DON QUIXOTE

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Abridged and simplified by

N. L. CARRINGTON

WITH FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS
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STORIES RETOLD

XVII
DON QUIXOTE

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INTRODUCTION

CERVANTES, the author of *Don Quixote*, lived about the same time as Shakespeare, that is to say when Elizabeth was Queen of England and Akbar on the throne of the great Moguls in India. This was towards the end of the age of Spain's greatness, an age during which Spain was the most powerful nation in Europe and in which her adventurers conquered for themselves a vast empire in the America which they had discovered. And just as the Elizabethan age produced such wonderful literature in England, so did the age we are talking of produce Spain's greatest genius, Cervantes.

He grew up at a famous university town, Alcala, but his father, a travelling surgeon, was too poor to send him to the university. Cervantes, however, had a passion for reading. As a boy he devoured every book he could lay hands on, and none so eagerly as books of adventure and chivalry. His father's profession led him all over Spain and later on he used to take his son with him wherever he went. In this way Cervantes saw a great deal of the world, the sort of world that lives at country inns and street corners.

When he was old enough he became a schoolmaster, but he evidently did not like the life very much. For at twenty-two he set out on his own to see the world. Eventually he enlisted as a soldier, and fought with great gallantry at Lepanto, the famous naval battle where the Spanish defeated the Turks. He was very proud of his part in this action. Indeed he had reason

to be so, for he was wounded in three places, and personally congratulated by the Commander-in-Chief. After five years of soldiering he decided to go back to Spain ; but on the way he was captured by Moorish pirates at sea and was kept for another five years as a slave in Algiers. For in those days the Moslems ruled northern Africa and used to enslave every Christian they captured.

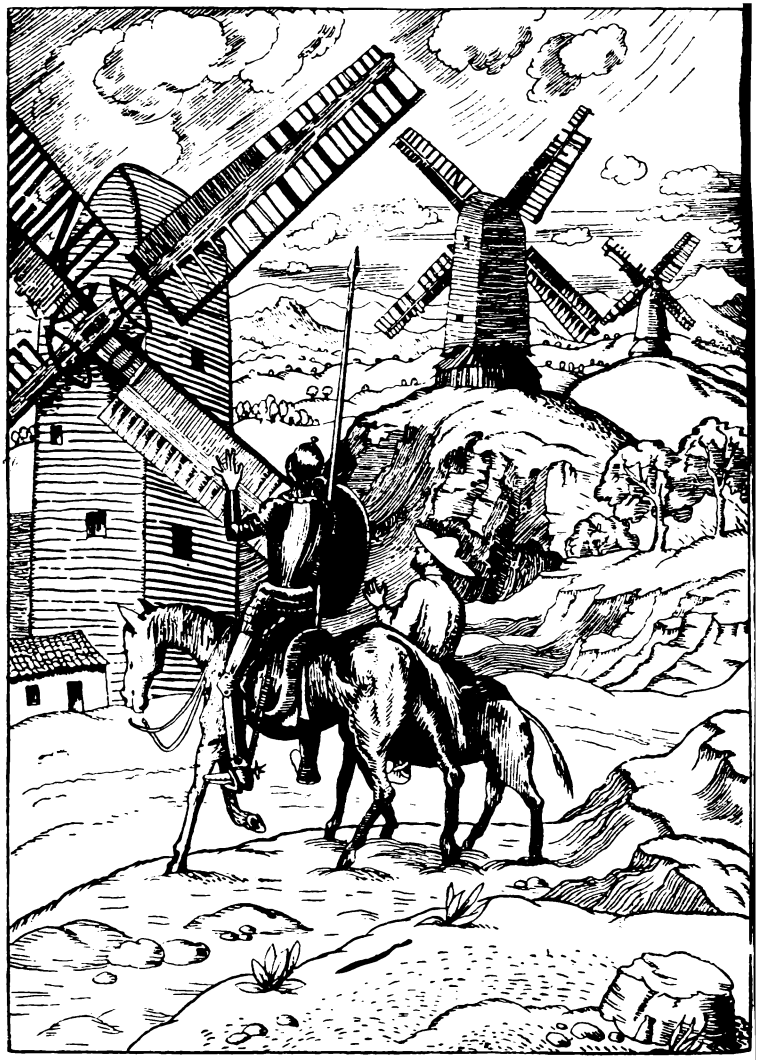
At last he was ransomed and came back to Spain. There he tried to earn his living by writing plays. He had no success. Then he tried all sorts of professions. At the time of the great Armada he collected stores at Seville, or as we would say nowadays, 'was engaged on munition work.' Then he became a tax collector and here he came to grief. For he collected taxes from powerful personages who thought they ought not to pay, and at the first pretext he was thrown into prison. Cervantes, however, was one of those indomitable people who are never discouraged or soured by misfortune. It was in prison that he began to write *Don Quixote*, though you would little think such a delightful book could be written by a man who was fifty years old, penniless, and wrongfully imprisoned. It was first published in 1605 and immediately it became immensely popular. Thenceforward he continued to write novels and poems with equal success.

Cervantes designed *Don Quixote* as a sort of skit or parody on the preposterous tales of chivalry that people used to read in his youth. But as he went along he developed it into a wonderful

story, quite as adventurous as any old-time romance, full of humour, abounding in wisdom on the everyday things of life, and, giving a complete picture of Spanish life, and to a certain extent, of human nature. We have seen what a plentiful experience Cervantes had to draw from. Many people have just as varied a life, but very few retain a sense of humour throughout. And none has been able to put his wisdom so delightfully into words. One cannot help feeling a great affection for all Cervantes' favourite characters, for the knight, the priest, Dorothea, and above all for Sancho Panza. One has a warm feeling for even the rogues and rascals. Cervantes does not hide their failings, but he makes us feel the good nature that nearly all men have at heart. As a picture of Spanish life, the life of the true Spaniard of whatever class, it is unsurpassed. And the present writer can say how true much of it is of Spanish life today.

The Spanish themselves regard *Don Quixote* much as the English do the Bible, as a book in which wisdom on every subject may be found, and from which to quote at every turn. Only recently the Spanish Government ordered that every Spanish schoolboy should read at least a portion of *Don Quixote* once every day. It is hoped this little book will give its readers a taste for more. If so, let them get a complete edition and they will find it to their heart's desire. The present abridged edition is specially adapted from that in the *World's Classics* series and the five illustrations were designed for it.

N.L.C.



'BUT, SIR,' SANCHO ANSWERED, 'THOSE ARE NOT GIANTS BUT WINDMILLS.'

CHAPTER I

WHICH TREATS OF THE QUALITY AND MANNER OF LIFE OF THE RENOWNED GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

In the province of La Mancha, in Spain, in a village whose name we need not mention, there lived some hundreds of years ago one of those gentlemen, who used to keep a lance upon a rack, an old shield, a lean and scraggy horse, and a greyhound. His fare was very simple, but it consumed three-fourths of his income. The rest was spent on a cloak of fine black cloth, a pair of velvet breeches for holidays (with slippers to match) and on week-days he prided himself on the very best of homespun. His family consisted of three others. There was the woman who kept the house for him, aged somewhat above forty. There was a niece, not quite twenty. And there was a lad for the field and the market, who both saddled the horse and handled the pruning hook. The age of our hero bordered upon fifty years. He was of a robust constitution, without an ounce of spare flesh on his body, and his face was long and thin. He was a very early riser in the morning and a keen sportsman. What his real name was is of very little importance, as we shall presently see.

Now when the gentleman was at leisure, which was for the greater part of the year, he gave himself up to reading books of chivalry and adventure. And he did so with such keenness

and enthusiasm that he almost forgot to hunt or even to manage his domestic affairs. He sold much of his land in order to buy books about knight-errantry and carried home any book of that sort he could find. (A knight-errant was a warrior who wandered through all lands in search of honourable fights and glorious adventures.) And of the imaginary deeds of such warriors this gentleman would read from sunrise to sunset and from sunset to sunrise, if he were not disputing the same subject with the village barber and the village priest. In this way, what with little sleep and what with much reading, his brain was dried up in such a manner that he came at last to lose his wits. His imagination was full of all he had read in his books; of enchantments, battles single combats, challenges, wounds, the courting of ladies, of tempests and a host of impossibl absurdities. And so convinced was he that a these things were true, that he thought no histo in the world more to be depended upon.

In short, having quite lost his wits, he though it expedient and necessary to be a knight-errar himself and to wander through the world, wi his horse and arms, in search of adventur And he intended to put into practice whatev he had read, to redress all kinds of grievanc and to expose himself to all sorts of dange The poor gentleman already imagined hims crowned Emperor of Arabia through the valc of his arm.

Accordingly the first thing he did was to s out a suit of armour which had belonged to grandfather's grandfather and which was so ea

with rust that it had lain by forgotten for many a year. This armour he cleaned and polished up as best he could. The next thing he did was to visit his horse (or steed, as the name is in chivalry), and though the poor steed's bones stuck out through his skin, the good gentleman fancied that Alexander the Great's Bucephalus was not equal to his. For four whole days he pondered what he should call his horse. 'For,' he said to himself, 'so good a horse deserves an eminent name, and a name, moreover, which shall show how much more honourable his new state of life will be.' So after rejecting many names he called him 'Rosinante', which means in Spanish 'Once a drudge'. It was a name, too, which was both lofty and had a fine sound.

Having given his horse a name, he resolved to give himself one. This consideration took him eight days more, and at length he determined to call himself Don Quixote, the name 'Quixote' meaning a certain piece of armour. And to show from what a noble country he came, and also to add honour to that country, he called himself in full 'Don Quixote de la Mancha.'

Now that his armour was polished and his steed and himself newly named, he wanted nothing but a lady to be in love with. For a knight-errant without a lady was as a tree without leaves or fruit. 'If', said he to himself, 'I should happen to meet some giant, as knights-errant usually do, and should overthrow him in fight, will it not be proper to have some lady to send him to as a present? He shall kneel before

her and say, " Madam, I am the giant Caraculiambo, whom the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha has overcome in single combat. He has commanded me to present myself to your ladyship to be disposed of as your ladyship thinks proper." ' Such speeches Don Quixote used to make in imagination and finally resolved to call his lady Dulcinea del Toboso—Toboso being a town nearby—a name which sounded melodious and beautiful to the ear.

CHAPTER II

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HIS VILLAGE

DON QUIXOTE would now no longer delay beginning his design. There were so many grievances he proposed to redress, so many wrongs he intended to rectify, so many extortions he desired to correct, and so many abuses he was going to reform. He did not tell any one of his intentions; but one morning before the day (which was one of the hottest in the month of July) had fairly dawned, he armed himself from head to foot, mounted Rosinante, and, without being seen by any one, rode out by a private door in his backyard.

It was with the greatest satisfaction and joy that he found with what ease he had begun his honourable enterprise. But scarcely had he reached the open country when a terrible thought came to him and nearly caused him to abandon his undertaking. For he suddenly remembered that he was not yet dubbed a knight,[1] and that by all the laws of chivalry he could not, undubbed, fight with any other knight. This reflection quite staggered him. But his frenzy prevailed over his reason, and he decided to get himself knighted by the first person he should meet, as he had read of persons being knighted in

[1] The custom was for a warrior, when he was to be knighted, to kneel before his king or general, who struck him lightly over the shoulder with his sword.

this manner in the various books of chivalry which had caused his madness. Therefore he went on, following whatever road his horse was pleased to take, believing that in this lay the life and spirit of adventures.

Thus he rode on, making up in his mind imaginary histories of his own deeds. He met no one, which rather disheartened him. But he rode on all day in the heat of the sun, so that by the evening he was almost dead with fatigue and hunger, and began to look round with anxiety for some shepherd's cottage. He presently perceived, not far off, an inn, and at the door were two peasant girls. Now, as whatever he saw seemed to him to be done in the manner he had read of in books, so he immediately, at the sight of the inn, fancied it to be a castle, a castle with four towers, with battlements of shining silver, with a drawbridge and with a moat. As he drew nearer he saw the two country girls and promptly imagined them to be beautiful ladies of the castle.

The girls, seeing a man armed thus, were frightened out of their wits, and began to run into the house. At this, Don Quixote, guessing their fears by their flight, addressed them with courteous demeanour and grave voice, 'Do not fly, ladies, or fear any discourtesy. The order of knighthood which I profess does not permit me to injure anyone, least of all ladies of your noble rank.'

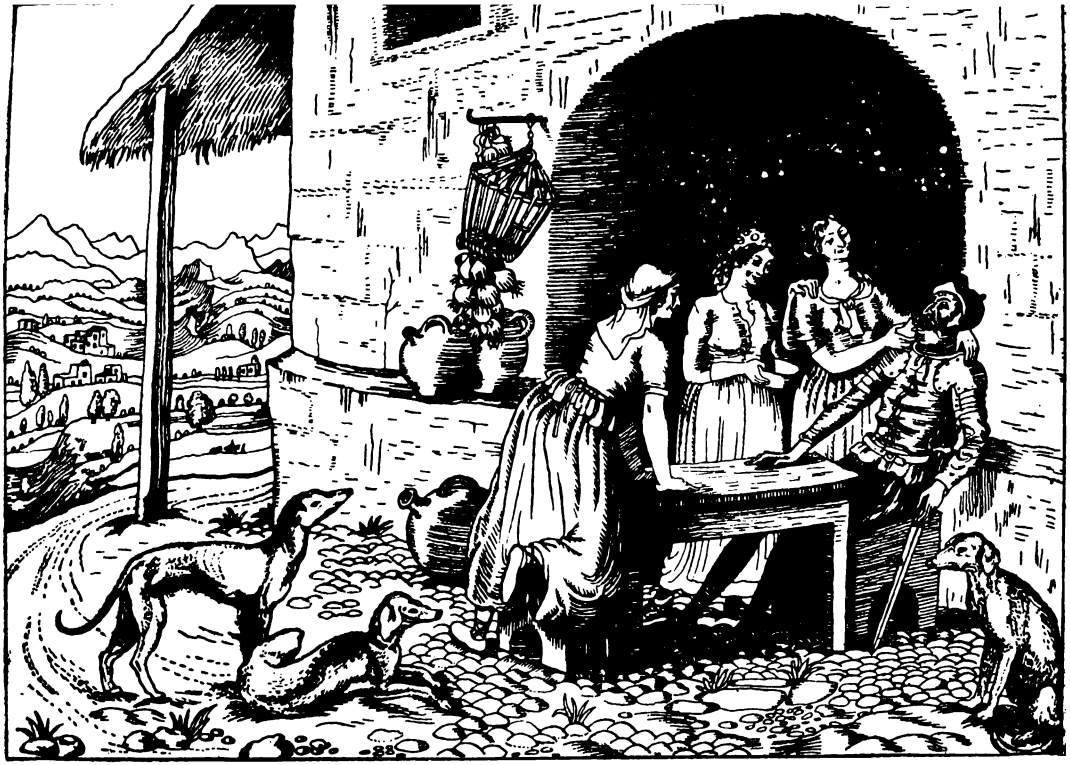
The girls turned to stare at him and could not restrain their laughter at hearing what he said. At this Don Quixote began to grow angry

and said to them : ' Modesty well becomes the fair, and nothing is so foolish as excessive laughter for a light occasion.' But they only laughed the more and the knight grew more and more angry, until the inn-keeper at last came out. He was tempted to laugh too, but he said to Don Quixote, ' If your worship, Sir Knight, is looking for a lodging, except for a bed (for in this inn there is none to be had), everything else will be found in great abundance.'

Don Quixote, perceiving the humility of the governor of the fortress (for so the inn-keeper appeared to him to be), answered, ' Anything will serve me, Sir Governor.' So saying he dismounted his horse with difficulty and with pain, for he had not eaten all day. He then requested the host to take especial care of his steed, ' For,' said Don Quixote, ' he is the best horse that ever ate bread in the world.' The inn-keeper looked at Rosinante but did not think him so good as Don Quixote did, no, not by half. And having put him in the stable, he returned to see what his guest might be pleased to order. He found that the two girls, who were already quite reconciled to him, were proceeding to unarm him. Though they had taken off the back and breast-pieces, they could not discover how to unlace the helmet. For he had fastened it on with green ribbons in such a way that there was no means of untying them. To get it off they would have had to cut the ribbons and to this Don Quixote would not consent. So he remained all the night with his helmet on and was the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable.

When Don Quixote had thanked them in noble language for their services, they asked him whether he would not have anything to eat. He replied that he would be very glad to do so. So they set him a table by the door where it was cool, and the landlord brought him some bread and some dried fish. As he had his helmet on he could put nothing into his mouth and this the girls did for him with great enjoyment. And as he found it impossible to drink, the landlord brought a reed, and, putting one end in the knight's mouth, leisurely poured in the wine at the other. All this Don Quixote suffered quite patiently rather than have his helmet strings cut.

In the meantime there came to the inn a goatherd, who, as soon as he arrived, played on his pipe of reeds four or five times. This quite confirmed Don Quixote in his idea that he was at some famous castle. He imagined that they were providing him with music, that the coarse cod-fish was delicious salmon, that the tough black loaf was the finest white bread, that the country girls were great ladies, and that the inn-keeper was the governor of a castle. So he concluded that his sally from home was most successful. Only one thing worried him. He was not yet dubbed a knight. And he could not lawfully undertake any adventure until he had first received the order of knighthood.



'AS HE HAD HIS HELMET ON HE COULD PUT NOTHING INTO HIS MOUTH AND THIS THE GIRLS DID FOR HIM.'

