, he inserts and remarks every thing, even to the capers Sancho cut in the blanket."—"I cut no capers in the blanket," answered Sancho; "in the air I own I did, and more than I desired."—"In my opinion," quoth Don Quixote, "there is no history in the world that has not its ups and downs, especially those which treat of chivalry, for such can never be altogether filled with prosperous events."—"For all that," replied the bachelor, "some who have read the history say that they should have been better pleased if the authors thereof had forgot some of those numberless drubbings given to Signor Don Quixote in different encounters."—"Therein," quoth Sancho, "consists the truth of the history."—"They might indeed as well have omitted them," said Don Quixote, "since there is no necessity of recording those actions which do not change nor alter the truth of the story, and especially if they redound to the discredit of the hero. In good faith, Æneas was not altogether so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent as Homer describes him."—"Nothing is more true," replied Sampson; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to write as an historian. The poet may say or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been, but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding to or diminishing any thing from the truth."—"Well, if it be so that Signor Moor is in a vein of telling truth," quoth Sancho, "there is no doubt but among my master's rib-roastings mine are to be found also, for they never took measure of his worship's shoulders, but at the same time they took the dimensions of my whole body. But why should I wonder at that, since, as the self-same master of mine says, the members must partake of the ailments of the head?"—"Sancho, you are a sly wag," answered Don Quixote, "and, in faith, you want not for a memory, when you have a mind to have one."—"Though I never had so much a mind to forget the drubs I have received," quoth Sancho, "the tokens that are still fresh on my ribs would not let me."—"Hold your peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and do not interrupt Signor bachelor, whom I entreat to go on, and tell me what is farther said of me in the aforesaid history."

—“And of me too,” quoth Sancho, “for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it.”—“Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho,” interrupted Sampson.—“What! another corrector of hard words!” quoth Sancho. “If this be the trade we shall never have done.”—“Let me die, Sancho,” answered the bachelor, “if you are not the second person of the history. Nay, there are some who had rather hear you talk than the finest fellow of them all; though there are also some who say you were a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island promised you by Signor Don Quixote, here present.”—“There is still sunshine on the wall,” quoth Don Quixote, “and when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years give, he will be better qualified to be a governor than he is now.”—“Before God, Sir,” quoth Sancho, “if I am not fit to govern an island at my years, I shall not know how to govern it at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a head-piece to govern it.”—“Recommend it to God, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “All will be well, and perhaps better than you think, for a leaf stirs not on the tree without the will of God.”—“That is true,” added Sampson; “and if it pleases God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one.”—“I have seen governors ere now,” quoth Sancho, “who in my opinion do not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they are called your *Lordship*, and eat off silver plates.”—“Those are not governors of islands,” replied Sampson, “but of other governments more manageable; for those who govern islands must at least understand grammar.”—“Grammercy for that,” quoth Sancho; “it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter<sup>320</sup>; but leaving the business of governments in the hands of God, who will dispose of me as I may be most instrumental in his service, I say, Signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, I am infinitely pleased that the author of the history has spoken of me in such a manner that what he says of me

<sup>320</sup> Sancho replies by a *jeu de mots* on the word *gramatica*, grammar. “With the *grama* (dog’s-grass), I should do very well, but with the *tica* I should be at a loss what to do, for I do not understand it.” It is intranslatable.

is not at all tiresome ; for, upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said any thing of me unbecoming an old Christian as I am, the deaf should have heard it.”—“That would be working miracles,” answered Sampson. “Miracles or no miracles,” quoth Sancho, “let every one take heed how they talk or write of people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into their imagination.”—“One of the faults people charge upon this history,” said the bachelor, “is that the author has inserted in it a novel entitled *The Curious Impertinent* ; not that it is bad in itself or ill-written, but for having no relation to that place, nor any thing to do with the history of his worship Signor Don Quixote.”—“I will lay a wager,” replied Sancho, “the son of a dog has made a jumble of fish and flesh together.”—“I aver then,” said Don Quixote, “that the author of my history could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who at random and without any judgment has set himself to write it without rhyme or reason. He is like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who being asked what he painted, answered : ‘As it may hit.’ Sometimes he would paint a cock, after such a guise and so preposterously designed, that he was forced to write under it in large capitals : ‘This is a cock.’ And thus it will fare with my history, which will stand in need of a comment to make it intelligible.”—“Not at all,” answered Sampson ; “it is so plain, that there is no difficulty in it. Children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it. In short it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known by all sorts of people, that they no sooner espy a lean scrub-horse than they cry : ‘Yonder goes Rocinante.’ But none are so much addicted to reading it as your pages ; there is not a nobleman’s ante-chamber in which you will not find a *Don Quixote*. When one lays it down, another takes it up ; one asks for it, another snatches it. In a word, this history is the most pleasing and least prejudicial entertainment hitherto published ; for there is not so much as the least appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely Catholic.”—“To write otherwise,” said Don Quixote, “had not been to write truth, but lies ; and historians, who are fond of venting falsehoods should be burnt like coiners of false



money <sup>321</sup>. For my part, I cannot imagine what moved the author to introduce novels and foreign relations, my own story affording matter enough. Without doubt we may apply the proverb—‘So the belly is filled, it matters not with what.’ But, in truth, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements alone, he might have compiled a volume as big as all the works of the Tostado <sup>322</sup>. In short, Signor

<sup>321</sup> The crime of uttering counterfeit money was punished with fire as being at once a public theft and a crime of lèse-majesté. (*Partida VII.*, tit VII., Cy 9.)

<sup>322</sup> Don Alonzo de Madrigal, bishop of Avila, under John II., is generally styled *el Tostado* (the tanned, the sunburnt). Although he died young, in 1450, he left twenty-four folio volumes of latin works, and nearly as many in Spanish, without reckoning anonymous works. Thence his name became proverbial in the sense that Don Quixote makes use of it.

bachelor, what I mean is, that in order to the compiling histories or books of any kind whatever, a man has need of a great deal of judgment and a mature understanding. To talk wittily and write pleasantly are the talents of great genius only. The most difficult character in comedy is that of the fool <sup>323</sup>, and he must be no simpleton who plays that part. History is a sacred kind of writing, because truth is essential to it, and where truth is, there is God, the only source of truth. Notwithstanding which, there are those who compose books and toss them out into the world by the dozen, like fritters."—"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "but there is something good in it <sup>324</sup>."—"There is no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote; "but it often happens that they who have deservedly acquired a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen or lose it entirely by committing them to the press."—"The reason of that," said Sampson, "is, that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults thereof are the more easily discovered, and the greater the fame of the author, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men famous for their parts, great poets, celebrated historians, are always envied by those who take a pleasure and make it their particular entertainment to censure other men's writings, without ever having published any of their own."—"That is not to be wondered at," said Don Quixote; "for there are many divines who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects of preachers."—"All this is very true, Signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco; "but I wish such critics would be more merciful and less nice; I wish they would not dwell so much upon the motes of the bright sun of the work they censure. Though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus* <sup>325</sup>, they ought to consider how much he was awake, to give his work as much light and leave as little shade as possible; perhaps those very parts which some men do not taste are like moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of

<sup>323</sup> This rôle was successively called *bobo*, *simple*, *donaire*, and finally *gracioso*.

<sup>324</sup> This thought is from Pliny the Elder, and is recorded in one of his nephew's letters. (Lib. III., Epistle 5.) Don Diego de Mendoza quotes it in the prologue to his *Lazarillo de Tormès*, and Voltaire has repeated it frequently.

<sup>325</sup> The quotation is not correct. Horace says: *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*.

the face that has them. Therefore I say that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write such a one as shall satisfy and please all kinds of readers."—"That which treats of me," said Don Quixote, "has pleased but few."—"Quite the contrary," replied the bachelor; "as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*<sup>326</sup>, so infinite is the number of those who have been delighted with that history. Though some have taxed the author's memory as faulty or treacherous, in forgetting to tell us who the thief was that stole Sancho's ass; it is only related that he was stolen, and in a very short time after we find Sancho mounted upon the self-same ass, without hearing how he had recovered him<sup>327</sup>. The author is also reproached for omitting to mention what Sancho did with the hundred crowns he found in the portmanteau upon the Sierra Morena. He never speaks of them more, and many persons would be glad to learn what he did with them, or how he spent them; for that is one of the most substantial points wanting in the work."

"Master Sampson," answered Sancho, "I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or to make up accounts, for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall be stuck upon St. Lucia's thorn till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of bush. I have it at home, and my dame stays for me; as soon as I have dined I will come back and satisfy your worship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concerning the loss of the ass and what became of the hundred crowns." Without waiting for an answer, or speaking a word more, he went to his own house.

Don Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation, and staid; a couple of pigeons was added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry. Carrasco

<sup>326</sup> *Ecclesiastes*, Chap X., verse 15.

<sup>327</sup> Cervantes did not forget to mention the thief; he says positively that it was Ginès de Passamonte, but he forgets the theft itself. Vide note cxxiii., Part I., Book III., Chap. IX., *antè* vol I. page 250.

carried on the humour of his entertainer. The banquet being ended, they took their siesta; Sancho came back, and the conversation was resumed.





## CHAPTER IV.

WHEREIN SANCHO PANZA ANSWERS TO THE BACHELOR SAMPSON CARRASCO'S QUESTIONS AND CLEARS UP HIS DOUBTS, WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY TO BE KNOWN AND RECITED.



**S**ANCHO came back to Don Quixote's house, and, resuming his former discourse, said, in answer to what the bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when and how the ass was stolen: "That very night when, flying from the holy hermandad,

we entered the Sierra Morcna, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves and of the dead body that was being carried to Segovia, my master and I got into a thicket, where he leaning upon his lance, and I sitting upon my beast, being both of us mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell asleep as soundly as if we had had four feather beds under us. Especially I, for my part, slept so fast that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to suspend me on four stakes which he planted under the four corners

of the pannel, and leaving me mounted thereon, in this manner got



Dapple from under me without my feeling it.”—“That is an easy matter, and no new accident,” said Don Quixote. “The like happened to Sacripante, at the siege of Albraca, where that famous

robber Brunelo, by the same invention, stole his horse from between his legs <sup>328</sup>.”—“‘The dawn appeared,” continued Sancho, “and scarcely had I stretched myself when, the stakes giving way, down



came I to the ground. I looked about for my beast, but saw him not. The tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation that, if the author of our history has not set it down, he may make account he has omitted an excellent thing. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again, and upon him came, in the garb of a gipsy, that cunning rogue and notorious malefactor Ginès de Passamonte, whom my master and I freed from the galley-chain.”—“The mistake does not lie in this,” replied Sampson, “but in the author’s making Sancho still ride upon the very same beast, before he gives you any account of his being found

<sup>328</sup> *Orlando furioso*, Canto XXVII.

again."—"To this," said Sancho, "I know not what to answer, unless it be that the historian was mistaken, or it might be owing to the carelessness of the printer."—"It must be so, without doubt," quoth Sampson; "but what became of the hundred crowns? where they laid up, or laid out?"—"I laid them out," quoth Sancho, "for the use and behoof of my own person, of my wife and of my children. They have been the cause of my wife's bearing patiently the journeys and rambles I have taken in the service of my master Don Quixote; for had I returned, after so long a time, pennyless and without my ass, black would have been my luck. And if you would know any thing more of me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself in person. And nobody has any thing to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows that have been given me in these sallies were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis a piece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them. Let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."—"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to advertise the author of the history that, if he reprints the book, he shall not forget what honest Sancho has told us, which will not a little contribute to raise the value of the work."

"Is there any thing else to be corrected in that legend, Signor bachelor?" quoth Don Quixote. "There may be other things," answered Carrasco, "but none of them of like importance with those already mentioned."—"And, peradventure," said Don Quixote, "does the author promise a second part?"—"Yes," answered Sampson; "but he says he has not met with it, nor can he learn who has it; therefore we are in doubt whether it will appear or not. For this reason, as well as because some people say: 'Second parts are never good for any thing,' and others: 'There is enough of Don Quixote already,' it is believed there will be no second part. Nevertheless, some good folks who are more jovial than saturnine cry: 'Let us have more *Quixotades*; let Don Quixote encounter

and Sancho Panza talk, and be the rest what it will, we shall be contented'."—"And pray how stands the author affected?" demanded Don Quixote. "How!" answered Sampson. "As soon as ever he can find the history he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately send it to press, prompted thereto more by interest than by any motive of praise whatever."—"What! does the author," cried Sancho, "aim at money and profit? If so, it will be a wonder if he succeeds, since he will only stitch it away in great haste like a tailor on Easter-eve, for works that are done hastily are never finished with the perfection they require. I wish this same Signor Moor would consider a little what he is about, for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with mortar to his trowel in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that he may not only compile a second part, but an hundred other parts. The good man thinks without doubt that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which we halt. What I can say is that, if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of good knights-errant."

Sancho had scarcely finished this discourse, when the neighings of Rocinante reached their ears. Don Quixote took them for a most happy omen <sup>329</sup>, and resolved to make another sally within three or four days. He imparted his intention to the bachelor, and asked his advice which way he should begin his journey. The bachelor replied that he was of opinion he should go directly to the kingdom of Aragon, and the city of Saragossa, where, in a few days, there was to be held a most solemn tournament, in honour of the festival of Saint George <sup>330</sup>, in which he might acquire renown above

<sup>329</sup> Ever since the neighings of Darius's horse procured its master the crown of Persia, and those of Denis the Tyrant's horse, which promised that of Syracuse, prognostic-makers have always put a favourable interpretation on this augury. It was natural for Don Quixote to draw a similar conclusion from the neighing of Rocinante, which no doubt signified that his accustomed baiting time was passing by unheeded.

<sup>330</sup> Aragon had been under the patronage of Saint George since the victory over the Moors gained by Peter I., at the battle of Alcoraz in 1096. A fraternity of knights was instituted at Saragossa to give jousts in honour of the saint, three times a year. These jousts were called *justas del arnes*.

all the Aragonian knights in the world. He commended his resolution as most honourable and most valourous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, because his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. "That is what I renounce, Signor Sampson," quoth Sancho; "my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men than a greedy boy would do half a dozen



pears. Body of me! Signor bachelor, you are right: there must be a time to attack and a time to retreat; and it must not be always—*Saint Jago and forward Spain* <sup>331</sup>! And farther I have heard say (and, if I remember right, from my master himself), that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness. If it be so, I would not have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite another thing. Above all things, I would let my master know that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself; I must not be obliged to any other thing but to look after his clothes and his diet. These duties I will perform for him like a fairy; but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally wood-cutters with hooks and hatchets, is to be very much mistaken. I, Signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being

<sup>331</sup> *San Jago y cierra Espana*, an ancient war-cry in use against the Moors.

valiant, but for that of being the best and most faithful squire that ever served a knight-errant. If my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, naked was I born, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God. Perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it. How do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, may provide me some stumbling block that I may fall over and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die. Yet for all that, if fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, Heaven should chance to throw an island or some such thing in my way, I am not such a fool as to refuse it; for it is a saying: 'When they give you a heifer, make



haste with the rope, and when good fortune comes, be sure take her in."

"Brother Sancho," said the bachelor, "you have spoken like a professor. Nevertheless, trust in God and Signor Don Quixote, who will give you not only an island, but even a kingdom."—"One as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell Signor Carrasco that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a bag without a bottom. I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord."—"Look you, Sancho," quoth Sampson, "honours change manners; it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you."—"That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with those whose souls, like mine, are covered four inches thick with the grease of the old Christian<sup>332</sup>. Consider my disposition, whether it is likely to be ungrateful to any body."—"Heaven grant it," said Don Quixote; "we shall see when the government comes, for methinks I have it already in my eye."

This said, the knight desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to do him the favour to compose for him some verses by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of each verse, in such manner that at the end of the verses, the first letters taken together might form Dulcinea del Toboso<sup>333</sup>. "Though I am

<sup>332</sup> The quality of the old Christian was a kind of nobility which had also its privileges. In pursuance of the statutes of *Limpieza* (purity of blood), erected in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, recent converts could not be admitted into the clergy, into the public offices, nor even into certain mechanical trades. At Toledo, for instance, no one could become a member of the corporation of stone-cutters until he had proved the *purity of his blood*.

<sup>333</sup> The taste for *acrostics* originated about the fourth century, in Latin poetry; it soon spread into vulgar languages, and became remarkably popular in Spain, where acrostics were applied to the gravest and most important compositions. Thus, for instance, the seven first letters of the *seven Partidas*, the monumental code of Alphonso the Wise, formed the word *Alfonso*. M. Viardot quotes the following octave



not," answered the bachelor, "one of the famous poets of Spain, who are said to be but three and a half<sup>334</sup>, yet will I not fail to compose such a copy of verses. However I am sensible it will be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters<sup>335</sup>. If I make four stanzas of four verses each<sup>336</sup>, there will be a letter too much, and if I make them of five, which they call *decimas* or *redondillas*, there will be three letters wanting. Nevertheless, I will try to sink a letter as well as I can, so that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso shall be included in the four stanzas."—"That must be done at all events," said Don Quixote, "for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe the rhymes were made for her."

They agreed upon this point, and that they should set out eight days afterwards. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and master Nicholas, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valourous purpose. Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as

as an example of Spanish acrostics: it is by Luis de Tovar, and is to be found in the *Cancionero general Castellano*:

Feroz sin con uelo y sanuda dama,  
 Remedia el trahajo a nadie credero  
 A quien le siguió martirio tan fiero  
 No seas leon a reina pues t' ama.  
 Cien males se doblan cada hora en que pene,  
 Y enti de tal guisa beldad pues se asienta,  
 No seas cruel en asi dar afrenta,  
 Al que por te amor ya vida no tiene.

In this singular piece, besides the name of Francina which forms the *acrostic*, there are eight other ladies' names: *Eloisa, Ana, Guiomar,leanor, Blanca, Isabel, Elena, Maria*.

<sup>334</sup> Commentators have endeavoured to find out who these three poets that Spain possessed could be, supposing that Cervantes designated himself a half poet. Don Gregorio Mayans holds that they are Alonzo de Ercilla, Juan Rufo and Cristoval Virués, authors of three poems severally entituled *Auraucana, Austriada* and *Monserrate*. (Vide the notes to Chap. VI., Book I., first part.) In his *Journey to Parnassus*, Cervantes makes Apollo distribute nine crowns. The three that he sends to Naples are evidently for Quevedo and the two brothers Leonardo de Argensola; the three that he reserves for Spain, for three *divine* poets, are probably destined for Francisco de Figüeroa, Francisco de Aldana, and Hernando de Herrera, who all three received that surname, but for different reasons.

<sup>335</sup> *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

<sup>336</sup> *Castellanas de à quatro versos*.

opportunity offered: on that, they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.



## CHAPTER V.

OF THE WISE AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN SANCHO PANZA AND HIS WIFE TERESA PANZA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER INCIDENTS WORTHY OF COMMUNICATION.



ENTERING upon this fifth chapter, the translator commences by stating it to be his belief that it is apocryphal, because in it Sancho talks in another style than could be expected from his shallow understanding, and says such subtle things that he reckons it impossible that they could come from him. Nevertheless, he adds, he would not omit translating them, to fulfil the duty of his office. He then proceeds as follows :

Sancho came home so gay, so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not but ask him : “ What is the matter, friend Sancho, that you are so merry ? ” — “ Wife,” answered Sancho, “ if it were God’s will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be. ” — “ Husband,” replied she, “ I understand you not, and know not what you mean by saying you should be glad, if it were God’s will you were not so

much pleased; 'for silly as I am' I cannot guess how one can take pleasure in not being pleased."—"Look you Teresa," answered



Sancho; "I am thus merry because I am resolved to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is determined to make a third sally in quest of adventures, and I am to accompany him, for so my destiny will have it; besides, I am pleased with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns like those we have spent, though it grieves me that I must part from you and my children. If

God would be pleased to give me bread, dry-shod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin (which he might do at a small expense, by only willing it so),— it is plain my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you. Thus I said right when I said I should be glad if it were God's will I were not so well pleased.”—“Look you, Sancho,” replied Teresa, “ever since you have been a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a round-about manner that nobody understands you.”—“It is enough that God understands me, wife,” answered Sancho; “he is the understander of all things, and so much for that. But do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of the donkey these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms. Double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling, for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a set-to with giants, andriaques, fiery dragons, vampires, goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings and bleatings; all which would be only tarts and cheesecakes if we had not to do with Yangueses and enchanted Moors.”—“I believe indeed, husband,” replied Teresa, “that your squires-errant do not eat their bread for nothing; therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap.”—“I tell you, wife,” answered Sancho, “that did I not expect ere long to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot.”—“Not so, my dear husband,” quoth Teresa; “let the hen live, though it be with the pip. Live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb, without a government have you lived hitherto, and without a government will you go, or be carried to your grave whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government, and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me and your children.

Consider that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot means to bring him up to the church; consider also that Mary Sancha, your daughter,



will not break her heart if we marry her, for I am mistaken if she has not as much mind to a husband as you have to a government; and indeed, indeed, better a daughter but indifferently married than well kept.”—“In good faith,” answered Sancho, “if God be so good to me that I get any thing like a government, I will match

Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her without calling her your ladyship.”—“Not so, Sancho,” answered Teresa; “the best way is to marry her to her equal. If instead of pattens you put her on clogs, and instead of her russet stuff petticoat you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk; if instead of plain Marica and thou, you make her Donna Maria and your ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun breeding.”—“Peace, fool,” quoth Sancho, “all the business is to practise two or three years. After that, the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her as if they were made for her; and if not, what matters it? Let her be a lady come what will of it.”—“Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho,” answered Teresa, “and seek not to raise yourself higher. Remember rather the proverb: ‘Wipe your neighbour’s son’s nose, and take him into your house\*.’ It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary Sancha, to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker’s brat and I know not what! No, not while I live husband: I have not brought up my child to be so used. Do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care. There is Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho’s son, a lusty, hale young man; we know him very well, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl; she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and will always be under our eye, and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons, and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all. Do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her nor she understand herself.”—“Hark you, cursed beast, wife for Barabbas,” replied Sancho; “why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one who may bring me grand-children that may be stiled your lordships? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard the old folks say: ‘He that will not when he may,

\* This is a literal version of the Spanish proverb, the meaning of which, I suppose, is: “Match your daughter with your neighbour’s son.”

when he will he shall have nay.' It would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it against her. Let us spread our sails to the favourable gale that now blows. (this kind of language, and what Sancho says farther on, made the translator of this history pronounce this chapter apocryphal). Do you not think, animal," continued Sancho, "that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha to whom I please? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions,



carpets and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewomen of the parish. If not, continue as you are, and be always the same thing, without increase or diminution, like a figure in the hangings!



Let us have no more of this, for Sanchica shall be a countess in spite of your teeth.”—“For all that, husband,” answered Teresa, “I am afraid this countess-ship will be my daughter’s undoing. But do as you please; make her a duchess or a princess, I can however tell you it shall never be with my good-will or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa my parents named me at the font, a plain simple name, without the addition or garniture of *Donna*; my father’s name was Cascajo, and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though by good rights I should be called Teresa Cascajo; but the laws follow still the prince’s will, and I am contented with this name, without the additional weight of *Donna*, to make it so heavy that I shall not be able to carry it. No, I would not have people, when they see me decked out like a countess or governess, immediately say: ‘Look how stately madam hog-feeder moves! Yesterday



she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head instead of a veil, and to-day, forsooth, she goes with her farthingale, her embroideries, and her nose in the air, as if we did not know her.’ If God keep me in my seven or my five senses, or as as many as I have, I do not intend to

expose myself after this manner. Go you, brother, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please; as for my girl and I, by the bones of my mother, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town.

The wife that deserves a good name,  
 Stays at home as if she were lame;  
 And the maid must still be a doing,  
 That hopes to see men come a wooing.

You and your Don Quixote may therefore go to your adventures, and leave us with our ill fortunes, which Heaven will remedy for us, if we deserve it; and truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, a title which neither his father nor his grandfather ever had."—"Certainly," replied Sancho, "you must have some familiar demon in that body of yours. The devil take thee, woman! What a parcel of things have you been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail! What has Cascajo, the embroideries, or the proverbs, to do with what I am saying? Hark you, fool and ignorant (for so I may call you, since you understand not what I say, and are flying from good fortune.) Had I told you that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta Donna Urraca <sup>337</sup>, you would be in the right not to come into my opinion; but if, in less than the twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a *Don* and a ladyship, and raise you from the straw to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions than there are *Almohadas* in all Morocco <sup>338</sup>, why will you not consent and do what I desire?"—"Would you know why, husband?" answered Teresa; "it is because of the proverb: 'He that covers thee discovers thee.' All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and fix them upon the rich; and if that rich man was once poor, then there is work

<sup>337</sup> Several ancient *romances*, very popular among the people, recount the history of the Infanta Donna Urraca, who, having received nothing at the distribution of the crown property made by Ferdinand, the first king of Castile, among his three sons Alfonso, Sancho and Garcia (1066), assumed the pilgrim's staff, and threatened her father to quit Spain. Ferdinand gave her the town of Zamora.

<sup>338</sup> Jeu de mots between *almohadas*, cushions, and *Almohades*, the name of the sect and of the dynasty which succeeded that of the Almoravides, in the twelfth century.

for your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm every where like bees.”—“Look you, Teresa,” answered Sancho, “and listen to what I am going to say to you; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life, and I do not now speak out of my own head; all that I intend to say are sentences of the good father, the preacher who held forth to us last Lent in this village. If I remember aright, he said that all the things present, which our eyes behold, do appear and exist in our minds much better and with greater force than things past (all these reasonings of Sancho furnish another argument to persuade the translator that this chapter is apochryphal, as exceeding the capacity of Sancho, who went on, saying); hence it proceeds that, when we see any person finely dressed and set off with rich apparel, and with a train of servants, we are as it were compelled to show him respect; and, although memory in that instant recalls to our thoughts some mean circumstances under which we have seen him, whether it be of poverty or descent, being already past, they no longer exist, and there remains only what we see present before our eyes. And if this person whom fortune has raised from the obscurity of his native meanness prove well-behaved, liberal and courteous to every body, and does not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting only the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure.”—“I do not understand you, husband,” replied Teresa; “do what you think fit, and break not my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes. And if you are revolved to do as you say” . . . . .—“Resolved you should say, wife,” interrupted Sancho, “and not revolved.”—“Set not yourself to dispute with me,” answered Teresa; “I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say then, that if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government, for it is fitting that sons should inherit and learn their fathers’ calling.”—“When I have a government,” quoth Sancho, “I will send for him by the post, and will send you money, which I shall not want, for there are always people enough to lend governors money when they have it

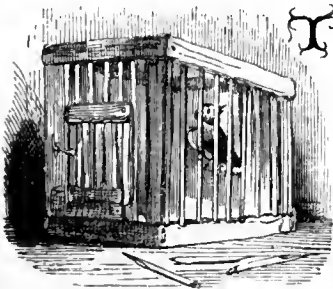
not; but be sure to clothe the boy so that he may not look like what he is, but what he is to be.”—“Send you money,” retorted Teresa, “and I will equip him as fine as a little angel.”—“We are agreed then,” quoth Sancho, “that our daughter is to be a countess.”—“The day that I see her a countess,” answered Teresa, “I shall reckon I am laying her in her grave. But I say again, you may do as you please, for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they ever such blockheads.” Thereupon she began to weep as bitterly as if she already saw Sanchica dead and buried.

Sancho, to comfort her, promised that, though he must make her a countess, he would see and put it off as long as possibly he could. Thus ended their dialogue, and Sancho went back to visit Don Quixote and put things in order for their departure.



## CHAPTER VI.

WHICH TREATS OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, HIS NIECE AND HOUSEKEEPER, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT CHAPTERS OF THE WHOLE HISTORY.



THE housekeeper and niece of Don Quixote were not idle while Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Coscajo were holding the foregoing impertinent conversation. Collecting from a thousand symptoms that their uncle and master would break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of his unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, by all possible means, to divert him from so foolish a design; but all they could say was but preaching in the desert, and hammering cold iron.

Among many other various reasonings which passed between them, the housekeeper said: "Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales, like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call mis-adventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the king, to put a stop to it." Don Quixote replied: "Mistress housekeeper, what answer God will return to your complaints, I

know not, and what his majesty will answer, as little. I only know that if I were king, I would dispense with answering that infinity of impertinent memorials which are every day presented to him. One of the greatest fatigues a king undergoes, is being obliged to hear and answer every body ; therefore I should be loth my concerns should give him any trouble.”—“ Pray, Sir,” replied the house-keeper, “ are there not knights in his majesty’s court ? ”—“ Yes,” answered Don Quixote, “ there are many ; it is fitting there should be a good number in attendance to adorn the court and to support the dignity of majesty.”—“ Would it not then be better,” replied she, “ that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your king and lord at court ? ”—“ Look you, friend,” answered Don Quixote, “ all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can nor ought all courtiers to be knights-errant. There must be of all sorts in the world ; and though we are all knights, there is a great deal of difference between us. In fact, the courtiers, without stirring out of their apartments or crossing their thresholds, traverse the whole globe, in a map, without a farthing expense, 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 sun and cold, to the air and the inclemencies of the sky, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback. Not only do we know our enemies in picture, but in their proper persons. We attack them at every turn, and upon every occasion, without standing upon trifles, without studying all the laws of duelling : such as whether the adversary bears a shorter or longer lance or sword, whether he carries about him any relies, or wears any secret coat of mail, whether the sun be duly divided or not, and other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which you understand not, but I do<sup>339</sup>. You must know, moreover, that your true knight-errant must be affrighted in no wise, though he should espy ten giants whose heads not only touch but

<sup>339</sup> In Ducange, under the words *duellum* and *campiones*, may be seen all the laws relating to duelling to which Don Quixote alludes, and the oath that the Pragmatic Sanction of Philip the Fair, passed in 1306, compelled the knights to take previous to commencing the combat.

overtop the clouds, and though each of them stalk upon two



prodigious towers instead of legs, with arms like the main-masts of huge and mighty ships of war, each eye like a great mill-wheel, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house. On the contrary, with a genteel air and an undaunted heart, he should encounter, assail and if possible overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish which is said to be harder than adamant, and though, instead of swords they should bring trenchant sabres of Damascus steel, or iron maces pointed also with steel, as I have seen more than once or twice. All this I have said, mistress housekeeper, to shew you the difference between some knights and others. It were to be wished that every prince knew how to esteem this second, or rather first species of knights-errant, since as we read in their histories, some among them have been the bulwark, not of one only, but of many kingdoms<sup>340</sup>.”

