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Don Quixote

Don Quijote de la Mancha

Miguel de Cervantes

1605–1615

Fiction · Novels

Don Quixote

El ingenioso hidalgo don Quixote de la Mancha

Miguel de Cervantes

Translated from the Spanish by Ether Library

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El ingenioso hidalgo don Quixote de la Mancha (1605) · *Segunda parte del ingenioso caballero don Quixote de la Mancha* (1615)

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616)

Translated from the Spanish by Ether Library

Part One printed in Madrid by Juan de la Cuesta in 1605, Part Two by the same printer in 1615. Both parts are translated here complete, directly from the Spanish.

A Note on the Translation

This is a complete translation of both parts of Miguel de Cervantes's novel: *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha*, published in 1605, and *Second Part of the Ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha*, published in 1615. It was made directly from the Spanish. The legal pages that opened the first editions are translated too: the certificates of price and errata, the royal privileges, and the three approvals of 1615, one of which tells how some French gentlemen asked after Cervantes. They are set in smaller type.

The Spanish followed is a public-domain electronic text, with modernized accents and punctuation and a spelling only half modernized (*agora*, *mesmo*, *ansí*, *priesa*). That text does not say which scholarly edition it was transcribed from, and we have not been able to identify it. Where its readings differ from those of the common editions, the places are listed below. John Ormsby's English version of 1885 was consulted only to settle the meaning where the Spanish is in doubt; none of his wording, and none of any other translator's, is used here, with one exception, explained below.

Cervantes wrote 5,028 paragraphs, and each of them is one paragraph here; every poem keeps its number of lines. At eight places the electronic text broke a sentence in the middle and began a new paragraph; there the pieces are joined again, and where a line or two of a ballad stands inside the sentence, the lines are run in and divided by a slash. Verse that a speaker quotes and sets apart, by contrast, keeps its own paragraph. With the restored sonnet, the book has 5,018 paragraphs. Part One keeps the four divisions of 1605 (chapters I–VIII, IX–XIV, XV–XXVII, XXVIII–LII), because Cervantes breaks off his story at the end of the first and picks it up again "in the second part"; each division opens on a page of its own. Part Two runs from chapter I to chapter LXXIV without divisions, and chapter numbers start again in each part.

The hero's name is spelled *Quixote*, as on the title pages of 1605 and 1615 and as English readers have known it since the seventeenth century; *Quijote* is the later Spanish spelling. His family of names follows the same old spelling,

so that Cervantes's play with them still shows: Quixada, Quexana, Quixano. Every other name keeps its modern Spanish form, with accents. Sancho's donkey, *el rucio*, is "the gray"; the *ínsula* Sancho is promised is an "isle," the word of the romances; *el Caballero de la Triste Figura* is "the Knight of the Sorry Figure," because Sancho's explanation of the name turns on how his master looks.

Spanish marks rank in its pronouns, and English cannot. *Vuestra merced*, the polite address of the day, is "your grace," with the verb in the third person ("if your grace will listen"), and Sancho repeats it as often as the Spanish does; the familiar *tú* and the older *vos* are both "you," and the difference shows in titles and in tone. No one says "thou." Don Quixote has two voices. Before an adventure, to giants, knights, and ladies, and whenever Dulcinea is in question, he talks like his books, and only then does the English allow itself old words ("caitiff," "beauteousness," "flee not"). On other subjects, the Golden Age, arms and letters, the art of fiction, his advice to Sancho, and on his deathbed, he is a lucid and learned speaker of plain prose. Sancho is a countryman, not a dialect speaker: his speech lives in its proverbs, oaths, and digressions, not in its spelling.

The story comes to us through several hands: the "second author" who searches the archives of La Mancha, the Arab historian Cide Hamete Benengeli, the Morisco who translates him, and Cervantes himself in the prologues. Every "the history says," "some will have it," and "the translator says" is kept, and the translator's asides belong to the novel, not to this edition.

Sancho's proverbs are rendered as English proverbs with the Spanish picture kept (the vulture stays a vulture), and a proverb that comes back has the same English words each time. When Sancho garbles a learned word, the English garbles an English one in the same way; when he garbles a name, the garbled Spanish name stands (Malandrino for Mambrino, Feo Blas for Fierabrás, Berenjena for Benengeli), with a word or two of explanation in the text where the joke needs it.

One poem did not come from the Spanish. Among the verses of the academicians of Argamasilla at the end of Part One, the sonnet "By the Burlador to Sancho Panza" is missing from the electronic text, which gives only its heading. Its fourteen lines are supplied in new English after the sense of Ormsby's version, so this sonnet alone reaches the reader through an English translation; a note at the place says so.

Where the Spanish followed here reads differently from the common editions, the common reading was usually translated, because the source reading makes no sense in context: the “indissoluble” knot of marriage in Part One, chapter XXVII (the source has *disoluble*); the critics in the dedication of 1605 who do *not* keep within the bounds of their ignorance (the source has *continiéndose*, the common text *no conteniéndose*); “twelve equals” in chapter XLIX; “legion” for *región* in chapter XLV; “invulnerable” for *invenerable* in chapter XXXVII; “to make it famous” for the garbled *por Hepila famosa* in chapter I. In Part Two, chapter XLIII, the source’s *aumento* (growth) is kept against the common *cimiento* (foundation).

Cervantes wrote fast, and the first edition is full of slips, some of which his own characters laugh at in Part Two: Sancho’s gray is stolen and then ridden again, Sancho’s wife has four or five names, Dorotea is once called Teodora. They are left as he wrote them, without comment.

Money and measures (maravedís, reales, ducats, leagues) stay as they were; the context carries their value. Latin and Italian phrases stay in italics, with English in parentheses. Lines the Spanish gives without a speaker are left without one. The spelling is American. There are six short translator’s notes, at the ends of their chapters; they explain only a fact the sentence cannot do without.

Principal Characters

The people are described as they are when they first appear. In parentheses are other names by which they are called.

In the village of La Mancha

Don Quixote (Don Quixote of La Mancha, the Knight of the Sorry Figure, the Knight of the Lions, Alonso Quixano the Good) · a hidalgo of nearly fifty who reads so many books of chivalry that he loses his wits, makes himself a knight-errant, and rides out to right the wrongs of the world. His surname is also given as Quixada, Quesada, or Quexana.

Sancho Panza · a farmer from the same village. He cannot read, but he talks fast and pours out proverbs without end. He becomes Don Quixote's squire on the promise of an isle to govern.

Rocinante · Don Quixote's bony nag; and Sancho's donkey, **the gray**.

Dulcinea del Toboso · the woman Don Quixote makes the lady of his thoughts. She is in fact **Aldonza Lorenzo**, a farm girl from the neighboring village of El Toboso, who has never set eyes on him.

Teresa Panza (Juana Gutiérrez, Mari Gutiérrez, Teresa Cascajo) · Sancho's wife, who waits with their daughter **Sanchica** (Mari Sancha) for her husband's earldom.

The priest, Pero Pérez · the village priest and a licentiate, Don Quixote's friend, who searches his library, burns his books of chivalry, and plots to bring him home.

Master Nicolás, the barber · the village barber, the priest's partner in bringing Don Quixote back.

The housekeeper and the niece, Antonia Quixana · Don Quixote's household: a housekeeper past forty and a niece not yet twenty.

Sansón Carrasco · a bachelor just back from Salamanca, who brings the news that Part One is in print, and who rides out disguised as the Knight

of the Mirrors and the Knight of the White Moon to keep Don Quixote at home.