CHAPTER III

IN WHICH IS RELATED THE PLEASANT METHOD DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO BE DUBBED A KNIGHT

THE thought of his not yet being a knight so disturbed Don Quixote that he made an abrupt end to his short supper. He then called the landlord and took him along to the stable. Having shut the door he fell on his knees before him and said, 'I will never rise from this spot, valorous knight, until you grant the favour I mean to beg of you. The favour will be to your own honour and to the benefit of mankind.'

The host seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing such queer expressions, stood confounded, gazing at Don Quixote and not knowing what to do or to say. Eventually he tried to raise him from the ground; but in vain, until he had promised to grant him the favour he requested.

'Sir, I expected no less from your great magnificence,' answered Don Quixote, 'and therefore know that the favour I request is that you shall dub me a knight. Tonight in the chapel of your castle I will watch my armour. And tomorrow you will do what I so earnestly desire. Then I shall be fully qualified to wander through the four quarters of the world in search of adventures and to relieve distress, as is the duty of knights-errant whose hearts, like mine, are devoted to such achievements.'

The host, who (as we have said) was a shrewd

fellow and already had suspicions of the madness of his guest, was now fully convinced of it. And so as to have something to make a jest of, he resolved to keep up the farce. He therefore told Don Quixote that what he desired was very right and proper. He went on to say that he himself in his youth had employed himself in this manner and had wandered over most parts of Spain in search of adventure (here mentioning various streets and markets of great cities which were the special haunt of rogues and thieves), and that he had now returned to his castle to entertain knights-errant and share whatever they earned. He further told him that there was no chapel in his castle in which Don Quixote might watch his armour, because it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt ; but that he knew that in cases of necessity one might watch it wherever one pleased. He proposed to Don Quixote that he should watch it that night in the courtyard, and the next day he should be knighted as effectually as any one had ever been before. Finally he asked him whether he had any money about him.

'Not a farthing,' replied Don Quixote, 'for I never read in the histories of knights-errant that they carried any.'

'Ah, you are mistaken on that point,' said the host. 'Supposing it was not mentioned in the story ; that was because the author thought that things so obviously necessary as money and a clean shirt might be taken for granted, and you must not infer from that that knights had none. Knights, you know, if they had not squires with

them (which they generally had), always carried a well-filled purse and also a box of ointment to heal their wounds.'

Don Quixote promised to follow this advice faithfully in the future. And as it was now time to begin watching his armour, he placed the pieces of it on top of a tank in the courtyard. Then, grasping his lance in his right hand and his shield on his left arm, with solemn pace he walked backwards and forwards in front of the tank. This parade he commenced as evening came on.

Meanwhile the host acquainted all that were in the inn with the madness of his guest. They all wondered at such an odd kind of madness and went out to observe him from a short distance. They saw that at one time he continued his walk with a composed air ; and at another time he would look wistfully at his armour, without moving for a long time together. It was now quite night, but the moon shone so brightly that it was almost as clear as daylight and whatever the would-be knight did could be clearly seen by all the spectators.

While he was thus engaged, one of the carters who was spending the night at the inn, wanted to take his mules to water, and to do so it was necessary first to remove the armour from the top of the tank. Don Quixote, seeing the carter approach the tank, called out to him with a loud voice, ' Ho, there, whoever you are. Rash knight to go near and touch my arms ! Take heed what you are doing, and unless you would lose you life, touch them not ! '

The carter did not trouble his head with these

speeches. He just took hold of the straps and tossed the armour a good distance from him.

As soon as Don Quixote saw this, he raised his eyes to the heavens and fixing his thoughts on his Dulcinea, cried out, 'Assist me, O lady, to avenge this insult.' Then he lifted his lance and gave the carter such a blow over the head that he laid him flat on the ground. And such a blow it was that had Don Quixote given him a second of the same kind there would have been no need for the surgeon. This done, he replaced his armour on the tank and began to walk backwards and forwards with the same gravity as before.

Soon afterwards another carter, not knowing what had happened (for the first still lay unconscious), came along with the same intention of watering his mules. As he was going to remove the armour, Don Quixote, without saying a word, again lifted his lance and broke the second carter's head in three or four places. At this all the people of the inn ran together, the inn-keeper among the rest. Don Quixote no sooner observed this than he braced on his shield and drew his sword. After praying for the help of his lady Dulcinea, he was ready to meet all the carters in the world. Those at the inn, seeing their two comrades wounded, let fly a shower of stones at Don Quixote, who sheltering himself as best he could behind his shield, did not dare move lest he should seem to leave his armour. Meanwhile the host kept calling to the carters to let him alone, for he had already told them of his madness. Don Quixote, for his part

cried out the louder, calling them cowards and traitors and the lord of the castle a low-born knight to allow knights-errant to be treated in this manner. Indeed, his voice struck such terror into them that they stopped throwing stones and, taking away the wounded carters, retired to the inn. And Don Quixote returned to the watch with the same tranquillity as before.

The host, who had not now such a relish for his guest's pranks, determined to end them by giving him the unlucky order of knighthood before further mischief was done. So he approached Don Quixote and begged his pardon for the rudeness of the vulgar people whom he had since punished. He added that, as it was unnecessary to watch the armour for more than two hours, he would now knight him without further delay. Don Quixote begged him to do so, for, he said, if he was again assaulted he would not leave a soul alive in the castle. The inn-keeper brought the book in which he kept an account of the straw and hay the carters used, and reading from it as it were a devout prayer, he gave Don Quixote, who was kneeling before him, a good thwack on the shoulder with the latter's sword. This done, he ordered one of the two country girls to gird on the knight's sword. And one of them proceeded to do so, with difficulty refraining from laughter at every stage of the ceremony. As she girded on the sword she exclaimed, 'God make you a fortunate knight and give you success in battle.' Don Quixote asked her name that he might know to whom he

was indebted ; to which she replied that she was called 'La Tolosa', which meant that she came from Toledo. Don Quixote then desired her call herself 'Dona Tolosa', the word 'Dona' signifying 'Lady'. This she promised to do.

Thus were the never-yet-seen ceremonies finished, and Don Quixote, who was impatient to be on horseback and to sally out in search of adventures, immediately saddled Rosinante. And as he mounted he thanked the host for his great kindness. The host, to get him out of the inn as quickly as possible, returned the compliments and, without asking anything in return for the lodging, wished him a good journey.

CHAPTER IV

OF OUR KNIGHT'S ADVENTURES AFTER HE HAD SALLIED OUT FROM THE INN

It was about daybreak when Don Quixote rode away from the inn, so satisfied, so gay, so joyful to see himself knighted, that his feelings almost burst his horse's girths. But remembering the advice of the inn-keeper about money and clean shirts, he resolved to return home and obtain those articles and also to provide himself with a squire or attendant ; proposing to take into his service a certain country fellow of the neighbourhood, who was poor and had children and yet was fit for the duty. With this thought he turned his horse Rosinante towards his village ; and the horse knowing, as it were, what his master wanted, began to trot with such speed that his feet hardly seemed to touch the ground. The knight had not gone far when from a bush near by he fancied he heard a weak voice, as of a person complaining. And scarcely had he heard it, when he said, ' I thank heaven for the favour it does me, in laying before me so early an opportunity of accomplishing my honourable desire. These are doubtless the cries of a distressed person in need of assistance.' And turning the reins he guided Rosinante to the place from which he thought the voice came. Now when he had entered a few paces into the wood, he saw a mare tied to an oak and a boy tied to another tree, naked from the waist

upwards. The boy was about fifteen years old and it was he that cried out so loud; and not without cause, for a lusty farmer was beating him very cruelly with a belt and accompanied every lash with a word of advice; for he said, 'Be slow with your tongue and quick with your eyes.' The boy cried out in answer, 'I will do so no more, dear master; I will never do so again; and I promise to take more care of your sheep.'

Now Don Quixote, seeing what was happening, said in an angry tone, 'Discourteous knight, you do wrong to meddle with one who cannot defend himself; get on to your horse, and take your lance (for he also had a lance leaning against the oak to which his mare was fastened) and I'll make you know that you are a coward to do what you do.' The farmer, seeing an extraordinary figure coming towards him, armed from head to foot and brandishing his lance, gave himself up for a dead man, and answered, 'Sir Knight, this boy whom I am chastising is a servant of mine. I employed him to look after a flock of sheep which I have hereabouts, and he is so careless that I lose one every day; and, because I correct him for his carelessness, he says I do it out of avarice as an excuse not to pay him his wages; but, before God, he lies. He lies in my presence!' 'Pitiful rascal,' said Don Quixote, 'by the sun that shines upon us, I have a good mind to run you through the body with this lance. Pay him immediately without further talk; if not, I will annihilate you in a moment: untie him at once.' The farmer hung down his head and untied the boy. Don Quixote then asked the boy how much

his master owed him; and the boy replied, 'Nine months' wages at seven silver pieces a month.' Don Quixote worked it out and found it amounted to sixty-three silver pieces. Then he told the farmer to pay them instantly, otherwise he must expect to die for it. The fellow in a great fright answered that on the word of a dying man it was not so much; for he must deduct the price of three pairs of shoes which he had given the boy on account, also a silver piece for doctoring. 'All this is very well,' said Don Quixote, 'but set the shoes and doctoring against the stripes you have undeservedly given him; for if he tore the leather of your shoes, you have torn his skin; and if the barber surgeon drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn blood from him when he is well: so that upon these accounts he owes you nothing.' 'The trouble is,' replied the farmer, 'that I have no money on me, but let the boy go home with me and I will pay him every penny I owe.' 'I go with him,' exclaimed the boy, 'not a bit of it: no, Sir, I have no such intention: for when he has me alone, he will flay me alive.' 'He will not do so,' said Don Quixote, 'it is enough that I command him, and provided he swear by the order of knighthood to which he belongs to pay you what he owes, I will let him go free.' 'What is that you are saying, good master,' cried the boy, 'he is no knight, but John Haldudo the Rich, of the neighbourhood of Quintanar.' The farmer, to end the argument, interrupted saying, 'I will not refuse you, boy, for I swear by all the orders of knighthood in the world to pay you

every penny down, as I have said.' 'See that you keep that oath,' said Don Quixote, 'else I swear to you by the same oath to return and find you out, though you should hide yourself closer than any lizard. And if you would know who it is that gives you this order, I am the valorous Don Quixote, the redresser of wrongs and abuses.' And so saying he put spurs to Rosinante's side and was soon a good way off.

The farmer followed him with all the eyes he had and when he found him quite out of sight he turned to the boy and said, 'Come here, I am going to pay you what I owe, as that redresser of wrongs commanded me.' 'And so you shall,' said the boy, 'and may that good gentleman live a thousand years.' 'And I swear too,' continued the farmer, 'just to show how much I love you, to augment the debt and increase the payment.' And taking him by the arm, he tied him again to the tree, where he gave him so many stripes that he left him for dead, 'Now, my boy, he cried, 'call on this redresser of wrongs.' And so he untied him and the boy went away in a dudgeon, swearing he would find the valorous knight and make the farmer pay sevenfold. Notwithstanding all this, away he went weeping and his master stayed behind laughing.

Don Quixote had gone on his way, rejoicing that he had thus redressed a great wrong and done honour to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso. Presently he came to the centre of four roads and he remembered that knights-errant when they came to crossways always considered which they should take. To imitate them he stood still

awhile and at last let go the reins, submitting his own will to that of his horse, which took the direct road to his stable.

Having gone about two miles, Don Quixote discovered a company of people, who, as it afterwards appeared, were certain merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks in another province. There were six of them and they came with their umbrellas and four servants on horseback and three mule-drivers on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote seen them when he imagined it must be some new adventure. So, taking up a graceful attitude and with great courage, he settled himself firm in his stirrups, grasped his lance, covered his breast with his shield, and stood waiting for the coming of these knights. For such he judged them to be.

When they came near enough to hear, Don Quixote cried aloud in an arrogant voice, 'Let everyone admit that there is no one on earth so beautiful as the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.' The merchants stopped on hearing these words to look at the strange figure that addressed them, and one by one they perceived the madness of the speaker. But one of them, who loved a jest, said to him, 'Sir Knight, we do not know the lady; let us but see her and if she is of such great beauty, we will with all our heart admit the truth.' 'If I showed her to you,' replied Don Quixote, 'where would be the merit for you? The idea is that without seeing her you must believe, confess, affirm, swear and maintain. If not I challenge you all to battle, proud as you are, whether you come one by one or

together.' And so saying, with lance couched, he ran at him who had spoken with such fury and rage, that if by good fortune Rosinante had not stumbled and fallen it had gone hard with the daring merchant.

Rosinante fell and his master lay rolling about on the ground endeavouring to rise ; but in vain, so encumbered was he with his lance and shield and spurs and all his old armour. And while he was struggling he kept calling out, ' Do not run away, ye rabble ! stop, ye sons of slaves ! for it is my horse's, not my fault that I lie here.' One of the mule drivers was not too good-natured. Hearing all this abuse, he thought he would give him an answer ; and coming up he took Don Quixote's lance and after he had broken it in pieces, he beat the poor knight so hard with one of the pieces, that in spite of his armour he was almost killed. The merchants cried out not to beat him so much, but the mule driver would not leave off until he had expended his anger and the rest of the pieces of lance on the knight. At length the man was tired and followed the merchants on their way. Then poor Don Quixote when he found himself alone, tried to raise himself, but he was so horribly bruised that he could not move an inch.

Finding himself unable to move he resorted to thinking of the books he had read on chivalry and of all the knights who had been left wounded on the field. He thus spent the time in pleasant meditation and would have continued to do so, had not a labourer of his own village come along. Seeing a man on the ground, he came up and

asked who it was and what was the matter. Don Quixote, whose imagination still dwelt on his books, gave him an account of wonderful battles and a great deal more besides. At last the peasant took off the knight's helmet to wipe his face and recognized to his surprise who it was. Then he took off the knight's armour also and seeing no blood, he raised him up and with difficulty set him on his ass. Finally he gathered together all the pieces of armour and tied them to Rosinante. And leading both animals, he went forward to the village, amazed at all the knight said, for Don Quixote never ceased talking, imagining himself in turn to be various great warriors that he had read of.

They came to their village about sunset but the peasant stayed until night was a little advanced, in order that the people might not see the poor gentleman so battered and mounted on an ass. When he thought it was dark enough, they came to Don Quixote's house which they found in an uproar, for the village priest, the barber, the housekeeper and the knight's niece were all talking about Don Quixote's absence; the housekeeper insisting that it was all the fault of the crazy books on chivalry which her master had been reading; and the niece declaring that they ought to have been burnt long ago.

Seeing the knight they all ran to embrace him, but he cried, 'Forbear all of you, for I am sorely wounded, though only through my horse's fault; but carry me please to bed.' Then they carried him to his room and searched for his wounds but found none at all; and he told them

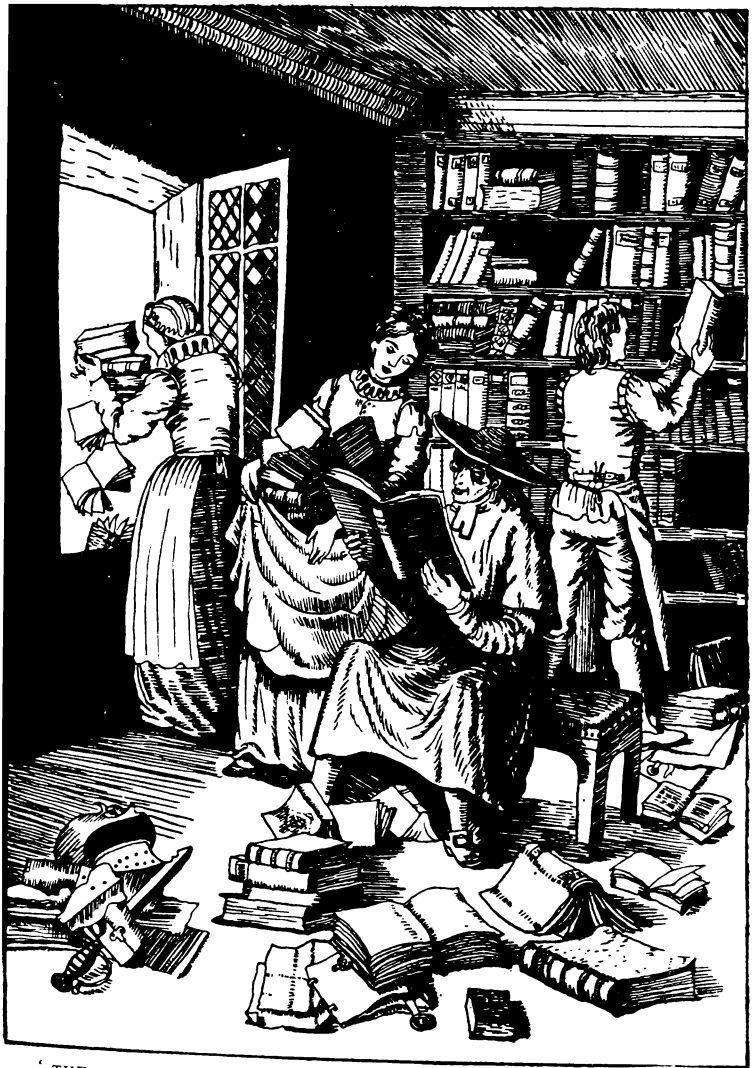
that he was only bruised by the great fall from his horse Rosinante, as he was fighting ten of the most prodigious and audacious knights that were to be found on earth. They plied him with questions, but he would not answer a word, desiring only something to eat and that they would let him sleep, which he stood most in need of. They did so and thus ended Don Quixote's first sally out into the world.