“Ah! dear Sir,” said the niece, “be assured that what you tell us of knights-errant is all inventions and lies. If their histories must not be burnt, at least they deserve to wear each of them a

<sup>340</sup> Palmerin d'Olive, Don Florindo, Primaleon Tristan de Leonais, Tirante the White, etc.

san-benito <sup>341</sup>, or some badge whereby they may be known to be infamous and destructive of good manners.”—“By the God in whom I live,” said Don Quixote, “were you not my niece directly, as being my own sister’s daughter, I would make such an example of you, for the blasphemy you have uttered, that the whole world should ring with it! How! is it possible, that a young baggage who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would Sir Amadis have said if he had heard of such a thing? But for that matter, I am sure he would have forgiven you, for he was the most humble and most courteous knight of his time, and the most devoted champion of damsels. But some other might have heard you, from whom you might not have come off so well; for all are not courteous and good-natured; some are lewd and uncivil; neither are all they who call themselves knights really such at bottom; some are of gold, others of alchymy, and though all appear to be knights, yet they all cannot abide the touchstone of truth. Mean fellows there are who lose their breath in straining to appear knights, and topping knights there are who one would think die with desire to be thought mean men. The former raise themselves by their ambition or by their virtues; the latter debase themselves by their weakness or their vices. One had need of a good discernment to distinguish between these two kinds of knights, so near in their names and so distant in their actions <sup>342</sup>.”

“Holy virgin!” cried the niece, “that your worship should be so knowing that, if need were, you might mount a pulpit, or hold forth any where in the streets; and yet give in to so blind a vagary, so exploded a piece of folly, as to think to persuade the world that you are valiant, now you are old, that you are strong, when, alas! you are infirm, and that you are able to make crooked things straight, though stooping yourself under the weight of years, and

<sup>341</sup> The garment worn by criminals condemned by the Holy Office. It was a kind of short mantel or yellow scapulary, with an emblazoned red cross. *San-Benito* is an abbreviation of *saco bendito*, sacred hair-cloth.

<sup>342</sup> In this tirade and in the rest of the chapter, Don Quixote mixes and confounds, under the common name of *cavalleros*, knights and gentlemen.



above all, that you are a knight when you are really none; for, though hidalgos may be knighted, poor ones, like you, seldom are.”—“You are much in the right, niece, in what you say,” answered Don Quixote, “and I could tell you such things concerning lineages as would surprise you; but, because I would not mix things divine with human, I forbear. Hear me, my dear friends, with attention. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four sorts: first, those who, having had low beginnings, have gone on extending and dilating themselves till they have arrived at a prodigious grandeur; secondly, those who, having had great beginnings, have preserved and continue to preserve them in the same condition they were in at first; thirdly, those who, though they have had great beginnings, have ended in a small point like a pyramid, having gone on diminishing and decreasing continually till they have come almost to nothing, like the point of the pyramid, which is, in respect to its base, next to nothing; lastly those (and they are the most numerous), who having had neither a good beginning nor a tolerable middle, will therefore end without a name, like the families of common and ordinary people. Of the first sort, who having had a mean beginning have risen to greatness and still preserve it, we have an example in the Ottoman family, which, from a poor shepherd its founder <sup>343</sup>, is arrived at the height we now see it at. Of the second sort of genealogies, which began great and preserve themselves without augmentation, examples may be fetched from sundry hereditary princes, who contain themselves peaceably within the limits of their own dominions, without enlarging or contracting them. Of those who began great and have ended in a point, there are thousands of instances, for all the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with all the infinite multitude of princes, monarchs and lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks and Barbarians, all these families and their founders have ended in a point and next to nothing, since it would be impossible now to find any of their descendants, or if

<sup>343</sup> Othman, the original founder of the Turkish empire, in the fourteenth century, was, it is said, first a shepherd and then a bandit.

one should find them, it would be in a low and abject condition. Of the lineages of the common sort, I have nothing to say, only that they serve to swell the number of the living<sup>344</sup>, without deserving any other fame or eulogy. From all that I have said, I would have you infer, my dear children, that the confusion there is among genealogies is very great, and that those only appear great and illustrious which show themselves such by the virtue, riches and liberality of their possessors. I say virtue, riches and liberality, because the great man that is vicious will be greatly vicious, and the rich man who is not liberal is but a covetous beggar; in effect, the possessor of riches is not happy in having, but in spending them, and not in spending them merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to spend them properly. The knight who is poor has no other way of showing himself to be one but that of virtue; by being affable, well-behaved, courteous, kind and obliging, not proud, not arrogant, no murmurer; and above all charitable, for, by two farthings given cheerfully to the poor, he shall discover as much generosity as he who bestows large alms by sound of bell; and there is no one who sees him adorned with the aforesaid virtues, though he knows him not but will judge and repute him to be well descended. Indeed, it would be a miracle were it otherwise; and as praise was always the reward of virtue, the virtuous cannot fail of being commended. There are two roads, daughters, by which men may arrive at riches and honours; the one by the way of letters, the other by that of arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar, and was born, as appears by my propensity to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars. Thus I am as it were forced into that track, that road I must take in spite of the whole world; it will be in vain for you to tire yourselves in persuading me not to attempt what Heaven requires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and above all what my inclination leads me to: for, aware as I am of the innumerable toils attending on knight-errantry, I know also the numberless

<sup>344</sup> Horace had said:

*Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere nati.* (Lib. I. Epist. II.)



POKREI.

advantages obtained thereby. I know that the path of virtue is straight and narrow, that the road of vice is broad and spacious. I know that their ends and resting-places are different, for the wide

extended way of vice conducts the traveller to death, while the narrow and intricate path of virtue leads to happiness and life—not the life that has an end, but that which is eternal. Finally I know, as our great Castilian poet<sup>345</sup> expresses it, that

‘Thro’ these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,  
We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame;  
They miss the road, who quit the rugged way,  
And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray’.”

“Ah! woe is me!” cried the niece; “what! my uncle is a poet too? he knows every thing, nothing comes amiss to him. I will lay a wager that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a bird-cage.”—“I assure you, niece,” answered Don Quixote, “that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art but what I could turn my hand to, especially bird-cages and tooth-picks.”



<sup>345</sup> Garcilaso de la Vega. The verses quoted by Don Quixote are in the elegy addressed to the duke of Alba on the death of his brother Don Bernardino of Toledo.

At this juncture there was a loud knocking heard at the door, and upon one of the women asking who was there, Sancho Panza answered: "It is I." The housekeeper no sooner heard his voice than she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the sight of him. The niece let him in, and his master Don Quixote went to receive him with open arms; and shutting themselves up together in the knight's chamber, they held another dialogue, not a jot inferior to the former.



## CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT PASSED BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE,  
WITH OTHER FAMOUS PASSAGES.



s soon as the housekeeper saw that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, she at once began to suspect the drift of their conference. Imagining that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and went, full of anxiety and trouble, in quest of the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco,

thinking that as he was a well-spoken person and a new acquaintance of her master, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the court-yard of his house, and directly she espied him, she fell down at his feet in a cold sweat, occasioned by her vexation. When Carrasco beheld her in such sorrowful and desolate guise, he said: "What is the matter, mistress housekeeper? what has befallen you? You look as if your heart were at your mouth."—"Nothing

at all, dear master Sampson," quoth she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth."—"How breaking forth, madam?" demanded Sampson. "Has he broken a hole in any part of his body?"—"No," answered she, "he is only breaking forth at the door of his madness; I mean, Signor bachelor of my soul, that he has a mind to sally out again (and this will be his third time), to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls adventures\*, though I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass, and mashed to a mummy. The second time, he came home in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted. The poor soul was so changed that he could not be known by the mother that bore him, feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch that I spent above fifty dozen eggs in getting him a little up again, as God and the world is my witness, also my hens, that will not let me lie."—"I can easily believe that," answered the bachelor, "for they are so good, so plump, and so well nurtured, that they will not say one thing for another, though they should burst for it. In short then, mistress housekeeper, there is nothing more, nor any other disaster only what is feared Signor Don Quixote may peradventure have a mind to do?"—"No, Sir," answered she. "Be in no pain then," replied the bachelor, "but go home, in Heaven's name, and get me something warm for breakfast, and, by the way, repeat Saint Apollonia's orison, if you know it; I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders."—"Dear me!" replied the housekeeper; "the orison of Saint Apollonia, say you? that might do something if my master's distemper lay in his teeth, but, alas! it lies in his brain<sup>346</sup>."—"I know what I say,

\* *Venturas*. A play upon the word *ventura*, which means both good-luck and adventures.

<sup>346</sup> The orison of Saint Apollonia (*Santa Apolonia*), was one of the *ensalmos* or magic spells to cure sickness, very popular in Cervantes's time. A Spanish writer, Don Francisco Patricio Berguizas, has gathered the words of this orison from the mouths of some old women of Esquivias. It is in short verses, like a *seguidilla*, and the following is a literal translation of it. "Apollonia was at the gate of Heaven, and the virgin Mary passed that way.—'Say, Apollonia, what are you about? Are you asleep, or watching?'—'My lady, I neither sleep nor watch, I am dying with a pain in my teeth.'—'By the star of Venus and the setting sun, by the Most Holy Sacrament which I bore in my womb, may no pain in your teeth, nether front nor hack (*muela ni diente*), ever afflict you from this time henceforward'."

mistress housekeeper," replied Sampson; "get you home, and do not stand disputing with me, for you know I am a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bacheloring beyond that." The housekeeper accordingly jogged homewards, and the bachelor immediately went to find the priest to consult with him about what will be detailed in due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho continued locked up together, there passed some discourse between them, which the history relates at large with great punctuality and truth. Quoth Sancho to his master: "Sir, I have now reluced my wife to consent to let me go with your worship wherever you please to carry me."—"Reduced, you should say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and not reluced."—"Once or twice already," answered Sancho, "if I remember right, I have besought your worship not to mend my words, if you understand my meaning, and if you do not understand me, to say; 'Sancho,' or 'Devil, I understand you not.' And if I do not explain myself, you may correct me, for I am very fossil."—"I do not understand you now, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for I know not the meaning of fossil."—"Very fossil," answered Sancho, "means I am so much so."—"I understand less now," replied Don Quixote. "Why if you do not understand me," answered Sancho, "I know not how to express it; I know no more, God help me!"—"O! now I have it," exclaimed Don Quixote; "you mean you are so docile, so pliant and so tractable, that you will readily comprehend whatever I shall say to you, and will learn whatever I shall teach you."—"I will lay a wager," cried Sancho, "you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly, only you had a mind to confound me by leading me into two hundred blunders more."—"That may be," replied Don Quixote; "but, in short, what says Teresa?"—"Teresa," quoth Sancho, "says fast bind, fast find, and that we must have less talking and more doing, that he who shuffles is not he who cuts, that one performance is worth two promises. And I say that though there is but little in woman's advice, he that will not take it is not over-wise."—"I say so too," replied Don Quixote; "proceed, friend Sancho; you talk admirably to-day."—"The case is," resumed Sancho, "as your worship very



well knows, that we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow, that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep, and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at life's door, is always in haste, and nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres, according to public voice and report, and according to what is told us from the pulpit." "All this is true," said Don Quixote; "but I do not perceive



what you would be at.”—“What I would be at,” returned Sancho, “is that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate. I have no mind to stand to the courtesy of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never. God help me with my own. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much, for the hen sits if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out (which I neither believe nor expect) that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent that the amount of the rent of such island be appraised, and my salary be deducted marks for pounds.”—“Friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “a good rat for a good cat<sup>347</sup>.”—“I understand you,” quoth Sancho, “and I will lay a wager, you mean a good cat for a good rat; but it matters not what words I used, since your worship knew my meaning.”—“Yes, and so perfectly too,” returned Don Quixote, “that I see to the very bottom of your thoughts, and the mark you drive at with the innumerable arrows of your proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint you wages, had I ever met with any precedent among the histories of knights-errant to discover or show me the least glimmering of what they used to get monthly or yearly; but, though I have read all or most of those histories, I do not remember ever to have read that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded with an island or something equivalent, or at least received a title and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, you are willing to return to my service, in God’s

<sup>347</sup> There is in the original an intranslatable *grace*. At the end of the preceding phrase, Sancho says, instead of *rata por cantidad* (in due proportion, marks for pounds), *gata por cantidad*. Don Quixote, playing on the words, makes answer: “Sometimes a cat (*gata*) is as good as a rat (*rata*).” And Sancho replies: “I will lay a wager I should have said *rata* instead of *gata*; but it matters not . . . . etc.”

name do so; but if you think that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off its hinges, you are grievously mistaken. Therefore, friend Sancho, go home and make known my intention to your wife Teresa. If she be willing, and you have a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, *bene quidem*; if not, we are as we were: for if the dove-house wants not bait, it will never want pigeons.



And take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good demand than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to let you see that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as you. To be short with you, if you are not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and run the same fortune with me, the Lord have you in his keeping and make you a saint, for I shall never want a squire, more obedient, more diligent, and above all less selfish and less talkative than you are."

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged, for till now he verily believed his master would not go without him for the world's worth. While he remained thus pensive and pondering, in came Sampson Carrasco, followed by the niece and the housekeeper, who had a mind to hear what arguments he would make use of to dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures. Sampson, who was a notable wag, drew near, and embracing Don Quixote as he did the time before, exalted his voice and said: "O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendant light of arms! O mirror and honour of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, that the person or persons who shall obstruct or disappoint your third sally may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever accomplish what they so ardently wish!" And, turning to the housekeeper, he said: "Now, mistress housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of Saint Apollonia; I know that it is the precise determination of the celestial orbs that Signor Don Quixote shall once more pursue his glorious and uncommon designs. I should greatly burden my conscience did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight no longer to detain and withhold the force of his valorous arm, and the goodness of his most undaunted courage, lest by his delay he defraud the world of the redress of injuries, the protection of orphans, the maintaining the honour of damsels, the relief of widows, the support of married women, with other matters of this nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain and are annexed to the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, dear Signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow. If any thing be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it with my life and fortune; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such."

Thereupon Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, said: "Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I should have squires enough and to spare? Take notice who it is that offers himself to be one; who but the

unheard-of bachelor Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight-errant. But God will not permit that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. No, let the new Sampson abide in and become an honour to his country, and at the same time reverence the grey hairs of his ancient parents; I will make shift without any squire whatever, since Sancho vouchsafes not to go along with me.”—“I do vouchsafe,” cried Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears; “oh! no, it shall never be said of me, dear master, that the bread is eaten and the company broken up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock; since all the world knows, especially our village, who the Panzas from whom I am descended were; besides, I know and am well assured by many good works, and more good words, of the desire your worship has to do me a kindness; and if I have taken upon me so much more than I ought, by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to my wife; for when once she takes in hand to persuade a thing, no mallet drives and forces the hoops off a tub as she drives at her purpose until she hath gained it. But in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man every where else, I cannot deny that I will also be one in my own house, vex whom it will. Therefore there is no more to be done, excepting that your worship give orders about your will and its codicil, in such manner that it cannot be rebuked<sup>348</sup>, and let us set out immediately, that the soul of Signor Sampson, who says he is obliged in conscience to persuade your worship to make a third sally, may not suffer. As for me, I again offer myself to serve your worship faithfully and loyally, as well and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant in past or present times.”

The bachelor stood in admiration to hear Sancho Panza's style

<sup>348</sup> The original has the word *revolcar* (to hunt the wild boar), instead of *revocar*.

and manner of talking; for, though he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed he was so ridiculous as he is therein described. But when he heard him now talk of will and codicil that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most solemn coxcombs of the age. He said to himself that two such fools as master and man were never before seen in the world.

In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other; with the approbation and good liking of the grand Carrasco, now their oracle, it was decreed that their departure should take place at the end of three days, which time they required to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, for Don Quixote said he must by all means carry one with him. Sampson offered to borrow for him one belonging to a friend of his, who, he said, he was sure would not deny it him, though, sooth to say, the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by the tarnish and rust.

The curses which the housekeeper and niece heaped upon the bachelor were as loud as they were deep and innumerable. They tore their hair, scratched their faces, and, like the funeral mourners formerly in fashion<sup>349</sup>, lamented the approaching departure as if it were the death of their master. The design Sampson had in persuading him to sally forth again, was to do what the history tells us hereafter; all by the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted beforehand. In short, in those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient; then Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by any body but the bachelor, who would needs bear

<sup>349</sup> The custom of hiring mourners at funerals; which appears to have become obsolete in Cervantes's time, was very ancient in Spain. We find in the *Partidas* (tit. IV. ley 100), regulations against the excesses and depredations committed at the ceremonies of the church by these mourners, called *lloraderas*, *planideras*, and *endechederas*. We find also, in the *romance* of the Cid in which that hero makes his will (No. 96) *item*: "I command that no *planideras* be hired to bewail my death; my Ximene's tears will be enough, without purchasing others."



them company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rocinante, and Sancho upon his old donkey, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money which Don Quixote had given him against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, praying him to give advice of his good or ill-fortune, that he might rejoice or condole

with him, as the laws of their mutual friendship required. Don Quixote having promised he would, Sampson returned to the village, and the knight and squire took their way toward the great city of Toboso.





## CHAPTER VIII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE AS HE WAS GOING TO VISIT HIS LADY DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO.



BLESSED and praised be the almighty Allah!" cries Cid Hamet Ben-Engeli at the beginning of this eighth chapter; "blessed and praised be Allah!" he repeats thrice. He then goes on to state that he is moved to express these benedictions in consequence of finding Don Quixote and Sancho in the field again, since the readers of their delightful history may make account that, from this moment, the exploits and witty sayings of Don Quixote and his squire begin. He persuades them to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which begin now upon the road to Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel. And this is no very unreasonable request, considering what great things he promises. He then proceeds as follows :

Don Quixote and Sancho remained by themselves; and scarcely had Sampson bid them adieu, when Rocinante began to neigh, and

the donkey to bray most melodiously, which was held by both knight and squire for a good sign, and a most happy omen. But, if the truth must be told, the Brayings of the ass exceeded the neighings of the steed, whence Sancho gathered that his good luck was to surpass that of his master: but whether or not he drew this inference from judicial astrology, I cannot say, it not being known whether he was versed in it, the history saying nothing of the matter. Only he had been heard to say, when he stumbled or fell, that he would have been glad he had not gone out of doors, for by a stumble or a fall nothing was to be got but a torn shoe or a broken rib; and, in faith, though he was a simpleton, he was not much out of the way in this.

Don Quixote said to him: "Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and with too much darkness for us to reach Toboso by daylight, whither I am resolved to go before I undertake any other adventure. There will I receive the blessing and the good leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I am well assured of finishing and giving a happy conclusion to every perilous adventure; for nothing in this world inspires knights-errant with so much valour as the finding themselves favoured by their mistresses."—"I believe it," answered Sancho, "but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for your worship to come to the speech of her, or to obtain an interview with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she tosses it over the pales of the yard in which I saw her the time before, when I carried her the letter that brought the news of the follies and extravagancies your worship was playing in the heart of the Sierra Morena."—"Did you fancy them to be pales, Sancho!" returned Don Quixote; "pales over which you saw that paragon of gentility and beauty! Impossible! you must mean galleries, arcades, or corridors of some rich and royal palace."—"All that may be," answered Sancho; "but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory."—"However let us go thither, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for so I do but see her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden; however small a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding and fortify

my heart that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour.”—“In truth, Sir,” answered Sancho, “when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth any rays. The reason must doubtless be that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust that flew out of it overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it.”

“What! Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “do you persist in saying and believing that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat, a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which distinguish their high quality a bow-shot off. Oh! Sancho, how completely have you forgotten our poet’s<sup>350</sup> verses, in which he depicts the labours of those four nymphs in their chrystal mansions who raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow to work those rich stuffs, which as the ingenious poet describes, were all embroidered with gold, silk and pearls. In this manner must my lady have been employed, when you saw her, were it not that the envy some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes every thing that should give me pleasure. In that history said to be published of my exploits, if peradventure its author were some sage my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating actions foreign to what is requisite for the continuation of a true history. O envy! root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of all virtues! All other vices, Sancho, carry somewhat of pleasure along with them; but envy is attended with nothing but distaste, rancour and rage.”—“That is what I say too,” replied Sancho, “and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, that my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of

<sup>350</sup> Garcilaso de la Vega. The verses are in his third eclogue :

De cuatro ninfas, que del Tajo amado  
Salieron juntas, à cantar me ofreseco, etc.

the knave. But the grand cloak of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial, hides and covers all. If I had nothing else to boast of but believing, as I do always, firmly and truly in God, and in all that the holy catholic Roman church holds and believes, and being, as I really am, a mortal enemy to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and treat me well in their writings. But, let them say what they will; naked was I born, naked I am, I neither lose nor win; and so my name be but in print, and go about the world from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list."—"That, Sancho," said Don Quixote "is just like what happened to a famous poet of our times, who had written an ill-natured satire against all the court-ladies. A certain lady, who was not expressly named in it, so that it was doubtful whether she were implied in it or not, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her that he had not inserted her among the rest, telling him he must enlarge his satire and put her in the supplement, or woe be to him. The poet complied, and set her down for such a one as duennas will not name; the lady was perfectly satisfied with the fame of being infamously famous. Of the same kind is the story they tell of that shepherd who, only that his name might live in future ages, set fire to the famous temple of Diana, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. Notwithstanding that it was ordered by public edict that nobody should name or mention him either by word or writing, that he might not attain to the end he proposed, yet still it is known he was called



Erostratus. This likewise bears an affinity to what happened to the great emperor Charles V., with a Roman knight. The emperor had a mind to see the famous temple of the Rotunda, which by the ancients was called the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, and now by a better name, the church of All Saints<sup>351</sup>. It is one of the most entire edifices remaining of heathen Rome, and the one which most preserves the fame of the greatness and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the form of a cupola, is very spacious, and very lightsome, though it has but one window, or rather a round opening at top. The emperor thence surveyed the inside of the



structure; a Roman gentleman, who stood by his side, pointing out and explaining to him the beauty and ingenious contrivance of that vast and memorable piece of architecture. When they were come down from the skylight, the gentleman said to the emperor: ‘Sacred Sir, a thousand times it came into my head to clasp your

<sup>351</sup> The Pantheon, built by Marcus Agrippa, son-in-law of Augustus, and consecrated to *avenging Jupiter*.

majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top to the bottom of the church, merely to leave an eternal name behind me.'—'I thank you,' answered the emperor, 'for not putting so wicked a thought in execution, and henceforward I will never give you an opportunity of making the like proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never to speak to me more, nor come into my presence.' After these words the emperor bestowed some great favour upon the gentleman. What I mean, Sancho, is that the desire of fame is a very active principle in us. What think you cast Horatius Cocles down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber? what burnt the arm and hand of Mutius Scevola? what impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulf that opened itself in the midst of Rome? what made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages<sup>352</sup>? and, in more modern examples, what scuttled the ships and left on shore encompassed with enemies, the valiant Spaniards conducted by the most courteous Cortez in the new world? All these, and other great and very different exploits, are, were and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as an earnest of that immortality their noble deeds deserve. However, we christian and catholic knights-errant ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the etherial and celestial regions, than upon the vanity of fame acquired in this present and transitory world. For, let such renown last ever so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the christian religion which we profess. In killing giants we are to destroy pride; we must overcome envy by generosity and good-nature, anger by sedateness and composure of mind, gluttony and sleep by eating little and watching much, lust and lasciviousness by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made mistresses of our thoughts, laziness by going about all parts of the world, seeking occasions which may make us, besides good christians, renowned knights. These, Sancho, are the means of

<sup>352</sup> Cervantes is wrong. Suetonius, in accordance with Plutarch, says on the contrary that it was a favourable omen that prompted Cæsar to pass the Rubicon, and to say: *The die is cast.* (*Vita Cæsaris*, cap. 31 et 32.)

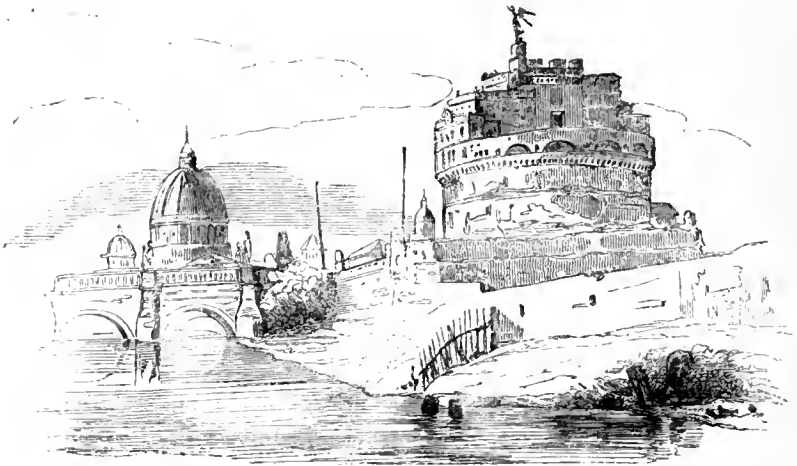
obtaining those extremes of praise which a good name brings along with it."

"All that your worship has hitherto told me," replied Sancho, "I very well understand. But I wish you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt, which is this moment come into my mind."—"Resolve, you would say, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Out with it then in God's name, and I will answer as far as I know."—"Pray tell me, Sir," proceeded Sancho, "those Julys and Augusts<sup>353</sup> and all those feat-doing knights you spoke of, that are dead, where are they now?"—"The gentiles" answered Don Quixote, "are doubtless in hell; the christians, if they were good christians, are either in purgatory or in Heaven."—"Very well," quoth Sancho; "but let us know now whether the sepulchres in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred, have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs and eyes made of wax. If not with these, pray with what are they adorned?"

Don Quixote answered: "The sepulchres of the heathen were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited in an urn, placed on the top of a pyramid of stone of a prodigious size, which is now called the obelisk of St. Peter<sup>354</sup>. The sepulchre of the emperor Adrian was a castle as large as an extensive village, called *Moles Hadriani*, and is now the castle of St. Angelo, in Rome. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. But none of these sepulchres, nor any others of the gentiles, were hung about with winding sheets, or other offerings or signs, to denote the sanctity of the persons there buried."—"That is what I am coming too," said Sancho: "pray tell me now which is the more

<sup>353</sup> Jeu de mots, very witty coming from Sancho, on the name of *Julio*, which signifies both Julius and July, and the word *Augusto*, Augustus, which slightly altered, *agosto*, means August.

<sup>354</sup> This is the Egyptian obelisk, placed in the centre of the colonnade of St. Peter, by order of Pope Sixtus V., in 1586. Cervantes, who had seen the obelisk at the place it formerly occupied, wrongly supposes that it was destined to receive the ashes of Cæsar. It had been brought to Rome in the reign of the emperor Caligula. (*Pliny*, book XVI, chap. 40.)



difficult, to raise a dead man to life or to slay a giant.”—“The answer is very obvious,” answered Don Quixote; “to raise a dead man.”—“There I have caught you,” quoth Sancho. “His fame then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk and cures the sick; before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, whose chapels are crowded with devotees adoring his relics upon their knees; his fame, I say, shall be greater, both in this world and the next, than that which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever shall have.”—“I grant it,” answered Don Quixote. “Then,” continued Sancho, “the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call them, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church, and also their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes and legs, whereby they increased people’s devotion and spread their christian fame. Kings



themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders<sup>355</sup>; they kiss bits of their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them.”—“What would you have me infer, Sancho, from all you have been saying?” asked Don Quixote. “I would infer,” said Sancho, “that we had better turn saints immediately; we shall then attain more promptly to that renown we aim at. Pray take notice, Sir, that yesterday, or the day before (for it is so little a while ago that I may so speak), a couple of poor bare-footed friars<sup>356</sup> were beatified or canonized whose iron chains wherewith they girded and disciplined themselves people now



<sup>355</sup> Cervantes might have seen, when he was eighteen years old, the pompous reception given by king Philip II., in November 1565, to the relics of Saint Eugene, of which Charles IX. had made him a present.

<sup>356</sup> Doubtless Saint Diego of Alcalá, canonized by Sixtus V., in 1588, and Saint Peter of Alcantara, who died in 1562.

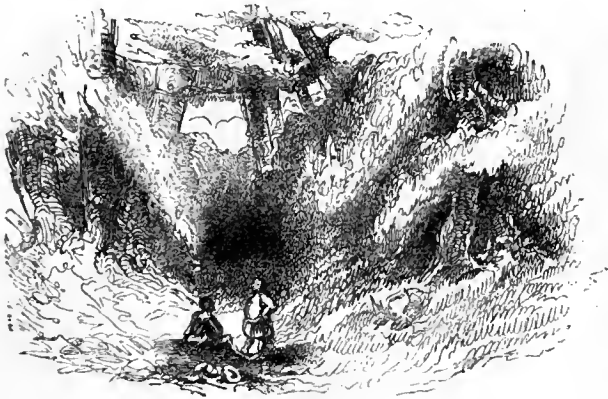
reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss, and they are now held in greater veneration than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, whom God preserve. So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the very meanest order, than the most valiant knight-errant: a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God than two thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, vampires or andriaques."—"I confess," answered Don Quixote, "all this is just as you say; but we cannot be all friars, and many and various are the ways by which God conducts his elect to Heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession; and some knights are now saints in glory."—"True," answered Sancho, "but I have heard say there are more friars in Heaven than knights-errant."—"It may well be so," replied Don Quixote, "because the number of the religious is much greater than that of the knights-errant."—"And yet," said Sancho, "there are abundance of the errant sort."—"Abundance, indeed," answered Don Quixote, "but few who deserve the name of knights."