People met on the road in Part One

The innkeeper and Maritornes · the keeper of the inn that Don Quixote takes for a castle, and the Asturian servant girl.

Andrés and Juan Haldudo · a boy being flogged by his master, and the farmer flogging him.

Ginés de Pasamonte (Ginesillo de Parapilla; in Part Two, Master Pedro) · a galley slave Don Quixote sets free, who comes back in Part Two with an ape and a puppet show.

Cardenio and Luscinda · a young man gone mad in the Sierra Morena, and the woman he loved.

Dorotea (Princess Micomicona) · a farmer's daughter abandoned by Don Fernando, who plays Princess Micomicona to lure Don Quixote home.

Don Fernando · a duke's younger son, who takes Luscinda from Cardenio and abandons Dorotea.

Anselmo, Lotario, and Camila · the three people of *The Novel of the Ill-Advised Curiosity*, which the priest reads aloud at the inn.

The captive, Ruy Pérez de Viedma, and Zoraida · a captain held prisoner in Algiers, who escapes with the Moorish girl Zoraida.

The canon · a churchman of Toledo who argues about books of chivalry and the theater while Don Quixote is carried home in a cage.

People met in Part Two

Don Diego de Miranda (the Knight of the Green Coat) · a prudent country gentleman who watches Don Quixote face the lions. His son, Don Lorenzo, is a poet.

Camacho, Quiteria, and Basilio · Camacho the Rich, Quiteria the Fair, whom he means to marry, and Basilio the Poor, who wins her by a trick on the wedding day.

The duke and the duchess · an Aragonese couple who have read Part One. They take Don Quixote and Sancho into their castle and play jest after jest on them, helped by the damsel **Altisidora**, the duenna **Doña Rodríguez**, and their steward.

The Countess Trifaldi (the Sorrowing Duenna) · a figure in one of the duke's jests, which ends with the wooden horse **Clavileño**.

Ricote · Sancho's old neighbor, a Morisco who has come back in secret after the expulsion. His daughter, **Ana Félix**, appears off Barcelona, trying to rescue **Don Gregorio**, the young man she left behind in Algiers.

Roque Guinart · the chief of a band of Catalan outlaws.

Don Antonio Moreno · a rich gentleman of Barcelona who takes Don Quixote into his house.

Don Álvaro Tarfe · a character from the spurious *Second Part*, whom Don Quixote meets at a tavern on his way home.

Outside the story

Cide Hamete Benengeli · the Arab historian said to have written this history first.

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The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha

Part One · 1605

Certificate of Price

I, Juan Gallo de Andrada, clerk of the Chamber of the King our lord, one of those who sit in his Council, certify and attest that, the lords of the Council having seen a book entitled *The Ingenious Hidalgo of La Mancha*, composed by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, they assessed each sheet of the said book at three and a half maravedís; and the book has eighty-three sheets, so that at the said price the said book comes to two hundred and ninety maravedís and a half, at which it is to be sold in loose sheets; and they gave license for it to be sold at this price, and ordered that this assessment be placed at the beginning of the said book, and that the book not be sold without it. And so that this may stand on record, I issued the present certificate in Valladolid, on the twentieth day of the month of December, in the year one thousand six hundred and four.

Juan Gallo de Andrada.

Certificate of Errata

This book contains nothing worthy of note that does not correspond to its original; in witness of my having corrected it, I have given this certificate. At the College of the Mother of God of the Theologians of the University of Alcalá, on the first of December, in the year 1604.

The licentiate Francisco Murcia de la Llana.

Royal Privilege

THE KING

Whereas on your behalf, Miguel de Cervantes, report was made to us that you had composed a book entitled *The Ingenious Hidalgo of La Mancha*, which had cost you much labor and was very useful and profitable, and you asked and petitioned us to order that you be given license and authority to print it, and a privilege for such time as we should be pleased to grant, or as it might please our grace; which having been seen by the members of our Council, and since in the said book the procedures were carried out that are laid down by the decree lately issued by us on the printing of books, it was agreed that we ought to order this our warrant to be issued to you in the said matter; and we have thought it good. By this warrant, to do you good and favor, we give you license and authority so that you, or the person holding your power of attorney, and no other, may print the said book, entitled *The Ingenious Hidalgo of La Mancha*, mentioned above, in all these our kingdoms of Castile, for the term and space of ten years, to run and be counted from the said date of this our warrant; under penalty that the person or persons who, without holding your power, print or sell it, or have it printed or sold, shall by that very act lose the printing they have made, with the type and equipment for it; and shall further incur a fine of fifty thousand maravedís each time they act to the contrary. Of the said fine one third shall go to the person who brings the charge, another third to our Chamber, and the other third to the judge who passes sentence. Provided that every time you have the said book printed, during the term of the said ten years, you bring it to our Council, together with the original that was examined there, which bears on every page the flourish of Juan Gallo de Andrada, our Clerk of the Chamber, one of those who sit there, and his signature at the end, so that it may be known whether the said printing conforms to the original; or else that you bring attestation in public form of how a corrector

appointed by our order saw the said printing and corrected it against the original, and that it was printed in conformity with it, and that the errata he noted are printed, for each one of the books thus printed, so that the price you are to charge for each volume may be assessed. And we order the printer who prints the said book not to print the beginning or the first sheet of it, nor deliver more than a single book with the original to the author, or to the person at whose expense it is printed, or to anyone else, for the purpose of the said correction and assessment, until first and before all else the said book has been corrected and assessed by the members of our Council; and, this being done, and not otherwise, he may print the said beginning and first sheet, and next set in this our warrant and the approval, assessment, and errata, under penalty of falling into and incurring the penalties contained in the laws and decrees of these our kingdoms. And we order the members of our Council, and any other justices of those kingdoms, to keep and fulfill this our warrant and what it contains. Given in Valladolid, on the twenty-sixth day of the month of September, in the year one thousand six hundred and four.

I, THE KING.

By command of the King our lord:

Juan de Amezqueta.

Dedication

TO THE DUKE OF BÉJAR,

marquis of Gibraleón, count of Benalcázar and Bañares, viscount of La Puebla de Alcocer, lord of the towns of Capilla, Curiel, and Burguillos

Trusting in the kind reception and honor that Your Excellency gives to every sort of book, as a prince so inclined to favor the fine arts, above all those which by their nobility do not stoop to the service and gain of the common crowd, I have resolved to bring to light *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha* under the shelter of Your Excellency's most illustrious name, and with the reverence I owe to such greatness I beg Your Excellency to receive it graciously under your protection, so that in its shade, though stripped of that precious ornament of elegance and erudition in which the works composed in the houses of learned men usually go dressed, it may dare to appear in safety before the judgment of certain people who, not keeping within the bounds of their ignorance, are apt to condemn the labors of others with more severity and less justice; for if Your Excellency's wisdom fixes its eyes on my good will, I trust that you will not disdain the meagerness of so humble a service.