CHAPTER V

OF THE SECOND SALLY OF OUR GOOD KNIGHT DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA

WHILST Don Quixote still slept on, the priest asked the niece for the keys of the room where the books, the origin of the mischief, were kept. She gave them up very willingly and they all went into the room, the housekeeper with them. They found there over a hundred large volumes, very well bound, besides a great number of small ones. The priest then ordered the barber to reach him the books one by one, that he might see what they were all about : for he thought he might find some that did not deserve to be burnt. ' No,' said the niece, ' there is no reason why any should be spared, they had best be thrown into the courtyard and a bonfire made of them.' The housekeeper said the same.

However, the barber and the priest looked at them one by one and kept singling out one book and another which they thought was too well written or too rare to be burnt. The housekeeper was very impatient to burn the lot and threw whole bundles out of the window. So, except for very few, they all went into the fire that the housekeeeper made that night. The priest and the barber also prescribed another remedy for their friend's malady : this was to wall up the door of the room where his books had



'THE HOUSEKEEPER WAS VERY IMPATIENT TO BURN THE LOT AND THREW WHOLE BUNDLES OUT OF THE WINDOW.'

been, and to pretend an enchanter had carried books and room right away.

Two days later, Don Quixote got up and the first thing he did was to visit his books. When he could not find the room where he left it, he went up and down looking for it. He came to the place where the door used to be, and he felt with his hands and stared about every way without speaking a word. After some time he asked the housekeeper whereabouts the room stood where his books were. She, who was well tutored what to answer, said to him, 'What room does your worship look for? There is neither room nor books in this house; for the devil himself carried all away.' 'It was not the devil,' broke in the niece, 'but an enchanter who came one night upon a cloud and, alighting from a snake on which he rode, entered the room. I do not know what he did in there, but after some little time, out he came through the roof and left the house full of smoke; and when we went to see what he had been doing, we saw neither books nor room.' 'Ha!' said the knight, 'he is a wise enchanter and a great enemy of mine, because he sees that I will one day vanquish a knight whom he favours.'

After this Don Quixote spent fifteen days at home, apparently very quiet and engaged in discourses with his friends, the priest and the barber. He had however in the meantime won over a labourer, a neighbour of his, and an honest man (if the name honest can be given to one who is poor but very stupid). He used so many arguments and promised so much, that the poor

fellow resolved to sortie out with him and serve him as squire or attendant. Amongst other things Don Quixote said that it might very easily happen that they should conquer an island, in which case Sancho Panza (for that was his name) should be left to govern it. Sancho therefore agreed to leave his wife and children and go with the knight. Don Quixote now busied himself selling or pawning all he could to raise money. He told Sancho to take a wallet ; which Sancho said he would very certainly do, adding that he intended to take his ass, as it was a good one and he was not used to travelling on foot. Don Quixote considered for a while whether he remembered reading of a squire mounted on an ass, and could not ; but he consented all the same, intending to mount Sancho on a horse when they should take one in battle from some knight. Don Quixote also provided himself with shirts as the inn-keeper had advised.

All of which being done, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, without taking leave, the one of his housekeeper and niece and the other of his wife and children, rode out of the village one night, unobserved by any one. They travelled so hard that by daybreak they believed themselves safe from pursuit. Then Sancho Panza said to his master, ' I beg of you, your worship, not to forget your promise concerning that island, for I shall know how to govern it, be it never so big.' To which Don Quixote answered, ' You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was a custom much in vogue amongst knights-errant to make their squires governors of the islands or

kingdoms they conquered ; and I am determined not to neglect such a praiseworthy custom. On the contrary I will outdo it, for many knights waited till their squires were old and broken in their service before giving them a title or a province. If you live, and I live, before six days have gone, I may probably win a kingdom.' ' So then,' answered Sancho Panza, ' if I were a king, Mary Gutierrez, my wife, would at least be a queen and my children princes and princesses?' ' Who doubts it ? ' answered Don Quixote. ' I doubt it,' replied Sancho Panza, ' for I am persuaded that if kingdoms were to rain down upon the earth, none would sit well on the head of Mary Gutierrez ; for you must know, sir, she is not worth twopence as a queen. The title of countess would suit her better and that only with the help of Heaven and her friends.' ' God will do what is best for her,' said the knight, ' but mind that you do not content yourself with being anything less than a viceroy.' ' Sir, I will not,' answered Sancho, ' especially with so great a man for my master as your worship, who will know how to give me whatever is most fitting.'

CHAPTER VI

OF THE GOOD SUCCESS WHICH THE BRAVE DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE DREADFUL AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

As they thus talked together, they perceived some thirty or forty windmills[1] that were before them. As soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire, 'Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired. Look over there, friend Sancho Panza, and see those thirty or more monster giants with whom I am going to fight and take their lives. And we will take their spoils to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God's good service to remove such a wicked race from the face of the earth.'

'What giants?' asked Sancho. 'Those you see over there,' said his master, 'with those long arms; for some giants have arms six miles long.' 'But, sir,' Sancho answered, 'those are not giants but windmills, and what seem to be arms are their sails which, when whirled round by the wind, make the mill-stone go round.' 'One may easily see,' answered Don Quixote, 'that you are not versed in the business of adventures; those are giants; and if you are afraid, get aside and pray, while I engage them in a fierce and unequal combat.'

[1] See illustration, p. x.

So saying he clapped spurs to Rosinante, without listening to the cries his squire sent after him to assure him that those he went to assault were windmills and not giants. He was so possessed with the idea that they were giants that he neither heard Sancho nor saw what the windmills were, though he was now very near them but went on crying out, 'Run not away, you cowards! for it is a single knight who assaults you all.'

Now the wind suddenly rose a little and the great sails began to go round and round. When Don Quixote saw this he cried, 'I care not how many arms you have, you shall pay for it.' So saying, he recommended himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, begging her to help him in his danger. Then, covering his body with his shield and his lance set at rest, he rushed as fast as Rosinante could carry him and charged the first windmill he came to. Running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it round with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it and throwing them head over heels on to the ground.

Sancho hastened to his master's assistance just as fast as his ass could carry him. When he came up he found him unable to move a limb, so violent had been the blow he and Rosinante had got in falling. 'Did not I warn you,' exclaimed Sancho, 'to mind what you did, as they were nothing but windmills? and nobody could mistake them if he had not a windmill in his head' (meaning his master must be mad). 'Peace, friend Sancho,' answered Don Quixote,

' for war is more liable to change than anything else. Now I believe—and it is most certainly so —that enchanter who stole away my room and books has changed the giants into windmills on purpose to deprive me of the glory of defeating them. Such is his great enmity to me. But when he has done his worst, his arts shall not prevail against my good sword.' ' I hope not,' said Sancho Panza. And helping him to rise, he set the knight on Rosinante, who was also rather damaged by the adventure.

CHAPTER VII

IN WHICH TAKES PLACE THE TERRIBLE BATTLE BETWEEN THE GENTLEMAN OF BISCAY AND THE KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA

DISCOURSING of their recent adventure, they made their way towards a mountain-pass, for there Don Quixote said they could not fail to find adventures, as it was a great thoroughfare. Presently Sancho said, 'Pray, sir, sit upright in your saddle, for you seem to sit sideways; I suppose out of pain from your fall.' 'It is certainly so,' answered Don Quixote, 'and if I do not complain it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound.' 'If that be so I have nothing to reply,' said Sancho, 'but as for myself I shall always complain of the least pain unless the business of not complaining extends to squires also.' Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his squire and told him he might complain, whenever and as much as he pleased, with or without cause. 'For,' he said, 'I have never read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.'

Now as they approached the pass, there appeared on the road two monks of the order of Saint Benedict mounted on mules and carrying umbrellas. Behind them came a coach and four or five men on horseback accompanying it and two muleteers on foot. There was in the coach, as it afterwards appeared, a certain lady of Biscay

(which is in the north of Spain) going to Seville to join her husband, who was about to embark to take up an honourable post in the Indies.[1] The monks were not of her company, but just travelling along the same road. Yet Don Quixote had no sooner seen them than he said to his squire, 'If I am not mistaken this is likely to prove the most famous adventure that was ever seen; for those black forms that you see yonder are without doubt enchanters, who are carrying away in that coach some princess they have stolen; and I am obliged to redress the wrong.' Sancho replied, 'This may prove a worse job than the windmills. Pray, Sir, take notice that those are monks and the coach must belong to some travellers.' 'I have already told you,' answered Don Quixote, 'that you know little of the business of adventures: what I say is true and you will see it presently.'

So saying he advanced and planted himself in the middle of the road. When the monks were near enough to hear, he cried out in a loud voice, 'Diabolical and monstrous race, either release instantly the princess whom you carry away or prepare for instant death.' The monks stopped their mules and wondering at his figure and expressions, replied, 'Sir Knight, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but a couple of monks, and are ignorant whether any princesses are being carried away in that coach or not.' 'Soft words are of no use,' said Don Quixote, and clapping spurs to Rosinante, with his lance couched, he ran

[1] By the Indies is meant West India, i.e. America, not India.

at the foremost monk with such fury that, ha not the monk slid down from his mule, he woul have been brought to the ground, if not kille outright.

The second monk seeing his comrade treated thus, clapped spurs to his mule's sides and begar to scour along the plain faster than the very wind. Don Quixote rode on to the coach, but Sancho Panza, seeing the monk on the ground, leapt from his ass, ran up to him, and began to take off his monk's clothes. In the meantime the monk's two servants came and asked him why he stript their master of his clothes. Sancho answered that they were his lawful perquisites, being spoils of the battle his master had just won. The servants, who did not understand jesting nor what was meant by spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a distance talking to those in the coach, fell on Sancho and threw him on the ground. Then they gave him such a hearty kicking, that they left him stretched on the ground, breathless and senseless. The monk, without losing a minute, got on his mule again, trembling, terribly frightened, and as pale as death ; and no sooner was he mounted than he spurred after his companion and thus both went on their way.

Meanwhile Don Quixote stood talking to the lady in the coach. ' Your haughty persecutors,' he said, ' lie stretched on the ground overthrown by my invincible arm ; and that you may not be ignorant of my name, know that I am called Don Quixote de la Mancha and champion to the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso ! And the only

reward I desire is that you should return in your coach to Toboso and tell her what I have done to set you at liberty.'

Now it happened that a gentleman from Biscay was also travelling with the coach. Overhearing Don Quixote, he rushed at him, seized his lance and said, 'Be off, Sir, for I swear that if you do not quit the coach at once, you lose your life, as I am from Biscay.' To which Don Quixote replied, 'If you were a gentleman, I would chastise your folly—' 'I, no gentleman!' broke in he of Biscay. 'I swear you lie. If you will throw away the lance, I will make no more of you than a cat does of a mouse.' Don Quixote threw down his lance, grasped his shield, and set upon him with the firm resolution to kill him. The other had no time to get off his mule and could only just draw his sword and snatch a cushion from the coach to serve as a shield, when Don Quixote was on him and the battle began. The lady of the coach, amazed at what she saw, told the coachman to draw a little out of the way, and so sat to watch at a distance the terrible conflict. The Biscay gentleman gave the knight a fearful blow on the shoulder and, had it not been for his coat of mail, it would have cleft him in two. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of the stroke and praying to the lady Dulcinea, prepared to risk all at one great blow. The other waited for him, covering himself well with the cushion. The blow fell with such force on his cushion and on his head that the blood gushed out from his nose and mouth and ears. The mule, frightened by the terrible blow, began to plunge about the

field and soon threw his master flat on th ground.

Don Quixote stood looking on with grea calmness and, when he saw his enemy fall, leap from his horse and running up to him, clapped the point of his sword to his eyes, bidding him surrender or have his head cut off. The gentleman was so stunned that he could not answer a word; and it would have gone hard with him (so blinded with rage was Don Quixote), if the lady of the coach had not approached and earnestly begged him as a great kindness and favour to spare her friend's life. 'Surely,' said Don Quixote, 'I am quite willing to grant your request, but it is on one condition; which is that the knight shall promise to go to the town of Toboso and present himself to the peerless Dulcinea for her to dispose of him as she thinks fit.' The terrified lady, without considering what Don Quixote required and without inquiring who Dulcinea was, promised him her friend should do all this. So Don Quixote agreed to spare his life on that condition.

CHAPTER VIII

IN WHICH ARE RELATED THE UNFORTUNATE ADVENTURES WHICH BEFELL DON QUIXOTE IN MEETING CERTAIN FEROCIOUS YANGUESES

AFTER the adventure narrated in the last chapter Don Quixote rode on his way with his squire, who had now rejoined him. Presently Don Quixote asked the latter whether he had not anything in his bag for them to eat. 'I have here an onion, a piece of cheese, and I know not how many crusts of bread,' said Sancho, 'but they are not eatables for such a valiant knight as your worship.' 'How little you know about it,' answered Don Quixote, 'you must know that it is a matter of honour for knights-errant not to eat more than once a month; and if they do eat, they must eat what comes next to hand; and if you had read as many histories as I have done, you would have known this. They used to eat, perhaps, at sumptuous banquets prepared on purpose for them, but the rest of their days they lived, as it were, on smelling. And as it is presumed that they could not exist without something to eat, and as they spent most of their times wandering through forests and deserts, their diet must have consisted of such humble foods as you now offer me.'

'Pardon me,' said Sancho, 'for, as I can neither read nor write, I am unacquainted with

the rules of the knightly profession ; but henceforth I will stock my wallet with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, since you are a knight. As for myself who am not, I will supply it with poultry and other more substantial things.' So saying he took out what he had in his bag and they ate together in a very peaceable and friendly fashion.

Now when they had ridden some little way on their road they came to a wood. This suggested to Don Quixote that they should rest. So they dismounted and lay at their ease under the shade of the trees and Rosinante was left to wander near by. Rosinante went off to feed at the edge of the wood, and there he came on some mares that were grazing too. Being bad tempered animals they flung out their heels at Rosinante, broke his girth straps, and laid him on the ground. The masters of these mares were certain Yanguesan[1] carriers and, seeing the disturbance caused by the strange horse, they ran up from where they were resting and began to belabour poor Rosinante.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen the drubbing of Rosinante, came up out of breath ; and Don Quixote said to Sancho, 'By what I see, friend Sancho, these are no knights, but rascally people, of a scoundrel race. I tell you this, so that you may help me to take vengeance on them for their outrage on Rosinante.' 'What revenge can we take,' answered Sancho, 'for they are twenty, and we no more than two, and perhaps I should say, one and a

[1] Natives of Yanguas in Spain.

half ? ' ' I am as good as a hundred,' replied Don Quixote, and without a word more he took his sword and flew at the Yangueses, and Sancho did the same, moved by the example of his master. At the first blow Don Quixote gave one of the carriers a terrible wound in the shoulder through the leathern coat he wore. The Yangueses, seeing themselves attacked by two men only, took to their clubs and hemming them in, began to beat them with great violence and animosity. In a moment they brought Sancho to the ground; and the same happened to Don Quixote, neither his skill nor courage being of any use. And as fate would have it he fell just at Rosinante's feet who had not yet got up. The Yangueses seeing what mischief they had done, loaded up their beasts with all speed and continued their journey.

The first to come to his senses was Sancho Panza : who, finding himself close to his master, cried with a feeble and plaintive voice, ' Don Quixote ! ah ! Sir, ah ! ' ' What is it, brother Sancho ? ' answered Don Quixote in the same feeble and lamentable tone. ' In how many days,' asked Sancho, ' do you think we shall have the use of our feet ? ' ' For my part,' said Don Quixote, ' I cannot say ; but it is all my own fault ; for I ought not to have used my sword against men who were not dubbed knights like myself. And therefore I believe the God of battles has allowed this chastisement to fall upon me as a punishment for having transgressed the rules of chivalry. So listen, my good Sancho, to what I now tell you, for it concerns the good of both of us, and it is this : that when you see we

are insulted by such a rascally rabble, do not wait for me to draw my sword, for on no account will I do it ; but do you draw yours and punish them to your heart's content. Of course if any knights come to their assistance, I shall then defend you ; for you have already seen by a thousand illustrations how mighty my arm is.' So arrogant had Don Quixote become as a result of his victory over the gentleman from Biscay.

But Sancho did not like his master's instructions at all and answered, ' Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, quiet man and can shut my eyes to any injury whatever : for I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up ; so please give me leave, sir, to tell you, by way of a hint, since it is not my part to give orders, that I will on no account draw sword either against peasant or knight ; and that, from this time forward, I hereby forgive all injuries done to me in the past or which shall be done to me in the future whether by rich or poor, mighty or lowly, without excepting any sort of individual whatever.'

When his master heard that, he replied, ' I wish I had breath to talk a little at my ease, and that the pain I feel in my rib would cease for even so short a while, that I might convince you Panza, of your error. Listen, you sinner ; should the wind of fortune, hitherto so contrary, come round to be in our favour and fill the sails of our desires, taking us to some of those islands I spoke to you of, what would become of you Sancho, if, when I had won an island and made you lord over it, you rendered my efforts useless by not being a knight nor wanting to be one, and

by having neither valour to revenge the injuries done you nor courage to defend your dominions ? For you must know that in kingdoms newly conquered, the minds of the inhabitants are never so quiet, nor so well-disposed to their new master, but that one must fear that they will try to change things again.'

'In our present misfortune,' replied Sancho, 'I wish I had been given all the understanding and valour you spoke of, but I swear on the faith of a poor man that I am now more fit for bandages than sermons.' 'Indeed,' answered the knight, 'if it were not that I imagine, or rather know for certain, that all these inconveniences are part and parcel of chivalry, I would let myself die here out of pure vexation.' To this his squire replied, 'Sir, since these misfortunes are the genuine fruits of chivalry, tell me if they occur often ? For, to my mind, two more such harvests will disable us from ever reaping a third.' And Don Quixote, by way of reply, began to tell a long tale of all the mishaps that befell a famous knight-errant in a book he had read.