In these and the like discourses they passed that night and the following day, without any accident worth relating, at which circumstance Don Quixote was not a little grieved. In short, the second day they descried the great city of Toboso. At the sight of



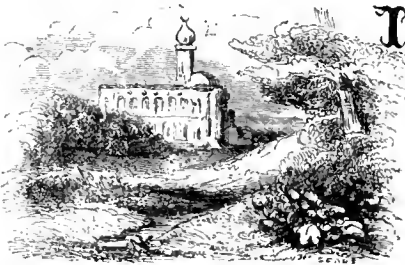
it, Don Quixote's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much dejected, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, any more than his master; so that they were

both equally in pain, the one to see her, and the other for not having seen her, and Sancho knew not what to do when his master should send him to Toboso. In fine, Don Quixote resolved to enter the city about night-fall. Till that hour came, they tarried among some oak trees near the town; and the time appointed being come, they went into the city, where things befell them that were things indeed.



## CHAPTER IX.

WHICH RELATES WHAT WILL BE FOUND IN IT.



IT was midnight<sup>357</sup>, or thereabouts, when Don Quixote and Sancho, leaving their thicket, entered Toboso. The village was all hushed in silence, for its inhabitants were sound asleep, reposing, as the phrase is, with outstretched legs. The night was not quite a dark one, though Sancho heartily wished it were, that the obscurity thereof might hide his prevarication. Nothing was heard in all the place but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears and disquieting Sancho's heart. Now and then an ass brayed, swine grunted, and cats mewed, which different sounds were augmented by the silence of the night. All these the enamoured knight took for ill omens. Nevertheless, he said to Sancho: "Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace, it may be we shall find her awake."—"To what

357

Media noche era por filo, etc.

This is the first verse of an old *romance*, that of count Claros de Montalvan, which is to be found in the Antwerp collection.

palace, body of the sun?" cried Sancho; "the palace I saw her highness in was but a very little house."—"She must have been retired at that time," replied Don Quixote, "to some small apartment of her alcazar<sup>358</sup>, to amuse herself with her damsels, as is



usual with great ladies and princesses."—"Since your worship," quoth Sancho, "will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be an

<sup>358</sup> The name of the Arabian palaces (*al-kasr*). This word, in Spanish, conveys a still loftier idea than the word *palacio*.

alcazar, is this an hour to find the gates open? Is it fit we should stand thundering at the door till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar? Think you we are going to a house of evil reputation, like your gallants, who knock and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late?"—"First, to make one thing sure, let us find this alcazar," replied Don Quixote, "and then I will tell you what is fit to be done. Look, Sancho, either my eyes deceive, me or that great dark bulk we see yonder must be Dulcinea's alcazar."—"Then lead on yourself, Sir," answered Sancho; "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I will believe it just as much as I believe it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and having gone about two hundred paces, he came up to the bulk which cast the dark shade. He perceived it was a large steeple, and immediately knew that the building was no alcazar, but the parish church. "We are come to the church, Sancho," said he. "I find we are," answered Sancho, "and pray God we be not come to our graves; for it is no very good sign, to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley where there is no thoroughfare."—"A curse light on thee, thou blockhead!" said Don Quixote. "Where have you found, simpleton, that alcazars and royal palaces are built in alleys without a thoroughfare?"—"Sir," replied Sancho, "each country has its customs; perhaps it is the fashion in Toboso to build palaces and great edifices in alleys. Therefore I beseech your worship to let me look about among these lanes or alleys just before me; in one nook or other I may chance pop upon this same alcazar, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs for confounding and bewildering us at this rate."—"Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters," quoth Don Quixote; "let us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the handle after the bucket."—"I will curb myself," answered Sancho; "but with what patience can I bear to think that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you

must have seen it thousands of times?"—"You will put me out of all patience, Sancho," cried Don Quixote. "Come hither, heretic; have I not told you a thousand times that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in all the days of my life, nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty?"—"I hear it now," answered Sancho, "and I say that, since your worship has never seen her, no more have I."—"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "for at least you told me some time ago that you saw her winnowing wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent by you."—"Do not insist upon that, Sir," answered Sancho; "let me tell you that the sight of her and the answer I brought were both by hearsay too, for I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is than I am able to box the moon."—"Sancho, Sancho!" cried Don Quixote, "there are times for jesting, and times when jests are very unseasonable. What! because I say that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, you must therefore say so too, when you know the contrary so well?"

While our two adventurers were thus discoursing, they perceived one passing by with a couple of mules; and, by the noise made by a ploughshare in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman who had risen before day and was going to his work: nor were they mistaken. The ploughman came singing the *romance* of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles<sup>359</sup>. "Let me die, Sancho," cried Don Quixote directly he heard the voice, "if we shall have any good luck to-night. Do you not hear what this peasant is singing?"—"Yes I do," answered Sancho; "but what is the defeat of Roncesvalles to our purpose? he might as well have sung the *romance* of Calainos<sup>360</sup>; for it had been all one as to the good or ill success of our business."

By this time the country fellow was come up to them, and Don

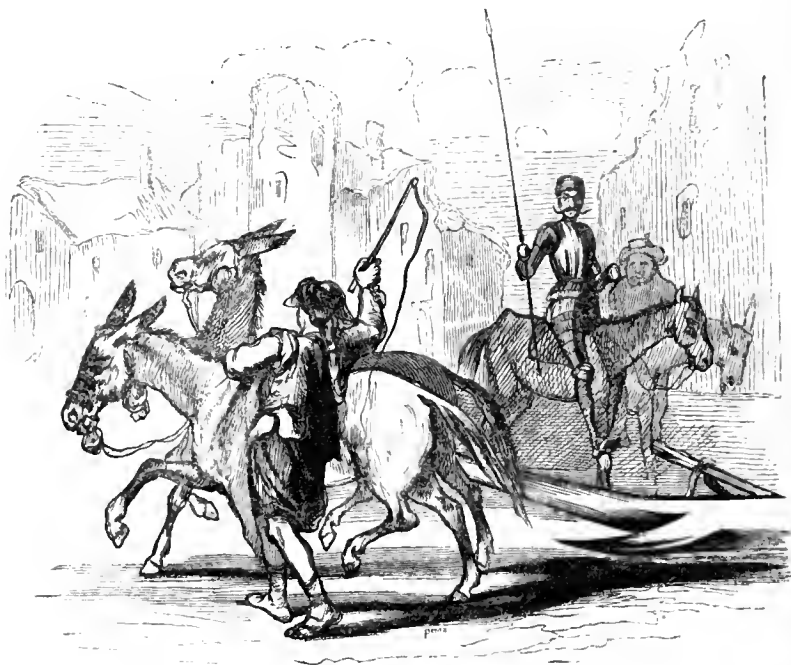
359

Mala la hovistes, Franceses,  
La caza de Roncesvalles, etc.

The first stanza of a very ancient and very popular *romance*, to be found in the *Cancionero* of Antwerp.

<sup>360</sup> Another *romance* of the same epoch and preserved in the same collection.

Quixote said to him: "Good morrow, honest friend; can you inform me whereabouts stands the palace of the peerless princess Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?"—"Sir," answered the passenger, "I am a stranger here; I have been but a few days in this village, and serve a rich farmer in tilling his ground. But in yon house over the way live the parish-priest and the sexton of the place; both or either of them can give your worship an account of this same lady-princess, for they have a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso; though I am of opinion no princess at all lives in this village, but several great ladies, each of whom might certainly be a princess in her own house."—"One of these, then," quoth Don Quixote, "must be she I am enquiring after."—"Not unlikely," answered the ploughman; "but God speed you well, for the dawn begins to appear." And whipping on his mules, he staid for no more questions.





Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him: "Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the street. It will be better to retire out of the city, and for your worship to shelter yourself in some grove hereabouts. I will return by daylight, and leave no nook or corner in all the town unsearched for this palace or alcazar of my lady's. I shall have ill-luck if I do not find it; and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and will tell her where and how your worship is waiting for her orders and directions for you to see her without prejudice to her honour or reputation."—"Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "you have uttered a thousand sentences in the compass of a few words. The counsel you give I relish much, and accept of most heartily. Come along, son, and let us seek where we can take covert; afterwards, as you say, you shall return to seek, see and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours."

Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lie of the answer he carried him to the Sierra Morena, pretending it came from Dulcinea. Therefore he made haste to be gone, which they did instantly, and, about two miles



from the place, they found a little wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter while Sancho returned to the city to speak to

Dulcinea. But in his embassy, there befell him certain things which require attention and fresh credit.



## CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN IS NARRATED THE CUNNING USED BY THE INDUSTRIOUS SANCHE IN ENCHANTING THE LADY DULCINEA, WITH OTHER EVENTS NO LESS RIDICULOUS THAN TRUE.



ENTERING upon the narrative of the events contained in this chapter, the author of this grand history says he had a mind to have passed it over in silence, fearing not to be believed, because herein Don Quixote's madness exceeds all bounds, and rises to the utmost pitch, even two bow-shots beyond the greatest extravagance. However, notwithstanding this fear and diffidence, he has set every thing down exactly as it occurred, without adding to or diminishing a tittle from the truth of the history, and not regarding the objections that might be made against his veracity. He had reason, for truth may be stretched, but cannot be broken, and always gets above falsehood as oil does above water.

Resuming therefore the thread of his narration, the historian says that as soon as Don Quixote had sheltered himself in the

grove, oak-wood, or forest near the great Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the town, commanding him not to return into his presence till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to give him her blessing, that from thence he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer now as he did the time before. "Go then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be not in confusion when you stand before the blaze of that sun of beauty you are about to seek, thou happiest of all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, and be sure do not forget how she receives you; whether she changes colour while you are delivering your embassy, whether you perceive in her any uneasiness or disturbance at hearing my name. Whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance you find her seated on the rich estrado \* of her dignity; if she be standing, mark whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other, whether she repeats the answer she gives you three or four times, whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous, whether she lifts her hands to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered. Lastly, son, observe all her actions and motions; for, by your relating them to me just as they transpired, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret recesses of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that among lovers, when their loves are the subject, the external actions and gestures, are the most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend; better fortune than mine be your guide, and may better success than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send you back safe."

"I will go and return quickly," answered Sancho. "In the mean time, good Sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut. Reflect on the common saying

\* The floor raised at the upper end of the rooms of state in Spain, where the ladies sit upon cushions to receive visits.

that a good heart breaks bad luck, and that where there is no bacon there are no hooks to hang it on. It is also said: where we least think it, there starts the hare. This I say because, though we could not find the alcazar or palace of my lady Dulcinea last night now that it is daylight I reckon to meet with it when I least think of it; and when I have found it, let me alone to deal with her.”—“Verily, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “you have the knack of applying your proverbs so to the subject we are upon, that I pray Heaven send me better luck in obtaining my wishes.”

Upon this Sancho turned his back, and switched his donkey, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginations. There we will leave him, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he; insomuch that he had scarcely got out of the grove, when turning about his head, and finding Don Quixote was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and seating himself at the foot of a tree, he began to talk to himself, and say: “Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost?”—“No, verily.”—“Then what are you going to seek?”—“Why I go to look for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all Heaven together.”—“Well, Sancho, and where think you to find all this?”—“Where? in the grand city of Toboso.”—“Very well; and pray who sent you on this errand?”—“Why, the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, and gives drink to the hungry and meat to the thirsty.”—“All this is very well; and do you know her house, Sancho?”—“My master says it must be some royal palace, or stately alcazar.”—“And have you ever seen her?”—“Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her.”—“And do you think it would be right or advisable that the people of Toboso should know you come with a design to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray? what if they should come and grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin?”—“Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they please to consider that I am commanded, and that

*being but a messenger, my friend, you are not in fault* <sup>361</sup>.”—  
 “Trust not to that, Sancho, for the Manchegans are as choleric as honourable, and so ticklish that nobody can touch them. God’s my life! if they smoke us, woe be to us.”—“But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man’s pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should ask for my lord at court, or the bachelor in Salamanca. The devil the devil and nobody else has put me upon this business.”

This monologue Sancho held with himself, and the result was to return to it again: “Well,” said he to himself, “there is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose dominion we must all pass in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied in his bed, and in truth I come very little behind him; nay, I am madder than he, since I follow and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb: Shew me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art; or: Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed. Hence then, he being a madman, as he really is, and so mad as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white and white for black—as appeared plainly when he said the windmills were long armed giants, the monks’ mules dromedaries, the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune—it will not be very difficult to make him believe that a country wench,—the first I light upon,—is the lady Dulcinea. Should he not believe it, I will swear to it; if he swears, I will out-swear him, and if he persists, I will persist more than he: in this manner my hand shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps by this positiveness I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him. Perhaps he will think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, of those that he says bear him a spite, has changed his lady’s form to do him mischief and harm.”

This project set Sancho’s spirit at rest, and he reckoned his

361

Mensagero sois, amigo,  
 Non mereccis culpa, non.

A distich of an old *romance* by Bernard del Carpio, frequently since repeated in several other *romances*, and very popular at the present day.



business as good as half done. He stretched himself at his ease under a tree and remained there until towards evening, that Don Quixote might think he had spent so much time in going to and returning from Toboso. Every thing fell out so luckily for him, that when he got up to mount his donkey he espied three country wenches, coming from Toboso, mounted on three young asses, whether male or female the author declares not; but it is more probable they were she-asses, that being the ordinary mounting of country-women, though as it is a matter of no consequence, we need not give ourselves any trouble to decide it. In short, as soon as Sancho espied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to seek his master Don Quixote, whom he found heaving a thousand sighs and amorous lamentations. As soon as the knight saw him, he said: "Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark this day with a white or a black stone <sup>362</sup>?"—"Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on

<sup>362</sup> *O diem lætum, notandumque mihi candidissimo calculo!* (Pliny, cap. VI., lib. II.)

professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers-on."—"By this," resumed Don Quixote, "you should bring good news."—"So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has no more to do but to clap spurs to Rocinante, and get out upon the plain to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who with a couple of her damsels is coming to pay your worship a visit."—"Holy Virgin! what is it you say, friend Sancho?" cried Don Quixote.



"Ah! I conjure you not to impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy."—"What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your worship and being detected the next moment? Come, Sir, spur forward, and you will see the princess our mistress arrayed and adorned like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold, all strings of pearls, all diamonds, rubies, cloth of



tissue above ten hands deep. Their tresses are loose about their shoulders like so many sunbeams playing with the wind. And what is more, they come mounted upon three pied belfries, the finest one can lay eyes on.”—“Palfreys, you would say, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “There is no great difference, I think;” answered Sancho, “between belfries and palfreys; but let them be mounted how they will, they are sure the finest creatures one would wish to see, especially my mistress, the princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one’s senses.”—“Let us go, son Sancho,” cried Don Quixote; “and as a reward for this news, as unexpected as good, I promise you the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and if that will not satisfy you, I bequeath you the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common.”—“I stick to the colts,” answered Sancho, “for it is not very certain that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth much.”

By this time they were got out of the wood, and espied the three village girls very near. Don Quixote darted his eyes over all the road towards Toboso, and seeing nobody but the three wenches, he was much troubled, and asked Sancho whether they were come out of the city when he left them. “Out of the city!” cried Sancho; “are your worship’s eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon-day?”—“I see only three country girls,” answered Don Quixote, “on three asses.”—“Now Heaven keep me from the devil!” said Sancho; “is it possible that three belfries, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, I will pluck off this beard of mine if it be so.”—“I tell you, friend Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “that it is as certain they are he or she-asses as that I am Don Quixote, and you Sancho Panza. At least such they seem to me.”—“Sir,” quoth Sancho, “say not a word, but rub those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand.”

So saying, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and, alighting from his donkey, he laid hold of one of their asses by the halter; then, bending both knees to the ground, he

cried: "Queen, princess and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands yonder, turned into stone, in total disorder, pale and breathless to find himself in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is the forlorn and errant knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure.*"

Don Quixote now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho,



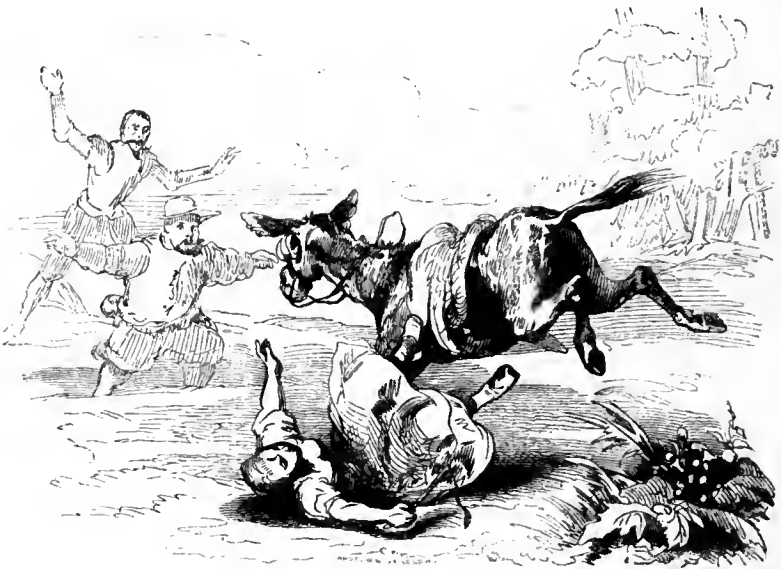
and with staring and disturbed eyes looked wistfully at her whom Sancho called queen and lady. And as he saw nothing in her but a plain country girl, and homely enough, for she was round-visaged and flat-nosed, he was confounded and amazed without daring to open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to see their companion stopped by two men of such different aspects, and both on their knees. But she who was stopped broke silence, and in an angry tone said: "Get out of the road and be hanged, and let us pass by, for we are in haste."—"O princess! O universal lady of Toboso!" answered Sancho, "does not your magnificent heart relent to see kneeling before your sublime presence the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?" One of the other two hearing this, said: "Stand still, while I curry thy hide, my father-in-law's ass <sup>363</sup>. Look how these small gentry come to make a jest of us country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring. Get ye gone your way, and let us go ours, and so speed you well."—"Rise, Sancho," said Don Quixote when he heard this, "for I now perceive that fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, whereby any relief might come to this wretched soul I bear about me in the flesh <sup>364</sup>. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart that adores thee! though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds and cataracts over my eyes, and has to them, and them only, changed and transformed thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench; if he has not converted mine also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture and these bended knees before your disguised beauty tell you the

<sup>363</sup> *Xo, que te estrego, burra de mi suegro*, a very ancient proverbial expression, in village dialect.

<sup>364</sup> In this phrase there are several half verses borrowed from Garcilaso de la Vega, whom Don Quixote prided himself on knowing by heart.

humility wherewith my soul adores you.”—“Marry come up,” answered the wench, “with your idle gibberish! Get you gone once more, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you.”

Sancho moved off and let her go, highly delighted that he was come off so well with his contrivance. The imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her belfry with a goad she had in a stick, she began to scour along the field; but the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, fell to kicking and wincing in such a manner that down came the lady Dulcinea to the ground.



Don Quixote ran to help his enchanted lady up, and Sancho to adjust the pannel that was got under the ass's belly. The pannel being righted, and Don Quixote desirous to raise his mistress in his arms and set her upon her donkey, the lady, getting up from the ground, saved him that trouble: retiring three or four steps, she took a little run, and clapping both hands upon the ass's

crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man. Whereupon Sancho said: "By Saint Roque, madam our mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount; she springs into the saddle at a jump, and without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass, and, in faith, her damsels are as good at it as she; they all fly like the wind." And so it really was; for Dulcinea being re-mounted, they all made after her, and began to gallop towards Toboso without looking behind them for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them as far as he could with his eyes, and when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he said: "Sancho, what think you of all this? How am I persecuted by enchanters! take notice how far their malice and the grudge they bear me extend, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in seeing my mistress in her own proper form! Oh, surely I was born to be an example of the unhappy, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill fortune are aimed and levelled. Observe moreover, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must transform and metamorphose her into the mean and deformed figure of that country wench; at the same time robbing her of that which is peculiar to great ladies, the fragrant scent occasioned by being always among flowers and perfumes; for I must tell you, Sancho, that when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey—as you call it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but a she ass—she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlick as almost knocked me down and poisoned my very soul."—"O scoundrels!" cried Sancho in a loud voice; "O barbarous and evil-minded enchanters! Oh! that I might see you all strung and hung up by the gills like sardines to smoke! Much ye know, much ye can, and much evil ye do. It might, one<sub>x</sub> would think, have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly, all her features from beautiful to deformed, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have

guessed at what was hidden beneath that coarse disguise; though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least deformed, but rather all beauty, and that increased too, by a mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it like threads of gold, above a span long.—“Besides that mole,” said Don Quixote, “according to the correspondence there is between the moles of the face and those of the body <sup>365</sup>, Dulcinea should have another on the brawn of her thigh, on the same side with that on her face. But hairs of the length you mention are somewhat of the longest for moles.”—“Yet I can assure your worship,” answered Sancho, “that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her.”—“I believe it, friend,” replied Don Quixote, “for Nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect; therefore had she an hundred moles like those you speak of, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars <sup>366</sup>. But tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which you adjusted, was it a side-saddle or a pillion?”—“It was a side-saddle <sup>367</sup>,” answered Sancho, “with a field-covering worth half a kingdom for the exceeding richness of it.”—“And why could not I see all this, Sancho? cried Don Quixote. “Oh! I say it again, and I will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men!”

The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. Finally, after many other discourses passed between them, they mounted their beasts again and followed the road to Saragossa, which they intended to reach in time to be present at a solemn festival wont to be held every year in that noble city <sup>368</sup>. But before their arrival

<sup>365</sup> “Physiognomists,” says Covarrubias (*Tesoro de la lengua castellana*, under the word *lunar*), “draw conclusions from these signs, and principally from those of the face, giving their proportion to the other parts of the body. All this is childishness . . . . .”

<sup>366</sup> In the original, the quibble is on the word *lunares* (signs, moles), and *lunas* (moons).

<sup>367</sup> *Silla à la gineta*. The Arabian saddle, with two high mountings or saddle-bows, one before and the other behind.

<sup>368</sup> It appears that Cervantes intended in fact to conduct his hero to the jousts at Saragossa; but when he saw that the plagiarist Avellaneda had made him assist at those tournaments, he altered his mind, as will be seen in chap. LIX.

there befell them things, so numerous, so surprising and so novel, that they deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.



## CHAPTER XI.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE WITH THE WAIN OR CART OF THE PARLIAMENT OF DEATH.



DON QUIXOTE went on his way exceedingly pensive to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench; nor could he devise what course to take to restore her to her former state. These meditations so distracted him that,

without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rocinante's neck, who, finding the liberty thus given to him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass, with which those fields abounded.

Sancho recalled his master to himself: "Sir," said he, "sorrow was not made for beasts, but men, nevertheless, if men give too much way to it, they become beasts. Come, cheer up, Sir; recollect





yourself, and gather up Rocinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What the devil is the matter? What dejection is this? Are we here or in France? Satan take all the Dulcineas in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations of the earth."—"Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, with no very faint voice; "peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone. Yes, they proceed entirely from the envy the wicked bear to me."—"I say so too," answered Sancho; "who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow."—"Well may you say so, Sancho, you who saw her in the full lustre of her beauty, since, the enchantment extended not to disturb your sight, nor to conceal her perfections from you; against me alone, and against my eyes, was the force of its venom directed. Nevertheless, I have just hit upon one thing, Sancho: you certainly could not give me a true description of her beauty; for, if I remember right, you said her eyes were of pearl, and eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a fish than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds, arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eyebrows. Take therefore those pearls from her eyes and apply them to her teeth, for doubtless, Sancho, you mistook eyes for teeth."—"It may be so," answered Sancho; "for her beauty confounded me as much as her deformity did your worship. But let us recommend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall in this vale of tears, this evil world we have here, in which there is scarcely any thing to be found without some mixture of iniquity, imposture or knavery. One thing, dear Sir, troubles me more than all the rest: it is the question, what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea? Where the devil shall this poor giant or miserable vanquished knight be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about like fools for my lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the

street, they would no more know her than they would my father.”—  
 “Perhaps, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “the enchantment may extend so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants who shall present themselves before her. I will make the experiment with one or two of the first I shall overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business.”—  
 “I assure you, Sir,” replied Sancho, “that I mightily approve of what your worship has said. By means of this trial, we shall come to the knowledge of what we desire. If she is concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers. But so that the lady Dulcinea have health and contentment, we, for our parts, will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures and leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best physieian for these and greater maladies.”

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a cart, which suddenly came in sight from behind a corner of the road before him, laden with the strangest and most varied figures and personages imaginable. He who guided the mules and ~~served~~ for carter was a frightful demon. The cart was open to the sky, without either canvass or wicker awning. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote’s eyes was that of Death himself, with a human visage. Close by him sat an angel, with large painted wings. ✕ On one side stood an emperor with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head. At Death’s feet sat the god called Cupid, not blind-folded, but with his bow, quiver and arrows. There was also a knight completely armed; only he had no morion, nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of divers colours. With these came other persons differing both in habits and countenances, all which, appearing of a sudden, did in some sort startle Don Quixote, and frighten Sancho to the heart. But Don Quixote presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure. With this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger whatever, he planted himself just before the cart, and cried in a loud and menacing voice: “Carter, coachman or devil, or whatever you are, delay not



to tell me who you are, whither you are going, and who are the persons you are carrying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry than any cart now in fashion." The devil, stopping the cart, calmly replied: "Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angulo the Bad's<sup>369</sup> company. This morning, which is the

<sup>369</sup> *Angulo el malo*. This Angulo, born in Toledo, about 1550, was famous among those directors of strolling troops who composed the farces performed by their companies, and who were called *autores*. Cervantes likewise makes mention of him in the *Dialogue of the Dogs*: "Travelling from door to door," says Berganza, "we came to the residence of a play writer, who was called, if I remember right, Angulo el malo, to distinguish him from the other Angulo, not an *autor*, but a player, the most talented that ever performed on our boards."

octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yon hill, the divine piece called the *Cortès of Death* <sup>370</sup>, and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us. The latter being very near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we are to act our parts in. This lad here acts Death, that other an angel, yonder woman, our author's <sup>371</sup> wife, a queen, that other a soldier, he an emperor, and I a devil; and I am one of the principal personages of the sacramental performance, for in this company I play all the chief parts. If your worship would know any more of us, you have only to ask me; I will answer you most punctually, for, being a devil, I know every thing."

"Upon the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "when I first espied this cart, I imagined some grand adventure offered itself; and I say now that if one would be undeceived, it is absolutely necessary to lay one's hand upon appearances. God be with you, good people; go and act your play, and if there be any thing in which I may be of service to you, command me, for I will do it readily and with a good will, having been from my youth a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations <sup>372</sup>."

While they were thus conversing, fortune so ordered it that there came up one of the company habited as a court jester, his clothes being hung round with abundance of little bells, carrying at the end of a stick three blown ox-bladders. This masque approaching Don Quixote, began to fence with his stick, and to beat the bladders against the ground, jumping, and tinkling all his bells; which fantastic apparition so startled Rocinante that,

<sup>370</sup> It was doubtless one of these religious pieces, called *autos sacramentales*, that were principally performed during Corpus Christi week. Temporary wooden stages were erected, on the occasion of that festival, in the streets, and the players, drawn in chariots with their dresses, went to perform from one stage to another. Hence this was called, in the green-room jargon of the day, *to go the chariots* (*hacer los carros*).

<sup>371</sup> *Autor*. This word is not derived from the Latin *auctor*, but from the Spanish *auto*, act, representation.

<sup>372</sup> The original has, the *Caratula* and the *Farandula*, two troops of players of Cervantes' time.



taking the bit between his teeth, Don Quixote not being able to hold him in, he began running about the field at a greater pace



than the bones of his anatomy seemed to promise. Sancho,

considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from his donkey and ran to help him. By the time he was come up to Don Quixote, the latter was already on the ground, and close by him Rocinante, who had fallen with his master: the usual end and upshot of Rocinante's frolics and adventurings. Scarcely had Sancho quitted his beast to assist Don Quixote, when the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple and thumping him with the bladders, fear and noise, more than the smart, made him fly



through the field toward the village where they were going to act. Sancho beheld his donkey's career and his master's fall, and did not know which of the two necessities he should apply to first. However, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his ass; though every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, he felt the pangs and tortures of death, and could have wished those blows had fallen on the apple of his own eye rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation, he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished; helping him to get upon Rocinante: "Sir," said he, "the devil has run away with the ass."—"What devil?" demanded Don Quixote. "He



with the bladders," answered Sancho. "I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, "though he should hide him in one of the deepest and darkest dungeons of hell. Follow me, Sancho, the cart moves but slowly, and the mules shall give satisfaction for the loss of your donkey."—"There is no need," answered Sancho, "to make such haste; moderate your anger, Sir. It seems to me that the devil has already abandoned my beast and is gone his way." Sancho was right, for the devil having fallen with the ass, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rocinante, trudged on foot toward the town, and the ass turned back to his master. "Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, "it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself."—"Good your worship," cried Sancho, "never think of it, but take my advice, which is never to meddle with players, for they are a people mightily beloved. I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get

off scot-free. Your worship must know that, seeing they are merry folks and give pleasure, all people favour them; every body protects, assists and esteems them, especially if they are royal and titled troops of comedians <sup>373</sup>, all or most of whom, in their manner and garb, look like any princes."—"For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical devil shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag of his prowess, though all human kind favoured him." So saying, he rode after the cart, which was by this time got very near the town, and calling aloud, he said: "Hold, stop a little merry Sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant."