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

Prologue

Idle reader: you may believe me without my swearing to it that I would like this book, as the child of my understanding, to be the most beautiful, the most gallant, and the most discerning that could be imagined. But I have not been able to go against the order of nature, for in nature each thing begets its like. And so what could my barren and ill-tilled wit beget but the story of a child who is dry, shriveled, whimsical, and full of all sorts of thoughts never imagined by anyone else, as you would expect of one begotten in a prison, where every discomfort has its seat and every dismal noise makes its home? Calm, a peaceful spot, the pleasantness of the fields, the serenity of the skies, the murmur of springs, the quiet of the spirit go a long way toward making the most barren muses show themselves fruitful and offer the world offspring that fill it with wonder and delight. It happens that a father has an ugly child without a single grace, and the love he bears it puts a blindfold over his eyes so that he cannot see its faults; on the contrary, he takes them for cleverness and charm and tells them to his friends as witticisms and graces. But I, who, though I seem the father, am the stepfather of Don Quixote, do not want to drift with the current of custom, or beg you, almost with tears in my eyes, as others do, dearest reader, to pardon or overlook the faults you see in this child of mine; for you are neither his relative nor his friend, and you have your soul in your body and your free will like the best of them, and you are in your own house, where you are lord of it, as the king is of his taxes, and you know what is commonly said: under my own cloak I can kill the king. All of which exempts you

and frees you from every respect and obligation; and so you may say whatever you please about this story, with no fear of being slandered for the bad or rewarded for the good you say of it.

I would only like to give it to you plain and bare, without the ornament of a prologue, or the countless roll and catalog of the customary sonnets, epigrams, and eulogies that are usually set at the beginning of books. For I can tell you that although it cost me some labor to compose the story, none seemed greater to me than writing this preface you are now reading. Many times I took up my pen to write it, and many times I put it down, not knowing what I would write; and once, as I sat there at a loss, the paper in front of me, my pen tucked behind my ear, my elbow propped on the writing table, my cheek resting in my hand, wondering what to say, a friend of mine came in unexpectedly, a witty and very sensible man, who, seeing me so lost in thought, asked me the reason; and I, not hiding it from him, told him that I was thinking about the prologue I had to write for the story of Don Quixote, and that it had me in such a state that I wanted neither to write it nor, still less, to bring to light the deeds of so noble a knight.

"For how can you expect me not to be troubled by how that ancient lawgiver called the public is going to talk when it finds that, after all the years I have slept in the silence of oblivion, I come out now, with all my years on my back, with a tale as dry as esparto grass, barren of invention, meager in style, poor in conceits, and lacking all learning and doctrine, without notes in the margins or annotations at the end of the book, the way I see other books are, even fabulous and profane ones, so full of maxims from Aristotle, from Plato, and from the whole herd of philosophers that they astonish their readers and make them take their authors for well-read, learned, and eloquent men? And then, when they cite Holy Scripture! You would think they were so many Saint Thomases and other doctors of the Church, keeping in this so

ingenious a decorum that in one line they have portrayed a dissolute lover and in the next they deliver a little Christian sermon that is a joy and a treat to hear or read. My book will have to go without all of this, because I have nothing to note in the margin or annotate at the end, and I know even less which authors I am following in it, so as to list them at the beginning, as everyone does, by the letters of the A B C, beginning with Aristotle and ending with Xenophon, and Zoilus or Zeuxis, though the one was a slanderer and the other a painter. My book will also have to do without sonnets at the front, or at any rate without sonnets written by dukes, marquises, counts, bishops, ladies, or poets of the greatest renown; although if I asked two or three friends in the trade for them, I know they would give them to me, and such sonnets that those by the men with the greatest names in our Spain could not equal them. In short, my good sir and friend," I went on, "I have decided that Señor Don Quixote shall stay buried in his archives in La Mancha until heaven provides someone to adorn him with all the things he lacks; because I find myself unable to remedy them, owing to my inadequacy and scant learning, and because by nature I am too idle and lazy to go hunting for authors to say what I know how to say without them. This is the cause of the suspense and abstraction you found me in, my friend; and what you have heard from me is cause enough for it."

Hearing this, my friend slapped his forehead, burst into a great peal of laughter, and said to me:

"By God, brother, now I am finally undeceived of a deception I have been under all the long time I have known you, during which I have always held you to be sensible and prudent in all your actions. But now I see that you are as far from it as heaven is from earth. How is it possible that things of so little moment and so easy to remedy can have the power to baffle and absorb a mind as mature as yours, and one so used to breaking through and tram-

pling over other, greater difficulties? Upon my faith, this does not come from want of skill but from a surplus of laziness and a poverty of reasoning. Do you want to see whether what I say is true? Then listen closely, and you will see how, in the blink of an eye, I confound all your difficulties and remedy all the shortcomings that you say are baffling you and frightening you off from bringing to the light of the world the story of your famous Don Quixote, light and mirror of all knight-errantry."

"Tell me," I replied, on hearing what he said, "how do you intend to fill the void of my fear and bring the chaos of my confusion to clarity?"

To which he said:

"The first thing that troubles you, the sonnets, epigrams, or eulogies you lack for the beginning, which ought to be by grave and titled personages, can be remedied by your taking some pains to write them yourself; afterward you can baptize them and give them whatever name you like, putting them down to Prester John of the Indies or to the Emperor of Trebizond, of whom, to my certain knowledge, it is reported that they were famous poets; and even if they were not, and some pedants and bachelors bite you from behind and grumble about this truth, do not give two maravedís for it; for even if they catch you in the lie, they are not going to cut off the hand you wrote it with.

"As for citing in the margins the books and authors from which you take the maxims and sayings you put in your story, all you have to do is work in, so that they fall pat, some maxims or Latin tags that you know by heart, or at least that cost you little trouble to look up; for instance, when dealing with liberty and captivity, putting:

Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro. (Freedom is ill sold for all the gold there is.)

And then, in the margin, cite Horace, or whoever said it. If you are dealing with the power of death, come straight in with:

Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas, (Pale Death knocks with an even foot at the huts of the poor
Regumque turres. (and the towers of kings.)

If with the friendship and love that God commands us to bear our enemy, go straight to Holy Scripture, which you can do with a tiny bit of care, and quote the words of no less than God himself: *Ego autem dico vobis: diligite inimicos vestros* (But I say to you: love your enemies). If you are dealing with evil thoughts, bring in the Gospel: *De corde exeunt cogitationes malae* (Out of the heart come evil thoughts). If with the fickleness of friends, there is Cato, who will give you his couplet:

Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos, (While fortune smiles, you will count many friends;
tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris. (if the skies turn cloudy, you will be alone.)

And with these little Latin tags and others like them, people will at least take you for a grammarian, which is no small honor and profit these days.

"As for putting annotations at the end of the book, you can do it safely this way: if you name some giant in your book, make him the giant Golías, and that alone, at next to no cost, gives you a grand annotation, for you can put: The giant Golías, or Goliath, was a Philistine whom the shepherd David killed with a great blow from a stone in the valley of Terebinth, as is told in the Book of Kings, in whatever chapter you find it written. After this, to show yourself a man learned in humane letters and a cosmographer, arrange for the river Tagus to be named in your story, and you will find your-

self at once with another famous annotation, putting: The river Tagus was so called after a king of the Spains; it rises in such-and-such a place and dies in the ocean sea, where it kisses the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and it is thought to have golden sands, etc. If you deal with thieves, I will tell you the story of Cacus, which I know by heart; if with harlots, there is the bishop of Mondoñedo, who will lend you Lamia, Laida, and Flora, an annotation that will win you great credit; if with cruel people, Ovid will hand you Medea; if with enchanters and witches, you have Calypso from Homer and Circe from Virgil; if with valiant captains, Julius Caesar will lend you none other than himself in his *Commentaries*, and Plutarch will give you a thousand Alexanders. If you deal with love, with two ounces of Tuscan you will come upon León Hebreo, who will fill your measure to the brim. And if you would rather not go wandering in foreign lands, at home you have Fonseca, *Of the Love of God*, in which is summed up everything that you or the most ingenious mind could hope for on that subject. In short, all you need to do is mention these names, or touch on these stories I have named, in your own, and leave it to me to put in the annotations and marginal notes; for I swear I will cram your margins full and spend four whole sheets at the back of the book.