When he had finished, Sancho with many groans and sighs heaved himself up. Then with much difficulty, bent like a bow with pain, he saddled his ass and then he heaved up Rosinante too, who, if he had had a tongue to complain with, would have surpassed both Sancho and his master. Finally, Sancho set Don Quixote on the ass, tied the head of Rosinante to the ass's tail and led them both to where he thought the road might lie.

He had scarce gone three miles when he saw

an inn, which to Sancho's sorrow Don Quixot declared to be a castle. Sancho positivel maintained that it was an inn, and his maste equally so that it was a castle. And this disput lasted so long that they had time to arrive then before it was ended; and without more ad Sancho entered with his procession of cattle.

CHAPTER IX

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN AT THE INN WHICH HE UNHAPPILY TOOK FOR A CASTLE

THE inn-keeper, seeing Don Quixote laid across the ass, inquired of Sancho, what was the matter. Sancho answered that it was nothing but a fall from a rock by which his ribs were somewhat bruised. Now the inn-keeper had a wife of different disposition from those usually met in that occupation ; for she was naturally charitable and touched by the misfortunes of others ; so that she at once set to work to cure Don Quixote, and made her daughter, who was very beautiful, and the serving-maid, who was short and ugly but extremely active, both assist her. They prepared the knight a poor sort of bed in a garret which had clearly served for many years as a hay loft. For the bed consisted of four not very smooth boards on two not very equal trestles ; a mattress no thicker than a quilt and full of lumps which you might well have taken for stones ; two sheets as coarse as leather ; and a rug the threads of which you might count if you had a mind to.

Having laid Don Quixote on this poor bed, they put plasters on all his bruises ; the hostess remarked to Sancho that they looked more like the result of blows than a fall ; but Sancho answered her that the ground on which he fell was full of little rocks which had made those

bruises. 'But pray,' he added, 'keep some o your plasters for me, for my sides ache a litt too.' 'So you too had a fall,' said the hostes 'No fall,' said Sancho, 'but I had such a frigh seeing my master fall that I felt sore too.' 'Th may very well be,' said the daughter, 'for I ha often dreamed that I was falling down from high tower to the ground; and when I awaken I found myself as bruised and battered as if I h really fallen.'

So they put Don Quixote and Sancho to be having attended to their bruises. Before th left him, Don Quixote, who still imagined hi self at a castle, made a knightly speech to h whom he supposed was lady of the castl Neither the hostess, nor her daughter, nor t serving-maid, understood a word of his romant talking, but they assumed it was complimen and thanks; so they thanked him in return a left them to their night's repose, which, howeve owing to their many pains, was not very sound

And in the morning, having taken a precio medicine that made him indeed very sick, D Quixote felt once again in such good healt that he eagerly prepared to set out in quest further adventures. Presently he got on hors back, and coming to a corner of the inn, he la hold of a pike that stood there, to serve him a lance. All the folks in the inn, numberi some twenty persons, came out to gaze at hi Then Don Quixote in a very solemn and gra voice addressed the inn-keeper, 'Sir Governo many are the favours which I have received your castle. If I could make you a return

revenging you on any insolent person who has done you an injury, I am at your service.'

The host answered with some gravity, 'Sir Knight, I have no need for your worship's avenging any wrong for me. I know how to do that myself. I only want your worship to pay me for what you have had in the inn, both for the straw and barley for your two beasts, and for your supper and lodging.' 'What, then,' cried Don Quixote, 'is this an inn?' 'Yes, and a very creditable one at that,' replied the host. 'Hitherto, then,' said Don Quixote, 'I have been under a delusion, for truly I took it for a castle, and not a bad one either; but since it is an inn, all that you can do is to excuse me payment; for I certainly cannot break the laws of knight-errantry, knowing (never having read anything to the contrary) that knights never paid for lodging, or anything else, at the inns where they slept. And that for the very good reason that all possible good accommodation is due to them in reward for all the insufferable hardships which they endure in quest of adventure, by night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, with thirst and with hunger, with heat and with cold, subject to all the inclemencies of heaven and to all the inconveniences upon earth.'

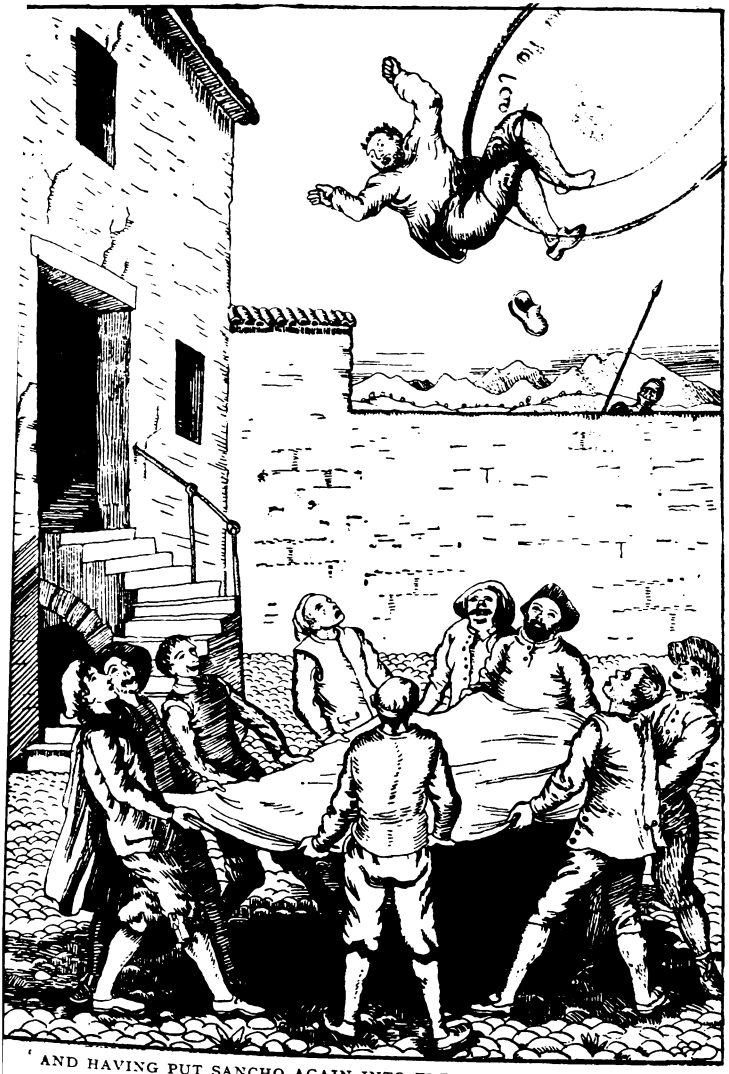
'I see little sense in all this,' answered the host, 'pay me what is due, and let us have none of your stories and knight-errantries; for I make no account of anything except to come to my own.' 'You are a blockhead and a pitiful inn-keeper,' answered Don Quixote: so clapping spurs to

Rosinante and brandishing his new lance, sailed out of the inn without anybody opposi him, and without looking to see whether h squire followed or not.

The host seeing him go off without paying, r to seize Sancho Panza, who said that since h master would not pay, he would not pay eithe for being squire to a knight-errant, the same ru and reason held as good for him as his maste not to pay anything at public houses or inn The inn-keeper grew very testy at this, an threatened him that if he did not pay he shoul be made sorry for it. Sancho swore by the ord of chivalry, which his master had received, tha he would not pay a single farthing, though cost him his life ; for he would not break such a ancient and excellent custom.

But as ill-luck would have it for Sancho, ther were at the inn four cloth-workers from Segovi three needle-makers from Cordova, and tw butchers from Seville, all merry good-for-nothin frolicking fellows. These nine came up to Sanch and dismounting him from his ass, one of ther went in and brought the landlord's bed-blanke Putting Sancho in, they looked and saw th ceiling was rather too low for their purpose an therefore went out into the yard which wa bounded only by the sky. And having pu Sancho again into the midst of the blanket, the began to toss him up in the air and to diver themselves with him as with a dog on a feast da

The cries which the poor blanketed squire le forth were so many and so loud that at last the reached his master's ears. He, stopping to liste



'AND HAVING PUT SANCHO AGAIN INTO THE MIDST OF THE BLANKET THEY BEGAN TO TOSS HIM UP IN THE AIR.'

attentively, believed that some new adventu was at hand until he found that he who cried v his squire. Then turning his reins he came up the inn at a canter, but found it shut. The upon he rode round to see if he could not find entrance. He had scarcely got to the wall of t yard, which was not very high, when he perceiv the wicked sport they were having with l squire. He saw his body go up and down wi such grace and agility that, if his anger h allowed, he would, I believe, have laughed. H tried to get from his horse on to the wall, but l found himself so stiff from his bruises of the da before that he could not so much as alight. An so he began to cast so many reproaches an word of abuse at those that were tossin Sancho that it is impossible to put them dow in writing.

Sancho's tormentors, however, did not desis from their laughter or their labour; nor did th flying Sancho stop his complaints, sometime mixed with threats, sometimes with entreatie They were of no avail: nor would they hav been, but at last the fellows left off from shee weariness. Then they brought him his ass, an wrapping him in his loose coat, set him upon i The compassionate waiting girl, however, seein him so discomforted, thought good to help him t a jug of water, which she fetched straight fro the well, that it might be the cooler. But Sanch at the first sip, finding it was water, would nc drink a drop more and prayed the girl to brin him some wine; which she did with a very goo will, and paid for it with her own money.

As soon as Sancho had done drinking, he fell a-kicking his ass ; and the inn gate being thrown wide open, out he went, mightily pleased that he had paid nothing and carried his point, though it had been at the expense of his own carcase. The landlord indeed was in possession of Sancho's wallets for payment of what was due ; but Sancho never missed them, so confused was he at going. The inn-keeper would have fastened the door well after him as soon as he saw him out, but the blanketeers would not consent, being persons of that sort, that, if Don Quixote had really been one of the Knights of the Round Table,[1] they would not have cared two farthings for him.

[1] The Knights of the Round Table were the knights who followed King Arthur in the old English legends. See Malim's *King Arthur* in this series.

CHAPTER X

IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE ENGAGES SINGLE-HANDED AN ARMY OF KNIGHTS

SANCHO came up to his master so pale an dispirited that he was hardly able to spur on hi ass. Don Quixote, seeing his condition, saic 'Now I am convinced, honest Sancho, that tha castle or inn, is doubtless enchanted; for the who so cruelly sported themselves with you, wha could they be but hobgoblins, people of the othe world? I am the more certain of it by the fac that I could not get off Rosinante; otherwise should certainly have avenged you in such manner on those poltroons and assassins, tha they would have remembered it as long as the lived.'

'And I too,' quoth Sancho, 'would hav revenged myself if I could; but I could not though I am of opinion that they were n hobgoblins, but men of flesh and blood, as we ar and each of them, as I heard while they we tossing me, had his proper name. And what clearly gather is, that these adventurers we see will bring us so many misadventures that we sha not know which is our right foot. So that, in m humble opinion, the best thing would be to retu to our village now that it is harvest time and loc after our business, and not go rambling fro Ceca[1] to Mecca, leaping out of the frying-p

[1] Ceca was a Moslem sanctuary at Cordova in Spain, and phrase is equivalent to 'from Peshawar to Rangoon'.

into the fire.' 'How little you know of chivalry,' answered Don Quixote, 'hold your tongue and have patience; the day will come when you will know what an honourable thing it is to follow this profession. For tell me what greater satisfaction can there be in the world, or what pleasure can be compared to winning a battle? None, without a doubt.'

'It may be so,' answered Sancho, 'though I do not see it. I only know that since we have been knights-errant, or rather you have, we have won no battle, except against the Biscainer, and there you lost half your ear and helmet; from that day to this we have had nothing but beatings upon beatings, cuffs upon cuffs, besides my tossing in a blanket, and that too by persons enchanted on whom we cannot be revenged.'

Now Don Quixote and his squire were riding on thus arguing together, when Don Quixote perceived on the road they were following a great and thick cloud of dust coming towards them. Seeing it, he turned to Sancho and said, 'This is the day, Sancho, in which will be seen the good things that fortune has in store for me. This is the day, I say, in which will be seen the strength of my arm; and in which I shall perform such exploits as will remain written in the Book of Fame for all succeeding ages. You see that cloud of dust, Sancho; it is raised by a prodigious army of innumerable nations who march this way.'

'According to that,' replied Sancho, 'there must be two armies, for on this opposite side rises another cloud of dust.'

Don Quixote turned to look at it, and seein it was so, rejoiced exceedingly, taking it fo granted that they were two armies in the mids of the plain. For at all hours his imaginatio was full of battles, adventures and enchantment which he had read of in his books of chivalry.

Now the clouds of dust he saw were raised b two great flocks of sheep going the same roa from different parts, and the dust hindered the from being seen until they came near. But Do Quixote declared so positively that they wer armies that Sancho began to believe it and saic 'Sir, what must we do?' Then Don Quixot proceeded to tell him who led the two armie what the quarrel of the two kings was, and goin to a small hillock that he might see better, h described to the astonished Sancho the history c all the knights whose arms he imagined he coul perceive. And then he proceeded to name th nations that were in each army. In one, th dark Numidians, the Persians famous for bov and arrows, the Parthians who fight as the retire, the Arabians who shift their habitation And in the other he described all the races Europe.

Sancho looked everywhere to discover tho knights and peoples, but seeing none, said, 'S not one of these you name can I see.'

'What,' answered Don Quixote, 'do you hear the neighing of the steeds, the sound trumpets, and the beating of drums?'

'I hear nothing,' said Sancho, 'but the bl ing of sheep and lambs.' And so it was, for n the flocks had come very near them.

'You are so afraid,' answered Don Quixote, that you are deprived of your senses : and if you are in such a fright, get aside and leave me alone ; for I am able with my single arm to give victory to the side which I assist.' And saying this he clapped spurs to Rosinante, set his lance in its rest and rushed down the hill like lightning. Sancho cried out after him, 'Stop, sir, come back, they are lambs and sheep you go to attack.' For all this Don Quixote turned not, but, shouting aloud, rushed into the midst of the squadron of sheep and began to attack them with his lance as courageously as if they were his mortal enemies.

The shepherds, who came with the flocks, called out to him to cease. Then seeing it was to no purpose, they unbuckled their slings and began to let drive about his ears with stones, as big as one's fist. Don Quixote never minded a moment, but called loudly for the king of that army he imagined himself to be fighting in order to challenge him to a combat. At that instant a stone hit him so hard on his side, that it drove a couple of ribs into his body. Finding himself thus ill-treated, he imagined himself slain or sorely wounded, and pulled his flask and set it to his mouth to drink. But, before he could swallow a mouthful, another stone came and hit him on the hand. It broke the flask all to pieces, carried off two or three of his teeth by the way, and cruelly bruised two of his fingers. The poor knight tumbled off his horse to the ground. The shepherds ran to him and believed they had killed him ; whereupon in great haste they got their

flock together, took up the dead sheep to th number of seven, and marched off witho further inquiry.

All this while Sancho had stood on the hillocl watching his master's madness, tearing his bear and cursing the hour he had met him. Bu seeing him fall to the ground and the shepher depart, he ran down to him? He found him i an ill plight though he had not quite lost h senses. Then Sancho exclaimed, 'Did I not b you to come back, sir, for those you went t attack were a flock of sheep, not an army men.'

'How easily,' replied Don Quixote, 'can th thief of an enchanter, my enemy, make thin appear and disappear! For, envying me th glory I was likely to win in this battle, h changed the army into a flock of sheep.'

CHAPTER XI

IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE FIGHTS WITH LIONS

AFTER the adventure of the preceding chapter they journeyed on for some miles together, until Sancho Panza, being thirsty, went a little way off from the road to beg some milk from some shepherds who were milking their ewes. While he was so engaged, his master, lifting up his eyes, perceived a waggon, with the royal banners flying over it, coming along the road by which they were going. Believing it to be some new adventure Don Quixote called out to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho hearing himself called, left the shepherds and in all haste came to where his master was.

Now when Don Quixote called out to Sancho for his helmet, the latter was buying some curds from the shepherds; but, being flurried by his master's impatience, he did not know where to put them. Rather than lose them, considering they were paid for, he clapped them into his master's helmet, and with this excellent shift, back he came to learn his lord's commands. Don Quixote said, 'Friend, give me my helmet, for, unless I know little of adventures, what I see over there will oblige me to have recourse to arms.'

Sancho, who saw nothing but a cart with banners, replied that it was probably the king's money being carried. But Don Quixote did not

believe him, imagining that everything th happened must needs be an adventure, and so replied, 'Preparation is half the battle, a nothing is lost by being on one's guard. I kn by experience that I have both visible a invisible enemies, and I know not when, n from what quarter, nor at what time, nor what shape, they will attack me.'

And turning round, he again demanded helmet. Sancho not having time to take out t curds, was forced to give it him as it was. D Quixote took it, and, without minding what w in it, clapped it hastily on to his head; a as the curds were squeezed and pressed agai the top of the helmet, the whey began to r down his face and beard. Poor Don Quix was startled almost out of his wits, so that exclaimed to Sancho, 'What can this me Sancho! I think my skull is softening, or r brains melting, or I sweat from head to foot; b if I do sweat, it cannot be through fear, thoug do believe I am in for a terrible adventure. you have anything for me to wipe myself wi give it me, for these drops quite blind my eye

Sancho said nothing and gave him a cloth, the same time thanking his stars that his mas had not found out the truth. Don Quixote wi his face and then took off his helmet to see w it was that made his head so cool; and, see some white lumps in it, he put them to his n and after smelling at them, said,

'By the life of my lady, Dulcinea del Tob these are curds you have put in my helmet, traitor and inconsiderate squire.'