Don Quixote's cries were so loud that the players heard them, and judged of his design by his words. In an instant, out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil and the angel, nor did the queen or the god Cupid stay behind; all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle array, waiting to receive Don Quixote at the points of their pebbles. The knight, seeing them posted in such order, with arms uplifted ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rocinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider how he might attack them with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and seeing him in a posture of attacking that well formed brigade: "It is mere madness, Sir," cried he, "to attempt such an enterprise. Pray consider there is no fencing against a flail, nor defensive armour against stones and brick-bats, unless it be thrusting one's self into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage for one man alone to encounter an army where emperors fight in person, and assisted by good and bad angels. If this consideration does not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured that among all those who stand there, though they appear to be princes, kings and emperors, there is not one knight-errant."—"Now indeed," cried Don Quixote, "you have hit a

<sup>373</sup> Phillip III. had ordained, in consequence of the excesses committed by these troops of strollers, that they should be compelled to provide themselves with a licence granted by the court of Castile. This licence they denominated their *title* (*titulo*), as if it had been a charter of nobility.



point, Sancho, which only can and ought to make me change my resolution. I neither can nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told you, against any persons who are not dubbed knights. To you it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to your donkey; and I will hence encourage and assist you with my voice, and with salutary instructions.”—“There is no need, Sir, to be revenged on any body, for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries. Besides, I will settle it with my ass to submit the injury done him to my will, which is to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall give me of life.”—“Since this is your resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, Christian Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “let us leave these phantoms, and seek better and more substantial adventures: for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones.”

Thereupon he wheeled Rocinante about, Sancho remounted his ass, and Death and all his flying squadron returned to their cart and pursued their way. Such was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of the cart of Death; thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day following there chanced an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured knight-errant.



## CHAPTER XII.

OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH BEFELL THE VALOUROUS  
DON QUIXOTE WITH THE BRAVE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS.



EFT by the players to themselves, Don Quixote and his squire passed the night following the rencounter with Death under some lofty and shady trees. Don Quixote, at Sancho's persuasion refreshed himself with some of the provisions carried

by the donkey. During supper, Sancho said to his master : " Sir, what a fool should I have been had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should

achieve, in preference to the three ass-colts! Verily, verily, a



sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing.”—  
 “However, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “had you suffered me to attack as I had a mind to do, your share of the booty would at least have been the emperor’s crown of gold, and Cupid’s painted wings, for I would have plucked them off against the grain and put them into your possession.”—“The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors,” answered Sancho, “never were of pure gold, but of tinsel or copper.”—“It is true,” replied Don Quixote; “nor would it be fit that the decorations of a play should be real; it is right they should be counterfeit, and mere shew, as comedy itself is. Speaking of comedy, I would have you value and take it into favour, also the actors and authors: for they are all instruments of much benefit and good to the commonwealth, setting at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see very lively representations of the actions of human life. There are no comparisons which more truly present to us what we are and what

we should be, than comedy and comedians. Tell me, have you not seen a play acted in which kings, emperors, popes, lords and ladies, are introduced, besides divers other personages: one acts the pimp, another the cheat, this the merchant, that the soldier, one a designing fool, another a foolish lover; and when the play is done, and the actors undressed, they are all again upon a level?"—"Yes, I have seen all this," answered Sancho. "Then the very same thing," added Don Quixote, "happens on the stage of this world, whereon some play the part of emperors, others of popes, in short, all the parts that can be introduced in a comedy. But in the conclusion, that is at the end of our life, death strips us of the robes, which make the difference, and we remain upon a level and equal in the grave."—"A brave comparison!" exclaimed Sancho, "but not so new (for I have heard of it many and different times) as that of the game of chess, while the game lasts, every piece has its particular office; but when the game is ended, they are all huddled together, mixed and put into a bag, which is just like being buried after we are dead."—"Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you are every day growing less simple and more discreet."—"And good reason why," answered Sancho; "for some of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me, even as lands, that are naturally barren and dry, by manuring and cultivating come to bear good fruit. My meaning is that your worship's conversation is the manure laid upon the barren soil of my dry understanding, and the cultivation the time I have been in your service and in your company. By that, I hope to produce fruits like blessings, and such as will not disparage or deviate from the seeds of good-breeding which your worship has sown in my shallow understanding."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's affected speeches, that appearing to him to be true, which his squire had said of his improvement; for every now and then Sancho surprised him by his manner of talking; though almost every time he attempted to speak in imitation of the courtier, he terminated his discourse by falling headlong from the height of his simplicity into the depth of his ignorance. He displayed most elegance and memory when he made use of proverbs, whether applicable or not to what he was

discoursing about, as will be seen and observed in the progress of this history.

In these and other discourses they spent great part of the night. At last Sancho had a mind to let down the curtains of his eyes, as he used to say when he was inclined to sleep; so unrigging his donkey, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But he did not take off the saddle from Rocinante's back, it being the express command of his master that he should continue saddled all the time they kept the field or did not sleep under a roof: for it was an ancient established custom religiously observed among knights-errant to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle; but by no means to take off the saddle. Sancho observed this rule, and gave Rocinante the same liberty he had given his donkey, the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal that there is a tradition handed down from father to son that the author of this authentic history compiled particular chapters upon that subject; but to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic an history, he suppressed them. Sometimes, however, waving this precaution, he writes that as soon as the two beasts came together they would fall to scratching one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rocinante would stretch his neck at least half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that manner, or at least so long as they were let alone or till hunger compelled them to seek some food. The author, it is said, compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes. Hence it appears that the author wished to display to the admiration of all people how firm the friendship of these two peaceable animals really was, to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of friendship towards one another. Hence it has been said: "A friend cannot find a friend, reeds become darts<sup>374</sup>;" and the proverb; "From a friend to a friend with

374

No hay amigo para amigo  
Las canas se vuelven lanzas.

This distich is from the *romance* of the Abencerrages and the Zegrís, in the novel of Ginés Perez de Hita, entitled the *History of the civil wars of Grenada*.

a flea in your ear<sup>375</sup>." Let no one think, moreover, that the author was at all out of the way when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of men, for men have received divers wholesome instructions and many lessons of importance from beasts: for instance, the clyster from storks, the vomit and gratitude from dogs, vigilance from cranes, industry from ants, modesty from elephants, and fidelity from horses<sup>376</sup>.

At length Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. He was soon awakened by a noise behind him; and starting up, he began to look about, and to listen whence the noise proceeded. Presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other: "Alight, friend, and unbridle the horses; this place seems as if it would afford them pasture enough, and me that silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require." To say this and to lay himself along on the ground was the work of an instant; and, throwing himself down, his armour made a rattling noise. From this manifest token Don Quixote concluded he must be a knight-errant. Going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with difficulty waked him, he said in a low voice: "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure."—"God send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "pray, Sir, where may her ladyship madam adventure be?"—"Where Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying

<sup>375</sup> In the original: "From a friend to a friend, the bug in the eye." This proverb would not have been understood, and we have followed M. Viardot's example in substituting an English expression which conveys the same sense with more perspicuity.

<sup>376</sup> In the whole of this passage, Cervantes only copies Pliny the naturalist, who says expressly that men learned vigilance from cranes (l. X., c. 23), from ants prudence (l. XI., c. 30), from elephants modesty (l. VIII., c. 5), fidelity from the horse (l. VIII., c. 40), from the dog the vomit (l. XXIX., c. 4), and gratitude (l. VIII., c. 40). Only the invention which Cervantes gives to the stork, Pliny attributes to the ibis of Egypt. He says likewise that blood-letting and many other remedies have been taught by animals. On the strength of the Roman naturalists' assertions, this ridiculous nonsense was long solemnly repeated in the schools.

along, who in my opinion, does not seem to be over-pleased, for I



saw him throw himself off his horse and stretch himself on the ground with some signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell.”—“ But by what do you gather,” quoth Sancho, “ that this is an adventure ? ”—“ I will not say,” answered Don Quixote, “ that this is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus. But hearken; methinks he is tuning a lute of some sort or other, and, by his spitting and clearing his throat, he should be preparing himself to sing.”—“ In good faith, so it is,” answered Sancho, “ and he must be some knight or other in love.”—“ There are no knights-errant not in love,” said Don Quixote; “ but let us listen to him, and by the thread we shall guess at the bottom of his thoughts, if he sings, for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh <sup>377</sup>.” Sancho would

<sup>377</sup> Saint Matthew, c. XII., v. 34.

have replied to his master, but the Knight of the Grove's voice, which was neither very bad nor very good, hindered him. They both listened attentively and overheard the following

## SONNET.

Bright auth'ress of my good or ill,  
Prescribe the law I must observe ;  
My heart, obedient to your will,  
Shall never from its duty swerve.

If you refuse my griefs to know,  
The stifled anguish seals my fate ;  
But if your ears would drink my woe,  
Love shall himself the tale relate.

Tho' contraries my heart compose,  
Hard as the diamond's solid frame,  
And soft as yielding wax that flows,  
To you, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it for ev'ry stamp prepar'd ;  
Imprint what characters you choose ;  
The faithful tablet, soft or hard,  
The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

With a deep *Ah!* which seemed to proceed from the very pit of his stomach, the Knight of the Grove ended his song; after some pause, in a mournful and plaintive voice, he said: "O most beautiful and most ungrateful woman of the world! Is it then possible, serenissimi Casildea de Vandalia, that you should suffer this your captive knight to consume and pine away in continual pilgrimages, and in rough and laborious toils? It is not enough that I have caused you to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of Navarre, all those of Leon, all the Andalusians, all the Castilians, ay, and all the knights of La Mancha too?"—"Not so," cried Don Quixote at this pass, "for I am of La Mancha, and never have acknowledged any such thing; neither could I nor ought I to confess a thing so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Now you see, Sancho, how this knight raves:



but let us listen ; perhaps he will make some farther declaration.”—  
 “Ay, marry will he,” replied Sancho, “for he seems to be in a strain of complaining for a month to come.”

But it was not so ; the Knight of the Grove over-hearing somebody talk near him, proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but, assuming a standing posture, said in an audible and courteous voice : “Who goes there ? what are ye ? Are ye, by chance, of the number of the happy or the afflicted ?” — “Of the afflicted,” answered Don Quixote. “Come hither to me then,” answered the Knight of the Grove, “and make account that you come to sorrow and affliction itself.” Don Quixote, on receiving so soft and civil an answer, went up to him, and Sancho did the same. The wailing knight laid hold of Don Quixote by the arm, saying : “Sit down here, Sir knight, for, to know that you are such, and one of those who profess knight-errantry, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where your companions are solitude and the night-dew, the natural beds and proper stations of knights-errant.” Don Quixote answered : “A knight I am of the profession you say, and though sorrows, disgraces and misfortunes have got possession of my mind, yet they have not chased away the compassion I feel for other men’s misfortunes. From what you sung just now, I gathered that yours are of the amorous kind, I mean occasioned by the love you bear to that ungrateful fair you named in your complaint.”

While the two knights were thus discoursing, they sat down together upon the hard ground, very peaceably and sociably, as if, at daybreak, they were not to break one another’s heads. “Peradventure you are in love, Sir knight,” said he of the Grove to Don Quixote. “By misadventure I am,” answered Don Quixote, “though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters.”—“That is true,” replied the Knight of the Grove, “provided that disdains do not disturb our reason and understanding ; but when they are many, they seem to have the nature of revenge.”—“I never was disdained by my mistress,” answered Don Quixote. “No, verily,” added Sancho, who stood close by, “for my lady is as gentle as a lamb and as

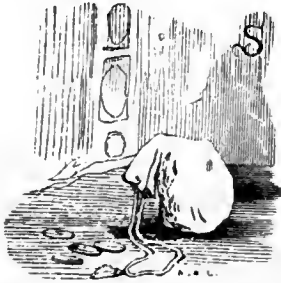
soft as a pat of butter.”—“Is this your squire?” demanded the Knight of the Grove.”—“He is,” replied Don Quixote. “I never in my life saw a squire,” replied the Knight of the Grove, “who durst presume to talk where his lord was talking. At least, yonder stands mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking.”—“In faith,” quoth Sancho, “I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as..... and perhaps,.....but let that rest; stirring will only make it worse.”

The Knight of the Grove’s squire took Sancho by the arm, and said: “Gossip, let us two go where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind, leaving these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other. I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning.”—“With all my heart,” answered Sancho, “and I will tell you who I am, that you may see whether I am fit to make one among the talkative squires.” Hereupon the two squires withdrew, and between them there passed a dialogue as pleasant as that of their masters was grave and serious.



## CHAPTER XIII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE, WITH THE WISE, NEW AND PLEASANT DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

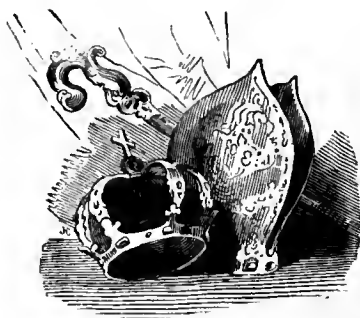


SEPARATING from their masters, as mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, the squires retired a little apart to relate the story of their lives, leaving their masters to relate that of their loves. But the history begins with the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters. It says

that when the squires had attained a short distance, he of the Grove said to Sancho : "It is a toilsome life we lead, Sir, we who are squires to knights-errant. In good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows<sup>378</sup>, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents." "It may also be said," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies, for who endures more heat and cold than the miserable squires to knight-errantry? Nay, farther, it would not be quite so bad did but we eat at all, for, according to the proverb, good fare lessens care. But it now and then happens that we pass a whole day or two

<sup>378</sup> "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." (Gen. c. III. 19.)

without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air."—"All this may be endured," rejoined the squire of the Grove, "with the hopes we entertain of reward; for if the knight-errant whom the squire serves be not over and above unlucky, he must in a short time find himself recompensed, at least, with a handsome government of some island or some pretty carldom."—"I," replied Sancho, "have already told my master that I should be satisfied with the government of an island, and he is so noble and so generous that he has promised it a thousand times."—"I," said the squire of the Grove, "should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one."—"Ho, ho!" cried Sancho, "then your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way<sup>379</sup>, and so has it in his power to bestow these sorts of rewards on his faithful squires? Mine is a mere layman, though I remember some discreet persons (but in my opinion with no very good design) advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop. He wisely rejected their counsel



and would be nothing but an emperor, and I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments. To say the truth, Sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters."—"Truly, you are under a great mistake," responded the

<sup>379</sup> In the twelfth century, there was in Spain a crowd of prelates at the head of the army, for instance, the celebrated Rodrigo Ximenez de Rada, archbishop, general and historian. In the war of the *Comuneros*, in 1520, there was a whole battalion formed of priests, commanded by the bishop of Zamora.

squire of the Grove, “for all insular governments are not so inviting. Some are crabbed, some poor, some unpleasant; in short the best and most desirable of them carries with it, a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which the unhappy wight to whose lot it falls must unavoidably undergo. It would be far better for us, who profess this cursed service, to retire home to our houses and pass our time there in more easy employments, such as hunting or fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds and his fishing-rod to divert



himself withal in his own village?”—“I want nothing of all this,” rejoined Sancho. “It is true indeed I have no horse, but then I have an ass that is worth twice as much as my master’s steed. God send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would

swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot. Perhaps, Sir, you will take for a joke the price I set upon my Dapple, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I cannot want greyhounds, our town being overstocked with them; besides, sporting is the more pleasant when it is at other people's charge."—"Really and truly, Signor squire," answered he of the Grove, "I have resolved and determined with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, to get me home again to our village, and bring up my children, for I have three, like three oriental pearls."—"And



I have two," added Sancho, "fit to be presented to the pope himself in person, especially a girl that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother."—"And pray what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a countess?" demanded the squire of the Grove. "Fifteen years, or thereabouts," answered Sancho. "But she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter."—"These are qualifications," said the squire of the Grove, "not only for a countess, but for a nymph of the Green Grove. Ah, the wanton young slut! how buxom must the jade be!"—"She is no wanton," interrupted Sancho, somewhat angrily, "nor was her mother one before her, nor shall either of them be so, Heaven willing, whilst I live. And pray speak more civilly, for such language is unbecoming a person educated as you have been among knights-errant, who are courtesy

itself.”—“How little, Signor squire, do you understand what belongs to praising!” cried he of the Grove. “Do you not know that when a knight at a bull-feast gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when any one does a thing well, the common people usually cry: ‘Oh, the son of a w—! how cleverly he did it <sup>380</sup>.’ And what seems to carry reproach with it is indeed a notable commendation! I would have you renounce those sons or daughters whose actions do not render their parents deserving of praise in that fashion.”—“I do renounce them,” answered Sancho, “in this sense, and, by this same rule, if you mean no otherwise, you may call my wife and children all the wantons and jades you please, for all they do or say are perfections worthy of such praises. In order that I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from mortal sin, that is from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have run a second time, enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred ducats which I found one day in the midst of the Sierra Morena; and the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here and there and every where, a bag full of gold pistoles, so that methinks at every step I am laying my hand upon it, embracing it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince. While this runs in my head, all the toils I undergo with this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the knight, become supportable and easy to me.”—“For this reason,” answered the squire of the Grove, “it is said that covetousness bursts the bag; and now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater in the world than my master, who is one of those meant by the saying: ‘Other folks’ burdens break the ass’s back;’ in effect, that another knight may recover his wits, he loses his own, and is searching after that, which when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth.”—“By the way, is he in love?” demanded Sancho. “Yes,” answered the squire of the Grove, “with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world; but that is not the foot he halts on at present; he has

<sup>380</sup> In the original there is an expression too coarse to be written, since the days of Rabelais, and which was then so common in Spain that it was become merely a simple exclamation.

some other crotchets of more consequence in his pate, and we shall hear more of them anon <sup>381</sup>.”—“There is no road so even,” replied Sancho, “but it has some stumbling places or ruts in it; in other folks’ houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles full; and madness will have more followers than discretion. But if the common saying be true, that it is some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own.”—“Crack-brained but valiant,” rejoined the squire of the Grove, “and more knavish than crack-brained or valiant.”—“Mine is not so,” cried Sancho. “I can assure you he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as dull as a pitcher, and knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all, and bears no malice. A child may persuade him it is night at noon-day. For this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagances.”—“For all that, brother and Signor,” responded the squire of the Grove, “if the blind lead the blind,



<sup>381</sup> This phrase contains a *jeu de mots* on the adjective *cruda*, which means crude



both are in danger of falling into the pit <sup>382</sup>. We had better turn us fairly about and go back to our homes; for they who seek adventures do not always meet with good ones."

Here Sancho beginning to spit every now and then very huskily, the squire of the Grove, who saw and observed it, said: "Methinks we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths. But I have brought hanging at my saddle-bow that which will loosen them." With that he arose, and returned almost immediately, with a large skin of wine and a pasty half a yard long. This is no exaggeration, for it was of a tame rabbit so large, that Sancho, at lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a large kid. So he cried: "And do you carry all this about with you?"—"Why what did you think?" answered the other; "did you take me for a bread and water squire? Oh! I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse than a general has with him upon a march."

Sancho fell to without staying to be entreated, swallowing mouthfuls in the dark: "Your worship," said he, "is indeed a trusty and loyal squire, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates, which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least it looks like it. Not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, with nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, so hard that you might knock out a giant's brains with it, and, to bear it company, four dozen of carobes \* and as many hazel-nuts and walnuts, thanks to my master's stinginess, and to the opinion he has, and the order he observes, that knights-errant ought to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild herbs."

"By my faith, brother," replied the squire of Grove, "I have no stomach for wild pears, nor sweet thistles, nor mountain roots. Let our masters have them, with their opinions and laws of chivalry,

and cruel, and a not very clear allusion, at least in English, to the disguise and the feigned history of his knight.

<sup>382</sup> Saint Matthew, c. XV. v. 14.

\* A pod so called in La Mancha, with a flat pulse in it, which green or ripe is harsh, but sweet and pleasant after it is dried.

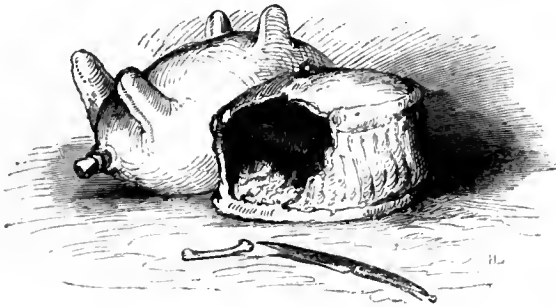
and let them eat what they commend. I carry cold meats, and this skin hanging at my saddle-pommel, happen what will. Such is my reverence for it, and so much the love I bear it, that few minutes pass but I give it a thousand kisses and a thousand hugs."

So saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, gazed at the stars for a quarter of an hour. When he had done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, cried: "O wicked rogue! how catholic it is!"—"You see now," quoth the squire of the Grove, hearing Sancho's exclamation, "how you have commended this wine in calling it wicked."—"I confess my error," answered Sancho, "and see plainly that it is no discredit to any body to be abused, when it comes under the notion of praising. But tell me, Sir, by the life of him you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real <sup>383</sup>?"—"You have a distinguishing palate," cried the squire of the Grove; "it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head."—"Trust me for that," rejoined Sancho; "depend upon it, I always hit right, and guess the kind. But is it not strange, Signor squire, that I should have so great and natural an instinct in the business of knowing wines, that let me but smell to any, I hit upon the country, the kind, the flavour, how long it will keep, how many changes it will undergo, with all other circumstances appertaining to the wine? But no wonder; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters that La Mancha has known for many ages; in proof whereof, there happened to them what I am going to relate to you. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron, the second said it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood positively to

<sup>383</sup> In the novel of the *Licentiate Vidriera*, Cervantes likewise quotes, among the most famous wines, that of the more imperial than royal city [*Real Ciudad*], the saloon of the god of mirth.

what they had said. Time went on, the wine was sold off, and at rinsing the hogshead, there was found in it a small key hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, Sir, whether one of such a race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters <sup>384</sup>.”—“Therefore I say,” added the squire of the Grove, “let us give over seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheesecakes. Take my advice, and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be his will.”—“No, I will serve my master till he arrives at Saragossa,” returned Sancho, “and then we shall all understand one another.”

In fine, the two good squires talked and drank so much that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues and allay their thirst; for to quench it was impossible. Thus both of them, keeping fast hold of the almost empty skin, with their meat half chewed, fell fast asleep, where we will leave them at present, to relate what passed between the Knight of the Grove and him of the Sorrowful Figure.

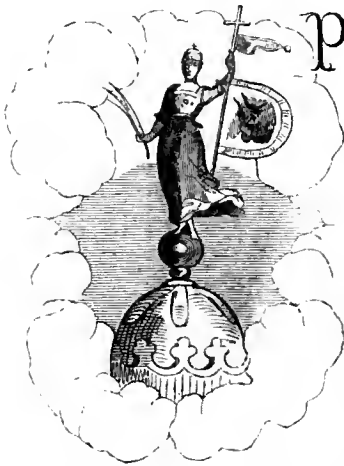


<sup>384</sup> This history pleased Cervantes, for he had already related it in his interlude, *la Eleccion de los Alcaldes de Daganzo*, in which the regidor Algarroba makes of it the title of the candidate Juan Berrocal to the choice of the municipal electors.

En mi casa probó, los dios pasados,  
Una tinaja, etc.

## CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GROVE.



PLENTEY of words were exchanged between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Grove ; among other discourses, the history informs us that the latter said to the former : “ In short, Sir knight, I would have you to know that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia <sup>385</sup> ; peerless I call her, not so much on account of her stature as the excellency of her state and beauty. This same Casildea I am speaking of, repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires by employing me as Hercules was by his step-mother, in many and various perils, promising me, at the end of each of them, that the next should crown my hopes. But she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, insomuch that

<sup>385</sup> Vandalia is Andalusia. The ancient Bætica took this name when the Vandals established themselves there in the fifth century ; and of *Vandalia* or *Vandalicia*, the Arabs, who have no *v* in their alphabet, made Andalusia.

they are become without number, nor can I guess which will be the last, and that which is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. One time she commanded me to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda, who is



stout and strong, being made of brass, and, without stirring from her place, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world <sup>386</sup>. I came, I saw, I conquered; I made her stand still and fixed her to a point (for it chanced that for more than a whole week no wind blew but the north). Another time she sent me to weigh

<sup>386</sup> The *Giralda* is a large bronze statue, meant, according to some, for Truth, according to others, for Victory, which serves for a weathercock on the top of the high Arabian tower of the cathedral of Seville. Its name comes from *girar*, to turn. This statue is fourteen feet high, and weighs thirty-six hundredweight. In its left hand it holds a triumphal palm branch, and in its right a flag, which indicates the direction of the wind. It was raised in 1568 to the summit of the tower, which had formerly been an Arabian observatory, and was converted into a steeple for the cathedral at the time of the conquest of Ferdinand, in 1248.

the ancient stones of the formidable bulls of Guisando <sup>387</sup>, an enterprise fitter for a porter than for a knight. At another time she commanded me to plunge headlong into the cavern of Cabra — an unheard-of and dreadful attempt! — and to bring her a particular relation of what is contained in that obscure and profound abyss <sup>388</sup>. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light the hidden secrets of that abyss; and yet my hopes are dead, O how dead! and her commands and disdain alive, O how alive! In short, she has at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, oblige all the knights I shall find wandering about that kingdom to confess that she alone excels in beauty all beauties this day living, and that I am the most valiant and the most completely enamoured knight in the world. In obedience to this command, I have already traversed half Spain, and have vanquished divers knights who have dared to contradict me; but what I am most proud of, is having vanquished in single combat the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea del Toboso. I make account that in this conquest alone I have vanquished all the knights in the world, for that Don Quixote I speak of has conquered them all, and I, having overcome

<sup>387</sup> *Los Toros de Guisando*, is the name given to four blocks of grey stone, nearly shapeless, which lie in the middle of a vineyard belonging to the convent of the Hieronymites of Guisando, in the province of Avila. These blocks, which lie side by side, and turned towards the west, are about four feet and a half in length, about three feet in height, and a foot and a half in thickness. The bulls of Guisando are famous in the history of Spain, because in that place was concluded the treaty in which Henry IV., after his deposition by the *cortès* of Avila, acknowledged his sister, Isabella the Catholic, the heiress to the throne, to the exclusion of his daughter Jane, called the *Beltraneja*.

In many other parts of Spain, as Segovia, Toro, Ledesma, Banos, Torralva, other large blocks of stone, bearing a rude resemblance to bulls or wild boars, are to be met with. These ancient monuments are by some supposed to be the work of the Carthaginians; but all the efforts of learned antiquarians to throw light on their origin have hitherto been unsuccessful.

<sup>388</sup> On one of the summits of the *Sierra de Cabrera*, in the province of Cordova, is situated a large opening, possibly the crater of an extinct volcano, which the inhabitants call the *Mouth of Hell*. In the year 1683, some one effected a descent into this cavern by means of pulleys, to fetch out the corpse of a man who had been assassinated. From this man's account, it has been conjectured that the cavern of Cabra is nearly five hundred and thirty-seven feet (143 *varas*) in depth.

him, his glory, his fame, his honour are transferred to my person, as the poet sings: 'The victor's renown rises in proportion to that of the vanquished <sup>389</sup>.' Thus, the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already placed to my account."

Don Quixote was thunderstruck to hear the Knight of the Grove, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lie. The words *you lie* were at the tip of his tongue; but he restrained himself the best he could, in order to make him confess the lie with his own mouth. Therefore he said very calmly: "Sir knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute; but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I somewhat doubt. It might indeed have been somebody resembling him, though there are very few such."—"Why not?" replied he of the Grove; "by the canopy of Heaven, I swear that I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit. He is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mustachios. He wages war under the name of the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, and his squire is a country fellow called Sancho Panza. He oppresses the back, and governs the reins of a famous steed called Rocinante, and finally he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonza Lorenzo, like mine, who because her name was Casildea, and being of Andalusia, I now distinguish by the name of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it."—"Be not in a passion, Sir knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You are to know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the dearest friend I

<sup>389</sup> The two verses quoted by Cervantes, are taken, with a slight alteration, from the *Araucana* of Alonso de Ercilla:

Pues no es el vencedor mas estimado  
Des aqueilo en que el vencido es reputado.

The archpriest of Hita had said, in the fourteenth century:

El vencedor ha honra del precio del vencido,  
Su loor es alanto quanto es el debatido.

have in the world, insomuch that I may say he is, as it were, my very self; and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact and so precise, I cannot but think it must be himself that you have subdued. On the other side, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be that, having many enchanters his enemies—one especially who is continually persecuting him—some one or other of them may have assumed his shape and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth. For confirmation hereof, you must know that these cursed enchanters, his enemies, but two days ago transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean country wench. In like manner they must have transformed Don Quixote. But if all this be not sufficient to justify the truth of what I advance, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." So saying, he rose, and, grasping his sword, awaited what resolution the Knight of the Grove would take.

The latter very calmly answered: "A good pay-master is in pain for no pawn; he who could once vanquish you when transformed, Signor Don Quixote, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means perform their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may be witness of our exploits. The condition of our combat shall be that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to."—"I am entirely satisfied with this condition and compact," answered Don Quixote.

Thereupon they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which sleep had seized them. They awakened them, and ordered them to get ready their steeds, for at sun-rise, they were to engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat. At this news, Sancho was dreadfully terrified, and ready to swoon with apprehension for his master's



safety, remembering what he had heard the squire of the Grove tell of his master's valour. But the two squires, without speaking a word, went to look after their cattle, and found them altogether; for the three horses and Sancho's ass had already found one another out.

By the way, the squire of the Grove said to Sancho: "You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom, when they are godfathers in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms folded, while their godsons are fighting<sup>390</sup>. This I say to give you notice that, while our masters are engaged, we must fight too, and make splinters of one another."—"This custom, Signor squire," answered Sancho, "may be current, and pass among the ruffians and fighters you speak of, but among the squires of knights-errant, no, not in thought; at least I have not heard my master talk of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But, taking it for granted that there is an express statute for the squires engaging while their masters are at it, yet I will not comply with it. I will rather pay the penalty imposed upon peaceable squires, which I dare say cannot be above a couple of pounds of white wax<sup>391</sup>, and I prefer to pay them, for I know they will cost me less than the money I shall spend in tents to get my head cured, which I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight, is my having no sword, for I never wore one in my life."—"I know a remedy for that," said the squire of the Grove: "I have here a couple of linen bags of the same size; you shall take one, and I the other, and we will have a bout of bag blows with equal weapons."—"With all my heart," answered Sancho, "for such a battle will rather dust our jackets than wound our persons."—"It must not be quite so, neither," returned the other: "lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put in them half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles, of equal weight. Thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage."—"Body of my

<sup>390</sup> In Spain, the seconds or witnesses in duels are called the *godfathers*.