"Now let us come to the citing of authors that other books have and yours lacks. The remedy for this is very easy, because you have nothing else to do but find a book that cites them all, from A to Z, as you say. Then you put that very same alphabet in your book; for though the lie will be plain to see, since you had so little need to make use of them, it does not matter at all; and perhaps someone will be simple enough to believe that you have made use of all of them in your simple and plain story; and if it serves no other purpose, at least that long catalog of authors will serve to lend the book authority on the spot. Besides, no one will set about checking whether you followed them or not, since he has nothing to gain by

it. All the more so since, if I rightly understand it, this book of yours has no need of any of the things you say it lacks, because the whole of it is an invective against the books of chivalry, which Aristotle never thought of, Saint Basil never said a word about, and Cicero never came across; nor do the fine points of truth or the observations of astrology come within the reckoning of their fabulous nonsense; nor do geometrical measurements matter to it, nor the refutation of the arguments that rhetoric uses; nor has it any reason to preach to anyone, mixing the human with the divine, which is a kind of motley no Christian understanding should be dressed in. It has only to make use of imitation in what it writes; for the more perfect the imitation, the better the writing will be. And since this writing of yours aims at nothing more than undoing the authority and favor that books of chivalry enjoy in the world and among the common people, there is no reason for you to go begging maxims from philosophers, counsels from Holy Scripture, fables from poets, orations from rhetoricians, or miracles from saints; rather, see to it that your sentences and periods come out plain, in meaningful, decent, well-placed words, sonorous and festive, portraying your intention in everything you can reach and is possible, and making your ideas understood without tangling and darkening them. See to it also that, as they read your story, the melancholy man is moved to laughter, the cheerful man laughs the more, the simple man is not bored, the discerning man admires the invention, the grave man does not scorn it, and the prudent man does not fail to praise it. In effect, keep your aim fixed on bringing down the ill-founded machine of these chivalric books, loathed by so many and praised by many more; for if you achieve that, you will have achieved no small thing."

In deep silence I sat listening to what my friend was telling me, and his arguments so stamped themselves on my mind that, without disputing them, I approved them as good and resolved to make

this prologue out of them; in which you will see, gentle reader, my friend's discernment, my good luck in finding such a counselor at such a time of need, and your own relief in finding the story of the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha so sincere and so free of twists, of whom all the inhabitants of the district of the plain of Montiel hold the opinion that he was the most chaste lover and the most valiant knight seen in those parts for many years. I do not want to make much of the service I do you in introducing you to so noble and so honorable a knight, but I do want you to thank me for the acquaintance you will make with the famous Sancho Panza, his squire, in whom, to my mind, I give you, summed up in one, all the squirely graces that lie scattered through the rabble of empty books of chivalry.

And with this, may God give you health, and not forget me. Farewell.

Preliminary Verses

TO THE BOOK OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

Urganda the Unknown
If, book, you'd join the wise and wor-,
and go to them with careful rea-,
no beardless boy, no foolish bab-
will say you play with clumsy fin-.
But if you cannot wait, and hur-
to fall into the hands of idi-,
you'll see them, quick from hand to mou-,
not once so much as hit the nai-,
although they gnaw their hands, so ea-
to show the world how wise and clev-.
And since experience has tau-
that he who leans upon good tim-
is sheltered by its goodly sha-,
in Béjar now your lucky plan-
a royal tree to you presen-
that bears its princes for its fru-,
in which there flowered a noble du-
who is a second Alexan-:
go to his shade, for to the dar-
good fortune always shows her fav-.
Of a noble Manchegan hidal-
you'll tell the deeds and the adven-,
whom idle readings of roman-
have driven clean out of his sen-:
ladies and arms and chival-
so worked upon him in such fash-
that, like Orlando the Furi-,

tuned to the key of lovesick pas-,
he won by mighty strength of ar-
the lady Dulcinea del Tobo-.
Stamp no indiscreet hierogly-
upon the face of your escutch-,
for when the hand is all face car-,
the bid is made on sorry poin-.
If, in addressing, you are hum-,

no scoffer, smirking, will exclai-:
“What a Don Álvaro de Lu-,
what a Hannibal of Cartha-,
what a King Francis, held in Spai-,
laments the cruelty of Fortu-!”
Since heaven did not see fit to ma-
you come out Latin-wise and cun-
as the black scholar Juan Lati-,
refuse to talk in Latin phra-.
Don’t try to pass for sharp and wit-,
nor cite to me philoso-,
for, with a twisting of the mou-,
he who can read the text will sa-,
not one whose ears stretch out a spa-:
“Why come to me with all these flow-?”
Don’t meddle in designs and draw-,
nor pry into the lives of oth-,
for, in what neither comes nor go-,

to pass on by is common sen-.
For they are apt to cuff the hoo-
of anyone who plays the jes-;
but you, go burn your very eyebr-
only to win yourself good fa-;
for he who prints his foolishnes-
has leased them out in perpetu-.
Take note that it is mad and fool-,
when your own roof is made of gla-,
to pick up stones in your two han-
and throw them at your neigh-.
Let the man of sound discern-,
in all the works that he compo-,
go slowly, with his feet of lea-;
for he who publishes his pap-
only to entertain young mai-
writes helter-skelter, hit or mis-.

AMADÍS OF GAUL TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA
Sonnet

You who took up the tearful life I led,
absent and scorned, upon the towering bank
of Peña Pobre, where my joy was brought
down to penance; you to whom your eyes
gave drink in plenty of a flowing liquor,
abundant, though it tasted of the salt,
and who, your silver, tin, and copper gone,
were given by the earth your food on earth,
live certain that forever, or at least
as long as in the fourth sphere fair Apollo
goes spurring on his horses, you will have
a shining name for valor; and your country
shall be the first of all; and your wise author
unique and singular in all the world.

DON BELIANÍS OF GREECE TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA
Sonnet

I broke, I slashed, I dented, spoke, and did
more than any knight-errant on the earth;
I was deft, I was valiant, I was proud;
I avenged a thousand wrongs, undid a hundred thousand.
I gave to Fame such deeds as she would make eternal;
I was a courteous and a pampered lover;
to me each giant was a dwarf, and every
point of the dueling code I satisfied.
I held Dame Fortune prostrate at my feet,
and my good sense dragged by the forelock
bald Opportunity wherever it pleased.
And yet, though high upon the horn of the moon
my fortune has been always seen enthroned,
I envy your great deeds, O great Quixote!

THE LADY ORIANA TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO
Sonnet

Oh, beautiful Dulcinea, if only I,
for greater comfort and for greater ease,
could set my Miraflores in El Toboso
and trade my London for your little village!
Oh, if I might adorn my soul and body
with your desires and livery, and watch
the famous knight you made so fortunate
fight in some battle against unequal odds!
Oh, if I could have fled as chastely from
my lord Amadís as you have fled
from that most courteous hidalgo Don Quixote!
For then I would be envied, envying none,
and glad would be the time that once was sad,
and I would have my pleasures with no reckoning.

GANDALÍN, SQUIRE OF AMADÍS OF GAUL, TO SANCHO PANZA, SQUIRE OF DON QUIXOTE

Sonnet

Hail, famous man, for whom Fortune,
when she set you to the squirely trade,
arranged it all so gently and so wisely
that you came through it without a single mishap.
The hoe and sickle now are hardly at odds
with the errant calling; now the squire's plainness
is in fashion, and by it I accuse
the proud man who would trample on the moon.
I envy you your donkey and your name,
and envy you your saddlebags the same,
which showed your sensible foresight.
Hail once again, O Sancho, so good a man
that to you alone our Spanish Ovid
pays his respects with a kiss-and-cuff of homage.