To which Sancho answered with great coolness, 'If they are curds, give them me to eat. But an evil spirit must certainly have put them there. What! *I* think of fouling your worship's helmet? By my faith, sir, it seems that there are enchanters round me too, who persecute me, and they put that filthy mess there, I will guarantee, in order to make you angry with me and provoke you to bang my sides as you used to do. But this time they have failed, for I rely on your candid judgment. You know I have no cream or curds to put in your helmet, and if I had, I would more likely have put them in my stomach than in your worship's helmet.'

'All this may be so,' was Don Quixote's answer; and then seating himself firmly on his horse, trying his sword to see if it came easily from the scabbard, and grasping his lance firmly, he cried, 'Now, come what will! for I am prepared to meet Satan himself in person.'

By this time the waggon had come up, and nobody with it but the carter on one of the mules, and a man sitting in the front. Don Quixote planted himself right in their way, and said:

'Where do you go, my brothers? What waggon is this? What have you in it? And what banners are those?'

The carter replied, 'The waggon is mine, and in it are two fierce lions, which the General of Oran is sending to the King's court as a present to His Majesty; the flags are the royal flags to show that what is in the cart is his.'

'And are the lions large ones?' asked Don Quixote.

'So large,' replied the man who was sitting o the forepart of the cart, 'that they are the larges that ever came from Africa to Spain. I am thei keeper, and have had charge of several befor this, but never of any so big as these. They ar male and female. The male is in the first cag and the female in that behind. At present the are hungry, not having eaten all day, an therefore, sir, please to get out of the way that I can get on to the place where we are feed them.'

At which Don Quixote, smiled a little, sai 'To me your lion whelps! Your lion whelps t me! And now of all times! Those that sent the here shall see whether I am a man to be scared b lions. Get down, my honest friend, and sinc you are their keeper, open the cages and turn ou these beasts. For in an open field I will let ther know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is.'

The carter, seeing the determination of thi armed apparition, said, 'Good sir, for charity' sake, be pleased to let me take away my mule and get away out of danger with them, before th lions are let loose. For if my mules be killed, am ruined for the rest of my life, having no oth livelihood but this waggon and these mules.'

'O man of little faith!' answered Don Quixot 'unyoke your mules, and do what you like, f you shall soon see you have wasted your trouble.'

The carter got off his mules and unyoked i great haste. The keeper said aloud, 'Bea witness, every one, that against my will and unde compulsion I open these cages and let loose th lions. And that I enter a protest against thi

gentleman, that any damage these beasts do shall be paid for by him, together with my salary into the bargain. The rest of you, shift for yourselves, for I am sure they will not hurt me personally.'

Sancho hearing all this, begged his master with tears in his eyes to give up the enterprise, in comparison with which the exploits of the windmills and all others were mere tarts and cheesecakes.

'Consider, sir,' went on Sancho, 'that this is no case of enchantment; for I have seen, through the chinks of the cage, the claw of a real lion; and I guess by it, that a lion with so big a claw must be bigger than a mountain.'

'However big it be,' answered Don Quixote, 'fear will make it seem to you bigger than half the world. Retire, Sancho, and leave me, and if I die here you know our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea—I say no more.'

At this Sancho, seeing his master prepare to meet the lions, put spurs to his ass. At the same time the driver rode off with his mules, each endeavouring to get as far from the cart as possible, before the lions were let out. Sancho lamented the death of his master, not believing he could escape alive from the paws of the lions. He cursed his hard fortune and the unlucky hour when he had taken it into his head to serve him. But for all his tears and lamentations, he did not cease to punch his ass in order to get further away from the cart.

The keeper now prepared to open the gate. Don Quixote was determined to fight on foot,

lest Rosinante should be terrified at the sight the lions. So he leapt from his horse, flu aside his lance, braced on his shield, and dre his sword. And then he advanced slowly, wi marvellous intrepidity and undaunted heart, t to the cages, devoutly commending himself his lady Dulcinea. The keeper set wide op the door of the first cage, where lay the lio which appeared to be of an extraordinary si and of a hideous and frightful aspect.

The first thing the lion did was to turn hims round in the cage, reach out a paw, and stret himself at full length. He proceeded to ga and to yawn very leisurely: then to lick t dust from his eyes; and then to wash his fa with some half a yard of tongue. This done, l thrust his head out of the cage and stared rou on all sides with eyes of coal-fires. A sight a aspect enough to have struck terror in temerity itself!

Don Quixote observed him with attentio hoping he would leap out of the cage, so that l might cut him to pieces—to such a pitch of extr vagance had his unheard-of madness carried hi But the generous lion, more civil than arroga taking no notice of Don Quixote's bravado, aft having stared about him, turned his back; a with great phlegm and calmness laid hims down in the cage. When Don Quixote saw th he ordered the keeper to poke the lion and pr voke him to come out. 'That I will not d answered the keeper, 'for should I provoke hi I myself will be the first to be torn in piece Be satisfied, Sir Knight, with what is done, whi

s all that could be asked for in point of courage ; ınd do not tempt fortune a second time. The ion has the choice of coming out or not, and ;ince he has not yet come out, he will not come ɔut today.

'Very good,' said Don Quixote, 'shut the door, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here. It is only fit that 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 himself down. I am not bound to do more. So shut the door, while I signal to the fugitives to return, and they can have an account of this exploit from your lips.'

The keeper shut the door of the cage again, and Don Quixote, clapping on to the point of his lance the linen cloth which he had used to wipe the curds from his face, began to call out to the rest, who still fled, turning their heads at every step. But Sancho, chancing to spy the signal of the white cloth, said, 'May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, since he calls to us.'

They halted and recognized that it was Don Quixote who was making the sign. And, growing a little less afraid, they retraced their steps by degrees, until they could hear distinctly the words of Don Quixote, who was calling to them. In short, they came back to the cart, and then Don Quixote said to the carter :

'Harness your mules again, brother, and continue your journey ; and, Sancho, give him

and the keeper two golden crowns, to make them amends for my having delayed them.'

'That I will, with all my heart,' answered Sancho, 'but what has become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?'

Then the keeper, in great detail and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, exaggerating the best he could, or knew how, the valour of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the humbled lion would not, or dared not, stir out of the cage, though he himself had held the door open a good while; and upon his representing to the knight that it was tempting Providence to provoke the lion and force him to come out of the cage, Don Quixote had allowed the cage door to be shut.

'What think you of this?' said Don Quixote, 'Can any enchantments prevail against true courage? The enchanters can easily deprive me of good fortune, but of courage and resolution never.'

Sancho gave the two men the gold crowns. The carter harnessed his mules. The keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, and promised to relate his brave exploit to the King himself when he came to court.

'If by any chance,' said Don Quixote, 'his Majesty should inquire who performed it, tell him, "The Knight of the Lions"; for from henceforth I shall take this name. And in doing this I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant who changed their names when they had a mind to or when it served their purpose.'

The cart now went on its way, and Don Quixote and Sancho Panza pursued theirs.

CHAPTER XII

WHICH TREATS OF THE FINE ADVENTURE AND RICH PRIZE OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET

On the next day the two were riding along the plain, following, as was the knight's habit, any particular road that took his fancy. Don Quixote presently perceived a man on horseback coming towards them, who had on his head something that glittered in the sun, as if it had been of gold, and scarcely had he seen it, than, turning to Sancho, he said, 'I am of the opinion, Sancho, that there is no proverb which is not true; because proverbs are all sentences drawn from experience itself, which is the mother of all sciences; especially that proverb which says, "When one door is shut another is open." I say this, because if fortune yesterday shut one door against us, deceiving us with the flock of sheep, it now sets another wide open for a better and more certain adventure. And if I fail to enter right into it, the fault will be mine. This I say, because, if I mistake not, there comes a man towards us who carries on his head Mambrino's helmet.'

(Now Mambrino was a famous king of the Saracens[1] who had been despoiled of his helmet by a Spanish knight, and this was one of the many tales that Don Quixote carried continually in his mind.)

[1] The Mahommedan warriors who fought against the Christian nations in Palestine and Asia Minor.

'Ha! Sancho,' went on the knight, 'do yo see yonder knight on a dapple-grey steed wit a helmet of gold on his head?'

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

'Why, that is Mambrino's helmet,' said Dc Quixote. 'Get aside, and leave me alone to de with him: you shall see me finish off this adventu (to save time) without speaking a word, and tl helmet I have so longed for shall be my very owr

Now the truth of the matter concerning tl helmet, the steed and the knight, which Dc Quixote saw, was this. There were two sma villages in that neighbourhood, one of which w so diminutive that it had neither shops nor barber, but the other had both; and the barb of the bigger served also as barber of the smalle At this moment he was going to the small where one person wanted to be bled[1] and anoth to have his beard trimmed, and he was carryi his brass basin with him. It so happened th while he was on the road, a slight shower of ra had come on and the barber, to save his cap, ha placed his basin on his head. And there had left it, and being new and brightly scoured glittered quite half a league off. He rode on grey ass, as Sancho said, but Don Quixote took hi for a knight, his ass for a dapple-grey steed, a his basin for a golden helmet: for he very readi adapted whatever he saw to his own ideas.

Don Quixote advanced on him as fast Rosinante could carry him, and couching h

[1] Barbers also acted as surgeons.

lance low, designed to run the poor barber through and through, without checking his gallop. As he went he called out, 'Defend yourself, wretch, or surrender willingly what is my due.' The barber little dreaming of any such adventure, and seeing this phantom suddenly descend upon him, had no other way to avoid the thrust of the lance, than to let himself fall off his ass. And he had no sooner touched the ground, than, leaping up nimbler than a roebuck, he began to scour away over the plain, with such speed that the wind itself could not have overtaken him.

The barber had left the basin on the ground. With this Don Quixote was satisfied and bade Sancho pick it up and give it him. Then he clapped it on his head and twirled it round to find the visor—or face-piece—of the helmet. 'Doubtless,' he said, 'the king for whom this helmet was first forged must have had a prodigiously large head; and the worst of it is that one half of the helmet is missing.' When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not help laughing, but recollecting how angry his master would become, he checked his laugh halfway. 'What do you laugh at, Sancho?' said Don Quixote. The other replied, 'I laugh to think what a huge head the king had who owned this helmet, which is, for all the world, just like a barber's basin.'

'Do you know,' said Don Quixote at length, 'what I take to be the case? This famous helmet has fallen into the hands of someone who, seeing it is pure gold, melted down one half for filthy lucre,[1] and of the other made this, which,

[1] i.e. 'Money', a phrase from the Bible.

as you say, resembles a barber's basin. Bu never mind, I will get it put to rights at the firs town where there is a smithy.'

'But tell me, sir,' said Sancho Panza, wha shall we do with this dapple-grey steed whic looks so like a grey ass, and which that bas fellow whom your worship defeated has le behind here to shift for itself. For to judge l the speed with which he ran off, he does not thir of returning, and, by my beard, "Dapple" is first class animal.'

'It is not my custom,' said Don Quixote, ' plunder those I overcome, nor is it the usage chivalry to take from them their horses and lea them on foot, unless I had lost my own in tl conflict. Therefore, Sancho, leave the horse ass or whatever you will have it to be, for whe the owner sees us gone a pretty way off, he wi return for it.'

'Heaven knows,' answered Sancho, 'whethe it were not best for me to take him or at leas change mine for his, for I do not think mine i so good. Are not the laws of chivalry very strict if they do not allow swapping[1] one horse for another? Would they not even permit an exchange of the trappings?'

'I am not very clear on that point,' answered Don Quixote, 'and until further information is to hand I say you may swap if you are in extreme need of them.'

'So extreme,' answered Sancho, 'that I could not want them more if they were for my own person.' And so saying he proceeded to make an

[1] A common term for 'exchange'.

exchange of the asses' trappings, so that his own ass became considerably improved in appearance and value.

Then, having breakfasted on the provisions that the barber's ass was carrying, they went once more on their way. And as they sauntered on, Sancho asked Don Quixote's permission to speak, which the knight readily gave.

'I say then, sir,' began Sancho, 'that for some days past I have been considering how little is gained by wandering up and down in quest of adventure, through deserts and crossways where, though you achieve the most perilous things, there is nobody to see or know anything about them. So that they must remain in perpetual oblivion. And therefore I think it would be, with all deference to your better judgment, more advisable if we were to serve some great emperor or prince who is engaged in war. In his service you could display your great courage and greater understanding. And when he perceived it he could not help rewarding us each according to our merits. Nor could you fail to find someone to write of your exploits. I say nothing of mine, though I dare say, if it is the custom in chivalry to celebrate the deeds of squires, mine will not be forgotten.'

'You are not far wrong,' answered Don Quixote: 'but, before that can be, a knight-errant must wander about the world, seeking adventures in which he will acquire such fame, that when he comes to the court of some great monarch, he shall be known by his deeds beforehand. Then, no sooner shall he enter the gates

of the city, than all the boys will follow a surround him and cry out his name. A presently, hearing the shouts of the popul the king of the country will go to the window his palace, and knowing the knight by his arm will cry out, " Ho, there, my knights, go fo and receive this flower of chivalry." At t command they will all go forth, and the k himself, descending halfway down the stairs, receive him with a close embrace, saluting a kissing him ; and then taking him by the ha shall lead him to the apartment of the que where the knight shall find her, and by her s her daughter, the princess, who is so beauti and accomplished a damsel, that her eq cannot easily be found in any part of the kno world.' Thus Don Quixote ran on into a glowi description of the king's palace and his o imaginary reception. All of which interest Sancho Panza little until the knight came that part of his story where, having hims married the princess, he gives her lady' maid to his squire in marriage and makes hi an earl.

' Ah ! this is what I would be at,' broke i Sancho, ' and this I stick to. For I shall soo qualify myself for an earldom.'

' That matters little,' said Don Quixote, ' fo as I shall be a prince, I can easily make you noble. And say what they will, they will hav to style you as " Your Lordship," though i annoy them ever so much.'

' Do you think, sir,' replied Sancho, ' I shal not be able to bear the indignity ? '

'"Dignity" you should say, Sancho,' the knight interrupted, 'not "indignity."'

'Well "dignity" then,' said Sancho, 'it is no great matter.'

'But,' went on Don Quixote, 'you will have to trim your beard a little oftener, for it is so rough and frowzy,[1] that if you do not shave with a razor every other day, they will discover a stone's throw away that you are no earl.'

'Why,' said Sancho, 'it is only a matter of taking a barber into the household and paying him wages. And if necessary, I will make him follow me on a horse. For once when I was in a town, they pointed out to me one that was a great lord who continually rode backwards and forwards on his horse. And there followed him on horseback a man, who turned about as the lord turned, so that one would have thought that he was the lord's tail. They told me he was the lord's "gentleman of the horse", and to this day I have never forgotten it.'

'You are quite right,' said Don Quixote, 'and in the same manner you may have your barber to ride behind you and be the first earl that ever did so. For, indeed, it is a greater trust to shave a beard than to saddle a horse.'

'Leave the business of the barber to me,' said Sancho, 'and let your worship see about making yourself a king and me an earl.'

'So shall it be,' answered Don Quixote; and then lifting up his eyes, he saw what shall be related in the next chapter.

[1] Uncombed.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW DON QUIXOTE SET AT LIBERTY SEVERAL UNFORTUNATE PERSONS

Now what Don Quixote saw was about a doze men on foot, strung by their necks to a great iro chain, like beads in a row, and all handcuffe There came also with them two men on hors back and two on foot. Those on horseback we armed with muskets and those on foot with pik and swords. Sancho Panza exclaimed at onc 'This is a chain of galley slaves, persons forc by the king to go to the galleys.' (Now tl galleys were ships in which captives and crimina were forced to row.) 'How is this?' said Do Quixote. '"Forced"? Is it possible that th king should force anybody?' 'I do not sa that,' answered Sancho, 'but they are person condemned by the law for their crimes to serv the king in the galleys by force.' 'To put i shortly,' went on Don Quixote, 'they are goin by force and not of their own free will.' 'It i so,' said Sancho. 'Then,' said his master, 'here is where my duty comes in; to defeat violence and aid the miserable.' 'Consider, sir,' replied Sancho, 'that justice, that is, the king himself, does not do violence to such persons but only punishes them for their crimes.'

By this time the chain of galley slaves had come up and Don Quixote in the most polite terms asked the guard if they would be so good as to tell him the cause or causes for their

conducting these persons in such a manner. One of the guards on horseback replied that they were slaves belonging to His Majesty and going to the galleys, which was all he could say or need know about it. 'For all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I should be glad to know from each of them the particular cause of his misfortune.' The guard replied, 'Draw near, sir, and ask them yourself, for they are of the sort that will be pleased to relate to you their misdeeds.'

Don Quixote then drew near the first and asked him for what offence he marched in such an evil plight. The slave answered, 'For being in love!' 'What! for that alone?' said Don Quixote. 'If they send folks to the galleys for being in love, I myself might long ago have been at the oar.' 'It was not such a love as your worship imagines; mine was the being so deeply in love with a basket of fine linen, and embracing it so close, that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have parted from it of my own will to this very day. I was taken in the act, so there was no room for questioning. They presented my shoulders with a hundred lashes and by way of an additional present have sent me to the galleys for three years, and there is an end of it.'