<sup>391</sup> This was the fine generally imposed on the members of a club or society, who absented themselves on meeting-days.

father!" cried Sancho; "what sable fur and what bottoms of carded cotton he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles nor beat our bones to powder! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, Sir, I shall not fight. Let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world; but let us drink and live, for time takes care to carry away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them before they reach their appointed term and season, and drop with ripeness."—"For all that," replied the squire of the Grove, "we must fight, if it be but for half an hour."—"No, no," answered Sancho; "I shall not be so discourteous nor so ungrateful as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman of whose bread and wine I have once partaken. Besides, who the devil can set about dry fighting, without anger or provocation?"—"If that be all," suggested the squire of the Grove, "I will provide a sufficient remedy. Before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship and fairly give you three or four good cuffs which shall lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler though it slept sounder than a dormouse."—"Against that expedient," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it. I will cut a good cudgel, and, before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so sound asleep that it shall never awake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let any body handle my face. Let every one take heed to the arrow; though the safest way would be for each man to let his choler sleep, for nobody knows what is in another, and some people go out for wool and come home shorn themselves. God in all times blessed the peace-makers and cursed the wranglers; and if a cat, pursued and pent up in a room, turns into a lion, Heaven knows what I, that am a man, may turn into. Therefore, from henceforward I intimate to your worship, Signor squire, that all the damage and mischief that shall result from our quarrel must be placed to your account."—"It is well," replied the squire of the Grove, "God will send us day-light, and we shall then see what will come of it."

At this moment, a thousand sorts of enamelled birds began to chirp in the trees, and, in a variety of joyous songs, seemed to

welcome the blooming Aurora, who began now to discover the beauty of her face through the gates and balconies of the east. She shook from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, and in that delicious liquor bathed the herbs, which also seemed to shed and rain little globules of diamond. At her approach, the willows distilled savoury manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured, the woods were cheered, and the meads put on their gayest verdure.

But scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to see and distinguish objects, when the first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes was the squire of the Grove's nose, which



was so large, so enormous, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. In a word, it is said to have been of an excessive size, hawked in the middle, full of warts and carbuncles of the colour of a mulberry, and hanging two finger's breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness of this monstrous nose so horribly disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should awaken to encounter the hobgoblin.

Don Quixote likewise viewed his antagonist; but the latter had his helmet on and the beaver down, so that he could not see his face; but he observed him to be a strong made man, and not very tall. Over his armour the unknown wore a kind of surtout or loose coat, seemingly of the finest gold, besprinkled with innumerable mirrors in the shape of little moons, which made a most gallant and splendid show. A great number of green, yellow and white feathers waved about his helmet; his lance, which stood leaning against a tree, was very long and thick, and headed with pointed steel above a span long. Don Quixote viewed and noted every thing, judging by all he saw and remarked that the unknown must needs be of great strength. However he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness he said to the Knight of the Mirrors: "Sir knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a little, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure."—"Whether you be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, Sir knight," answered he of the Mirrors, "you will have time and leisure enough for seeing me; and if I do not now comply with your desires, it is because I think I should do a very great wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia to delay, even for the short time the raising my beaver would take up, to make you confess what you know I pretend to."—"At least, while we are getting on horseback," said Don Quixote, "you may easily tell whether I am that same Don Quixote you pretend to have vanquished."—"To this we

answer<sup>392</sup>," returned the Knight of the Mirrors, "that you are as like that very knight I vanquished as one egg is to another; but since you affirm that you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive whether you be or not the same person."—"That is sufficient," answered Don Quixote, "to make me believe you are deceived; however, to undeceive you quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if God, my mistress and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see that I am not the Don Quixote you imagine you have vanquished."

Cutting thus short the discourse, they mounted their horses, and Don Quixote wheeled Rocinante about to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent, and the Knight of the Mirrors did the like. But Don Quixote was not gone twenty paces, when he heard himself called to by his adversary, so meeting each other half way, the Knight of the Mirrors said: "Take notice, Sir knight, that the condition of our combat is that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror."—"I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided that what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not exceed nor derogate from the laws of chivalry."—"That is understood," answered the Knight of the Mirrors.

At this juncture, the squire with his strange nose presented himself to Don Quixote's sight, who was no less surprised at it than Sancho, inasmuch that he looked upon him to be some monster, or strange man, such as are not common now in the world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with the long-nosed monster, fearing lest one gentle wipe with that snout across his face should put an end to their battle, and he be laid sprawling on the ground, either by the blow or by fear. Therefore he ran after his master, holding by the back guard of Rocinante's saddle, and when he thought it was time for him to

<sup>392</sup> *A esto vos respondemos*, the ancient form of the answers made by the Kings of Castile to the petition of the Cortès. This explains the termination of the phrase, which is also in the style of a formula.

face about, he said: "I beseech your worship, dear Sir, before you turn about to engage, to be so kind as to help me up into this cork-tree, whence I can see more to my liking than from the ground the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight."—"I believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, that you have a mind to climb and mount a scaffold in order to see the bull-fights without danger."—"To tell you the truth, Sir," answered Sancho, "the prodigious nose of that squire astonishes and fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him."—"In effect," said Don Quixote, "it is so frightful, that, were I not who I am, I should be afraid myself. Therefore come, and I will help you up."



While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho up into the cork-tree, the Knight of the Mirrors took as large a compass as he

thought necessary, and, believing that Don Quixote had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet or any other signal <sup>393</sup>, he turned about his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising than Rocinante; then, at his best speed, which was a middling trot, he advanced to encounter his enemy. But seeing him employed in helping up Sancho, he reined in his steed, and stopped in the midst of his career, for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir any farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against him, clapped spurs to Rocinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to do something like a gallop, for at all others a downright trot was all that could be got out of him <sup>394</sup>. With this unwonted fury Don Quixote darted forward to the spot where the Knight of the Mirrors stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels in his steed, without being able to make him stir a finger's length from the place where he made a full stand in his career. At this favourable juncture Don Quixote found his adversary, embarrassed with his horse, and encumbered with his lance, which latter he was apparently unable to set in its rest. Don Quixote, who heeded none of these inconveniences, with all safety and without the least danger attacked the Knight of the Mirrors with such force that, not a little against the latter's will, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper. Such was the weight of his fall, that the unknown knight lay motionless without any signs of life.

Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the cork-tree, and in haste ran to his master. The latter, having

393

Senza che tromba ò segno altro accenasse,  
says Ariosto, in the description of the combat between Gradasse, and Renaud for the sword Durindane and the horse Bayard. (Canto XXXIII., str. LXXIX.)

394 Hence doubtless Boileau took occasion for his epigram :

Tel fut ce roi des bons chevaux,  
Rossinante, la fleur des coursiers d'Ibérie,  
Qui, trottant jour et nuit et par monts et par vaux,  
Galopa, dit l'histoire, une fois en sa vie.



alighted from Rocinante, had sprung upon the Knight of the Mirrors, and unlacing his helmet to see whether he was dead, and to give him air, if perchance he was alive, he saw.....but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder and terror in all that hear it? He saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigy and picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco. As soon as he saw him, he cried aloud: "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what you must see but not believe. Make haste, son, and observe, what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do." Sancho approached and, seeing the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over. Meanwhile the unhorsed cavalier shewed no signs of life, and Sancho said to Don Quixote: "I am of opinion, Sir, that, right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of him who seems so like the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters your enemies."—"You do not say amiss," quoth Don Quixote, "for the fewer our enemies are the





better." While he was drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of the Knight of the Mirrors drew near, without the nose that made him look so frightful. "Have a care, Signor Don Quixote," cried he aloud, "have a care what you are about to do. The man who lies at your feet is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho, seeing him without his former ugliness, said to him: "And the nose, what has become of it?" To which the squire answered: "I have it here in my pocket." And putting in his hand, he pulled out a pasteboard nose, painted and varnished of the fashion we have already described. Sancho, eying him more and more, cried in a tone of admiration: "Blessed Virgin defend me! is not this Tom Cecial, my neighbour and gossip?"—"What if I be?" answered

the noseless squire; yes, Tom Cecial I am, gossip and friend to Sancho Panza; and I will inform you presently what conduits, lies and wiles brought me hither; in the mean time, beg and entreat your master not to touch, maltreat, wound or kill the Knight of the Mirrors now at his feet, for there is nothing more sure than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco, our countryman."

By this time the Knight of the Mirrors was come to himself; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of his naked sword to his throat, and said: "You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia. Farther, you must promise, if you escape from this conflict and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit. If she leave you at your own disposal, you shall return and find me out (for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide to conduct you to my presence), to tell me what shall have passed between her and you: these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before our battle, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry."—"I confess," returned the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed though clean locks of Casildea. I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me."—"You must likewise confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but somebody else like him; even as I do confess and believe that you, though in appearance the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other whom my enemies have purposely transformed into his likeness in order to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest."—"I confess, judge of and allow every thing as you believe, judge of and allow," answered the disjointed knight. "But suffer me to rise, I beseech you, if the hurt of my fall will permit, for it has left me sorely bruised."

Don Quixote helped him to rise, assisted by his squire, Tom Cecial, from whom Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him questions to which the answers proved that he was really that Tom Cecial he said he was. But Sancho was so prepossessed by what his master had said of the enchanters having changed the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit to what he saw with his eyes.

Finally, master and man remained under this mistake, while the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, much out of humour and in ill plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place where the former might sear-cloth himself, and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to Saragossa, where the history leaves them to give an account who the Knight of the Mirrors and his frightful nosed squire were <sup>395</sup>.



<sup>395</sup> Throughout this adventure, so happily parodied upon all those of knight-errantry, Cervantes makes a liberal use of the riches and latitude of his native language, which, besides furnishing many synonymes for almost every word, allows the coinage of new terms. To express the large-nosed squire, he has *narigudo*, *narigante*, *narizado*; and after the nose has fallen from its place, he calls the squire *desnarigado*. We have been unable to apply any expressions analogous to these ludicrous terms.

## CHAPTER XV.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT WHO THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE WERE.



DON QUIXOTE departed, exceedingly content, elated and glorious at having gained the victory over so valiant a knight, as he imagined him of the Mirrors to be, from whose knightly word he hoped to learn whether the enchantment of his mistress continued; the said knight being under a necessity of returning, upon pain of forfeiting his spurs, to give him an account of what should pass between her and him. But Don Quixote thought one thing, and the Knight of the

Mirrors another; for the latter, at least for the present, thought only of finding a place where he might plaster himself, as has been already said. The history then goes on to tell us that, when

the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his intermitted exploits of chivalry, he, the priest and the barber had first consulted to devise the means of persuading Don Quixote to stay peaceably and contentedly at home, without distracting himself any more about his unlucky adventures. The result of this deliberation was a decision by general vote, the measure having been proposed by Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote make another sally, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that Sampson should also sally forth like a knight-errant; that he should encounter him in fight (for an opportunity could not long be wanting) and vanquish him, which would be a matter of facile accomplishment, it having been previously covenanted and agreed that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; that finally, Don Quixote being thus conquered, the bachelor-knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it for two years, or till he had further orders from him. It was plain Don Quixote, when once overcome, would readily comply with these conditions, not to contravene or infringe upon the laws of chivalry; and it might then so fall out that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his malady.

Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's gossip and neighbour, a pleasant-humoured, shallow-brained fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself as described, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face in order that he might not be known by his gossip when they met. They took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car. Finally they lighted on them in the wood, where befell them all that the prudent reader has just been perusing; and, had it not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion that the bachelor was not the bachelor, Signor bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, not finding so much as nests where he thought to find birds.

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor: "For certain, Signor

Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise; he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose?"—"The difference between these two sorts of madmen," answered Carrasco, "is that he who cannot help being mad will always be so, and he who plays the fool on purpose may give over when he thinks fit."—"If it be so," retorted Tom Cecial, "I was mad when I had a mind



to be your worship's squire, and now also I have a mind to be so no

longer, and to get me home to my house.”—“It is fit you should,” answered Sampson; “but to think that I will return to mine until I have soundly banged that Don Quixote, is to be greatly mistaken; and it is not now the desire to cure him of his madness that prompts me to seek him, but a desire to be revenged on him, for the pain of my ribs will not allow me to entertain more charitable considerations.”

Thus the two went on discoursing till they came to a village, where they luckily met with an algebrist<sup>396</sup>, who cured the unfortunate Sampson. Tom Cecial went back and left him, but the bachelor staid behind meditating revenge, and the history, which will speak of him again in due time, returns to rejoice at present with Don Quixote.



<sup>396</sup> The word *algebrista* comes from *algebrar*, which, according to Covarrubias means, in the old language, *the art of resetting broken bones*. The inscription *algebrista y sangrador* may still be seen on the sign-boards of some barber-surgeons.

## CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE WITH A DISCREET GENTLEMAN  
OF LA MANCHA.



ON Quixote pursued his journey with the satisfaction and self-conceit already mentioned, imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant the world could boast of in that age. He looked upon all the adventures which should befall him from that time forward as already finished and brought to a happy conclusion; he valued not any enchantments or enchanters; he no longer remembered the innumerable bastings he had received during the progress of his chivalries, nor the stoning that had demolished half his grinders, nor the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, nor the boldness and shower of pack-staves of the Yanguesian carriers. In short, he said to himself that could he but hit upon the art and method of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the greatest good fortune that the most successful knight-errant of past ages ever did or could attain to. He was wholly taken up with these agreeable thoughts when Sancho said to him: "Is it not strange, Sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous and immeasurable nose of my gossip, Tom



Cecial?"—"And do you really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote "that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire, Tom Cecial, your gossip?"—"I know not what to say to that," answered Sancho; "I only know that the marks he gave me of my house, wife and children could be given me by nobody else but himself. And his face, when his nose was off, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it thousands and thousands of times in our village, next door to my house; the tone of the voice was also the very same."—"Come," replied Don Quixote, "let us reason a little upon this business: how can any one imagine that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant-wise, armed at all points to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? have I ever given him occasion to bear me a grudge? am I his rival? or does he make profession of arms as envying the fame I have acquired by them?"—"What then shall we say, Sir," answered Sancho, "to that knight being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial, my gossip? And if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble?"—"The whole is artifice," answered Don Quixote, "and a trick of the wicked magicians who persecute me; foreseeing that I was to come off vanquisher in the conflict, they contrived that the vanquished knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword and the rigour of my arm, to moderate the just indignation of my breast, and by this means he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. In proof whereof, you already know, O Sancho, by infallible experience, how easy a thing it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair, since not two days ago you beheld with your own eyes the surprising beauty of the peerless Dulcinea in its highest perfection, and at the same time I saw her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, with cataracts on her eyes and a bad smell in her mouth. If the perverse enchanter durst make so wicked a transformation, we need not wonder if he have done the like as to Sampson Carrasco and your gossip, in order

to snatch the glory of the victory out of my own hands. Nevertheless I comfort myself, for, after all, be it under what shape soever, I have got the better of my enemy."—"God knows the truth," answered Sancho, who well knowing that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device, was not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions; but he durst make no reply, lest he should let fall some word that might discover his cheat.

While they were thus discoursing, there overtook them a man upon a very handsome flea-bitten mare. He was clad in a fine green cloth gaban<sup>397</sup>, faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and a



montera of the same. The mare's furniture was all of the field

<sup>397</sup> The gaban was a short close cloak, with sleeves and hood, worn over all in travelling.

ginet-fashion, violet and green. The horseman wore a Moorish scimitar hanging at a shoulder-belt of green and gold; and his buskins were wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, so neat and polished that they suited his clothes better than if they had been of pure gold. When the traveller came up to them, he saluted them courteously, and, spurring his mare, was passing on; but Don Quixote called to him: "Courteous Sir, if you are going our way and are not in haste, I should take it for a favour if we might join company."—"Truly, Sir," answered he with the mare, "I had not kept off but for fear your horse should prove unruly in the company of my mare."—"Sir," hereupon cried Sancho, "if that be all, you may safely hold in your mare, for ours is the soberest and best-conditioned horse in the world. He never did a naughty thing in his life, upon these occasions, but once, and then my master and I paid for it seven-fold. I say again that your worship may stop if you please, for were she served up betwixt two dishes, he would not, I assure you, so much as look her in the face."

The traveller checked his mare, wondering at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a cloak-bag at the pommel of his ass's pannel. And if the gentleman in green gazed much at Don Quixote, Don Quixote stared no less at him, taking him to be some person of consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age; he had but few grey hairs; his nose was aquiline; his aspect between merry and serious; in a word, his mien and his appearance spoke him to be a man of worth. What he thought of Don Quixote was that he had never seen such a figure before. He was astounded at the length of his horse, the tallness of his stature, the meagreness of his aspect, his armour and his deportment; the whole forming such an odd figure as had not been seen in that country for many years past. Don Quixote remarked how the traveller surveyed him and read his desire in his surprise. Being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing everybody, before the traveller could ask him any question, he prevented him by saying: "This figure of mine, which your worship sees, is so new, so much out of the way of what is generally in

ashion, that I do not wonder that you are surprised at it. But you will cease to be so when I tell you that I am one of those knights whom people call seekers of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted my ease and pleasures, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. I had a mind to revive the long deceased chivalry, and, and for some time past, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place and getting up again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding minors and orphans, the natural and proper office of knights-errant. Thus, by many valourous and Christian exploits, I have merited the honour of being in print, in all, or most of the nations in the world. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and it is in the way of coming to thirty thousand more, if Heaven prevent it not. Finally, to sum up all in a few words, or in one only, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure*. And, though self-praises depreciate, I am sometimes forced to publish my own commendations, but this is to be understood when nobody else is present to do it for me. Thus, worthy Sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, this squire, nor all this armour together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought from henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am and the profession I follow."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and the man in green was so long before he returned any answer, that it looked as if he could not hit upon a reply. However after a long pause, he said: "Sir knight, you judged right of my desire by my surprise; but you have not removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you, for, supposing, as you say, that my knowing who you are might have removed it, yet it has not done so; on the contrary, now that I know it, I am in greater admiration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there be knights-errant at present in the world, and that there are histories printed of real chivalries? I never could have thought there was any body now upon earth who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans; nor should

I yet have believed it, had I not seen it in your worship with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven! for this history, which your worship says is in print, of your exalted and true achievements, must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious knights-errant with which the world was filled, so much to the detriment of good morals and the prejudice and discredit of good histories.”—“There is a great deal to be said,” answered Don Quixote, “upon the question whether the histories of knights-errant are fictitious or not.”—“Why, is there any one,” answered the man in green, “that has the least suspicion that those histories are not false?”—“I have,” returned Don Quixote; “but no more of this at present, and if we travel any time together, I hope in God to convince you, Sir, that you have done amiss in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those who take it for granted that these histories are not true.”

From these last words of Don Quixote, the traveller began to suspect he must be a madman, and waited for a farther confirmation of his suspicion; but before they fell into any other discourse, Don Quixote desired him to say who he was, since he had just given some account of his own condition and life. The man in the green gaban answered: “I, Sir Knight of the Sorrowful Figure, am an hidalgo, native of a village where, God willing, we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children and my friends. My diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor grey-hounds; I content myself with some decoy-partridges and a stout ferret. I have about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion. Books of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane authors than religious, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising; though indeed there are very few of this sort in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, more frequently I invite them. My table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to do it before me. I

enquire not into other men's lives, nor am I sharp-sighted to pry into their actions. I hear mass every day; I share my substance



with the poor, making no parade with my good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain glory, those enemies which so slyly get possession of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those that are at variance, I devote myself particularly to Our blessed Lady, and I always trust, in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was very attentive to the relation of the hidalgo's life and employments. All which appearing to him to be good and holy, and thinking that one of such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself off his donkey, and running hastily, laid hold of the gentleman's right stirrup; then, with a devout heart,

and almost weeping eyes, he kissed his feet more than once. The hidalgo observing his actions: "What mean you, brother?" said he. "What kisses are these?"—"Pray, let me kiss on," answered Sancho, "for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life."—"I am no saint," answered the hidalgo, "but a great sinner. You, brother, must needs be very good, as your simplicity demonstrates." Sancho went off, and got again upon his pannel, having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh astonishment in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked the latter how many children he had, telling him that one of the things wherein the ancient philosophers, who wanted the true knowledge of God, placed the supreme happiness, was in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends and many good children. "I, Signor Don Quixote," answered the hidalgo, "have one son; and if I had him not, I should perhaps think myself happier than I am, not because he is bad, but because he is not so good as I would have him. He is eighteen years old; his six last he has spent at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages; but, when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so over head and ears in poetry (if that may be called a science), that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, which I would have had him study, nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences. I was desirous he should be the crown and honour of his family, since we live in an age in which our kings highly reward useful and virtuous literature<sup>398</sup>, for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Illiad; whether Martial, in such an epigram, be indecent or not; whether such a verse in Virgil is to be understood this or that way. In a word, all his conversation is with the books of the aforesaid poets, and with those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal

<sup>398</sup> We have only to imagine Cervantes in poverty, and neglected,—we do not say by Christian charity, but by ignorance and meanness,—to perceive in this phrase, from his pen, a bitter irony. The reader has seen, in note 177 *antè* page 71 of this volume, what sense the word *letters* has in Spanish.

and Tibullus, for as to modern rhymers, he makes no great account of them; though, notwithstanding the antipathy he seems to have to Spanish poetry, his thoughts are at this very time entirely taken up with making a gloss upon four verses sent him from Salamanca, which, I think, were designed for the subject of a literary joust."—"Children, Sir," answered Don Quixote, "are pieces of the bowels of their parents; whether good or bad, they must therefore be loved and cherished as parts of ourselves. It is the duty of parents to train them up from their infancy in the paths of virtue and good manners, and in good principles and Christian discipline, that when they are grown up, they may be the staff of their parents' age, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing them to this or that science, I do not hold it to be right, though I think there is no harm in advising them. When there is no need of studying *de pane lucrando*, the student being so happy as to have bread by inheritance, I should be for indulging him in the pursuit of that science to which his genius is most inclined; and though that of poetry be less profitable than delightful, it is not at least one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, Signor hidalgo, I take to be like a tender virgin, very young and extremely beautiful, whom divers other virgins, namely, all the other sciences, make it their business to enrich, polish and adorn; and to her it belongs to make use of them all, and on her part to give lustre to them all. But this amiable virgin is not to be rudely handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces<sup>399</sup>. She is formed of an alchymy of such virtue, that he who knows how to manage her will convert her into the purest gold of inestimable price. He who possesses her should keep a strict hand over her, not suffering her to make excursions in licentious satires or lifeless sonnets. She must in no wise be venal, though she

<sup>399</sup> Cervantes had already said, in his novel, *The Gitanilla of Madrid*: "Poetry is a charming nymph, chaste, modest, discreet, intelligent, reserved. . . . She is the friend of solitude; the running streams delight her, the meadows soothe her, the trees refresh her soul, the flowers gladden her heart; finally, she charms and instructs all who make her their friend."





need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, mournful tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies; but she must not be meddled with by buffoons, or by the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures locked up in her. And think not, Sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone; all the ignorant, though they be lords or princes, ought and must be taken into the number of the vulgar. He therefore who, with the aforesaid qualifications, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and will make his name to be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. And as to what you say, Sir, that your son does not much esteem the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion that he is not very right in that; and the reason is this: the great Homer did not write in

Latin, because he was a Greek, nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman <sup>400</sup>. In short, all the ancient poets wrote in the language they sucked in with their mothers' milk, and did not hunt after foreign tongues to express the sublimity of their conceptions. This being so, it is fit the custom should take place in all nations, and the German poet should not be undervalued for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan, for writing in his. But your son, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry; rather the poets who are merely Spanish, without any knowledge of other languages or sciences which might adorn, enliven and assist their natural genius. Even in this there may be a mistake; for it is a true opinion that the poet is born one <sup>401</sup>; the meaning of which is that a natural poet comes forth a poet from his mother's womb; and with this talent given him by Heaven, without farther study or art, composes things which verify the saying: *Est Deus in nobis*, etc. <sup>402</sup>. Not, I must add, but that a natural poet, who improves himself by art, will be a much better poet and have the advantage of him who has no other title to it but the knowledge of that art alone. The reason is because art cannot exceed nature, but only perfect it; so that art mixed with nature, and nature with art, form a complete poet. To conclude my discourse, Signor hidalgo, let your son follow the direction of his stars. Being so good a scholar as he must needs be, and having already happily mounted the first round of the ladder of the sciences, that of the languages, with the help of these he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is

<sup>400</sup> Lope de Vega has repeated this expression word for word in the third act of his *Dorotea*. He says likewise, in the dedication of his comedy *El verdadero amante*, inscribed to his son: "I have met with many people who, ignorant of their own language, pride themselves on their knowledge of Latin, and despise every thing written in a modern tongue, forgetful that the Greeks did not write in Latin, nor the Latins in Greek. . . . The real poet, of whom it is said that there is but one in an age, writes and excels in his native language, as Petrarch in Italian, Ronsard in French, and Garcilaso in Spanish."

<sup>401</sup> *Nascuntur poetæ, fiunt oratores*, says Quintilian.

<sup>402</sup> Ovid, *Art of Love*, lib. iii. v. 547; and *The Fasti*, lib. vi. v. 6.

no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than a mitre to a bishop, or the long robe to the learned in the law. If your son writes satires injurious to the reputation of others, chide him and tear his performances. But if he pens discourses in the manner of Horace, reprehending vice in general, as that poet so elegantly does, commend him, because it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to brand the envious in his verses; and so of other vices, but not to single out particular characters. But there are poets who, for the pleasure of saying one malicious thing, will run the hazard of being banished to the isles of Pontus<sup>403</sup>. If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so in his verses. The pen is the tongue of the mind; such as are the conceptions of the mind, such will be the productions of the pen. When kings and princes see the wonderful science of poetry employed on prudent, virtuous and grave subjects, they honour, esteem and enrich the poets, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, which the thunderbolt hurts not<sup>404</sup>, signifying that nobody ought to offend those who wear such crowns, and whose temples are so adorned."

The gentleman in green was struck with astonishment and admiration at Don Quixote's harangue, insomuch that he began to waver in his opinion as to his being a madman. In the midst of the dissertation, Sancho, it not being much to his taste, had gone out of the road to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were hard by milking their ewes. And now the gentleman, highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, when on a sudden Don Quixote, lifting up his

<sup>403</sup> In allusion to the exile of Ovid, who was banished, not to the islands, but to the western coast of the Pontus. Nor was it for a mischievous expression, but for an imprudent look, that he was exiled.

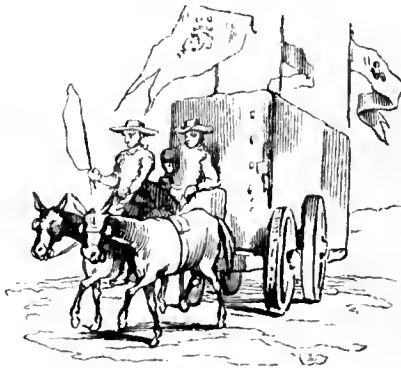
Inscia quod crimen viderunt lumina, plector;  
Peccatumque oculos est habuisse meum. (Eleg. 5.)

<sup>404</sup> The ancients, and Pliny among them, believed that the laurel was a preservative against thunderbolts. Suetonius says of Tiberius: *Et turbatiore cælo nunquam non coronam lauream capite gestavit, quod fulmine adflari negetur id genus frondis.* (Cap. lxix.)

eyes, perceived a car surmounted with royal banners coming the same road they were going. Believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho,

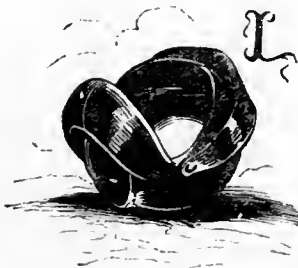


hearing himself called, left the shepherds, and pricking on his donkey in all haste, came where his master was, whom there befell, as will be seen, a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.



## CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN IS SET FORTH THE LAST AND HIGHEST POINT WHICH THE UNHEARD-OF COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID OR COULD ARRIVE AT, IN THE HAPPY CONCLUSION WHICH HE GAVE TO THE ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.



LOVING reader, the history proceeds to relate that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, the squire was buying some curds of the shepherds. Being hurried by the violent haste his master was in, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought him of clapping them into his master's helmet; and with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of Don Quixote, who said to him: "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that which I descry yonder is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." The man in the green gaban, hearing this, cast his eyes every way as far as he could, and discovered nothing but a car coming towards them with two or three small flags, by which he conjectured that the said car was bringing some of the king's money. So he told Don

Quixote; but the latter believed him not, always thinking and imagining that every thing that befell him must be an adventure, and adventures upon adventures. Therefore he answered the hidalgo: "Preparation is half the battle; nothing is lost by being upon one's guard, for I know by experience that I have enemies both visible and invisible, and I know not when nor from what quarter, nor at what time nor in what shape, they will encounter me." Turning about, he then demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it



him as it was. Don Quixote took it without minding what was in it, and clapped it hastily upon his head: but as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of Don Quixote; at which he was so startled, that he said

to Sancho : “ What can this mean, Sancho ? Methinks my skull is



softening, or my brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot. If I do really sweat, in truth it is not through fear. Yet do I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If you have any thing to wipe withal, give it me, for the copious sweat quite blinds my eyes.” Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, and thanked Heaven that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wiped himself, and took off his helmet to see what it was that so over-cooled his head. When he saw some white lumps in it, he put them to his nose, and, smelling them : “ By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso ! ” cried he, “ they are curds you have clapped in here, vile traitor and inconsiderate squire ! ” Sancho answered with great phlegm and dissimulation : “ If they are curds give me them to eat ; or rather may the devil eat them for me, for it must be he that put them there. What ! I offer to foul your

worship's helmet! In faith, Sir, by what God gives me to understand, I too have also enchanter's who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship. I warrant they have put that dirt there in order to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to bang my sides, as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider that I have neither curds nor cream, nor any thing like it, and that if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach than into your honour's helmet."—"It may be so," said Don Quixote. All this the hidalgo saw, and saw with astonishment, especially when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard and helmet, clapping it on and fixing himself firm on his stirrups, half-drawing his sword and grasping his lance, cried: "Now, come what will, here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."