FROM DONOSO, A MOTLEY POET, TO SANCHO PANZA AND ROCINANTE

I'm Sancho Panza, the squi-
of the Manchegan Don Quixo-.
I took to my heels and scam-,
so as to live discreet and pru-;
for silent Villadie-
summed up his policy of sta-
in one well-timed retrea-,
so says the *Celesti*-,
a book, to my mind, divi-,
if it hid more of the huma-.
To Rocinante
I'm Rocinante, the famo-
great-grandson of great Babie-.
For my sins of weakness and lean-
I fell to one Don Quixo-.
I ran my races limp and la-;
but, by a horse's nimble hoo-,
no barley ever got awa-;
for this I learned from Lazari-
when, to steal the blind man's wi-,
I drank it through a stra-.

ORLANDO FURIOSO TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA
Sonnet

If you are not a peer, you've had no peer,
for you could be a peer among a thousand peers;
nor can there be one wherever you appear,
unconquered conqueror, never overcome.
I am Orlando, Quixote, who, lost
for Angelica, beheld far-distant seas,
offering to Fame upon her altars
that valor which oblivion has respected.
I cannot be your equal; this distinction
is owed to your great deeds and to your fame,
although, like me, you lost your wits.
But you will be my equal, if you tame
the haughty Moor and the fierce Scythian, who today
call us equals in a love that fared badly.

THE KNIGHT OF PHOEBUS TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA
Sonnet

My sword was never equal to your own,
O Spanish Phoebus, curious courtier,
nor matched my hand the lofty glory of your valor,
though it was lightning where the day is born and dies.
I scorned whole empires; and the monarchy
the ruddy East held out to me in vain
I left behind, to see the sovereign face
of Claridiana, my own lovely dawn.
I loved her as a miracle, rare and single,
and, absent in her misfortune, very hell
feared this arm of mine, which tamed its fury.
But you, O Gothic Quixote, bright and famous,
through Dulcinea live forever in the world,
and she through you is famous, chaste, and wise.

FROM SOLISDÁN TO DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA
Sonnet

Albeit, Sir Quixote, that follies
have toppled down the brain-pan of your head,
ne'er shall ye be reproached by any wight
as one whose deeds are vile and base and low.
Your feats shall be your judges, since ye have
gone riding up and down redressing wrongs,
being a thousand times well cudgeled
by caitiffs, wretched knaves, and churls most mean.
And if your lovely Dulcinea doth
commit foul wrong against you, nor doth show
a kindly mien toward your heavy woes,
in such mischance let this your comfort be:
that Sancho Panza was a sorry go-between,
he a dolt, she hard, and you no lover.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN BABIECA AND ROCINANTE
Sonnet

B. How is it, Rocinante, you're so thin?
R. Because one never eats, and always works.
B. Well, what's become of all the barley and straw?
R. My master doesn't leave me a single mouthful.
B. Come, sir, you're very badly brought up,
for your ass's tongue insults your master.
R. One is an ass from cradle to shroud.
Would you like to see? Just look at him in love.
B. Is it folly to love? R. It isn't great prudence.
B. You're waxing metaphysical. R. It's from not eating.
B. Complain about the squire. R. That's not enough.
How am I to complain in my distress,
if master and squire, or steward,
are just as much a nag as Rocinante?

The First Part of the Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha

Chapters I–VIII

Chapter I. Which deals with the condition and way of life of the famous hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha

In a village of La Mancha whose name I would rather not recall, there lived not long ago one of those hidalgos who keep a lance on the rack, an old leather shield, a bony nag, and a greyhound for the chase. A stew with rather more beef than mutton in it, hash most nights, eggs and bacon on Saturdays, lentils on Fridays, and a squab or so as an extra on Sundays used up three quarters of his income. The rest of it went on a coat of fine broadcloth, velvet breeches for feast days with slippers to match, and on weekdays he did himself honor in his best homespun. In his house he had a housekeeper who was past forty, and a niece who was not yet twenty, and a lad for field and market who would saddle the nag as readily as he would take up the pruning hook. Our hidalgo was edging toward fifty; he was of a hardy constitution, lean of flesh, gaunt of face, a great early riser, and fond of hunting. Some will have it that his surname was Quixada, or Quesada, for on this point there is some disagreement among the authors who write of the matter; though from plausible conjectures it may be gathered that he was called Quexana. But this matters little to our tale; it is enough that in the telling of it we do not stray one jot from the truth.

It should be known, then, that in his idle moments, which were most of the year, this aforesaid hidalgo gave himself over to reading books of chivalry with such devotion and delight that he

almost entirely forgot the pursuit of hunting, and even the management of his estate. And his eagerness and folly in this went so far that he sold many fanegas of good farmland to buy books of chivalry to read, and so he brought home every one of them he could lay his hands on; and of them all, none pleased him so well as those composed by the famous Feliciano de Silva, for the clarity of his prose and those tangled phrases of his seemed to him pure pearls, especially when he came to read those love speeches and letters of challenge, where in many places he found written: The reason of the unreason done to my reason so weakens my reason that with reason I complain of your beauteousness. And also when he read: …the high heavens that divinely fortify you with the stars in your divinity, and make you deserving of the desert that your greatness deserves.

Over phrases like these the poor gentleman lost his wits, and he lay awake trying to understand them and dig the meaning out of them, which Aristotle himself could not have extracted or understood had he come back to life for that alone. He was not quite easy about the wounds Don Belianís gave and received, because he imagined that, however great the surgeons who had treated him, his face and his whole body could not help being covered with scars and marks. Even so, he praised the author for ending his book with the promise of that endless adventure, and many times he felt the urge to take up his pen and finish it off to the letter, as is promised there; and no doubt he would have done it, and even pulled it off, if other, greater thoughts that never left him had not stood in his way. Many times he argued with the priest of his village—a learned man, a graduate of Sigüenza—over which had been the better knight, Palmerín of England or Amadís of Gaul; but Master Nicolás, the barber of the same village, said that none came up to the Knight of Phoebus, and that if any could be compared with him, it was Don Galaor, the brother of Amadís of Gaul,

because he had a temper fit for anything; he was no finicky knight, nor such a crybaby as his brother, and in the matter of valor he did not lag one step behind him.

In short, he became so wrapped up in his reading that his nights slipped by as he read from light to light, and his days from dimness to dimness; and so, from too little sleep and too much reading, his brain dried up, so that he came to lose his mind. His imagination filled up with everything he read in his books, enchantments as well as quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, torments, and impossible absurdities; and the notion that the whole machinery of those far-famed, fancy-framed inventions he read was true settled so firmly in his imagination that for him there was no truer history in the world. He used to say that the Cid Ruy Díaz had been a very good knight, but that he was nothing beside the Knight of the Burning Sword, who with a single backstroke had cut two fierce and monstrous giants in half. He thought better of Bernardo del Carpio, because at Roncesvalles he had killed Roldán the Enchanted, using the trick of Hercules when he choked Antaeus, the son of Earth, in his arms. He spoke very well of the giant Morgante, because, though he came of that giant breed, who are all arrogant and ill-mannered, he alone was genial and well brought up. But best of all he liked Reinaldos of Montalbán, especially when he saw him ride out of his castle and rob everyone he came across, and when, in lands overseas, he stole that idol of Mohammed made all of gold, as his history says. He would have given his housekeeper, and his niece into the bargain, for the chance to land a round of kicks on the traitor Galalón.