Don Quixote put the same question to the second who replied that he was going to the galleys for wanting ten ducats.[1] 'I will give you twenty with all my heart,' said Don Quixote, 'to redeem you from this misery.' 'That,' said the slave, 'would be like having money at sea, and

[1] A gold coin.

dying for hunger because there is nothing to b bought with it. I say this, because if I ha possessed in time those twenty ducats you no offer me, I would have so greased the law clerk' pen and so sharpened the advocate's wit, tha I should have been this day in the market plac of Toledo and not upon this road, coupled an dragged like a hound. But God is great Patience, I say no more.'

And thus Don Quixote heard from each in turn what his crime had been. And turning to the whole string he said, ' From what you have told me, my brothers, I gather that, though it be for your crimes, you do not much relish the punishment which you are going to suffer. And perhaps it was this man's want of money and that man's want of friends or perhaps the twisting of the law by the judge that was really the cause of your misfortune. Indeed so much am I convinced that such is the case that I have a mind to come to your aid. But since it is prudent never to do by foul means what may be done by fair, I will entreat your guards to let you loose, and let you go in peace, as there are plenty to serve the king for better reasons. For it seems hard to me to make slaves of those whom God and Nature made free. Let every one answer for his sins in the next world ; but it is not fit that honest men should act as executioners of others when they have no interest in the matter. I make this request in a calm and peaceful manner, hoping that you will grant it, but should you not, my sword and strong right arm will compel you.'

'This is a pleasant joke,' answered the officer of the guard. 'He would have us let the King's prisoners go, we having no right to do so and he none to command it. Go on your way, sir, and adjust that basin on to your head, and do not go feeling for three legs on a cat.' 'You are a cat, and a rat and a rascal too,' said Don Quixote; and so with a word and a blow, he attacked the officer so quickly that before he could stand on his defence, he was thrown to the ground, much wounded by a thrust of Don Quixote's lance. And this was one of the two who carried muskets. The rest were confounded by the sudden attack. Soon, however, drawing their swords, they fell upon Don Quixote, who waited for them with much calmness. Doubtless it would have fared ill with him, if the galley slaves, seeing an opportunity of regaining their liberty, had not broken their chain. There was such confusion, the guards now endeavouring to prevent the slaves getting loose, now attacking Don Quixote, that in the end they did neither to any purpose.

Meanwhile Sancho had helped the most desperate of the slaves to free himself. This slave, whose name was Gines de Passamonte, at once leapt on the fallen officer, took away his sword and musket, and levelling the musket first at one of the guards, and then at another, without firing it, he put the whole lot to flight, aided by the shower of stones which the other slaves threw.

Sancho was much scared by what they had done and begged Don Quixote to make off as quickly as possible. But the knight gathered the

slaves in a ring together and addressed them thus: 'To be thankful for benefits received is in the nature of all well-born persons; and one of the sins which is most detestable is ingratitude. This I say, gentlemen, because you have received much at my hands. In return I desire that you shall go carrying the chain which I have taken from your necks, to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves to the beautiful lady Dulcinea del Toboso and tell her that I sent you. And when you have told the details of this exploit you may go wherever you like.'

Gines de Passamonte answered, that for them to be seen together was to be taken captive again, and though they would say prayers for his success they could not consent to go to Toboso. 'I vow then, you rascal,' said Don Quixote, 'that you shall go alone to Toboso with your tail between your legs and the whole chain on your back.'

Passamonte, who was not very patient and had already noticed that Don Quixote was no saner than he ought to be, seeing himself treated thus, winked at his companions, and they all, stepping back, began to pelt Don Quixote with such a hurricane of stones that he could not even cover himself with his shield. Nor, in spite of his spurring, would Rosinante advance. Sancho got down behind his ass and sheltered himself thus from the shower of stones.

Don Quixote, however, soon received such thumps on the body that they brought him to the ground. And scarcely had he fallen when Gines de Passamonte set upon him, and taking the basin from his head, gave him three or four

blows on the shoulder with it, and then banged it on the ground, almost breaking it in pieces. They stripped the poor knight of his cloak, and would have stripped him of his trousers too, if the armour which was over them had not prevented them. They took Sancho's cloak too, leaving him in his doublet. Then, sharing the spoils amongst themselves, they made the best of their way off, each taking a different direction so as to avoid capture.

The ass and Rosinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained by themselves; the ass hanging his head and pensive, and now and then shaking his ears, thinking the storm of stones was not yet over but still whizzing about his head; Rosinante stretched along close by his master, he also being knocked down with another stone; Sancho in his doublet only and much afraid of the guards; and Don Quixote very much out of humour to find himself so ill-treated by those very persons to whom he had done so much good.

CHAPTER XIV

WHICH TREATS OF SOME ADVENTURES OF SANCHO PANZA

DON QUIXOTE, finding himself in this pligh said to his squire, 'Sancho, I have always hear it said, that to do good to low fellows is to thro water into the sea. If I had only believed wha you said to me, I might have avoided thi misfortune; but it is done: I must hav patience and take warning in future.'

'Your worship will as much take my warnings answered Sancho, 'as I am a Turk; but sinc you say that if you had taken my advice, yo would have avoided this misfortune, take it no and you will avoid a greater. For let me tell yo there is no putting off the police with chivalry they do not care two farthings for all the knights errant in the world, and already I seem to hea their arrows whizzing about my ears.'

For Sancho was much afraid that the prisoners' guards would return with more soldiers.

'You are by nature a coward, Sancho,' said Don Quixote, 'but in order that you may not say I am obstinate and never take your advice, I will do so for once, and get out of the way of the danger you fear so much; though only on condition that you never tell any one that I did so from fear, but merely to comply with your wishes.'

'Sir,' replied Sancho, 'retreating is not running away. Nor is it wisdom to stay when the danger is greater than the hope.'

So Don Quixote followed Sancho's lead into the Black Mountains, which were not far away and where Sancho intended that they should hide for a day or two.

When they had arrived at a wild and desolate part of the mountains, Don Quixote determined to perform various penances for the sake of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso and to send Sancho Panza to her with a letter. He was also to recount to her all their exploits. To this Sancho willingly agreed, being now anxious to return to a place where more food might be bought. It is true that no such lady as Dulcinea existed, but that did not trouble the knight or Sancho, and soon Sancho departed on Rosinante, leaving his master to fast and perform penances until the squire returned.

After two days' journey Sancho came in sight of the inn where he had been tossed in the blanket. As soon as he saw it, he imagined himself again flying in the air: and therefore he did not like to go in, though it was already about midday. On the other hand he had a great desire to eat something warm again. So he drew near, still doubting whether to enter or not.

And while he was thus hesitating, two persons came out of the inn, who at once recognized him: and one of them said to the other, 'Pray, sir, is that not Sancho Panza on horseback? Our adventurer's housekeeper told us that he had gone with his master as squire.' 'Yes, indeed, it is,' replied the other, 'and that is Don Quixote's horse.' Now it was no wonder they knew him

so well for they were the priest and barber c Don Quixote's village and the very two who ha examined the knight's books and delivered ther to be burnt. So, being anxious to learn som news of Don Quixote, they went up to Sancho and the priest said, ' Friend Sancho Panza, wher have you left your master ? '

Sancho Panza immediately recognized then and resolved to conceal the place and circum stances in which he had left his master : so h answered that his master was very busy in a certain place and on an affair of the greates importance which he, Sancho, dare not mentior for all the eyes he had in his head.

' No, no,' said the barber, ' if you do no tell us where he is, we shall conclude, as we dc already, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you ride on his horse.'

' There is no reason why you should threaten me,' said Sancho in reply, ' for I am not a man to rob or murder any one. Let every man's fate kill him, I say, or the God that made him. My master is doing a certain penance, much to his liking, in the midst of that mountain yonder.' And Sancho went on to relate very glibly all their adventures in the mountain and how he was carrying a letter to Dulcinea del Toboso, with whom his master was up to the ears in love.

The barber and the priest were amazed at what Sancho told them : for, though they already knew Don Quixote's madness and its nature, yet they were always struck with fresh wonder at hearing more of it. They asked Sancho Panza to show

them the letter he was carrying to Dulcinea. He said it was written in a pocket-book and he had orders to get it copied out on to paper at the first town he came to. The priest promised to write it out in a fair hand for him. Sancho put his hand into his coat to take out the book, but did not find it: nor could he have found it if he had searched for it till this day, for the book had remained with Don Quixote, who had forgotten to give it him, or he to ask for it.

When Sancho perceived that he had lost the book he turned as pale as death; and feeling all over his body in a great hurry, and still not finding it, he laid hold of his beard with both hands and tore half of it away and beat his face and nose with his hands till the blood ran. The priest bid him be of good cheer, telling him that if he would repeat the letter he would write it down.

Sancho began to scratch his head in order to remember the letter; first he stood on one foot and then on the other; one time he looked down on the ground, another up at the sky; and after he had bitten off half the nail of one of his fingers, and kept them in great suspense, he said after a very long pause, 'I will be hanged, sir, if I can remember the letter, though it began with, "High and subterrane lady" '—'No,' said the barber, 'not subterrane, but superhuman, or sovereign lady.' 'It was so,' replied Sancho, 'and then it went on, "The wounded and the smitten knight kisses your honour's hands, cruel and ungrateful fair one," and then it said I know not what, until

at last it ended with, "Thine till death, th Knight of the Sorrowful Figure." '

They were both rather pleased to see what a good memory Sancho had and praised him much asking him to repeat the letter twice more, s that they might know it by heart. Three time Sancho repeated it, adding each time thre thousand more extravagant phrases. After this he related also many other things about hi master, but he said not a word of the tossing i the blanket, which had happened to himself a the inn, which he now refused to enter. He sai also that on his return with a kind answer fron Dulcinea del Toboso, Don Quixote was goin to set out to try to become an emperor, or a least a king, and it would be a very easy matte considering the strength of the knight's arm When this was accomplished, Sancho went on Don Quixote was going to marry his squir (who by then would be a widower) to one of the empress's maids of honour, heiress to a large and rich territory off the mainland. Sancho said all this with such seriousness, every now and again blowing his nose, and so much in his senses, that the priest and the barber were amazed still more at the influence of Don Quixote's madness, which had carried away with it this poor fellow's understanding also.

They would not take the trouble to convince Sancho of his error, thinking it better, since it did not hurt him in any way, to let him continue in it : besides, it would give them more pleasure hearing of his follies. So they told him to pray for his master's health and it was very possible

that he would become an emperor in course of time.

'But now,' said the priest, 'we must contrive some means for getting your master to stop his unprofitable penance, and it is also high time to have something to eat. We shall do both better if we go into the inn.'

Sancho asked them to go in, but said he would stop outside, and afterwards he would tell them why it was not convenient for him to go in. But he prayed them to bring him out something warm to eat, and also some barley for Rosinante. They went in, and soon the barber brought him out his meal.

Now while Sancho ate his meal outside the inn, the priest and the barber put their heads together to find some way of bringing Don Quixote back. The priest eventually decided that he should dress himself up as a lady, and pretending to be in great distress, should ask Don Quixote to come with him to redress a certain wrong that had been done by a wicked knight. For the priest had no doubt that by these means they would lead Don Quixote wherever they wanted.

The barber liked the priest's plan immensely. They borrowed off the landlady the necessary clothes, and she and the host, when they heard their purpose, guessed very readily that it was for the madman who had been their guest a short time ago. And the host told all that happened at the inn, including the adventures that Sancho had so carefully concealed.

Now when the priest was fully dressed as a lady, he began to think he had done wrong, and

tried to persuade the barber to take the pa instead. While they were disputing, howeve they were overheard by a young lady wh happened to be at the inn ; and she, hearing Don Quixote's madness, offered her servic as the distressed damsel, saying she woul be able to play the part more easily than eithe the priest or barber. And to this they read agreed.

So the three set out for the Black Mounta taking Sancho with them. The priest t Sancho that they were going to persuade D Quixote to set out at once to gain an empi Sancho, whose thoughts were always on h earldom, fell in readily with the plan, promisi to tell his master that he had taken the letter Dulcinea but that she had been too busy to wri an answer. Sancho was greatly impressed b the beauty of the young lady who accompanie the priest, and whose name was Dorothea, an he thought that he had never seen anyone s beautiful all the days of his life. So he begge the priest to tell him who she was.

' This beautiful lady, friend Sancho,' answere the priest, ' is heiress in direct male line of th great kingdom of Micomicon ; and she comes i search of your master to beg him to avenge a wrong done to her by a certain wicked giant. For your master's fame has spread all over the world.'

' A happy seeking and a happy finding,' exclaimed Sancho Panza, ' especially if my master be so fortunate as to kill the giant, as he certainly will if he meets him. But one thing I ask you,

that is to persuade Don Quixote to marry the princess, whose name I do not yet know.'

'She is called,' said the priest, 'Micomicona; for her kingdom being Micomicon, it must needs be so.'

Sancho was satisfied, leaving the priest very pleased at his simplicity and to see how the same absurdities were fixed in his mind as in his master's, so that he was quite convinced that at one time or other Don Quixote would become an emperor.

CHAPTER XV

WHICH TREATS OF THE BEAUTIFUL DOROTHEA'S DISCRETION, AND OF THE INGENIOUS METHOD OF DRAWING THE KNIGHT FROM HIS RIGOROUS PENANCE

PRESENTLY they came to the Black Mountai and there amidst some rocks they saw D Quixote clothed but not fully armed. As so as Dorothea caught sight of him, and was i formed by Sancho that it was his master, s whipped on her horse, being attended by t barber, who was well disguised by a false bear And when she had come up to Don Quixote, t barber helped her to alight, and she went ar knelt at Don Quixote's feet. Don Quixo strove to raise her, but she without getting u addressed him in this manner.

'I will never arise from this place, O valorou knight, until you grant me a favour, which wi reflect great glory on you yourself, and help th most disconsolate and distressed damsel the sui ever shone on. If your arm is as formidable a your reputation, you are indeed obliged to help one who has been led from a distant land by your fame.'

'I will not answer you a word,' replied Don Quixote, 'nor will listen to one jot more of your business, until you rise from the ground!'

'And I,' said the lady, 'will not rise until you grant me my request.'

'I do grant it you,' answered Don Quixote, 'provided it is not against the service of my King, my country or the lady who keeps the key of my heart.'

'It will not harm any of these,' replied the damsel. And as she was saying this, Sancho Panza approached his master's ear, and said to him softly, 'Your worship may very safely grant the favour she asks, for it is a mere trifle; only to kill a great lubberly giant; and she who begs it is the great Princess Micomicona, Queen of the kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia.'

'Let her be who she will,' answered Don Quixote, 'I shall do what my conscience tells me to do, according to the rules of my profession.' And turning to the damsel, he said, 'Fair lady, arise! For I grant you whatever you ask.'

'Then what I ask,' said she, 'is that you will go with me whither I lead you and that you will not engage in any other adventure, until you have avenged me on the traitor who has usurped my kingdom.'

'I repeat it, that I grant your request,' answered Don Quixote, 'and therefore, lady, shake off your melancholy, for you shall soon see yourself again on your throne. Therefore all hands to the work. For the danger, they say, lies in delay.'

Don Quixote, saluting the lady with much politeness, ordered Sancho to get Rosinante ready and to bring him his armour at once.

So all four began to make their way down the mountain side. Presently they met the priest,

whom Don Quixote recognized and was greatly surprised to see. The priest humbly asked leave to travel with the knight, who replied that he was sure the lady's squire (that is to say, the barber) would be glad to let him ride behind on the mule. 'The squire' at once got off and invited the priest to sit on the saddle, meaning to mount behind him. But it unluckily happened that, as the barber was getting up behind, the mule, which was a vicious beast, flung up her hind legs once or twice into the air. If they had hit the barber's chest or head it would indeed have made an end of him, but he was so frightened, that he tumbled to the ground, with so little thought for his false beard, that it fell off on to the ground. Seeing himself without it, he covered his face with his hands and cried out that a jaw-bone was broken. Don Quixote, seeing the beard on the ground, exclaimed, 'Dear me! this is very wonderful; no barber could have shaved off his beard more clean and smooth.' The priest, who saw the danger of their scheme being discovered, ran to the barber and holding the poor man's head to his breast, fixed on the beard with one jerk, muttering some words over him, as if it were a charm for fastening on beards. All of which left Don Quixote wondering greatly.

Now when they had ridden on a little, Don Quixote asked the priest how he came to be wandering alone in these desolate parts. The priest told him that he had been set upon by robbers when coming from Seville and all his money taken from him, and he had therefore

come to the knight for protection. Then Don Quixote turned to Dorothea and humbly begged to hear her story.

'That will I tell, with all my heart,' answered Dorothea, 'if it will not tire you to hear nothing but misfortune.'

'Not at all, dear lady,' answered Don Quixote.

'Since that is so, pray listen,' said she.

The barber and the priest put themselves on one side of her to hear what the ingenious lady would invent. Sancho drew close also, being just as deceived about her as his master. And she, settling herself in her saddle, with a preparatory 'ahem' or two, began as follows:

'In the first place you must know, gentlemen, that my name is—.' Here she stopped short, having forgotten the name the priest had given her. But he at once helped her out of her difficulty.

'It is no wonder,' he said, 'that your ladyship should be disturbed at narrating your misfortunes; for they are of such a nature as to deprive one of memory itself and make one forget one's very name; just as you have forgotten that you are the princess Micomicona, rightful heiress of the great kingdom of Micomicon.'