By this time, the car with the flags was come up. Nobody was with it but the carter upon one of the mules, and a man sitting upon the fore part. Don Quixote planted himself right in front of them, and said: "Whither go ye, brethren? What car is this? What have you in it, and what banners are those?" The carter answered: "The car is mine; in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a present to his majesty, and the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his."—"And are the lions large?" demanded Don Quixote. "So large," replied the man upon the fore part of the car, "that larger never came from Africa into Spain. I am the keeper of the lions, and have had charge of several, but never of any so large as these. They are a male and a female; the lion is in the first cage, the lioness in that behind, and at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day. Therefore, Sir, get out of the way, for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them." At this Don Quixote smiled a little, and said: "To me your lion-whelps! your lion-whelps to me! and at this time of day? By the living God! the necromancers who sent them hither shall see if I be a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend; and, since you are their keeper, open the cages and turn out those beasts. In the



midst of this field will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me.”—“Very well,” said the hidalgo to himself, “our good knight has given us a specimen of what he is. Doubtless the curds have softened his skull and ripened his brains.” At this juncture Sancho came to him: “For God’s sake, Sir,” cried he, “order it so that my master Don Quixote may not encounter these lions. If he does, they will tear us all to pieces.”—“What then, is your master really so mad,” answered the hidalgo, “that you fear and believe he will attack such fierce animals?”—“He is not mad,” answered Sancho, “but daring.”—“I will make him desist,” replied the hidalgo. And, going to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, he said: “Sir, knights-errant should undertake adventures which promise good success, and not such as are quite desperate. The valour which borders too near upon the confines of rashness has in it more of madness than fortitude; besides, these lions do not come to assail your worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing. They are going to be presented to his majesty; and it is not proper to detain them or hinder their journey.”—“Signor hidalgo,” answered Don Quixote; “go hence; mind your decoy-partridge and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me or not.” And turning to the keeper, he added: “I vow to God, Don rascal, if you do not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin you to the car.”

The carter, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said: “Good Sir, for charity’s sake be pleased to let me take off my mules, and get with them out of danger before the lions are let loose. Should my cattle be killed, I am undone for all the days of my life, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules.”—“O man of little faith!” answered Don Quixote, “alight and unyoke your beasts, and do what you will; but you shall quickly see you have laboured in vain, and might have saved yourself this trouble.” The carter alighted, and unyoked his mules in great haste, while the keeper said aloud: “Bear witness, all here present, that against my will and by compulsion I open the cages and let loose the lions;

I protest to this gentleman that all the harm and mischief these beasts do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above. Pray, gentlemen, shift for yourselves before I open: for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt."

Again the hidalgo pressed Don Quixote, to desist from doing so mad a thing, it being to tempt God to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote merely replied that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him to consider well of it, for he was certain he deceived himself. "Nay, Sir," replied Don Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten, and save yourself." Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from that enterprise, in comparison with which that of the windmills, the fearful one of the fulling-mill hammers, and in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, Sir," said Sancho, "that here is no enchantment, nor any thing like it. I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage, the claw of a true lion; and I guess by it that the lion to whom such a claw belongs is bigger than a mountain."—"However it be," answered Don Quixote, "fear will make it appear to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me. If I die here, you know our old agreement: repair to Dulcinea, and I say no more." To these he added other expressions, with which he cut off all hope of his desisting from his extravagant design.

The man in the green gaban would fain have opposed him, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and did not think it prudent to engage with a madman, for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points. The latter hastening the keeper and reiterating his menaces, the hidalgo took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, Sancho to his donkey and the carter to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the lions; he cursed his hard fortune, he cursed the

unlucky hour that it came into his head to serve him again ; but, for all his tears and lamentations, he ceased not punching his donkey to get far enough from the car.

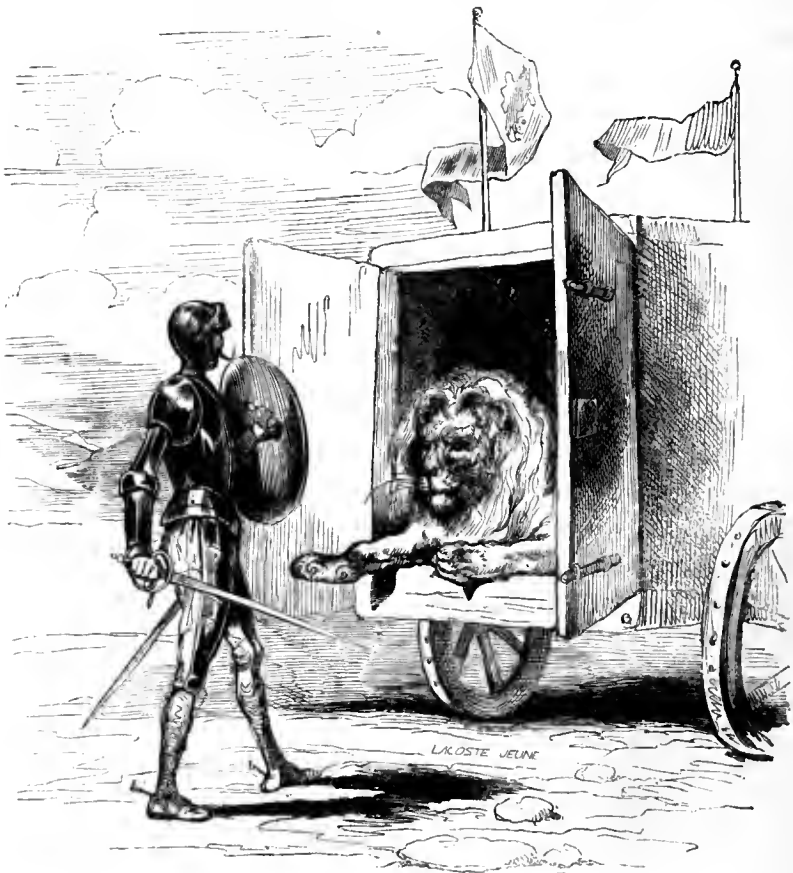
The keeper, seeing that the fugitives were got a good way off, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who answered that he heard him, and that he should trouble himself with no more arguments nor entreaties, as all would signify nothing, and that he must make haste. Whilst the keeper was opening the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback, and at last he determined to fight on foot, lest Rocinante should be terrified at sight of the lions. Thereupon he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield and drew his sword ; then, marching slowly, with an intrepid and undaunted heart, he planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Be it known that the author of this faithful history, coming to this passage, falls into exclamations, and cries out: "O strenuous and beyond all expression courageous Don Quixote de la Mancha ! thou mirror wherein all the valiant ones of the world may behold themselves ! thou second Don Manuel Poncia de Leon, who was the glory and honour of the Spanish knights ! with what words shall I relate this tremendous exploit ? by what arguments shall I render it credible to succeeding ages ? or what praises, though above all hyperboles hyperbolic, do not fit and become thee ? thou, alone and on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with a single sword, and that not one of those trenchant blades marked with a little dog <sup>405</sup>, in

<sup>405</sup> The swords made by Julian del Rey, a celebrated armourer of Toledo, and a Moor by birth, were called *little dog swords* (*espadas del Perrillo*), because the blades of them were impressed with the figure of a little dog. These weapons were short and broad in the blade. Since the conquest of Toledo by the Spaniards over the Arabs (1085), this city was for several centuries the best manufactory in Christendom for all arms but fire arms. Besides Julian del Rey, it was the residence of Antonio, Cuellar, Sahagun and his three sons, and a crowd of other armourers, whose names have been handed down to posterity. In 1617, Cristobal de Figueroa, in his book intitled: *Plaza universal de ciencias y artes*, enumerated by name as many as eighteen celebrated sword-cutlers established in the same town, and in the archives of the municipality, the marks or stamps (*cunos*) of ninety-nine armourers are still preserved. At the present day (1838) not a single armourer is to be found on the spot, and even the secret of the temper, which the Mozarabs communicated to the Spaniards, is lost.

one hand, and in the other a shield, not of the brightest and most shining steel, standest calmly, expecting two of the fiercest lions that the forest of Africa ever bred. Ah! let thy own deeds praise thee, valourous Manchegan; for here I must leave off for want of words whereby to enhance them."

Here the author ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history. When the keeper saw Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, he set wide open the door of the first cage, where lay the lion, which appeared to be of extraordinary size, and of a hideous and



frightful aspect. The first thing he did was to turn himself round in the cage, reach out a paw and stretch himself at full length. He then gaped and yawned very leisurely; then licked the dust off his eyes and washed his face with half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides, with eyes of fire: a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself. Don Quixote only observed him with attention, wishing he would leap out from the car and grapple with him, that he might tear him in pieces.

↳ To such a pitch of extravagance had his incredible madness transported him. But the generous lion, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about him, as has been said, turned his back, shewed his hinder part to Don Quixote, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage. When Don Quixote saw this, he ordered the keeper to give him some blows and provoke him to come forth. "That I will not do," cried the keeper, "for should I provoke him, I myself shall be the first he will tear in pieces. Be satisfied, Signor cavalier, with what is done; it is all that can be said in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open; it is in his choice to come forth or not; since he has not yet come out, he will not come out all this day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently shewn. No brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to more than to challenge his foe and expect him in the field, and if the antagonist does not meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of conquest."—"That is true," answered Don Quixote, "shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is fit it should be known how you opened to the lion; I waited for him; he came not out; I waited for him again; again he came not out; and again he laid him down. I am bound to no more; enchantments avaunt, and God help right truth, and true chivalry; so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth."

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, clapping on the point of

his lance the linen cloth wherewith he had wiped the torrent of the curds from off his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning about their heads at every step, all in a troop round the hidalgo. Sancho chancing to espy the signal of the white handkerchief: "May I be hanged," said he, "if my master has not vanquished the wild beast, since he calls to us." They all three halted, and knew that it was Don Quixote who made the signs. Part of their fear subsiding, they drew nearer by degrees, till they came where they could distinctly hear the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. Finally, they came back to the car, and then Don Quixote said to the carter: "Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey. And, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make them amends for my having detained them."—"That I will with all my heart," answered Sancho; "but what is become of the lions? are they dead or alive?"

Then the keeper, very minutely and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the best he could the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom, he said, the abashed lion durst not stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and upon his representing to the knight that it was tempting God to provoke the lion to make him come out by force, as he would have had him do whether he would or not, and wholly against his will, he had suffered the cage door to be shut. "What think you of this, Sancho?" cried Don Quixote; "can any enchantments prevail against true courage? With ease may the enchanters deprive me of good fortune, but of courage and resolution they never can."

Sancho gave the gold crowns, the carter put his cattle to, the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and promised him to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself when he came to court. "If perchance his majesty," said Don Quixote, "should enquire who performed it, tell him THE KNIGHT OF THE LIONS; for from henceforward I resolve that the title I have hitherto borne of *the Knight of the Sorrowful Figure* shall be changed, trucked and altered to this. Herein I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names when

they had a mind, or whenever it served their turn <sup>406</sup>." That said, the car went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho and the man in the green gaban pursued their journey <sup>407</sup>.

In all this time, Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, being all attention to observe and remark the actions and words of Don Quixote, taking him to be a sensible madman, and a madman bordering upon good sense. The first part of his history had not yet come to his knowledge, for, had he read that, his wonder at Don Quixote's words and actions would have ceased, as knowing the nature of his madness. But knowing nothing of it, he sometimes thought him in his senses, and sometimes out of them, because what he spoke was coherent, elegant and well said, and what he did was extravagant, rash and foolish. "What greater madness," said the hidalgo to himself, "can there be than to clap on a helmet full of curds, and persuade one's self that enchanters have melted one's skull? what greater rashness, what greater extravagance, than to resolve to fight with lions?" Don

<sup>406</sup> In like manner Amadis of Gaul, whom Don Quixote made his especial model, after styling himself *the Knight of the Lions*, called himself successively *the Red Knight*, *the Knight of the Firm Island*, *the Knight of the Green Sword*, *the Knight of the Dwarf*, and *the Grecian Knight*.

<sup>407</sup> The chivalric histories are full of combats between knights and lions. Palmerin d'Olive slew them *as if they had been lambs*, and his son Primaleon made equally short work with the monarch of the forest. Palmerin of England fought unaided two lions and two tigers; and when king Perion, Amadis of Gaul's father, wanted to attack a lion that seized a stag which he, Perion, was pursuing, he was obliged to alight from his horse, *which was terrified and refused to put forward*. It is related that, during the last war of Grenada, the Catholic kings having received from an African emir a present of several lions, the court ladies surveyed the animals within their arena from the height of a balcony. One of them, who *served* the celebrated Don Manuel Ponceia, either wilfully or accidentally let fall her glove. Don Manuel instantly sprang into the arena sword in hand, and recovered his mistress's glove. It was on this occasion that Queen Isabella called him Don Manuel Ponceia de Leon, which name his descendants have born ever since: hence Cervantes calls Don Quixote *second Ponceia de Leon*. This circumstance is related by several chroniclers, among others by Perez de Hita in one of his *romances* (*Guerras civiles de Granada*, cap. xvii).

¡ O el bravo Don Manuel,  
Ponce de Leon llamado,  
Aquei que sacará el guante,  
Que por industria fue echado  
Donde estaban los leones,  
Y el lo sacó muy osado !

Quixote dispelled his reverie and cut short his soliloquy by saying : " Doubtless, Signor Don Diego de Miranda, in your opinion I must needs pass for an extravagant madman. And no wonder it should be so, for my actions indicate no less. Now for all that, I would have you know that I am neither so mad nor so shallow as I may have appeared to be. A fine appearance makes the gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists at some joyful tournaments, in sight of the ladies ; a fine appearance makes the knight when, in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull <sup>408</sup> ; and a fine appearance likewise do those knights make who, in military exercises, entertain and, if I may so say, do honour to their prince's court. But above all these, a much finer appearance makes the knight-errant who, through deserts and solitudes, through cross-ways, through woods and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with design to bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, only to obtain a glorious and immortal fame. A knight-errant, I say, makes a finer appearance in the act of succouring a widow in a desert place, than a knight-courtier in addressing some damsel in a city. All cavaliers, moreover, have their proper and their peculiar exercises. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies, let him

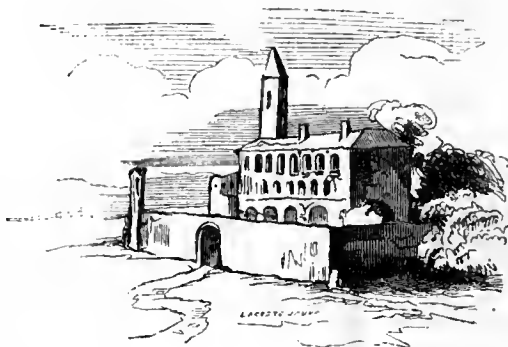
<sup>408</sup> In Spain, before bull-fights were abandoned for hired gladiators, they were for a long time the favourite exercise of the nobility, and the most elegant pastime of the court. Mention of them is made in the Latin chronicle of Alphonso VII., in which are described the festivals given in Leon, in the year 1144, in honour of the marriage of the Infanta Donna Urraca to Don Garcia, King of Navarre: *Alii, latratu canum provocatis tauris protento venabulo occidebant*. Later, the custom becoming general, regulations for these encounters were established, and many gentlemen acquired great fame by their prowess in the arena. Don Luis Zapata, in a curious chapter of his *Miscelanea*, intituled *de toros y toreros*, states that Charles V. himself fought a large black bull called *Mahomet*, at Valladolid, in the presence of the empress and the ladies of the court. Accidents were of very frequent occurrence, and human blood very often stained the arena. The chroniclers are full of tragic narrations of encounters with bulls, and it will suffice to quote father Pedro Guzman on the subject, who says in his work *Bienes del honesto trabajo* (discurso v.) . . . . " It is asserted that, one year with another, there annually dies in Spain of wounds received in these exercises, between two and three hundred persons. . . . " But remonstrances from the Cortés, anathemas from the Holy Office, and the temptations of prohibitions made by royal authority, have all been alike unable even to cool the mad infatuation of the Spaniards in favour of bull-fights.



adorn his prince's court with rich liveries, let him entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table, let him order jousts, let him manage tournaments <sup>409</sup>, let him shew himself great, liberal, magnificent, and above all a good Christian; in this manner will he precisely comply with the obligations of his duty. But let the knight-errant search the remotest corners of the world, let him enter the most intricate labyrinths, let him at every step assail impossibilities, let him, in the wild, uncultivated deserts, brave the burning rays of the summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of the winter's frost, let not lions daunt him, spectres affright him, or dragons and andriaques terrify him; for in seeking these, encountering those, and conquering them all, consists his principal and true employment. It being then my lot to be one of the number of knights-errant, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession. Therefore to encounter these lions, as I just now did, belonged to me directly, though I knew it to be most extravagant rashness. I very well know that fortitude is a virtue, placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and rashness. But it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of temerity, than sink to the low point of cowardice. For, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal than for the covetous, so is it much easier for the rash to hit upon being truly valiant, than for the coward to rise to true valour. And, as to undertaking adventures, believe me, Signor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than one too little; for 'such a knight is rash and daring' sounds better in the ears of those that hear it, than 'such a knight is timorous and cowardly.'"—"I affirm, Signor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason, and I am convinced that if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your

<sup>409</sup> The difference between jousts (*justas*), and tournaments (*torneos*), is that, in jousts, the combat was between *two combatants only*, and in tournaments, *two parties of eight each*. Jousts, moreover, were always fought on horseback and the only weapon used was the lance. However, under the general name of tournaments was included every description of chivalric combat.

worship's breast, as in their proper depository and register. But let us make haste, for it grows late, to my village and house, that you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, the fatigue of which usually affects the body too."—" I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, Signor Don Diego," answered Don Quixote. Spurring on a little more than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon when they arrived at the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called the *Knight of the Green Gaban*.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

OF WHAT BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF  
THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN GABAN, WITH OTHER  
EXTRAVAGANT MATTERS.



**D**ON QUIXOTE found that Don Diego's house was spacious, after the country-fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates; the buttery in the court-yard, the cellar under the porch, and several earthen wine-jars placed round about it. The earthen wine-jars being of the ware of Toboso, they renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea; and, without considering what he said, or before whom, he sighed, and cried aloud: "O

sweet pledges, found now to my sorrow! sweet and joyous when



Heaven would have it so <sup>410</sup>! O ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness!" These exclamations were overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, was come out to receive him; and both mother and son were astonished at the strange

<sup>410</sup> Cervantes here puts into Don Quixote's mouth two popular lines which commence Garcilaso de la Vega's tenth sonnet:

¡ O dulces prendas, por mi mal halladas !  
Dulces y alegres cuando Dios quería.

These verses are imitated from Virgil. (*Æn.*, lib. iv.)  
Dulces exuviæ, dum fata deusque sinebant.

figure of Don Quixote. The latter, alighting from Rocinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands, and Don Diego said: "Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, whom I now present to you, a knight-errant by profession, and the most valiant and discreet person in the world." The lady, whose name was Donna Cristina,



received him with tokens of much affection and civility, and Don Quixote returned them in courteous and elegant expressions. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, whom, by his talk, Don Quixote took to be a witty and acute person.

Here the author of this history sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing all the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a rich country gentleman. But the translator thought fit to pass over in silence these minute matters, as not suiting with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold and insipid digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a hall, where Sancho unarmed him, and he remained in his wide walloon breeches and shamois doublet, all besmeared with the rust of his armour. His band was of the college cut, without starch and without lace; his buskins were date-coloured and his shoes waxed. He passed over his shoulder his trusty sword, which hung at a shoulder-belt made of sea-wolf's skin, and which he did not girt round his body, because it is thought, he had been many years troubled with a weakness in his loins. Over these he wore a short mantle of good grey cloth. But first of all, with five or six kettles of water (for there is some difference as to the number) he washed his head and face, and the last kettle full continued of a whey-colour, thanks to Sancho's gluttony and the purchase of the fatal curds that had made his master so white and clean.

With the aforesaid accoutrements, and with a genteel air and deportment, Don Quixote walked into another hall where the student was waiting to entertain them till the cloth was laid, for the lady Donna Cristina resolved to shew, upon the arrival of so noble a guest, that she knew how to regale those who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (for that was the name of Don Diego's son) had leisure to say to his father: "Pray Sir, who is this gentleman you have brought us home? His name, his figure, and you telling us he is a knight-errant, hold my mother and me in great suspense."—"I know not how to answer you, my son," replied Don Diego. "I can only tell you that I have seen him act the part of the maddest man in the world, and then talk so ingeniously that his words contradict and undo all his actions. But talk to him yourself, feel the pulse of his understanding, and, since you have discernment enough, judge of his discretion or distraction as you shall find, though, to say the truth, I rather take him to be mad than otherwise."

After that, Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said, and, among other discourse which passed between them, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo: "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, Sir, has given me some account of your rare abilities and refined judgment, and particularly that you are a great poet."—"A poet, perhaps I may be," replied Don Lorenzo; but a great one, not even in thought. True it is I am somewhat fond of poetry, and of reading the good poets; but I in no wise therefore merit the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me."—"I do not dislike this modesty," answered Don Quixote, "for poets are usually very arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world."—"There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo, "such an one there may be who is really a poet and does not think it."—"Very few," answered Don Quixote; "but please to tell me, Sir, what verses are those you have now in hand, which, your father says make you so uneasy and thoughtful. If it be some gloss, I know somewhat of the knack of glossing, and should be glad to see it. If they are designed for a literary joust<sup>411</sup>, endeavour to obtain the second; for the first is always carried by favour or by the great quality of the person, while the second is bestowed according to merit, so that the third becomes the second, and the first, in this account, is but the third, according to the liberty commonly taken in your universities. But for all that, the name of first makes a great figure."—"So far," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot judge you to be mad; let us proceed.—Your worship, I presume," he added aloud, "has frequented the schools. What sciences have

<sup>411</sup> Literary jousts were still very much in vogue in Cervantes' time; the author himself, when he was at Seville, carried off the first prize at the literary contest opened at Saragossa on occasion of the canonization of Saint Hyacinth, and competed also, towards the close of his life, at the joust instituted for an eulogy of Saint Theresa. There arose, on the death of Lope de Vega, a joust of this kind to eulogize his genius, and the best pieces produced by that competition were collected under the title of *Fama postuma*.—Cristoval Suarez de Figueroa says, in his *Pasagero* (*Alivio* 3): "At a joust which recently took place in honour of Saint Antony of Padua, five thousand pieces of poetry were contributed to compete the palm; so that after carpeting the nave and cloisters of the church with the most elegant of these compositions, there remained enough to carpet in the same manner a hundred other monasteries."

you studied?"—"That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, "which is as good as poetry, and even two little fingers' breadth beyond it."—"I know not what science that is," replied Don Lorenzo, "and hitherto it has not come to my knowledge."—"It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "which includes in it all or most of the other sciences of the world. In effect, he who professes it must be a lawyer and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give every one that which is proper for him. He must be a theologian, in order to be able to give a reason for the Christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it is required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, in order to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples which have the virtue of curing wounds, for the knight-errant must not at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, in order to know by the stars what is o'clock, and what part or climate of the world he is in. He must understand mathematics, because at every foot he will stand in need of them; and, setting aside, as being well understood, that he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues, I descend to some other minute particulars, and I say that he must know how to swim, like the fish Nicolas <sup>412</sup>. He must know how to shoe a horse, how to keep the saddle and bridle in repair; and, to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate <sup>413</sup>; he must be chaste in his thoughts, modest

<sup>412</sup> In Spanish *el pege Nicolas*, in Italian *Pesce Cola*. This is the name that was given to a famous swimmer of the fifteenth century, a native of Catania, in Sicily. It is said that he passed his life in the water rather than on land, and at last perished in attempting to recover, from the bottom of the Gulph of Messina, a golden cup which had been thrown there by Don Fadrique, King of Naples. His history is very popular in Italy and Spain; but it is, notwithstanding, less singular than that of a man named Francisco de la Vega Casar, born in 1660, in the village of Lierganès, near Santander. Father Feijoo, who was a contemporary of the event, relates, in two different works (*Teatro Critico* and *Cartas*), that this man passed many years in the deep sea; that certain fishermen of the bay of Cadiz took him in their nets; that he was transported to his own country; finally, that after a while he again returned to his favourite element and was never heard of more.

<sup>413</sup> *Nemo dulcipi potest amore ligari*, says one of the canons of the *Statute of Love*, cited by André, chaplain in the court of France, in the thirteenth century, in his book *de Arte amandi* (cap. xiiii.).



in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly, a maintainer of the truth, though it should cost him his life to defend it. Of all these great and small parts a good knight-errant is composed; consider then, Signor Don Lorenzo, whether that be a contemptible science which the knight who professes it learns and studies, and whether it may not be placed on a level with the stateliest of all those which are taught in the colleges and schools.”—“If it be so,” replied Don Lorenzo, “I maintain that this science is preferable to all others.”—“How! if it be so!” answered Don Quixote. “What I mean, Sir,” said Don Lorenzo, “is that I question whether there ever have been, or now are in being, any knights-errant, and especially adorned with so many virtues.”—“I have often said,” answered Don Quixote, “what I now repeat, namely, that the greatest part of the world are of opinion there never were any knights-errant; and, as I am of opinion that if Heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, that there have been and are such now, whatever pains are taken will be all in vain, as I have often found by experience, I will not now lose time in bringing you out of an error so universal. What I intend, is to beg of Heaven to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary knights-errant were in times past, and how beneficial they would be at the present day, were they again in fashion. But now, through the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony and luxury triumph.”—“Our guest has broken loose,” said Don Lorenzo to himself; “but still he is a remarkable madman, and I should be a weak fool if I did not believe so.”

Here their discourse ended, for they were called to dinner. Don Diego asked his son what he had copied out fair of the genius of his guest. “I defy,” answered the young man, “the ablest doctors and best penmen in the world ever to extricate him from the rough draughts of his madness. His distraction is a medley full of lucid intervals.”

To dinner they went, and the dinner was such as Don Diego had told them upon the road he used to give to those he invited, neat, plentiful and savoury. But that which pleased Don Quixote above all, was the marvellous silence throughout the whole house, as if it

had been a convent of Carthusians. After the cloth had been removed, grace said and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verse designed for the literary joust. The student answered: "That I may not be like those poets who, when desired, refuse to repeat their verses, and when not asked, pour them out, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having done it only to exercise my fancy."—"A friend of mine, a very ingenious person," answered Don Quixote, "was of opinion that nobody should give themselves the trouble of glossing on verses. The reason, he said, was because the gloss could never come up to the text, and very often the gloss mistakes the intention and design of the author; besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, nor *said hes* nor *shall I says*; they do not permit the making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other ties and restrictions which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know."—"Truly, Signor Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, "I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin; but I cannot, for you slip through my fingers like an eel."—"I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, "what you mean by slipping through your fingers."—"I will let you know another time," replied Don Lorenzo; "at present, give attention to the text and gloss, which are as follows.

" Could I the joyous moments past  
 Recal, and say what was now is,  
 Or to succeeding moments haste,  
 And now enjoy the future bliss <sup>414</sup>.

THE GLOSS.

" As all things fleet and die away,  
 And day at length is lost in night,  
 My blessings would no longer stay,  
 But take their everlasting flight.

<sup>414</sup> The *gloss*, a kind of jeu d'esprit in the taste of acrostics, of which Cervantes gives an example and explains the rules by Don Quixote, was, according to Lope de Vega, a *very ancient composition, peculiar to Spain and unknown in other notions*. In effect, there is an immense quantity of them in the *Cancionero general*, which goes as far as the fifteenth century. Difficult verses were always proposed as a subject for the gloss, not only difficult to be placed at the end of the strophes, but difficult to be clearly understood.

O Fortune, at thy feet I lie,  
 To supplicate thy deity :  
 Inconstant goddess, frown no more,  
     Make me but happy now at last ;  
 No more I'd curse thy fickle pow'r  
     *Could I recal the moments past.*

“ No other conquest I implore,  
     No other palm my brow to grace,  
 Content ('tis all I ask) restore,  
     And give me back my mind's lost peace.  
 Past joys enhance the present pain,  
 And sad remembrance is our bane.  
 O, would at length relenting fate  
     Restore the ravish'd hours of bliss,  
 How should I hug the charming state,  
     And joyful say *what was now is !*

“ Thy empty wish, fond wretch, give o'er,  
     Nor ask so vain, so wild a thing ;  
 Revolving time no mortal pow'r  
     Can stop, or stay his fleeting wing.  
 Nimble as thought, he runs, he flies ;  
 The present hour for ever dies.  
 In vain we ask futurity ;  
     In vain we would recal the past ;  
 We cannot from the present fly,  
     *Nor to succeeding moments haste.*

“ Vex'd with alternate hopes and fears,  
     I feel variety of pain ;  
 But death can ease a wretch's cares,  
     And surely death to me is gain.  
 Again my erring judgment strays  
 From sober reason's juster ways ;  
 Convinced by her unerring voice,  
     Another life must follow this,  
 I make the present woes my choice,  
     *Rather than forfeit future bliss.”*

When Don Lorenzo had made an end of reading his gloss, Don Quixote stood up, and, holding him fast by the hand, cried out,



in a voice so loud that it resembled that of a boatswain in a squall :  
 “ By the highest Heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, not of Gaeta, as a certain poet said, whom God forgive <sup>415</sup>, but of the universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that now subsist of Paris, Bologna and Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges who shall deprive you of the first prize may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors! Be pleased, Sir, to repeat some other

<sup>415</sup> In this phrase there is a satirical remark launched against some poet of the day; but we have been unable to discover against whom.

of your verses in the higher walks of poetry, for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius <sup>416</sup>."

Is it necessary to say that Don Lorenzo was delighted to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, whom he deemed a madman? O power of flattery! how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

## SONNET.

"The nymph who Pyramus with love inspir'd,  
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fir'd.  
Cupid from distant Cypru.     jther flies,  
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

"Here vocal silence mutual vows conveys,  
And whisp'ring eloquent their love betrays.  
Though chain'd by fear, their voices dare not pass,  
Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace.