In the end, his wits now quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever a madman in the world hit upon; and it was that it seemed to him fitting and necessary, both for the increase of his honor and for the service of his commonwealth, to become a knight-errant, and to go all over the world with his armor and his

horse in search of adventures, and to practice everything he had read that knights-errant practiced, undoing every kind of wrong and putting himself in situations and dangers from which, once he had seen them through, he would win eternal name and fame. The poor man already pictured himself crowned by the might of his arm, at the very least, with the empire of Trebizond; and so, with these most agreeable thoughts, carried away by the strange pleasure he found in them, he hurried to put his wish into effect.

And the first thing he did was to clean some armor that had belonged to his great-grandfathers, which, eaten by rust and furred with mold, had lain for long ages set aside and forgotten in a corner. He cleaned it and repaired it as best he could, but he saw that it had one great defect, which was that it had no closed helmet with a visor, only a plain morion; but his ingenuity made up for this, for out of pasteboard he made a sort of half visor which, fitted to the morion, gave the appearance of a complete helmet. It is true that, to test whether it was strong and could stand up to a slash, he drew his sword and gave it two blows, and with the first, in an instant, he undid what had taken him a week to make; and he could not help disliking the ease with which he had smashed it to pieces, and, to make himself safe from this danger, he made it over again, putting some iron bars inside it, so that he was satisfied with its strength; and, not wanting to put it to a new trial, he declared and held it to be a most excellent visored helmet.

Next he went to look at his nag, and although he had more quarter cracks in his hooves than a real has quarters, and more blemishes than Gonela's horse, which *tantum pellis et ossa fuit* (was nothing but skin and bone), it seemed to him that neither Alexander's Bucephalus nor the Cid's Babieca could match him. Four days went by while he pondered what name to give him; because, as he told himself, it was not right that the horse of so famous a knight, and a horse so good in himself, should go without

a name of note; and so he tried to fit him with one that would declare what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and what he was now; for it stood to reason that, since his master was changing his station, the horse should change his name as well and acquire a famous and resounding one, as befitted the new order and the new calling that his master now professed. And so, after many names that he made up, struck out and discarded, added to, undid, and made over again in his memory and imagination, at last he came to call him Rocinante: a name, to his mind, lofty, sonorous, and significant of what the horse had been when he was a *rocín*, a common nag, before (*antes*) he became what he now was, which was the foremost and first of all the nags in the world.

Having given his horse a name, and one so much to his liking, he decided to give himself one, and he spent another eight days on this thought, and at the end of them he came to call himself Don Quixote; from which—as has been said—the authors of this most truthful history have concluded that his name must surely have been Quixada, and not Quesada, as others would have it. But remembering that the valiant Amadís had not been content to call himself plain Amadís, but had added the name of his kingdom and homeland, to make it famous, and called himself Amadís of Gaul, so he, like a good knight, decided to add to his own name the name of his own land and call himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, by which, to his mind, he declared his lineage and homeland very vividly and did it honor by taking his surname from it.

His armor cleaned, then, his morion made into a helmet, his nag named, and himself confirmed, he persuaded himself that nothing else was lacking but to find a lady to fall in love with; for a knight-errant without love was a tree without leaves or fruit, and a body without a soul. He would say to himself:

"If, for my sins or by good luck, I run into some giant hereabouts, as commonly happens to knights-errant, and I overthrow him at one encounter, or split him down the middle, or, in short, defeat him and make him yield, will it not be well to have someone to send him to as a present, so that he may go in and kneel down before my sweet lady and say in a humble and submissive voice: 'I, lady, am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the isle of Malindrania, whom the never-duly-lauded knight Don Quixote of La Mancha vanquished in single combat, and who commanded me to present myself before your grace, so that your greatness may dispose of me at your pleasure'?"

Oh, how pleased our good knight was when he had made this speech, and more so when he found someone to call his lady! And it was, so it is believed, that in a village near his own there was a very good-looking farm girl with whom he had once been in love, although, as far as is known, she never knew it or took any notice of it. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and it seemed right to him to give her the title of lady of his thoughts; and, looking for a name for her that would not clash too much with her own and would lean and tend toward that of a princess and great lady, he came to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, because she was a native of El Toboso: a name, to his mind, musical and rare and significant, like all the others he had given to himself and his things.

Chapter II. Which deals with the first sally the ingenious Don Quixote made from his homeland

These preparations made, then, he would wait no longer to put his plan into effect, spurred on by the loss he believed the world was suffering through his delay, so many were the grievances he meant to undo, the wrongs to set straight, the injustices to amend, the abuses to reform, and the debts to discharge. And so, without telling a soul of his intention, and without anyone seeing him, one morning before daybreak, on one of the hot days of July, he put on all his armor, mounted Rocinante with his badly patched helmet on his head, slipped his leather shield onto his arm, took up his lance, and went out through the back gate of a yard into the open country, overjoyed and elated to see how easily he had made a start on his good desire. But scarcely was he out in the fields when a terrible thought assailed him, so terrible that it nearly made him give up the enterprise he had begun: it came to his mind that he had not been dubbed a knight, and that, by the law of chivalry, he neither could nor should take up arms against any knight; and even if he had been dubbed, he would have to wear white armor, as a novice knight, with no device on his shield until he had won one by his own prowess. These thoughts made him waver in his purpose; but, his madness proving stronger than any other reason, he resolved to have himself dubbed a knight by the first person he came across, in imitation of many others who had done the same, as he had read in the books that had brought him to this state. As

for the white armor, he intended, as soon as he had the chance, to scour his own until it was whiter than an ermine; and with that his mind was at rest, and he went on his way, taking no other road than the one his horse chose, for he believed that the whole force of adventures lay in that.

As our brand-new adventurer went along, then, he was talking to himself and saying:

"Who can doubt that in times to come, when the true history of my famous deeds comes to light, the sage who writes them down, when he comes to tell of this first sally of mine so early in the morning, will put it in this fashion: 'Scarcely had ruddy Apollo spread over the face of the wide and spacious earth the golden threads of his beautiful hair, and scarcely had the little painted birds with their harp-sweet tongues hailed in sweet and melliflu-ous harmony the coming of rosy Dawn, who, leaving the soft bed of her jealous husband, was showing herself to mortals at the doors and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, forsaking the idle down of his bed, mounted his famous horse Rocinante and began to ride across the ancient and well-known plain of Montiel'?"

And it was the truth that he was riding across it. And he went on, adding:

"Happy the age, and happy the century, in which my famous exploits shall come to light, worthy to be cast in bronze, carved in marble, and painted on panels as a memorial for ages to come! O you, sage enchanter, whoever you may be, whose lot it shall be to become the chronicler of this singular history, I pray you not to forget my good Rocinante, my everlasting companion on all my journeys and courses!"

Then he would begin again, as if he were truly in love:

"O Princess Dulcinea, mistress of this captive heart! Great wrong have ye done me in dismissing me and reproaching me with

the stern insistence of your command that I appear not before your beauteousness. May it please you, lady, to remember this your subject heart, which suffers so many woes for love of you."

With these he strung together other absurdities, all after the manner his books had taught him, imitating their language as far as he could. And all the while he rode so slowly, and the sun climbed so fast and with such heat, that it would have been enough to melt his brains, if he had had any.