'You are right,' said Dorothea, 'and henceforth I believe I shall not need your prompting to finish my history.' And she proceeded to invent a magnificent story of how she had been left an orphan and how a wicked and monstrous

giant had attacked her kingdom. So that sh had fled across the sea to find Don Quixot whose fame she had heard even in Ethiopia 'This, gentlemen,' she concluded, 'is m history, and it only remains to tell you that of all the attendants I brought with me fron my kingdom, I have none left but this hones squire with the long beard. For the rest were drowned in a violent storm when we were in sight of port. He and I got ashore on a couple of planks.'

Don Quixote was greatly impressed with he story and promised to go back to her kingdom with her and cut off the giant's head.

While they were thus talking, Maste Nicholas, the barber, called to them to halt little, for there was a fountain by the roa where they might drink. So there they alighted and from the provisions the priest had brough from the inn they made something of a meal While they were eating a young lad happened to pass by along the road. The boy, looking closely at them, suddenly ran to Don Quixote and catching hold of his knees, began to weep, and said, 'Ah! dear sir, does not your worship know me! Look at me well, I am Andres, the boy you untied from the oak.'

Don Quixote recognized him, and taking him by the hand, he turned to the others and said, 'To convince you of what importance it is that there should be knights-errant in the world to redress wrongs committed in it by wicked men, look at this boy. You must know that not long ago, as I was passing a wood, I heard some one

crying out in distress. I hastened to that spot and I found this lad tied to an oak, naked from the waist upwards, and a farmer, who was his master, cruelly beating him. I made that farmer untie the boy and promise to take him home and pay every penny which he owed him. Is not all this true, Andres? And did you not observe how submissively he promised to obey me? Do not be afraid, but tell these gentlemen here.'

'All that your worship has said,' answered Andres, 'is very true; but the business ended quite otherwise than you imagine.'

'How otherwise?' Don Quixote asked; 'did not the farmer pay you instantly your wages?'

'He not only did not pay me,' answered the boy, 'but as soon as your worship got out of the wood, he tied me again to the same tree and gave me twice as many strokes as before; and at every lash he said something by way of jest at your worship at which, if I had not been in such pain, I could not have helped laughing. In short, I have been in hospital ever since as the result. And your worship is to blame for all this; for had you gone on your way and not meddled with other folks' business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me a dozen or two lashes; but by your abusing him so, his anger was roused and he vented it on me, so that I shall never be a man again while I live.'

'The mischief,' said Don Quixote, 'is that I went away. I might have known by long experience that no rustic ever keeps his word, if he

finds it inconvenient to do so. But I swo if he did not pay you, to find him out and puni him.' And up Don Quixote leapt and order Rosinante to be saddled. Dorothea remind him, however, that he was bound to finish h enterprise first.

'You are quite right, my lady,' Don Quixo answered, 'and Andres must wait patiently unt I return, as you say; and I again swear not t rest until I have punished that farmer.'

'I do not depend on these oaths,' replie Andres. 'I would rather you gave me th money to help me to Seville than all th revenges in the world. If you have anythin to eat, or food for me to carry with me, giv it me, and heaven help your worship and al knights-errant.'

Sancho pulled a piece of bread and a piece of cheese out of his knapsack, and, giving it to the lad, said, 'Here, brother, Andres, we all have a share in your misfortune.' 'Why, what share have you in it?' said Andres. 'This bit of bread, which I give you,' answered Sancho, 'I shall very likely need myself before long, for we squires of knights-errant suffer hunger, ill luck and other things which are more easily thought of than told.'

Andres took the bread and cheese, and seeing no one was likely to give anything else, he made his bow and marched off. But he called to Don Quixote as he went, 'If ever you meet me, Sir Knight-errant, though you see me beaten to pieces, do not try to help me, but leave me to my misfortune. And may a thousand curses light

upon you and all the knights-errant that were ever born ! '

Don Quixote was getting up to chastise him himself, but the boy ran off so fast that nobody offered to catch him. Don Quixote was very shamefaced at Andres' story, and the rest with difficulty refrained from bursting into laughter.

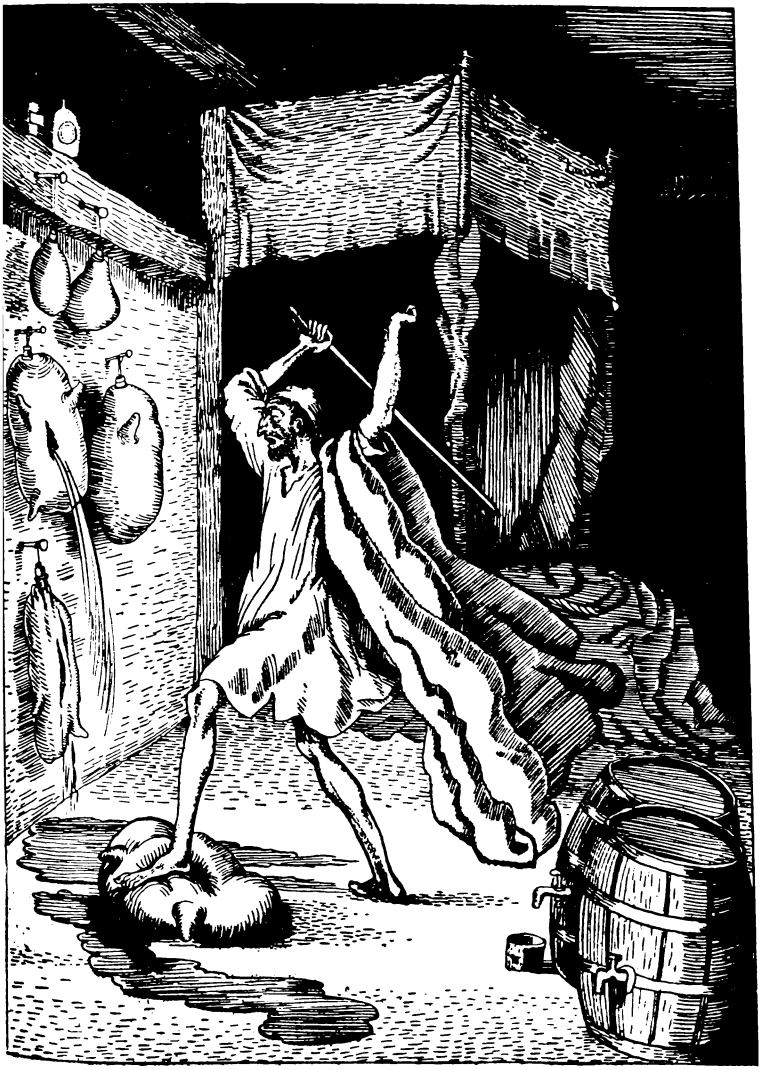
CHAPTER XVI

IN WHICH IS RELATED DON QUIXOTE'S DREADFUL BATTLE WITH THE GIANTS

On the next day they arrived again in sight of the inn which Sancho Panza had been so afraid to enter. The host, the hostess, their daughter and the serving-maid, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho coming, all went out to meet him, with signs of much joy. Don Quixote received them gravely and with a nod of approval, telling them to prepare him a better bed than that they had given him last time. The hostess replied that, provided he would pay better than last time, he should have a bed fit for a prince. Don Quixote said he would. So they made up a good enough bed in the same room where he had lain before. And he immediately threw himself down on it and slept: for he was much shattered both in body and brains.

While Don Quixote slept, the rest gathered in a room below, and, after satisfying their appetites, fell to discussing his madness. But presently Sancho came running in and cried out in a great fright, 'Run, sirs, quickly and help my master, for he is head over ears in the toughest battle my eyes ever saw. He has given the giant, that enemy of the princess, such a stroke, that he has cut off his head close to his shoulders, as if he had been a turnip.'

At that moment they heard a great noise in the room above, and Don Quixote calling aloud,



'AND, IMAGINING THAT HE WAS CUTTING DOWN THE GIANT, HE HAD GIVEN THE WINESKINS SO MANY CUTS, THAT THE WHOLE ROOM WAS AFLOAT WITH WINE.'

'Stay, you cowardly thief and robber.' And they heard him slashing at the wall.

'Do not stand listening,' Sancho cried, 'but go and part them or help my master: though doubtless there is little need by now, for the giant must be dead. I saw the blood run about the floor, and the head cut off, fallen on one side, as big as a wineskin.'

'I'll be hanged,' said the inn-keeper at this point, 'if Don Quixote has not gashed one of the wineskins that stand near the bed, and the wine he has let out is what this good man takes for blood.'

So saying, he rushed to the bedroom, all the company following. They found Don Quixote in the strangest situation in the world. He was clad only in his shirt and a night-cap. A blanket (the one to which Sancho owed a grudge) was wrapped round his left arm and in his right he grasped his sword with which he laid about him, all the time uttering words as if he were really fighting a giant. And the best of it was, that his eyes were shut; for he was still asleep and dreaming that he was fighting with the giant. And, imagining that he was cutting down the giant, he had given the wineskins so many cuts, that the whole room was afloat with wine.

When the inn-keeper saw this he became so angry that he set upon Don Quixote and, with his clenched fists, began to give him so many blows that he very nearly put an end to all Don Quixote's wars for ever. At last the barber and priest pulled him off, and Don Quixote awoke,

though not so clearly as to see what a pickle he was in, until they threw a bucketful of water over him.

Meanwhile Sancho was looking about the floor for the giant's head and exclaiming at last in great distress, 'Alas, that for want of finding his head, my earldom will melt away like salt in water.' For Sancho awake was madder than Don Quixote asleep, so besotted had he become with all his master's promises. The inn-keeper lost all patience with the squire's stupidity and the knight's handiwork, and he swore that they should not escape this time until they had paid their full reckoning, even to the patching of the torn skins.

The priest took Don Quixote by the hand, and the knight, imagining that he was addressing the princess, told her that she might now reign in peace as he had assuredly slain the giant.

'Did I not tell you so?' cried Sancho; 'my master has dealt with the giant and my earldom is safe.'

They all laughed heartily except the inn-keeper, and then, without more ado, put Don Quixote to bed and he fell asleep again at once. Then they went back to the large room again, the hostess grumbling that Don Quixote would be the ruin of them all, and Sancho still worrying that he had not been able to find the giant's head. The priest, however, pacified the hostess by promising to see that the reckoning was paid, and Dorothea comforted Sancho by promising him the best earldom in her kingdom.

Poor Sancho's satisfaction did not last long. For as they were talking, a stranger entered the inn who proved to be no less than Dorothea's husband, a young noble, who had been parted from her for a long time. There was much joy at their meeting. Sancho alone was dejected. For he saw that Dorothea was but an ordinary lady, the wife of the young noble, and not Princess Micomicona at all, so that Don Quixote could not now gain an empire nor he an earldom. And Sancho was so upset that he crept off to his master's room to tell him.

'Your worship,' he cried in Don Quixote's ear, 'may very well sleep your fill, without troubling yourself about killing a giant or restoring a princess to her throne, for all is done and finished with already.'

'I quite believe it,' Don Quixote replied, 'for I have had the most dreadful battle with a giant that I ever had in my life; and with one back stroke I knocked off his head, and so great was the quantity of blood that gushed out, that the streams ran along the ground as if it had been water.'

'As if it had been red wine, your worship should have said,' answered Sancho, 'for you had better know, if you do not know already, that your dead giant is a slit wineskin; and the blood is eighteen gallons of red wine that was in it.'

'What do you say, fool?' cried Don Quixote. 'Are you in your right senses?'

'Pray get up, sir,' said Sancho, 'and you will see what a fine spot of work you have done when

you have to pay the bill. And you will see your queen converted into an ordinary lady named Dorothea.'

'I shall not be surprised at any of these things,' replied Don Quixote, 'for if you remember, the last time we were here everything was enchanted, so no wonder it is so now.'

'I should be ready to believe that,' said Sancho, 'if my tossing in a blanket had been an enchantment too; but it was absolutely real and true: and I saw that the inn-keeper, who is here today, held one corner of the blanket and canted me up to heaven with great vigour. For to my mind, from persons like the inn-keeper, simple and mischievous fellows, there is no enchantment to be had but sheer bad treatment.'

'Well, give me my clothes,' said Don Quixote, 'and I will go and see all these transformations you talk about.'

Sancho gave his master his clothes; and while this was going on above, the priest was telling Dorothea's husband, Don Fernando, all about Don Quixote's madness, and he added that since Dorothea could not now go on with her plan they must devise something new to get Don Quixote back to his village. But Don Fernando insisted that she should go on with a project which was so worthy.

Presently Don Quixote entered, completely armed and with his battered helmet or basin on his head. Then with much solemnity he addressed Dorothea, saying:

'I am informed, my lady, by my squire here,

that your grandeur has been taken away and that you have been changed from a queen to a humble lady. Now if this has been done by your father, through his magic art, so that I should not help you, he does not know, I say, one half of his trade. For knights-errant can overcome much greater difficulties than these.'

Dorothea, however, replied that she was in no way changed and hoped to set out again on their journey the next day.

At this Don Quixote turned to Sancho Panza and very indignantly said to him, ' You are the most pitiful rascal in all Spain : tell me, did not you assure me just now that this princess was transformed into a lady called Dorothea ; and that the giant's head I lopped off was a wine-skin ? I have a good mind to pound some sense into your wooden head.'

' My good master, please be pacified,' said Sancho, ' for I may be easily mistaken about the lady's transformation ; but as to the giant's head or rather the slit wineskin, I am not deceived there, as you will find when the inn-keeper makes out his bill. As to the lady here, I am very glad she is a queen, for then I shall be made an earl.'

Don Quixote was pacified by this, and after much pleasant conversation the whole company agreed to retire to rest. Don Quixote offered to guard the castle, as he called it, against any giants or ill-disposed knights. Sancho Panza had long since laid down on his ass's harness and gone to sleep, and the rest now retired to their rooms, leaving Don Quixote to stand sentinel at the gate as he had promised.

CHAPTER XVII

A CONTINUATION OF THE UNHEARD-OF ADVENTURES AT THE INN

PROFOUND silence now reigned over the inn. Only the inn-keeper's daughter and her servant Maritornes did not sleep. For, knowing Don Quixote's strange fancy of keeping guard at the gate on horseback, they determined to play a trick on him, or at least to have a little fun listening to his extravagant speeches.

Now you must know that the inn had no window towards the road, but only a kind of hole, through which they usually took in and threw out hay. The pair of girls planted themselves at this hole and saw that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning forward on his lance, and uttering every now and then such profound sighs that one would have thought each of them sufficient to tear away his very soul. They also heard him say in a soft, soothing tone, 'O my dear Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, perfection of all beauty, sum total of discretion, treasury of wit and good humour, and pattern of modesty, what may your ladyship now be doing? Are you, by chance, thinking of your captive knight who exposes himself to so many perils for your sake? O moon, bring me news of her! Perhaps you are gazing enviously at her as she walks through the balcony of some magnificent palace.'

And much more of this nature he went on exclaiming. But presently the inn-keeper's

daughter began to call him softly, saying, 'Sir, pray come a little this way, if you please!' At this Don Quixote turned his head and saw by the light of the moon, which shone very brightly, that somebody was calling him from the hole in the wall, which seemed to him to be the barred window of a castle, as he imagined the inn to be. And instantly it came to his mind that the daughter of the lord of the palace, being irresistibly in love with him, had come to talk with him. At this thought, he turned Rosinante round, and came up to the hole; and, as soon as he saw the two girls, said:

'I pity you, fair lady, for having placed your affections on me, for I cannot return them as they deserve. My love for the fairest Dulcinea permits me to love none other.'

Maritornes, the servant-girl, replied that her mistress did but wish to hold his hand, and, not doubting that Don Quixote would give it, she ran down to the stables and took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass. She returned just as Don Quixote had got up on Rosinante's saddle to reach the window.

'Take this hand, madam,' said Don Quixote, 'and judge from it what must be the strength of the arm behind it.'

'We shall soon see that,' said Maritornes, and making a running knot of the halter she slipped it on to his wrist, and fixed the other end of the halter on the fastening of the door of the loft.

Don Quixote, feeling the rope rough round his wrist, exclaimed:

'You seem, lady, to rasp rather than to grasp my hand. Pray, do not treat it so roughly. If you are so displeased with me, you should not hurt my hand, which is in no way to blame.'

But nobody heard a word of this; because, as soon as Maritornes had tied Don Quixote up, they both went away ready to die with laughing, and left him fastened in such a manner that it was quite impossible for him to get loose.

He stood, as has been said, upright on Rosinante, his arm within the hole and tied by his wrist to the door, in the greatest fear that, if Rosinante moved ever so little one way or the other, he must remain hanging by one arm. In short, Don Quixote, finding himself tied and the ladies gone, began to imagine that this was done by enchantment, as had happened before in this same castle. Then he cursed his own folly, since, having come off so ill the time before, he had ventured to enter a second time.

However, he pulled his arm to see if he could loose himself, but he was so fast tied that his efforts were in vain. It is true, indeed, that he pulled gently lest Rosinante should stir; and, though he would gladly have got down into the saddle and sat down, he could not without pulling his hand off. He thought of the loss to the world if he should remain there for ever enchanted. He called aloud to his good squire, Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep on his ass's coverlet, did not, at that moment, so much as dream of the mother that bore him. Lastly, as the morning overtook him, he bellowed like a bull; for he did not expect that the day would

bring him any relief, believing his enchantment was eternal. And he was the more ready to believe this, seeing that Rosinante did not budge. He thought that he and his horse must remain in that attitude, without eating, drinking, or sleeping until the evil influence of the stars was past, or until some wise enchanter came to disenchant him.

But he was much mistaken ; for the day was scarcely dawning when some travellers on horseback arrived at the inn. They called at the inn door, which was not yet opened, knocking very hard. When Don Quixote saw this, he cried out in 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 obvious that at this hour the inmates are either asleep or not accustomed to open the gates of the fortress until the sun itself has risen. Get further off, until it is clear daylight, and then we shall see whether it is fit to open or not.'