"Ah! woful story of disastrous love!  
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!  
One death, one grave, unites the faithful pair,  
And in one common fame their memories share!"

"Heaven be thanked," said Don Quixote when he had heard to an end Don Lorenzo's sonnet; "among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have never met with one so consummate as the construction of your worship's sonnet shews you to be."

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in Don Diego's house. At the end of that time he begged leave to be gone. "I thank you heartily," he said to his host, "for the favour and kind entertainment I have received in your house; but as it ill becomes knights-

<sup>416</sup> Doubtless Cervantes here meant to hold up the exaggeration so prevalent with praisers, for it is not credible that he seriously meant to confer on himself such emphatic eulogia. He did himself better justice in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, when he said of himself: "I who watch and work unceasingly in order to acquire the appearance of having that goodly gift of poetry which Heaven has not thought fit to bestow on me....."

errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence too long, I must now go, in compliance with the duty of my function, in quest of adventures, wherewith I am informed these parts abound. I design to employ the time hereabouts till the day of the jousts at Saragossa, at which I intend to be present. But in the first place I propose to visit the cavern of Montesinos, of which people relate so many and such wonderful things all over this district; I will at the same time endeavour to discover the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruidera." Don Diego and his son applauded his honourable resolution, desiring him to furnish himself with whatever he pleased of theirs, for he was heartily welcome to it, his worthy person and noble profession obliging them to make this offer.

At length the day of his departure came, as joyous for Don Quixote as sad and unhappy for Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Diego's house wondrous well, and was loth to return to the hunger of the forests and wildernesses, and to the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary. When Don Quixote took leave of Don Lorenzo, he said: "I know not whether I have told you before, and, if I have, I tell you again, that whenever you shall have a mind to shorten your way and pains to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the temple of Fame, you have no more to do but to leave on one side the somewhat narrow path of poetry and follow the very narrow path of knight-errantry. The latter is sufficient to make you an emperor before you can say 'Give me those straws.'"

With these expressions, Don Quixote did, as it were, finish and shut up the process of his madness, and especially with what he added: "God knows," said he, "how willingly I would take Signor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how to spare the humble, and to trample under foot the haughty<sup>417</sup>, virtues annexed to the function I profess. But since his youth does not require it, nor his

<sup>417</sup> Don Quixote here applies to knights-errant the *Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos* which Virgil attributed to the Roman people.

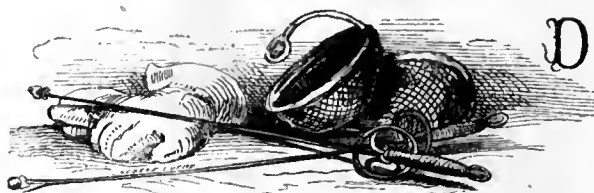
laudable exercises permit it, I content myself with giving your worship one piece of advice: it is, if you would become a famous poet, that you follow the opinion and judgment of other men rather than your own. No fathers or mothers think their own children ugly; and this self-deceit is still stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind."

The father and son wondered afresh at the intermixed discourses of Don Quixote, sometimes wise, sometimes wild, and the obstinacy with which he was bent upon the search of his unlucky adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and, with the gracious permission of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rocinante, and Sancho upon his donkey.



## CHAPTER XIX.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMoured SHEPHERD, WITH OTHER TRULY PLEASANT ACCIDENTS.



**D**ON QUIXOTE had journied but a little way from Don Diego's house,

when he overtook two ecclesiastics or scholars and two country fellows, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars carried behind him, wrapped up in green buckram, like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pairs of thread stockings; the other carried nothing but a new pair of black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen carried other things which they seemed to be bringing from some great town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them home to their own village. Both the



scholars and countrymen fell into the same wonder that all others



did at the first sight of Don Quixote, and eagerly desired to know what man this was, so different in appearance from other men. Don Quixote saluted them, and, when he learned that the road they were going was the same he was taking, he offered to bear them company, desiring them to slacken their pace, for their asses outwent his horse. To prevail upon them, he briefly told them who he was, and that his employment and profession were those of a knight-errant, going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He added that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his appellative the *Knight of the Lions*. All this, to the countrymen, was talking Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of Don Quixote's skull. Nevertheless, they looked upon him with surprise and respect, and one of them said: "If your worship, Sir knight, be not determined to one particular road, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures, come along with us, and you will see one of the greatest and richest weddings that to this day has ever been celebrated in La Mancha or in many leagues round about." Don Quixote asked if it were that of some prince,

that he extolled it so much. "No," answered the scholar, "only of a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he, the wealthiest of all this country, and she, the most beautiful that ever eyes beheld. The preparation is extraordinary and new; for the wedding is to be celebrated in a meadow near the village where the bride lives, whom they call, by way of pre-eminence, Quiteria the Fair. The bridegroom is called Camacho the Rich. She is of the age of eighteen, and he of two-and-twenty; both equally matched, though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees in the world in their heads, pretend that the family of Quiteria the Fair has the advantage of that of Camacho. But now-a-days that is little regarded; riches are able to solder up abundance of flaws. In effect, this same Camacho is generous; he has taken it into his head to make a kind of arbour, to cover the whole meadow overhead, in such manner that the sun itself will be put to some difficulty to visit the green grass with which the ground is covered. He will also have dances, both with swords and little bells <sup>418</sup>, for there are some people in his village who jingle and clatter them extremely well. I will say nothing of the shoe-dancers <sup>419</sup>, so great is the number of them invited. But nothing, of all that I have repeated or omitted, is like to make this wedding so remarkable as what I believe the slighted Basilius will do upon this occasion. This Basilius is a neighbouring swain of the same village with Quitera, where his house joins that of Quiteria's parents, there being nothing but a wall between them. Cupid took hence occasion to revive in the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe, for Basilius fell in love with Quiteria from his childhood, and she answered his wishes with a thousand modest favours, insomuch that the loves of the two children Basilius and Quiteria became the common talk of the village.

<sup>418</sup> By *sword-dances* (*danzas de espadas*), were meant certain evolutions performed by parties of eight men, dressed in white cloth and armed with naked swords, to the sound of music.—*Little bell-dances* (*danzas de cascabel menudo*) were danced by men wearing collars of little bells on the upper parts of their legs, the noise of the bells accompanying their steps. These two dances are very ancient in Spain.

<sup>419</sup> *Shoe-dancers* (*zapateadores*) was the name given to those who performed a certain village-dance in which they kept time and measure by striking their shoes with the palms of their hands.

When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family; and, to save himself from apprehensions and suspicions, he purposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho, not choosing to match her with Basilius, who is not endowed with so many gifts of fortune as of nature; for, if the truth is to be told without envy, he is the most active youth we know, a great pitcher of the bar, an extremely good wrestler, and a great cricket-player. He runs like a buck, leaps like a wild goat, and plays at nine-pins as if he did it by witchcraft. For the rest, he sings like a lark, touches a guitar so that he makes it speak, and, above all, he handles the small sword like the most accomplished fencer."—"For this excellence alone," cried Don Quixote, "this youth deserves to marry, not only the fair Quiteria, but queen Genevra herself, were she now alive, in spite of Sir Lancelot and all opposers."—"To my wife with that," interrupted Sancho, who had been hitherto silent and listening, "who will have every body marry their equal, according to the proverb which says: 'Every sheep to its like <sup>420</sup>.' What I would have, is that this honest Basilius, for whom I begin to feel a liking, should marry this same lady Quiteria, and Heaven send them good luck, and God's curse on those who would hinder people that love each other from marrying."—"If all who love each other were to be married," said Don Quixote, "it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, some there are who would choose their father's servant, and others, some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion genteel and well-made, though he were a beaten bully. Love easily blinds the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life. That of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake; there is need of great tact and the particular favour of Heaven to make it hit right. A person has a mind to take a long journey; if he be wise, before he set

<sup>420</sup> *Cada oveja con su pareja. Pareja means the half of a pair.*

forward, he will look out for some safe and agreeable companion. Why should not he do the like who undertakes a journey for life, especially if his fellow-traveller is to be his companion at bed and board, and everywhere else, as the wife is with the husband? The lawful wife is not a commodity which, when once bought, may be exchanged, swapped or returned: she is an inseparable appendage, which lasts as long as life itself; she is a noose which, when once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much more upon this subject, were I not prevented by the desire I have to know whether the Signor licentiate has any thing more to say concerning the history of Basilius."—"I have no more to say," answered the scholar, bachelor or licentiate as Don Quixote had called him, "but, that from the day Basilius heard that Quiteria was to be married to Camacho the Rich, he was never seen to smile, nor to speak coherently, and is always pensive and sad, talking to himself; certain and clear indications of his being distracted. He eats and sleeps but little; what he does eat is fruit; when he sleeps, it is in the fields upon the hard ground, like a brute. From time to time he throws his eyes up to Heaven, and at other times fixes them on the ground, with such stupefaction that he seems to be nothing but a statue clothed, whose drapery is put in motion by the air. In short, he gives such indications of an impassioned heart that we all take it for granted that Quiteria's pronouncing the fatal *yes* to-morrow will be the sentence of his death."—"Heaven will order it better," cried Sancho, "for God, that gives the wound, sends the cure. Nobody knows what is to come; there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow, and in one single moment the house might fall down; I have often seen it rain and the sun shine at the same time, and such a one goes to bed sound at night and is not able to stir next morning. Tell me: can any body brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? no, certes; and between the yes and the no of a woman I would not venture to thrust the point of a pin, for there would not be room enough for it. Grant me but that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will give him a bag-full of good fortune, for love, as I

have heard say, looks through spectacles which make copper appear to be gold, poverty to be riches and specks in the eyes pearls.”—“What in God’s name would you be at, cursed Sancho?” cried Don Quixote. “When you begin stringing of proverbs and tales, none but Judas, who I wish had you, can follow you. Tell me, animal, what know you of nails and wheels, or of anything else?”—“O!” replied Sancho, “if I am not understood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense. But no matter, I understand myself, neither have I said so very many foolish things; only your worship is always cricketising my words and actions.”—“Criticising, I suppose you would say,” cried Don Quixote, “thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound!”—“Pray, Sir, be not so sharp upon me,” answered Sancho. “You know I was not bred at court, that I have not studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to or take a letter from my words. As God shall save me, it is unreasonable to expect that the peasants of Sayago should speak like the citizens of Toledo<sup>421</sup>. Nay, there are Toledans who are not over nice in the business of speaking politely.”—“It is even true,” said the licentiate, “for how should they who are bred in the tanyards and shops of Zocodovor speak so well as they who are all day walking up and down the cloisters of the cathedral? and yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majalahonda; I say discerning, because a great many of them there are who are not so; and discernment is the grammar of good language, when accompanied by custom and use. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain and significant terms.”—“If you had not piqued yourself more upon managing these unlucky foils you carry

<sup>421</sup> *Tierra de Sayago* is the name of a district in the province of Zamora, in which the inhabitants wear only a coarse cloth sayon (*sayo*), and where the language is on a par with the costume.—Alphonso the Wise had ordained that, when a dispute arose about the pronunciation or signification of any Castilian word, it should be referred to Toledo, as the standard of the Spanish language.

than your tongue," said the other scholar, "you might, by this time, have been at the head of your class, instead of at the tail."—"Look you, bachelor," answered the licentiate, "you are the most mistaken in the world in your opinion touching the dexterity of the sword, if you hold it to be insignificant."—"With me, it is not merely an opinion, it is an acknowledged truth," replied Corchuelo, "and, if you have a mind I should convince you by experience, a good opportunity presents itself; you carry foils, I have nerves and strength that, backed by my courage, which is none of the least, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, make use of your measured steps, your circles, your angles, and of all your science; I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day, with my modern and rustic dexterity, in which I trust, under God, that the man is yet unborn who shall make me turn my back, and that there is nobody in the world whom I will not oblige to give ground."—"As to turning the back or not, I meddle not with it," replied the adept; "but it may happen that, in the first spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened, I mean that you may be left dead there for despising the noble science of defence."—"We shall see that presently," answered Corchuelo. And, jumping hastily from his beast, he snatched one of the foils which the licentiate carried upon his ass. "It must not be so," cried Don Quixote; "I will be master of this fencing-bout, and judge of this long controverted question." Alighting from Rocinante, and grasping his lance, he then planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate, with a graceful motion of body and measured step, was making toward Corchuelo, who came to meet him, darting, as the phrase is, fire from his eyes. The two countrymen, without dismounting, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The flashes, thrusts, high strokes, back strokes and fore strokes, were numberless and thicker than hail. The bachelor fell to like an enraged lion, but he met with a smart tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, making him kiss it, though not with so much devotion as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrusts, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tore the skirts, so that they hung in rags



like polypus-tails <sup>422</sup>. Twice he struck off his hat, and so tired him that, through despite, choler and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force that it fell nearly three quarters of a league off. The truth of this is confirmed by the written testimonial of one of the country-fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, which affidavit ought to be sufficient to prove that skill goes farther than strength.

Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho, going to him, said : “ In faith, master bachelor, if you will take my advice, henceforward you will challenge nobody to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that. I have heard say of these masters that they can thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle.”—“ I am satisfied,” answered Corchuelo, “ and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed.” Thereupon he arose and embraced the

<sup>422</sup> *Hecho rabos de pulpo*, is a proverbial expression applied to torn clothes.

licentiate, and they were then better friends than before. Being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone to fetch the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way that they might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. By the way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, with so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that every body was convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo was entirely cured of his obstinacy.

It was just night-fall, and, before they arrived, they all thought they saw, between them and the village, a kind of Heaven, full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes, tambarines, psalteries, cymbals, little drums and bells. As they drew near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour made on one side of the

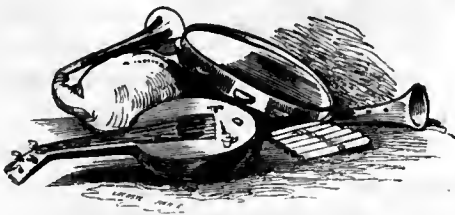


entrance into the town all hung with lights, which were not



disturbed by the wind, for it was so calm that there was not a breath of air so much as to stir even the leaves of the trees. The life and spirit of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful place, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different instruments aforesaid. In short, it looked as if mirth and pleasure danced and revelled through the meadow. Several others were busied about raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously be spectators, next day, of the plays and dances that were to be performed in that place, dedicated to the solemnizing the nuptials of the rich Camacho and the obsequies of Basilius.

Don Quixote refused to go into the town, though both the countryman and the bachelor invited him. He pleaded as an excuse, and in his opinion a very sufficient one, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields and forests rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs. Therefore he turned a little out of the way, sorely against Sancho's will, who had not forgotten the good lodging he had met with in the castle or house of Don Diego.



## CHAPTER XX.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF CAMACHO THE RICH,  
WITH THE ADVENTURE OF BASILIUS THE POOR.



ALMOST before the fair Aurora had given bright Phœbus room with the heat of his warm rays to dry up the liquid pearls on his golden hair, Don Quixote, shaking off sloth from his drowsy members, got upon his feet, and called to his squire Sancho who still lay snoring. Don Quixote, perceiving him in that condition, said, before he

awakened him: "O happy thou, above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying nor being envied, neither persecuted by enchanters nor affrighted by enchantments, sleep on, I say and will say a hundred times more, sleep on; for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, no anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee, nor is thy rest broken with the thoughts of what thou must do to-morrow to provide for thyself and thy poor family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor does the vain pomp of the world disturb thee, since thy desires extend not beyond the care of thine ass, for that of thy person is

laid upon my shoulders, a counterbalance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant sleeps, and the master is waking, to consider how he is to maintain, prefer and do him kindnesses. The pain of seeing the obdurate Heaven refuse convenient dews to refresh the earth afflicts not the servant, but the master who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for him who served him in times of fertility and abundance."

To all this Sancho answered not a word, for he was asleep, nor would he have awakened so soon as he did, had not Don Quixote jogged him with the butt end of his lance. At last he awoke, drowsy and yawning; and, turning his face on all sides, he said: "From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon than of thyme or rushes. By my faith, weddings that begin thus savourily must needs be liberal and abundant."—"Silence, glutton," said Don Quixote; "and let us hasten to assist at this wedding, and to see what becomes of the disdained Basilius."—"Marry, let what will become of him," answered Sancho, "he cannot be poor and marry Quiteria. A pleasant fancy for one not worth a groat, to aim at marrying above the clouds! Faith, Sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for pearls on vines. I dare wager an arm that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot; and if it be so, as it must needs be, Quiteria would be a pretty bride indeed to reject the fine clothes and jewels that Camacho has given and can give her, to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar and a feint at foils of Basilius. One cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil. Abilities and graces that are not vendible, let who will have them for me. But when they light on a man that has wherewithal, may my life shew as well as they do. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money."—"For the love of God, Sancho," cried Don Quixote, "have done with your harangue; I verily believe, were you let alone to go on as you begin at every turn, you would have no time to eat or sleep, but would spend it all in talk."—"If your worship had a good

memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement before we sallied from home this last time. One of them was that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were not any thing against my neighbour, or against your worship's authority; and hitherto I think I have not broken that capitulation."—"I do not remember any such article, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, though it were so, it is my pleasure you hold your peace and come along, for the musical instruments we heard last night are beginning again to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated in the cool of the morning, rather than in the heat of the day."

Sancho did as his master commanded him, and saddling Rocinante and panning his donkey, they both mounted, and slowly entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm, the fire by



which it was roasting being composed of a little mountain of wood. Round it were placed six pots, not cast in common mould, for they were wine-jars <sup>423</sup>, each containing a whole shamble of flesh. Entire sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them as commodiously as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready cased, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, in order to be buried in the cauldrons, were without number. Immense quantities of wild fowl and venison were hanging about the trees, that the air might keep them cool. Sancho counted above three-score skins, each of above twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat on a threshing floor. Cheeses, ranged like bricks, formed a kind of wall, and two cauldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying all sorts of fritters and pancakes, which were pulled out with two stout peels, when fried, and dipped in another kettle of prepared honey that stood by. The men and women cooks were in number above fifty, all clean, all diligent, all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly were a dozen sucking pigs, sewed up in it to make it savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed not to have been bought by the pound, but by the hundred-weight, and stood free for every body in an enormous open chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was rustic, but in such plenty that it was sufficient to feast an army.

Sancho beheld all, considered all, and was in love with every thing. The first that captivated and subdued his inclinations were the flesh-pots, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin: then the wine-skins drew his affections, and lastly the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous cauldrons may be so called. At last, not being able to forbear any longer, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a junk of bread in one of the pots.

“Brother,” answered the cook, “to day is none of those days over which hunger presides, thanks to rich Camacho. Alight,

<sup>423</sup> *Tinajas*, a kind of large earthen jar which is used, in La Mancha, to hold wine instead of casks.

and see if you can find a ladle anywhere; you may skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you.”—“I see no ladle,” answered Sancho. “Stay,” said the cook; “God forgive me, what a poor, helpless fellow you must be!” So saying, he laid hold of a kettle, and, sousing it into one of the jars, he fished out three pullets and a couple of geese. “Eat, friend,” said he to Sancho, “and make a breakfast of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner time.”—“I have nothing to put it in,” answered Sancho.



“Then take ladle and all,” added the cook; “the riches and felicity of Camacho supply every thing.”

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing a dozen countrymen enter one side of the spacious arbour, all

upon as many beautiful mares, adorned with rich and gay caparisons, and their furniture hung round with little bells. They were clad in holiday apparel, and, in a troop, ran sundry well-ordered careers about the meadow, with a joyful cry of: "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the world!" When Don Quixote heard the joyous exclamations: "It is plain," said he to himself, "that these people have not seen my Dulcinca del Toboso; for had they seen her, they would have been a little more sparing in their praises of this Quiteria." A little while after, there entered at divers parts of the arbour a great many different groups of dancers, among which was one consisting of four-and-twenty sword-dancers, handsome sprightly young men, all arrayed in fine linen, with handkerchiefs wrought with several colours of fine silk: One of those upon the mares asked a youth who led the sword-dance whether any of his comrades were wounded. "As yet, God be thanked," answered the youth, "nobody is hurt. We are all whole." With that he twined himself in among the rest of his companions, with so many turns, and so dexterously, that Don Quixote, accustomed as he was to see such kinds of dances, confessed that he had never seen any that he had liked so well as that.

There was another dance which pleased him no less. It was danced by a dozen most beautiful damsels, none of whom appeared to be under fourteen nor any quite eighteen years old. They



were all clad in light green cloth, with their locks partly plaited and partly loose, and all so yellow that they might rival those of the sun itself; and, in their hair they wore garlands of jessamine, roses and woodbine. This beautiful young bevy was led up by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, more nimble and airy than could be expected from their years. A bagpipe of Zamora was their music, and these young virgins, carrying modesty in their looks and lightness in their feet, approved themselves the best dancers in the world.

After these there entered an artificial dance, one of those called *speaking-dances* <sup>424</sup>. It was composed of eight nymphs divided into two files. The god Cupid led one file, and Interest the other; the former adorned with wings, bow, quiver and arrows, the other apparelled with rich and various colours of gold and silk. The nymphs, attendants on the god of love, had their names written at their backs on white parchment, and in capital letters. *Poetry* was the title of the first; *Discretion* of the second; *Good Family* of the third, and *Valour* of the fourth. The followers of Interest were distinguished in the same manner. The title of the first was *Liberality*; *Donation* of the second; *Treasure* of the third, and that of the fourth, *Peaceable Possession*. Before them all came a wooden castle drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so to the life that they almost frightened Sancho. On the front and on all the four sides of the machine, was written: *The Castle of Reserve*. Four skilful musicians played on the flute and tamarine. Cupid began the dance, and after two movements, he lifted up his eyes, and bent his bow against a damsel that stood between the battlements of the castle, whom he addressed in this manner:

“ I am the mighty god of Love;  
Air, earth and sea my power obey:  
O'er hell beneath, and Heaven above,  
I reign with universal sway.

<sup>424</sup> *Speaking dances* (*danzas habladas*) were, as the description in the text explains, a kind of pantomime, interspersed with dancing and singing or recitative.



“ I give, resume, forbid, command,  
 My will is nature’s general law ;  
 No force arrests my powerful hand,  
 No fears my daring courage awe.”

His stanzas finished, he let fly an arrow at the top of the castle,



and retired to his post. Then Interest stepped forth ; he made two other movements, and, the music having ceased, he said :

“ Though Love’s my motive and my end,  
 I boast a greater power than Love ;  
 Who makes not Interest his sure friend,  
 In nothing will successful prove.

“ By all adored, by all pursued ;  
 Then own, bright nymph, my greater sway,  
 And for thy gentle breast subdued,  
 With large amends shall Interest pay.”

Interest having retired, Poetry advanced, and, after she had made her movements like the rest, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, she said :

“ My name is Poetry : my soul,  
 Wrapped up in verse, to thee I send ;  
 Let gentle lays thy will controul,  
 And be for once the Muses’ friend.

“ If, lovely maid, sweet Poetry  
 Displease thee not, thy fortune soon,  
 Envied by all, advanced by me,  
 Shall reach the circle of the moon.”

Poetry disappearing, from the side of Interest stepped forth Liberality, and, after making her movements, said :

“ Me Liberality men call ;  
 In me the happy golden mean,  
 Nor spendthrift-like to squander all,  
 Nor niggardly to save, is seen.

“ But, for thy honour, I begin,  
 Fair nymph, a prodigal to prove ;  
 To lavish here’s a glorious sin,  
 For who’d a miser be in love ?”

In this manner all the figures of the two parties advanced and retreated, and each made its movements and recited its verses,

some elegant and some ridiculous; but Don Quixote, though he had a very good memory, treasured up the foregoing only. Presently they mixed altogether in a kind of country-dance, with a genteel grace and easy freedom. When Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft, while Interest flung gilded balls against it <sup>425</sup>. In conclusion, after having danced some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Angora cat-skin, which seemed to be full of money; and throwing it at the castle, the boards were disjoined and tumbled down with the blow, leaving the damsel exposed, without any defence at all. Then came Interest with his followers, and, clapping a great golden chain about her neck, they feigned to take her prisoner and lead her away captive. At this sight, Love and his adherents made a show as if they would rescue her, and all their seeming efforts were made in concert with the music. They were parted by the savages, who, with great agility, rejoined the boards and reinstated the castle; the damsel was again enclosed therein as before, and so the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who it was that had contrived and ordered the show. She answered that it was the production of the beneficed clergyman of the village, who had a notable talent for such kind of inventions. "I will lay a wager," said Don Quixote, "that this bachelor or clergyman is more a friend to Camacho than Basilius, and understands satires better than vespers. Certes he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance the abilities of Basilius with the riches of Camacho." Sancho Panza, who had listened to all this, said: "The king is my cock, I hold with Camacho."—"In short" said Don Quixote, "it is plain you are an arrant bumpkin, and one of those who cry long life to the conqueror."—"I know not who I am one of," answered Sancho,

<sup>425</sup> *Alcancias*. This was the name of the clay balls, about as large as oranges, filled with flowers or perfumes, and sometimes with ashes or water, which the knights flung at each other in the evolutions of tournaments. It was an Arabian game which the Spaniards had imitated, preserving its original name.

“but I know very well I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius’s pots as this just fished from Camacho’s;” and at the same time he shewed his master the kettle full of geese and hens. Laying hold of one, he began to eat with notable good humour and appetite, and said: “A fig for Basilius’s abilities, for you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the *haves* and the *have nots* <sup>426</sup>, and she stuck to the former. Now-a-days, master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of *have* than of *know*, and an ass with golden furniture makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle. So, I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and rabbits; whilst Basilius’s pots, if they were to be skimmed, would only yield dish-water.”—“Have you finished your harangue, Sancho?” demanded Don Quixote. “I must have done,” answered Sancho, “because I perceive your worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying; but where it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days.”—“God grant, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “I may see you dumb before I die.”—“At the rate we go on,” answered Sancho, “before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay, and then perhaps I may be so dumb that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday.”—“Though it should fall out so,” answered Don Quixote, “your silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of your talk, past, present and to come. Besides, according to the course of nature,

<sup>426</sup> Sancho’s grandmother quoted an ancient Spanish proverb, which the Portuguese poet Antonio Enriquez Gomez has paraphrased in the following lines:

El mundo tiene dos linages solos  
 En entrambos dos polos.  
*Tener* esta en Oriente,  
*Y no tener* asiste en Occidente.

(*Academia III., vista 2.*)

I must die before you ; therefore I may never hope to see you dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say.”—“In good faith, sir,” answered Sancho, “there is no trusting to madam Ghostly, I mean death, who devours lambs as well as sheep ; and I have heard our vicar say that she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of kings and the humble cottages of the poor <sup>427</sup>. That same gentlewoman is more powerful than nice. She is not at all squeamish ; she eats of every thing, lays hold of all, and stuffs her wallet with people of all sorts, of all ages, of all conditions. She is not a reaper who indulges in the siesta ; she cuts down and mows at all hours, the dry as well as the green grass ; nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows down all that comes in her way, for she has a canine appetite, that is never satisfied ; and though she has no stomach, she makes it appear that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cool water.”—“Enough, enough, Sancho,” cried Don Quixote ; “leave off while you are well, and do not spoil all, for, in truth, what you have said of death, in your rustic phrases, might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell you, Sancho, if you had but discretion equal to your natural abilities, you might take a pulpit in your hand, and go about the world preaching fine things.”—“A good liver is the best preacher,” answered Sancho ; “and that is all the divinity I know.”—“Or need know,” added Don Quixote. “But I can in no wise comprehend how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you, who are more afraid of a lizard than of Him, should be so knowing.”—“Good your worship, judge of your own chivalries,” returned Sancho, “and meddle not with judging other men’s fears or valours, for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours ; and pray let me whip off this scum ; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world.”

So saying, he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so

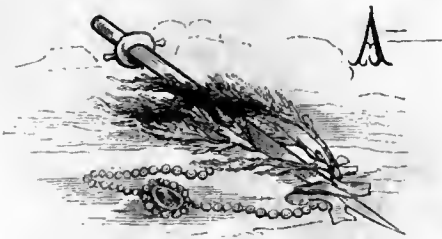
<sup>427</sup> An allusion to the well known sentence of Horace : *Pallida mors*, etc.

long-winded an appetite that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of deferring till the next chapter.



## CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH IS CONTINUED CAMACHO'S WEDDING, WITH OTHER DELIGHTFUL ACCIDENTS.



At the moment that Don Quixote and Sancho had made an end of the discourse recounted in the preceding chapter, they heard a great outcry and noise. It was

occasioned by the labourers who rode on the mares, who, in full career, and with a great shout, went to meet the bride and bridegroom, who were coming surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, accompanied by the parish-priest, the kindred on both sides, and by a concourse of the better sort of people from the neighbouring towns, all in their holiday apparel.

When Sancho espied the bride, he cried: "In good faith, she is



not clad like a country girl, but like a court lady. By the



mass, her patenas <sup>428</sup> seem to me at this distance to be of rich coral, and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenca, is no less than a thirty-piled velvet. The trimming also, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands: instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive but they are of gold, ay, and of right gold, and adorned with pearls as white as a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah, the merry jade! and what fine hair she has! if it is not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien! Why she is a very moving palm-tree, loaded with branches of dates; for just mark the trinkets hanging at her hair, and about her neck; by my soul, the girl is so well plated over that she might safely steer through the Flemish shoals <sup>429</sup>."

Don Quixote smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, but he thought that, setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. The fair Quiteria looked a little pale, occasioned doubtless by want of rest the preceding night, which brides always employ in setting themselves off for the wedding-day following. The bride and bridegroom proceeded towards a kind of theatre on one side of the meadow,

<sup>428</sup> By this name is understood certain thin plates of metal, a sort of consecrated medals, anciently worn by Spanish ladies instead of necklaces, which, at the period when Cervantes wrote, were worn only by country-women.