' What sort of fortress or castle is this,' asked one of them, ' that we have to observe all this ceremony ? If you are the inn-keeper, make somebody open the door. We are travellers, and only want to bait our horses, and be off, for we are in haste.'

' Do you think, gentlemen, that I look like an inn-keeper ? ' replied Don Quixote.

' I know not what you look like,' answered that traveller, ' but I am sure you talk preposterous nonsense to call this inn a castle.'

' It is a castle,' replied Don Quixote, ' and

one of the best in this whole province, and it has in it persons who have had sceptres in their hands and crowns on their heads.'

'You mean the reverse,' said the traveller, 'the sceptre on the head and the crown in the hand.'

The man's companions were tired, however, of the dialogue between him and Don Quixote, and so they knocked with greater force than before, so that the inn-keeper woke up and everyone else in the inn.

Now it happened that one of the travellers' horses came to smell at Rosinante, who, melancholy and sad, his ears hanging down, bore up his master without stirring. But being of flesh, though he seemed to be of wood, he could not but want to smell again the horse that came so kindly to caress him. And, scarcely had he stirred a step, when Don Quixote's feet slipped, and, tumbling from the saddle, he would have fallen to the ground, had he not hung by his arm, This put him to such torture that he fancied his wrist was being cut off, or his arm torn from his body. Yet he hung so near the ground, that he could just reach it with the tips of his toes; which was all the worse for him; for, feeling how near he was to the ground, he strove and stretched as much as he could to reach it altogether.

In short, Don Quixote made such a noise, that the host in fright opened the door of the inn hastily, to see who it was that made such an outcry. Nor were the strangers in the inn any less surprised. The girl Maritornes, who was

awakened too by the same noise, imagining what it was, went to the straw loft, and without anyone seeing her, untied the halter which tied up Don Quixote. And he at once fell to the ground in sight of the inn-keeper and the travellers. They came up to him, asked him what was the matter with him and why he cried out so. Don Quixote, without answering a word, slipped the rope off his wrist, mounted Rosinante, braced his shield, couched his lance, and taking a turn round the field, came up at a canter, crying out loudly, 'Whoever says I was not fairly enchanted I say he lies, and, provided the princess Micomicona gives me leave, I challenge him to single combat.'

The newcomers were amazed at Don Quixote's words, but the inn-keeper explained who Don Quixote was, saying that they need not mind him for he was quite beside himself. So they all went into the inn, leaving Don Quixote quite mad with rage and spite because they did not pay any attention to his challenge. But as he could not by the laws of chivalry start any new adventure until he had reinstated the princess, he thought it best to remain quiet for the present.

CHAPTER XVIII

OF THE STRANGE AND WONDERFUL MANNER IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE WAS ENCHANTED

MOST of that day the company spent pleasantly enough at the inn ; and, while Don Quixote slept on his bed to repose himself after his late fatigues, the others discussed how they might take him back to his village, there to cure him of his madness, without the trouble of Dorothea, the supposed princess Micomicona, leading him herself. Eventually they agreed with a waggoner, who chanced to pass by with his team of oxen, to carry him thus ; they made a kind of cage with poles, large enough to contain Don Quixote at his ease. And then, under the direction of the priest, Don Fernando, the barber, the inn-keeper, and some of the travellers disguised themselves and masked their faces, so as to appear to Don Quixote quite other people than those he had known.

This done, with the greatest silence they entered the room where Don Quixote lay fast asleep, not dreaming of any such thing. And they bound him hand and foot, so that, when he woke up with a start, he could not budge an inch, nor do anything but look round him at the strange faces and wonder who they were. At once he jumped to his usual conclusion that they were goblins of the enchanted castle and that without

any doubt he must be enchanted too, since he could not stir or defend himself. This, of course, was just what the priest fancied would happen. Sancho alone of those present was both in his right senses and showing his own face and figure, for though he was half infected by his master's madness, he knew well enough who the goblins were ; but he did not dare open his lips, until he saw what this imprisonment meant.

The others now brought their cage into the room and shut Don Quixote up in it. And they nailed the bars down so fast that there was no breaking them open, though you pulled at them never so hard. Then they hoisted Don Quixote, cage and all, on to their shoulders and carried him out of the room, when the barber called out in as solemn and dreadful a voice as he could simulate, ' O Knight of La Mancha, let not your imprisonment afflict you, for it is for the quicker accomplishment of the adventure on which you are engaged ! ' And much more in similar strain and language, professing that Don Quixote should wed Dulcinea del Toboso and Sancho be richly rewarded.

The knight was delighted to hear all this and called out that, if it so came to pass, he should count his imprisonment a glory and his chains a refreshment. ' As to Sancho, my squire,' he said, ' although it may happen that I cannot give him the island or earldom which I promise, yet at least he cannot lose his wages ; for I have declared in my will what shall be given him, which indeed will not be in proportion to his

good services but to my own poor circumstances.' Sancho bowed with great respect and kissed his master's hands. Then they all took the cage on their shoulders again and placed it on the waggon.

Don Quixote, finding himself cooped up in this way, and placed on a cart, said, ' Many a history have I read about knights-errant, but I have never yet read or seen or heard of an enchanted knight being carried away in this manner, and so slowly as these lazy heavy animals are likely to go. For knights always used to be carried with wonderful speed, wrapped up in a thick cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or on a winged horse, or some such beast. But to be carried on a cart drawn by oxen! By my sword, it puts me to confusion. However, perhaps the chivalry and enchantment of these times may have taken a different turn.'

Don Fernando, fearing that Sancho would tell Don Quixote the truth about the plot, determined to hasten their departure, and, calling the innkeeper aside, told him to saddle Rosinante and to pannel the ass; which he did without a moment's delay.

The priest, having hung the shield on one side and the basin on the other side of Rosinante's saddle, made signs to Sancho to mount his ass and to take Rosinante by the bridle. But before they could set out, the hostess, her daughter and Maritornes the servant-girl, came out to bid good-bye to Don Quixote, pretending to shed tears at his misfortune. At this Don Quixote said, ' Do not weep, good ladies, for this kind

of mishap must occur to anyone of my profession; and, in fact, if these calamities did not befall me, I should not consider myself a knight-errant of any particular fame. For they never happen to knights of little reputation, since nobody in the world bothers his head about those; but to the brave they often happen, owing to the envy of other knights who wish to be rid of them. Nevertheless pray, good ladies, that I may be delivered from these bonds in which some evil-minded enchanter has thrown me; and, if ever I find myself at liberty, I shall not forget the kindness you have shown me in this castle.'

While Don Quixote addressed the ladies of the castle, as he imagined them, the priest and barber bade farewell to Don Fernando and Dorothea. They all embraced, promising to let each other know of their subsequent adventures. Then the priest and his friend the barber mounted on horseback, with their masks on, so that Don Quixote might not recognize them, and placed themselves behind the waggon. Thus they set out. The ox-cart with Don Quixote in the cage; then followed Sancho upon his ass, leading Rosinante by the bridle; the priest and barber brought up the rear on their mules, with their faces masked, with a grave and solemn air, and marching no faster than the slow pace of the oxen permitted. Don Quixote sat in the cage with his hands tied, and his legs stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much patience and silence as if he had been not a man of flesh and blood, but rather a statue of stone.

And thus, with the same slowness and silence, they travelled about ten miles, until they came to a valley, which the driver thought a convenient place for resting his cattle; and, when he told the priest his purpose, the barber was of the opinion that they should go on a little further, saying that behind a hill not far off there was a valley which afforded much better grazing than that in which they were now proposing to stop. They took the barber's advice and went on.

Now the priest, happening to turn his head round, saw behind them about six or seven horsemen, well mounted, who soon came up with them; for they travelled not with the slowness of oxen, but as men in a haste to reach an inn and there to spend the midday heat. As they overtook Don Quixote's party they saluted courteously, and one of the travellers, who was master of the rest, and was in fact a canon of the cathedral at Toledo, seeing the strange procession, could not help asking why they were carrying a man in that way, though he guessed that he must be some notorious robber or criminal. Don Quixote, overhearing his question, replied, 'If by any chance, sir, you are skilled in matters of chivalry, I will acquaint you with my misfortunes; but if not, I need not trouble myself to recount them.'

The canon replied that he had read many books about chivalry and would gladly hear Don Quixote's history. 'Then,' said Don Quixote, 'you must know that I am enchanted in this cage through the envy of magicians; for virtue is

more persecuted by the wicked than beloved by the good. I am a knight-errant, and one who shall enrol his name in the temple of immortality and shall serve as an example and mirror to future generations.'

The priest, who feared his plot might be destroyed, added, 'Don Quixote de la Mancha says the truth, for he goes enchanted in this waggon; not through his own fault, but through the malice of those to whom virtue is odious, and courage detestable.'

When the canon heard both talk like this, he was amazed, not being able to imagine what had happened; and all his followers were equally at a loss. But Sancho, who had come up to them and overheard their conversation, determined to set things right. 'Look you, gentlemen, let this be well taken or ill taken. I will out with it. The truth of the matter is that my master, Don Quixote, is just as much enchanted as my mother; he is in his perfect senses, he eats and he drinks, as he did before they cooped him up. This being so, can you persuade me he is enchanted? Have not I heard many people say that the enchanted neither eat, sleep, nor speak? And my master, if nobody stops him, will talk more than thirty barristers.'

And, turning to the priest, Sancho continued, 'Ah, master priest, master priest, do you think I do not know you? And do you think I do not guess what you are driving at with these enchantments? Let me tell you I know you, though you disguise your face ever so much: and I would like you to know that I see through

you, though you manage your contrivances ever so slyly. In short, virtue cannot live where envy reigns. Had it not been for you, my master would have been married by this time to the princess Micomicona, and I should have been earl at least; for I could expect no less, considering the generosity of my master and the greatness of my services. But I find the proverb true, that "The wheel of fortune turns swifter than the mill wheel", and those that were on the top yesterday are on the ground today. I am sorry for my poor wife and children, for they might reasonably have expected to see me come home a governor or a viceroy of some island or kingdom, and now they will see him return a mere groom. All this I have said, master priest, to bring home to your conscience that you are the author of my master's misfortune.'

'Hang me,' broke in the barber, 'if you are not as mad as your master, Sancho! I begin to think you are likely to keep him company in the cage and to be as much enchanted as he is. It was in an evil hour that he put that idea of an island into your pate.'[1]

'If I am a poor man,' replied Sancho, 'I am honest and owe nobody anything; and if I covet islands, there are others who covet worse things; and being a man, I may easily come to be governor of an island, especially as my master may capture so many that he will be at a loss what to do with them all. You take care, master

[1] A common word for 'head'.

barber, for shaving off beards is not everything, and there is some difference between one man and another. I say this because we know one another, and there is no putting false dice upon me.'

The barber would not answer Sancho, lest the latter should reveal what they were at pains to hide; and for the same reason the priest asked the canon to go on with him a little ahead and he would tell him the secret of the encaged gentleman.

CHAPTER XIX

AT THE END OF WHICH DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE RETURN TO THEIR HOMES

THE priest now told the canon the whole history of Don Quixote's madness, and the canon, who was a man of learning, became greatly interested. Presently they came to the valley which the barber had spoken of as having plenty of shade and good pasture for the cattle; and there they stopped, waiting until the waggon with Don Quixote should come up. The waggoner unyoked his oxen, and they sat down by a stream to eat the meal which they had brought with them. And Sancho asked the priest to allow Don Quixote to come out of his cage for a while. The priest replied that he would readily agree, if he did not fear lest the knight, finding himself at liberty, should play one of his old pranks, and go off where nobody should set eyes on him again.

'I will be security for his not running away,' said Sancho.

'And I too,' said the canon, 'if he will give his word of honour, as a knight, that he will not leave us without our consent.'

'I do give my word,' said Don Quixote, 'and the more readily because whoever is enchanted, as I am, is not at liberty to go where he pleases.'

Then they uncaged and untied him. The first thing he did was to stretch his whole body and limbs; then he went to where Rosinante

stood, and giving him a couple of slaps with his hand, bade his steed be of good cheer for they would soon be together again on the road. And presently he came and sat down with the rest of the company as they waited for their meal to be got ready.

The canon now proceeded to attack Don Quixote's beliefs about chivalry, asking him how he could believe such absurd fabrications, and begging him to employ his ability in reading some more profitable kind of books.

Don Quixote listened with great attention to what the canon said ; and when he found that he had done, after having stared at him a pretty long time, he said, ' I gather, sir, that the whole of what you have been saying is to persuade me that there never were any knights-errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalry are false, lying, mischievous and unprofitable ; and that I have done ill in reading them, worse in believing them, and worst of all in imitating them.'

' It is precisely what I mean,' the canon answered.

' Why, then,' said Don Quixote, ' you are a madman, in my opinion, to deny what is universally held as true. For to endeavour to persuade people that there were never any of the knight-adventurers of which histories are so full, would be to endeavour to make us believe that the sun does not give us light, the frost cold, nor the earth yield food.'

Then Don Quixote spoke for long about all the most famous knights, of Hector and Achilles of

Troy,[1] of King Arthur of England, of Charlemagne[2] and of so many heroes that the canon was amazed at his knowledge and the more so as Don Quixote mixed up heroes of fiction with the characters of history, so that the canon had to admit there was some truth in what he said.

'This I can say for myself,' Don Quixote went on, 'that since I have been a knight-errant, I have become valiant, liberal, well-bred, courteous, daring, affable, patient and a sufferer of hardships and imprisonments. Moreover, even now I look forward to seeing myself king of some great kingdom, so that I may show my gratitude: for upon my faith, sir, a poor man is debarred from showing his liberality, though he be ever so generous by nature. Therefore I hope to become an emperor so that I may do some good to my friends, especially to poor Sancho Panza here, my squire, who is the most honest fellow in the world. I would like to give him an earldom, as I have promised, except that I doubt his ability to govern it.'

Sancho overheard his master's last words, and said, 'If you will take the trouble to get me this earldom, so long promised by you, and so long expected by me, I shall not want the ability to govern it. And supposing I have not, I have heard that there are people to whom you may farm out earldoms, who pay the owners so much a year and take on all the management; while the lord himself, with outstretched legs, lies at his ease, enjoying the rent they give him, and

[1] Heroes of Homer's *Iliad*.
[2] An emperor of France and Germany.

not bothering his head any further about it. This is just what I will do. I will live on my rents like a duke and let the world go hang.'

'This, brother Sancho,' said the canon, 'is called the enjoyment of revenues, but as to the administration of justice, the earl himself must look after that, for it needs much judgment and especially an upright intention; and if these qualities are absent in the beginning, the end will always be wrong.'

'I do not understand your philosophies,' said Sancho, 'I only know that I want to be an earl; being so, I should do what I pleased; and doing what I pleased, I should have what I wanted; and having what I wanted, 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 is an end to it.'

'These are no bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho,' the canon replied, 'but there is much else to be said on the subject of earldoms.' The conversation ceased, for the meal was ready, and the canon remained as much struck with Sancho's simplicity as with Don Quixote's madness.

After they had refreshed themselves and rested, the canon went on his way, first asking the priest to let him know whether or not Don Quixote was cured of his madness. Don Quixote was then replaced in his cage and the procession continued its way.

On the sixth day they arrived at Don Quixote's village and entered it about midday. As it was Sunday, all the people were standing

about in the market-place, through the middle of which Don Quixote's waggon must necessarily pass. Everybody ran to see who was in the waggon, and, when they found who it was, they were greatly surprised. A boy ran off at full speed to tell his housekeeper and niece that their master and uncle was coming home, weak and pale, and stretched upon a truss of hay, in a waggon driven by oxen. It was piteous to hear the outcries the two good women raised, to see the blows they gave themselves, and how they cursed again those books of chivalry. This they renewed when they saw Don Quixote coming in through the gate.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival, Sancho Panza's wife, who knew her husband had gone with him as squire, went to the knight's house; and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was whether the ass had come home all right. Sancho replied that the ass had come home in better condition than he himself. 'Heaven be praised,' she replied, 'for such a mercy to me. But tell me, my friend, what have you gained by your squireship? What petticoat have you brought me home, and what shoes have you brought your children?'

'I have not brought anything of that kind, my dear wife,' said Sancho, 'but I bring other things of greater importance.'

'I should like to see them,' his wife replied, 'for I need something to cheer my heart which has been so sad all the long time you were away.'

'You shall see them at home,' said Sancho, 'be satisfied for the present. And if, as I hope,

we make another sally out in search of adventures, you will soon see me an earl or governor of an island, and not an ordinary island either, but one of the best that can be had ; and in good time you shall see yourself styled " ladyship " by all your vassals.'

' What do you mean, Sancho,' she replied, ' by ladyship, islands, and vassals ? '

' All in good time, my good wife,' Sancho answered, ' let it be enough that I tell you the truth. For the present know that there is nothing in the world so pleasant to an honest man as to be the squire of a knight-errant. It is true that some of the adventures are not so much to a man's liking as he could wish ; for ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are unlucky. This I know by experience. I have sometimes come off tossed in a blanket, sometimes well cudgelled. Yet for all that, it is a fine thing to be in expectation of adventures, crossing mountains, searching forests, marching over rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns, all at your own will and never a penny to pay.'

All this passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza, while the housekeeper and the niece received Don Quixote and, having pulled off his clothes, laid him in his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askew, not knowing very well where he was. And there our history must leave him, with the priest instructing the niece to take great care of him and see that he did not give them the slip again, and telling them what difficulty they had all had to get him home again.