<sup>429</sup> The sand-banks on the coast of the Netherlands were greatly dreaded by the Spanish mariners. The dangerous navigation of this coast, and the skill requisite in order to achieve it in safety, gave rise to the proverbial expression [made use of in the text by Sancho], applied as a favourable summary of a person's qualifications, that such a one is capable of *steering safely through the Flemish sand-banks*.—As the Spanish word *banco* signifies also *banking-house*, Lope de Vega says ironically of the *maestro* Burguillos (a fictitious name of his own), that he had received payment for his work, contributed to a literary joust, in a draft for two hundred crowns on the Flemish *banks*. Doubtless also by an equivoque on the double meaning of the word *banco*, Filleau de Saint-Martin (the translator of the popular version of Don Quixote in France) renders this passage by saying of Quiteria: *Je ne crois pas qu'on la refusât à la Banque de Bruxelles*. [M. Viardot is the first commentator who has exhibited in its proper light the allusion in Sancho's expression. Jarvis had said in this place: "She might pass current at any bank in Flanders," adding, in a note: "At that time Antwerp, and the other towns of the Low Countries, were the grand mart of all Europe for trade and exchanges." Smollett, likewise, has: "By my salvation! the damsel is well covered, and might pass through all the banks of Flanders," closer, indeed, to the original, but evidently ignorant of the allusion to the Flemish sand-banks. Motteux's version runs thus, "She's a mettled wench, and might well pass muster in Flanders," and Shelton's is to the same effect, in nearly the same words. En. D. Q.

adorned with carpets and boughs, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, and whence they were to see the dances and spectacles. Just as they reached their places, they heard a loud outcry behind them, and somebody shouting: "Hold a little, inconsiderate and hasty people." Hereupon they all turned about their heads, and observed a man clad in a long black jacket, all welted with flame-coloured silk. He was crowned, as they presently perceived, with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a long truncheon. As he drew near, all knew him to be the gallant shepherd Basilius, and waited to see what would be the issue, apprehending some sinister event from his arrival at such a season. At length he came up, tired and out of breath; planting himself just before the affianced couple, and leaning on his truncheon, which had a steel pike at the end, changing colour and fixing his eyes on Quiteria, with a trembling and hoarse voice, he said: "You well know, ungrateful Quiteria, that, by the rules of the holy religion we profess, you cannot marry another man whilst I am living; neither are you ignorant that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have not failed to preserve the respect due to your honour. But you, casting all obligations due to my lawful love behind your back, are going to make another man master of what is mine, another whose riches serve not only to make him happy in the possession of them, but every way superlatively fortunate. Very well:—now, in order that his good luck may be heaped to the brim (not that I think he deserves it, but that Heaven will have it so) I, with my own hands, will remove all impossibility or obstacle, by removing myself out of his way. Long live the rich Camacho with the ungrateful Quiteria, many and happy ages may they live; and let poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune and laid him in his grave." So saying, he laid hold of his truncheon, which was stuck in the ground, and drew forth a short sword that was concealed in it and to which it served as a scabbard; then, setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with a nimble spring and determined purpose, he threw himself upon it. In an instant, half the bloody blade appeared at his back, and the poor

wretch lay his length along the ground, weltering in his blood and pierced through with his own weapon.

His friends ran presently to his assistance, grieved at his misery and deplorable disaster. Don Quixote, quitting Rocinante, was almost the first on the spot, and taking Basilius in his arms, he



found that he had still life in him. They would have drawn out the sword; but the priest was of opinion it should not be drawn out till he had made his confession, fearing that their pulling it out and his expiring would happen at the same moment. Basilius, coming a little to himself, said, with a faint and doleful voice: "If, cruel Quiteria, in this my last and fatal agony you would give me

your hand to be my spouse, I should hope my rashness might be pardoned, since it procured me the blessing of being yours." The priest, on hearing this, advised him to mind the salvation of his soul rather than the gratifying of his bodily appetites, and, in good earnest, to beg pardon of God for his sins, especially for this last desperate action. Basilius replied that he would by no means make any confession, till Quiteria had first given him her hand to be his wife; for that satisfaction would quiet his spirits, and give him breath for confession. Don Quixote, hearing the wounded man's request, cried in a loud voice that Basilius desired a very just and very reasonable thing, and besides very easy to be done, and that it would be every whit as honourable for signor Camacho to take Quiteria a widow of the brave Basilius, as if he received her at her father's hands. "All that is necessary," he added, "is a bare *yes*, since the nuptial bed of these espousals must be the grave."

Camacho heard all this in suspense and confusion, not knowing what to do or say. But so importunate were the cries of Basilius's friends, desiring him to consent that Quiteria might give her hand to be Basilius's wife, lest his soul should be lost by departing out of this life in despair, that they forced him to reply that, if Quiteria thought fit to give it him, he was content, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. Upon this all present hastened to Quiteria; some with entreaties, and all with the most persuasive reasons, importuned her to give her hand to poor Basilius. But she, harder than marble and more immovable than a statue, either could not or would not return any answer; and doubtless she would have continued silent, but the priest bade her resolve immediately, for Basilius had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait for deliberation. Then the beautiful Quiteria, without answering a word, much troubled and concerned, approached the spot where Basilius, his eyes already turned in his head, breathing short and quick, lay muttering the name of Quiteria, and giving tokens of dying more like a Heathen than a Christian. Quiteria, kneeling beside him, asked him to give her his hand. Basilius unclosed his eyes, and, fixing them steadfastly upon her; "O Quiteria" said he: "you who

relent at a time when your pity is a sword to finish the taking away of my life, for now I have not enough left to bear the glory you give me in making me your husband, nor to suspend the pain which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death; I beg of you, O fatal star of mine, that the hand you require and give be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh. I conjure you to confess and acknowledge aloud that you bestow your hand upon me without any force laid upon your will, and that you give it me as to your lawful husband. It would, in this extremity, be unjust for you to impose upon me, or deal falsely with him who has always behaved faithfully and sincerely to you."

At these words he was seized with such a fainting fit that all the by-standers thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty and bashfulness, taking Basilius's right hand in hers, made answer :



"No force would be sufficient to bias my will. With all the freedom I have, I therefore give you my hand to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it me as freely, and if the calamity you have brought yourself into by your precipitate resolution

does not disturb or hinder it."—"Yes, I give it you," answered Basilius, "neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that Heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me; so do I give and engage myself to be your husband."—"And I to be your wife," answered Quiteria, "whether you live many years, or are carried from my arms to the grave."—"For one so much wounded," said Sancho Panza, at this juncture, "this young man talks a great deal; advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul, though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue than between his teeth."

Basilius and Quiteria thus joining their hands, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes, pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the newly married man's soul. But the latter had no sooner received the benediction than he suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the sword which was sheathed in his body. All the by-standers were struck with astonishment, and some, more simple than the rest, began to cry aloud: "A miracle, a miracle!"—"No miracle, no miracle," said Basilius; "say rather, stratagem, stratagem!" The priest, astonished and confounded, ran with both hands to feel the wound, and found that the sword had passed, not through Basilius's flesh and ribs, but through a hollow iron pipe filled with blood, fitted to the place and purpose, and, as it was afterwards known, the blood prepared by art not to congeal. In short, the priest and Camacho, and the rest of the by-standers, found they had been imposed upon and deceived. The bride showed no signs of being sorry for the trick; on the contrary, hearing it said that the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she said that she confirmed it anew, whence every body concluded that the business had been concerted with the knowledge of both parties. Camacho and his abettors were so confounded that they transferred their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing abundance of swords, they fell upon Basilius, in whose behalf as many more were instantly drawn. Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback, with his lance in its rest and his body well covered with his shield, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kind of frays, retired to the jars, out of

which he had obtained his charming skimmings; that asylum seeming to him to be a sanctuary worthy of reverence.

Don Quixote cried aloud: "Hold, sirs, hold; it is not fit to take revenge for the injuries done us by love. Pray consider that love and war are exactly alike; and, as in war it is lawful and customary to employ cunning and stratagem to defeat the enemy, so likewise, in amorous conflicts, it is allowable to put in practice tricks and sleights in order to compass the desired end, provided they be not to the prejudice and dishonour of the party beloved. Quiteria was Basilius's, and Basilius Quiteria's, by the just and favourable disposition of Heaven. Camacho is rich; he may purchase his pleasure when, where and how he pleases. Basilius has but this one ewe-lamb; no one, how powerful soever, has a right to take it from him, for those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder <sup>430</sup>; and whoever shall attempt it must first pass the point of this lance." Then he brandished it, with such vigour and dexterity that he struck terror into all those who did not know him. But Quiteria's indifference took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it presently blotted her out of his memory. The persuasions also of the priest, who was a prudent and well-meaning man, had their effect, and Camacho and those of his faction remained pacified and calmed. In token of peace, they put up their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of Quiteria than the cunning of Basilius. Even Camacho reasoned within himself that if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and that he had more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the loss of her.

Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too, and the rich Camacho, to show that he did not resent the trick put upon him, would have the diversions and entertainments go on, as if he had been really married. But

<sup>430</sup> In this phrase there is an allusion to Nathan's parable to David, after the rape of Uriah's wife, of the ewe-lamb; and another allusion to the words of the Gospel. "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (2 Sam. XII. St. Matthew XIX. 6).

neither Basilius, nor his spouse, nor their followers would partake of them. They went home to Basilius's village, for the poor man who is virtuous and discreet finds those who follow, honour and stand by him, as well as the rich man finds attendants and flatterers. They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him to be a person of worth and bravery. Only Sancho's soul was sorrowful and overcast, finding it impossible for him to stay and partake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festival, which lasted till night. Drooping and sad, he followed his master, who went off with Basilius's troop, leaving behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt<sup>431</sup>, which, however, he carried in his mind,—the skimmings of the kettle, now almost consumed and spent, representing to him the glory and abundance of the good he had lost. It was, therefore, in a pensive and sorrowful frame of mind that he prepared to follow the track of Rocinante.



<sup>431</sup> After quitting Egypt, the Israelites said in the desert: "When we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat to the full." (Exod. XVI. 3)



## CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE GRAND ADVENTURE OF THE CAVERN OF MONTESINOS, SITUATED IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, TO WHICH ADVENTURE THE VALOUROUS DON QUIXOTE GAVE A HAPPY CONCLUSION.



IN the most cordial manner did the newly married couple make Don Quixote welcome to their habitation; they felt highly obliged by the readiness he had shewn in defending their cause, and they esteemed his discretion in equal degree with his valour, accounting him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. Three days honest Sancho solaced himself at the expense of the bride and bridegroom, from whom it was known that the feigned wounding himself was not a trick concerted with the fair Quiteria, but an invention of Basilius, who had hoped from it the very success which fell out. He confessed that he had, in truth, let some of his friends into the secret, in order that they might favour his design and support his deceit. Don Quixote affirmed that that could not nor ought to be

called deceit which aims at virtuous ends, and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of all ends. "But observe," he added "that hunger and continual necessity are the greatest enemies to love. In love, all is gaiety, mirth and content, especially when the lover is in actual possession of the person beloved, to which necessity and poverty are opposed and declared enemies. All this I say with design to persuade Signor Basilius to quit the exercise of those abilities wherein he so much excels, which, though they procured you fame, they gain you no money, and in order to induce you now to apply yourself to the acquisition of riches by lawful and indutrious means, which are never wanting to the prudent and diligent. The honourable poor man (if a poor man can be said to be worthy of honour) possesses a jewel in a beautiful wife, and whoever deprives him of her, deprives him of his honour. The beautiful and honourable woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty of itself attracts the inclinations of all that behold it, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure. But if such beauty be attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, it is besieged by kites and vultures, and other birds of prey, and she who stands firm against so many attacks, may well be called the crown of her husband <sup>432</sup>. Observe, discreet Basilius," added Don Quixote, "that, in the opinion of a certain sage, there was but one good woman in all the world; but he gave it as his advice that every man should believe she was fallen to his lot, and so he would live contented. For my part, I am not married, nor have I yet ever thought of being so; yet would I venture to give my advice to any one who should ask me what method he should take to get a wife to his mind. In the first place, I would advise him to lay a greater stress upon reputation than fortune, for the virtuous woman does not acquire a good name merely by being good, but by appearing to be so; in effect, public freedoms and liberties hurt a woman's reputation much more than secret guilt. If you bring a virtuous woman to your house, it is an easy matter to keep her so,

<sup>432</sup> "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." (Prov. XII. 4.)

and even to fortify her virtue; but, if you take a woman of evil inclinations to be your wife, you will have much ado to mend her, for it is not very feasible to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say it is impossible, but I take it to be extremely difficult."

All this Sancho listened to. "This master of mine," said he to himself, "when I spoke things pithy and substantial, used to say I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching fine sermons; now I say of him that, when he begins stringing of sentences and giving advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll from place to place preaching: 'Mouth, what would you have?' The devil take him for a knight-errant, that knows every thing! I believed in my heart that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries; but he thrusts his spoon into every dish." Sancho muttered this so loud that his master, overhearing him, asked what he was muttering about. "I neither say nor mutter any thing," answered Sancho; "I was only saying to myself that I wished I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I was married: then, perhaps, I should have been able to say now that the ox that is loose is best licked."—"Is your Teresa then so very bad, Sancho?" returned Don Quixote. "She is not very bad," answered Sancho, "neither is she very good; at least, not so good as I would have her."—"You are in the wrong, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to speak ill of your wife, who is the mother of your children."—"We are not in one another's debt upon that score," answered Sancho; "she speaks no better of me whenever the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous, for then Satan himself cannot bear with her."

Eventually, both master and squire remained three days with the newly-married couple, by whom they were served and treated like kings. Don Quixote desired the dexterous student to furnish him with a guide to conduct him to the cavern of Montesinos, as he had a mighty desire to go down into it, and to see with his own eyes whether the wonders related of it in all those parts were true. The student told him he would procure him a cousin of his, a famous scholar and a great lover of books of chivalry, who would very gladly lead him to the mouth of the cavern itself, and also shew

him the lakes of Ruidera, famous all over La Mancha and even all over Spain. "You will find him," added the student, "a very entertaining companion, for he is a young man who knows how to write books for the press and dedicate them to princes."

In short, the cousin came, mounted on an ass big with foal,



whose pack-saddle was covered with a doubled piece of an old striped carpet. Sancho saddled Rocinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallet, that of the scholar being equally well provided; then, commending themselves to the protection of God and taking leave of every body, they set out in the direction of the famous cavern of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the student's cousin of what kind his exercises, profession and studies were. The other answered that his profession was the study of humanity, his exercise composing of books for the press, all of great use and no small entertainment to the commonwealth. "One of them," said he, "is intitled *A treatise on Liveries*, in which I describe seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes and ciphers, whence the cavalier courtiers may pick and choose to their minds for

feasts and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, and without beating their own brains to invent and contrive them to their humour or design. In fact, I adapt them to the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, the absent, so properly that more will hit than miss. I have also another book, which I intend to call *The Metamorphoseos*, or *Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention. Imitating Ovid in a burlesque way, I therein mean to shew who the Giralda of Seville was, who the angel of La Magdalena; what the kennel of Vecinguerra at Cordova, what the bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountain of Leganitos and the Lavapies at Madrid, not forgetting that of the Pou, that of the Golden Pipe and that of the Priora<sup>433</sup>. To all these I purpose to add their several allegories, metaphors and transformations, in such a manner as at once to delight, surprise and instruct. I have yet another book, which I call a *Supplement to Virgil Polydore*<sup>434</sup>, which treats of the invention of things; it is a work of vast erudition and study, wherein I make out several material things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, for instance, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who the first that was anointed for the French distemper. These points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of about five and twenty authors for them. So that your worship may judge whether I have taken true pains, and whether such a performanee is not likely to be very useful to the whole world!"

Sancho, having been attentive to the student's discourse: "Tell me, sir," said he, "so may God send you good luck in the printing your books, can you inform me (for I know you can, since you

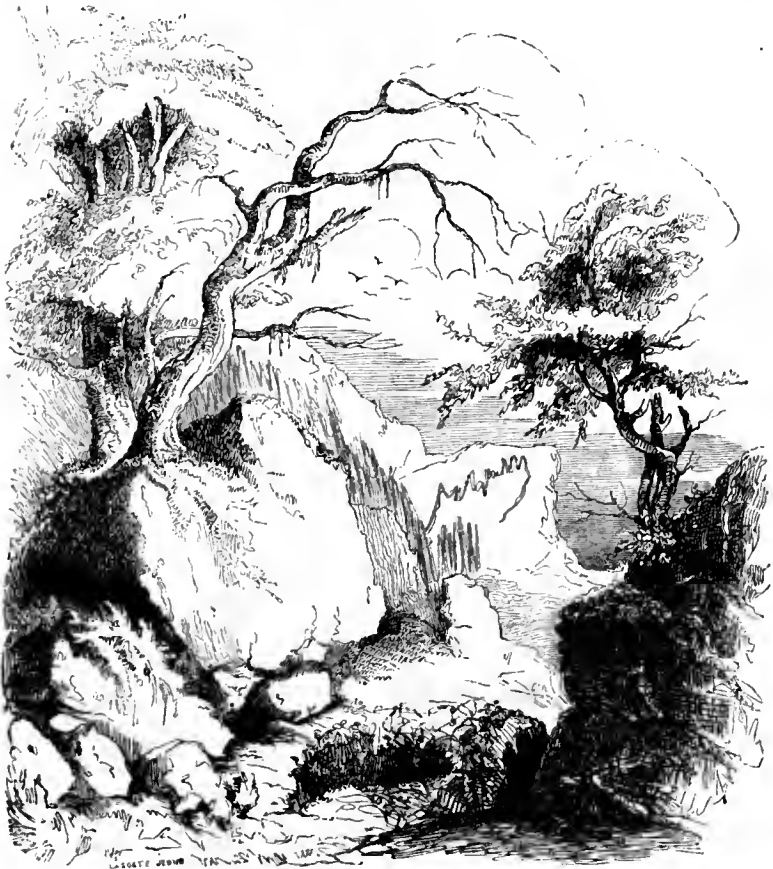
<sup>433</sup> We have already spoken (vide notes 386 and 387) of the Giralda and the bulls of Guisando.—The angel of La Magdalena is a shapeless figure placed for a weathercock on the steeple of the church of Saint Magdalen at Salamanca.—The kennel of Vecinguerra carries the rain-water from the streets of Cordova to the Guadalquivir.—The fountains of Leganitos, etc., are all situated in the promenades and public places of Madrid.

<sup>434</sup> He should have said Polydore Virgil. He was a learned Italian, who published, in 1499, the treatise *De rerum inventoribus*.

know every thing) who was the first that scratched his head? for my part, I am of opinion it must have been our father Adam.”—“Certainly,” answered the scholar, “for there is no doubt that Adam had a head and hair; now, this being granted, and he being the first man of the world, he must needs have scratched it sometimes.”—“So I believe,” answered Sancho. “But tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world?”—“Truly, brother,” answered the scholar, “I cannot determine that point till I have studied it; but I will study it as soon as I return to the place where I keep my books, and will satisfy you when we see one another again, for I hope this will not be the last time.”—“Look ye, sir,” replied Sancho, “take no pains about this matter, for I have already hit upon the answer to my question. Know that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast headlong from Heaven, for he came tumbling down to the lowest abyss.”—“You are in the right, friend,” said the scholar; and Don Quixote added: “This question and answer are not your own, Sancho, you have heard them from somebody else.”—“Say no more, sir,” replied Sancho; “in good faith, if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not have done between this and to-morrow. But do not think that, for foolish questions and ridiculous answers, I need be obliged to any of my neighbours.”—“Sancho,” returned Don Quixote, “you have said more than you are aware of; for some there are, who tire themselves with examining into and explaining things, which, when known and explained, signify not a farthing to the understanding or the memory.”

In these and other pleasant discourses they passed that day. At night they lodged in a small village, whence, the scholar told Don Quixote, the distance to the cavern of Montesinos did not exceed two leagues; so that, if he continued his resolution to enter into it, it would be necessary to provide himself with ropes to tie and lower himself down into its depths. Don Quixote answered that, though it led to the infernal regions, he would see the bottom. Accordingly, they bought about a hundred fathoms of cord, and, about two in the afternoon of the following day, they came to the cavern, the mouth of which is wide and spacious, but

overgrown with briars, wild fig-trees and thorns, so thick and intricate that they quite conceal it.



When they arrived here, the cousin, Sancho and Don Quixote alighted, and the two former bound the knight very fast with the cord. While they were swathing him, Sancho said: "Have a care, dear sir, what you do. Pray do not bury yourself alive, nor hang yourself, dangling like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well. It does not belong to your worship to be the scrutinizer of this hole, which must needs be worse than a Moorish dungeon."—"Tie on, and talk not," answered Don Quixote; "such an

enterprize as this, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone." Then the guide added: "I beseech your worship, signor Don Quixote, to take good heed and look about you with a hundred eyes down there below; perhaps there may be things proper to be inserted in my book of metamorphoses."—"The drum is in a hand that knows full well how to beat it," answered Sancho Panza.

That said, and the tying of Don Quixote (not over his armour, but his doublet) finished: "We have been," said the latter, "very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell to be tied to me with this rope, by the tinkling of which you might hear me still descending, and know that I was alive; but, since that is now impossible, be God my guide!" Immediately he kneeled down,



and in a low voice addressed an orison to Heaven for assistance and success in this seemingly perilous and strange adventure. Then, in a loud voice, he cried: "O lady of my actions and thoughts,



illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, if it be possible that the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover reach thy ears, I beseech thee, for thy unheard of beauty's sake, hearken to them; all I supplicate of thee, is not to refuse me thy favour and protection, now that I so much need it. I am just going to precipitate and ingulph myself in the profound abyss here before me, solely in order to let the world know that, if thou favourest me, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and accomplish.

So saying, he drew near to the brink, and saw that he could not be let down, nor even enter the cavern, but by cutting his way through. Accordingly, drawing his sword, he began to lay about him, and hew down the brambles and bushes which concealed the mouth of



the cavern. At the noise of his strokes, an infinite number of huge ravens and owls flew out so thick and so fast, that they beat Don Quixote to the ground. And certes, had he been as superstitious as he was catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in such a place. At length he got upon his legs, and seeing no more ravens flying out, nor other night-birds, for sundry bats flew out among the ravens, the cousin and Sancho gave him the rope and lowered him to the bottom of the fearful cavern. As he disappeared, Sancho gave him his blessing, and making a thousand crosses over him, said: "God, the Rock of France and the Trinity of Gaeta <sup>435</sup> speed thee, thou flower, cream and scum of knights-errant. Go, thou Hector of the world, heart of steel, arms of brass; once more, God guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound without deceit, to the light of this world which thou art forsaking to bury thyself in this obscurity." The cousin uttered similar prayers and invocations. Don Quixote went down, calling for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little. When the voice, from the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, the hundred fathom of the cordage was all let down. They were then of opinion to pull Don Quixote up again, since they could lower him no farther. However, they delayed about half an hour, and then they began to gather up the rope, which they did very easily, and without any weight, whence they conjectured that Don Quixote remained in the cavern. Sancho, believing as much, wept bitterly, and drew up in a great hurry to know the truth. But coming to a little above eighty fathoms, they felt a weight, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they discerned Don Quixote very distinctly, to whom Sancho

<sup>435</sup> The Rock of France is a lofty mountain in the district of Alberca, in the province of Salamanca, where it is related that a Frenchman, named Simon Vela, discovered, in 1434, a consecrated image of the Virgin. Many hermitages and a convent of Dominicans have since been built on its sides.—The Trinity of Gaeta is a chapel and convent founded, by king Ferdinand V. of Arragon, on the summit of a promontory before the port of Gaeta, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity.

cried in a joyful voice: "Welcome back to us, dear sir; for we began to think you had stayed there to breed." But Don Quixote



answered not a word, and when they had pulled him quite out, they perceived that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep. They laid him along on the ground, and untied him, yet still he did not awake. But they so turned, jogged, re-turned and shook him, that after a good while he came to himself, stretching and yawning as if he had awaked out of a heavy and deep sleep. Gazing from side to side like one amazed, he said: "God forgive ye, friends, for having brought me away from the most pleasing and charming life and sight that ever mortal saw or lived. Now, in good truth, I am thoroughly satisfied that all the enjoyments of this life pass away like a shadow or a dream, and fade away like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O desperately wounded Durandarte! O unfortunate Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! and ye, unlucky daughters of Ruidera, whose waters shew what floods of tears streamed from your fair eyes!"

The cousin and Sancho listened attentively to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke as if he fetched them with immense pain from his entrails. They entreated him to explain to them what he had been saying, and to relate what he had seen in that hell below. "Hell do you call it!" cried Don Quixote; "nay, call it so no more, for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently see." He desired they should first give him something to eat, for he was very hungry. They spread the scholar's carpet upon the green grass, then addressd themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and all three, seated in loving and social wise, collationed and supped at one and the same time. The carpet being removed, Don Quixote cried: "Let no one rise, and, my sons, be all attentive to me."





# I N D E X

TO THE

## CHAPTERS CONTAINED IN THE SECOND VOLUME.

### PART I. BOOK IV.

(CONTINUED.)

	Pages
CHAP. VII. In which is continued the novel of the "CURIOUS IMPERTINENT" . . . . .	9
CHAP. VIII. Which treats of the dreadful battle between Don Quixote and certain skins of red wine, and in which is concluded the novel of the "CURIOUS IMPERTINENT" . . . . .	33
CHAP. IX. Which treats of other uncommon adventures that happened in the Inn . . . . .	46
CHAP. X. Wherein is continued the history of the famous Infanta Micomicona; with other pleasant adventures . . . . .	59
CHAP. XI. The continuation of Don Quixote's curious discourse upon arms and letters . . . . .	74
CHAP. XII. Wherein the Captive relates his life and adventures . . . . .	81
CHAP. XIII. In which is continued the history of the Captive . . . . .	96
CHAP. XIV. In which the Captive continues the story of his adventures . . . . .	114
CHAP. XV. Which treats of what farther happened in the inn, and of many other things worthy to be known . . . . .	142

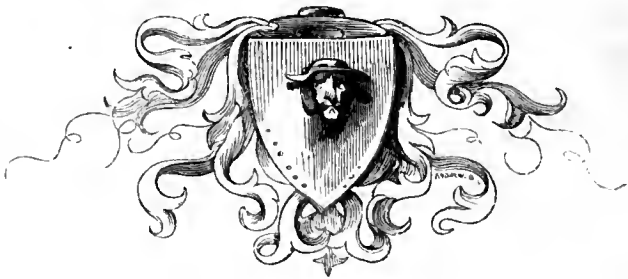
CHAP. XVI. Which treats of the agreeable history of the young muleteer, with other strange accidents that happened in the inn	153
CHAP. XVII. In which are continued the unheard-of adventures of the inn	168
CHAP. XVIII. In which the dispute concerning Mambrino's helmet and the pannel is decided, with other adventures that really and truly happened	181
CHAP. XIX. In which is finished the notable adventures of the archers of the Holy Hermandad, with the great ferocity of our good Knight Don Quixote	191
CHAP. XX. Of the strange and unheard of manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted, with other remarkable occurrences	202
CHAP. XXI. In which the Canon prosecutes the subject of books of chivalry, with other matters worthy of his genius	216
CHAP. XXII. Of the ingenious conference between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quixote	228
CHAP. XXIII. Of the ingenious contest between Don Quixote and the Canon, with other events	242
CHAP. XXIV. Which treats of what the Goatherd related to all who accompanied Don Quixote	254
CHAP. XXV. Of the quarrel between Don Quixote and the Goatherd, with the rare adventure of the White Penitents, which he happily accomplished with the sweat of his brow	265

## PART II.

Prologue	287
CHAP. I. Of what passed between the priest, the barber and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition	293

	Pages
CHAP. II. Of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's Neice and Housekeeper, with other pleasant occurrences	309
CHAP. III. Of the Iudicrous conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza and the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco	. 317
CHAP. IV. Wherein Sancho Panza answers to the Bachelor Sampson Carrasco's questions and clears up his doubts, with other incidents worthy to be known and recited	. . . . . 329
CHAP. V. Of the wise and pleasant dialogue which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, together with other incidents worthy of communication	. . . . . 339
CHAP. VI. Which treats of what passed between Don Quixote, his Niece and Housekeeper, and is one of the most important chapters of the whole history	. . . . . 349
CHAP. VII. Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other famous passages	. . . . . 358
CHAP. VIII. Wherein is related what befell Don Quixote as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso	. . . . . 369
CHAP. IX. Which relates what will be found in it	. . . . . 380
CHAP. X. Wherein is narrated the cunning used by the industrious Sancho in enchanting the lady Dulcinea, with other events no less ridiculous than true	. . . . . 387
CHAP. XI. Of the strange adventure which befell the valourous Don Quixote with the wain or cart of the Parliament of Death	. 400
CHAP. XII. Of the strange adventure which befell the valourous Don Quixote with the brave Knight of the Mirrors	. . . . . 412
CHAP. XIII. Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Grove, with the wise, new and pleasant dialogue between the two Squires	. . . . . 417
CHAP. XIV. Wherein is continued the adventure of the Knight of the Grove	. . . . . 426

	Pages
CHAP. XV. Giving an account who the Knight of the Mirrors and his Squire were . . . . .	442
CHAP. XVI. Of what befel Don Quixote with a discreet Gentleman of La Mancha . . . . .	446
CHAP. XVII. Wherein is set forth the last and highest point which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did or could arrive at, in the happy conclusion which he gave to the adventure of the Lions . . . . .	459
CHAP. XVIII. Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the Knight of the Green Gaban, with other extravagant matters	473
CHAP. XIX. Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasant accidents . . . . .	486
CHAP. XX. Giving an account of the wedding of Camacho the Rich, with the adventure of Basilius the Poor . . . . .	496
CHAP. XXI. In which is continued Camacho's wedding, with other delightful incidents . . . . .	509
CHAP. XXII. Wherein is related the grand adventure of the Cavern of Montesinos, situated in the heart of la Mancha, to which adventure the valourous Don Quixote gave a happy conclusion . . . . .	519







11.30 Mon Nov. 10

PQ  
6329  
A2  
1837  
V.2  
C.1  
ROBA