Almost all that day he rode on without anything befalling him worth the telling, and this made him despair, for he wanted to meet, right away, this very minute, someone on whom to try the valor of his mighty arm. There are authors who say that his first adventure was the one at Puerto Lápice; others say it was the windmills; but what I have managed to discover in this matter, and what I have found set down in the *Annals of La Mancha*, is that he rode all that day, and at nightfall his nag and he found themselves worn out and dying of hunger; and that, looking all around to see whether he could spy some castle or some shepherds' fold where he might take shelter and relieve his great hunger and need, he saw, not far from the road he was traveling, an inn, which was as if he had seen a star guiding him not merely to the stable door but to the very citadel of his redemption. He made haste, and he reached it just as night was falling.

At the door, as chance would have it, there stood two young women, of the kind they call women of the town, who were going to Seville with some mule drivers who had happened to stop at the inn for the night; and since everything our adventurer thought, saw, or imagined seemed to him to be done and to happen just as in what he had read, as soon as he saw the inn he pictured it as a castle with its four towers and spires of gleaming silver, not lacking its drawbridge and deep moat, together with all the appurtenances with which such castles are painted. He rode up to the inn,

which to him seemed a castle, and a little way off he reined in Rocinante, waiting for some dwarf to appear between the battlements and give the signal with a trumpet that a knight was coming to the castle. But when he saw that they were slow about it, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stable, he went up to the door of the inn and saw the two loose young women who were standing there, and they seemed to him two beautiful damsels or two charming ladies taking their ease before the castle gate. Just then it so happened that a swineherd, gathering a herd of hogs out of some stubble fields—for that, and no pardon begged, is what they are called—blew a horn, at whose signal they come together, and at once Don Quixote saw in it what he desired, which was that some dwarf was signaling his arrival; and so, with uncommon delight, he came up to the inn and to the ladies, who, when they saw a man of that sort coming at them, in armor and with lance and leather shield, were turning in fright to go into the inn; but Don Quixote, gathering their fear from their flight, raised his pasteboard visor, uncovered his dry and dusty face, and with a gracious air and a calm voice said to them:

"Flee not, your graces, nor fear any foul wrong; for it doth not touch nor pertain to the order of chivalry that I profess to do such to anyone, much less to damsels so highborn as your presences declare you to be."

The girls kept looking at him, their eyes hunting for his face, which the wretched visor hid; but when they heard themselves called damsels, a thing so far from their profession, they could not keep from laughing, and they laughed in such a way that Don Quixote grew offended and said to them:

"Modesty becomes the fair, and laughter that springs from slight cause is great folly besides; but I say this not that ye should be grieved or show an ill mien; for mine hath no other bent than to serve you."

The language, which the ladies did not understand, and the sorry figure our knight cut, made their laughter grow and his anger too; and matters would have gone much further had the innkeeper not come out at that moment, a man who, being very fat, was very peaceable, and who, seeing that misshapen figure armed with gear as ill-matched as the bridle, lance, leather shield, and corselet, came within a hair of joining the damsels in their display of merriment. But in effect, fearing that great engine of equipment, he decided to speak to him civilly, and so he said:

"If your grace, sir knight, is looking for lodging, setting aside a bed (for there is none in this inn), everything else will be found here in great abundance."

Don Quixote, seeing the humility of the warden of the fortress, for such the innkeeper and the inn appeared to him, answered:

"For me, sir castellan, anything will do, for
my trappings are my weapons,
my rest is in the fight, etc."

The host thought that he had been called castellan, as one might say Castilian, because he had struck the knight as one of the sound men of Castile, though he was an Andalusian, and from the beach at Sanlúcar besides, no less a thief than Cacus and no less a rogue than a well-schooled page; and so he answered him:

"By that reckoning, your grace's beds will be hard rocks, and your grace's sleep an endless watch; and that being so, your grace may safely dismount, sure of finding in this hovel occasion and occasions for not sleeping for a whole year, let alone a single night."

And, saying this, he went to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote, who dismounted with great difficulty and labor, like a man who had not broken his fast all that day.

Then he told the host to take great care of his horse, for he was the best creature that ever ate bread in the world. The innkeeper looked the horse over, and he did not seem as good as Don Quixote said, not even half as good; and, having settled him in the stable, he came back to see what his guest might want, whom the damsels, who had by now made their peace with him, were unarming; and though they had taken off his breastplate and backplate, they never knew how, nor were they able, to unfasten his gorget or take off the counterfeit helmet, which he had tied on with some green ribbons, and these would have had to be cut, since there was no undoing the knots; but he would on no account consent to it, and so he kept the helmet on all that night, and made the most comical and outlandish figure that could be imagined; and while they were unarming him, since he imagined that those much-handled women who were taking off his armor were great ladies and gentlewomen of that castle, he said to them with much wit:

"Never was there knight on earth
by ladies served so well
as was Don Quixote served
when from his village he came:
damsels waited upon him,
princesses upon his nag,

"or Rocinante, for that, my ladies, is the name of my horse, and Don Quixote of La Mancha is mine; for though I would not have revealed myself ere the feats wrought in your service and behalf had revealed me, the need to fit this old ballad of Lancelot to the present purpose hath caused you to learn my name before all due season; but the time will come when your ladyships shall com-

mand and I obey, and when the valor of my arm shall make plain the desire I have to serve you."

The girls, who were not used to hearing such flights of rhetoric, did not answer a word; they only asked him whether he would like something to eat.

"Aught would I dine upon," answered Don Quixote, "for, as I understand it, it would do me a great deal of good."

As luck would have it, that day happened to be a Friday, and there was nothing in the whole inn but a few portions of a fish that in Castile they call pollack, and in Andalusia cod, and in other parts curadillo, and in still others truchuela, little trout. They asked him whether his grace might perhaps eat little trout, since there was no other fish to give him.

"So long as there are plenty of little trout," answered Don Quixote, "they can serve for one trout, for it is all the same to me whether I am paid eight reales in small coins or in a single piece of eight. What is more, it may be that these little trout are like veal, which is better than beef, and kid, which is better than goat. But, be that as it may, let it come at once, for the toil and weight of arms cannot be borne without good governance of the guts."

They set the table for him at the door of the inn, for the sake of the cool air, and the host brought him a portion of the ill-soaked and worse-cooked cod, and a loaf as black and grimy as his armor; but it was a matter for great laughter to watch him eat, because, as he had the helmet on and the visor raised, he could not put anything into his mouth with his own hands unless someone else gave it to him and put it there; and so one of those ladies performed this service. But when it came to giving him a drink, it was not possible, nor would it ever have been, had the innkeeper not bored through a reed and, setting one end in his mouth, poured the wine in at the other; and all this he bore patiently, rather than break the ribbons of his helmet.

While this was going on, a gelder of hogs happened to come to the inn; and as soon as he arrived he blew his reed pipe four or five times, and this finally confirmed Don Quixote in the belief that he was in some famous castle, and that they were serving him with music, and that the pollack was trout; the bread, of the finest white wheat; the harlots, ladies; and the innkeeper, the castellan of the castle; and with this he counted his resolve and his sally well bestowed. But what troubled him most was not yet being dubbed a knight, for it seemed to him that he could not lawfully set out on any adventure without receiving the order of knighthood.

Chapter III. In which is told the amusing way Don Quixote had himself dubbed a knight

And so, harassed by this thought, he cut short his scanty supper, such as inns provide; and when it was finished he called the innkeeper and, shutting himself up with him in the stable, fell on his knees before him and said:

"Never will I rise from where I am, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants me a boon I wish to ask of you, which will redound to your praise and to the good of the human race."

The innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing such words, gazed at him, at a loss, with no idea what to do or what to say to him, and he kept urging him to get up, and the knight would not, until the innkeeper had to tell him that he granted him the boon he asked.

"I expected no less of your great magnificence, my lord," answered Don Quixote, "and so I tell you that the boon I have asked of you, and which your liberality has granted me, is that tomorrow, on that very day, you shall dub me a knight, and this night in the chapel of this your castle I shall keep vigil over my arms; and tomorrow, as I have said, what I so long for will be fulfilled, so that I may, as is fitting, go through all the four quarters of the world in search of adventures, on behalf of those in need, as is the charge of chivalry and of knights-errant such as I am, whose desire is bent upon such feats."

The innkeeper, who, as has been said, was something of a sly joker and already had some inkling that his guest was short of wits, was fully convinced of it when he had heard him out, and, so as to have something to laugh at that night, he made up his mind to humor him; and so he told him that he was very right in what he desired and asked, and that such an aim was proper and natural to knights of such high standing as he seemed to be and as his gallant presence showed; and that he himself, likewise, in the years of his youth, had given himself to that honorable calling, going about in many parts of the world in search of his adventures, and had left out none of these: the Percheles of Málaga, the Isles of Riarán, the Compás of Seville, the Azoguejo of Segovia, the Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla of Granada, the beach at Sanlúcar, the Potro of Córdoba, and the Ventillas of Toledo, and various other parts, where he had exercised the lightness of his feet and the nimbleness of his fingers, doing many wrongs, courting many widows, undoing a few maidens, and cheating a few orphans, and, in short, making himself known in almost every court and tribunal there is in all Spain; and that at last he had retired to this castle of his, where he lived on his own means and on other people's, taking in all knights-errant of whatever quality and condition they might be, solely for the great affection he bore them, and so that they would share their goods with him in return for his kindness.

He told him also that in this castle of his there was no chapel at all where he could keep vigil over his arms, because it had been pulled down to be built anew; but that in case of need he knew that the vigil could be kept anywhere, and that tonight he might keep it in a courtyard of the castle; and that in the morning, God willing, the proper ceremonies would be performed, so that he would be left dubbed a knight, and as much a knight as anyone in the world could be.

He asked him whether he had any money; Don Quixote answered that he had not a blanca, because he had never read in the histories of knights-errant that any of them had carried any. To this the innkeeper said that he was mistaken; that, granting that the histories did not record it, because their authors had not thought it necessary to write down a thing so obvious and so needful to carry as money and clean shirts, it was not to be believed on that account that the knights did not carry them; and so he might take it as certain and proven that all the knights-errant with whom so many books are filled and crammed had their purses well lined against whatever might befall them; and that they also carried shirts and a little chest full of ointments to heal the wounds they received, because there was not always someone to tend them in the fields and wastelands where they fought and came away wounded, unless, that is, they had some sage enchanter for a friend, who would come at once to their aid, bringing through the air, on some cloud, some damsel or dwarf with a flask of water of such virtue that, on tasting a single drop of it, they were instantly healed of their sores and wounds, as if they had never suffered any harm. But that, for as long as there might be no such help, the knights of old had held it a sound practice for their squires to be provided with money and other necessary things, such as lint and ointments to treat themselves with; and when it happened that such knights had no squires, which was seldom and rarely, they carried everything themselves in a pair of saddlebags so slight that they could hardly be seen, on the horse's croup, as though they were something of greater importance; because, except in such a case, this business of carrying saddlebags was not well looked upon among knights-errant; and for this reason he advised him, since he could still command him as his godson, which he was so soon to be, that from then on he should not travel without money and without the provisions he had men-

tioned, and he would see how glad he would be of them when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to do what he was advised with all exactness; and so arrangements were made at once for him to keep vigil over his arms in a large yard at one side of the inn; and Don Quixote, gathering up all his armor, laid it on a trough that stood beside a well, and, slipping his leather shield onto his arm, he grasped his lance and with a stately bearing began to pace up and down before the trough; and as he began his pacing, night was beginning to close in.

The innkeeper told everyone who was in the inn about his guest's madness, the vigil over the arms, and the dubbing he was waiting for. They marveled at so strange a kind of madness and went to watch him from a distance, and they saw that, with a composed air, he would sometimes walk up and down; at other times, leaning on his lance, he would fix his eyes on his armor and not take them off it for a good long while. Night closed in completely, but with a moon so bright that it could vie with the one who lent it its light, so that whatever the novice knight did was plainly seen by all. At this point one of the mule drivers who were staying at the inn took it into his head to go and water his string of mules, and he had to move Don Quixote's armor, which lay on the trough; and Don Quixote, seeing him come near, said to him in a loud voice:

"O you, whoever you are, rash knight, who come to lay hands on the arms of the most valiant errant knight that ever girded on a sword, look to what you do, and touch them not, unless you would leave your life in payment for your daring."

The mule driver took no heed of these words (and he would have done better to heed them, for heeding them would have been looking after his health while he still had it); instead, seizing the straps, he flung the armor a good way from him. When Don

Quixote saw this, he raised his eyes to heaven and, fixing his thoughts—so it seemed—on his lady Dulcinea, he said:

"Succor me, my lady, in this first affront offered to this your enthralled breast; let not your favor and protection fail me in this first ordeal."

And, saying these and other such words, he let go of his leather shield, raised his lance in both hands, and dealt the mule driver such a blow on the head with it that he laid him on the ground, so battered that, had he followed it with a second, the man would have had no need of a surgeon to tend him. This done, he gathered up his armor and went back to his pacing as calmly as before. A little later, without anyone knowing what had happened (for the mule driver still lay stunned), another came with the same intention of watering his mules; and as he went to remove the armor to clear the trough, Don Quixote, without saying a word or asking anyone's favor, let go of his leather shield once more and raised his lance once more, and, without breaking it to pieces, broke the second mule driver's head into more than three, for he opened it in four places. At the noise all the people of the inn came running, and the innkeeper among them. When Don Quixote saw this, he slipped his leather shield onto his arm and, laying hand to his sword, said:

"O lady of beauteousness, strength and vigor of my enfeebled heart! Now is the time for you to turn the eyes of your greatness upon this your captive knight, who stands awaiting so mighty an adventure."

With this, as he saw it, he took on so much courage that if all the mule drivers in the world had attacked him, he would not have given a foot of ground. The comrades of the wounded men, seeing them in that state, began from a distance to rain stones on Don Quixote, who shielded himself as best he could with his leather shield and did not dare move away from the trough so as not to

abandon his armor. The innkeeper was shouting to them to let him be, for he had already told them he was mad, and as a madman he would go free even if he killed them all. Don Quixote was shouting too, and louder, calling them false and treacherous, and saying that the lord of the castle was a caitiff and a baseborn knight, since he allowed knights-errant to be treated in such a manner; and that, had he received the order of knighthood, he would make him understand his treachery:

"But of you, base and vile rabble, I take no account: throw, draw near, come on, and do me what harm ye can, for you shall see what wages you receive for your folly and insolence."

He said this with such spirit and boldness that he struck a terrible fear into those who were attacking him; and, as much for this as because of the innkeeper's persuasions, they stopped throwing at him, and he let the wounded be carried off and went back to the vigil over his arms with the same quiet and calm as before.

The innkeeper did not like his guest's pranks, and he resolved to cut things short and give him that confounded order of knighthood at once, before some other misfortune occurred. And so, going up to him, he excused himself for the insolence those low people had used toward him without his knowing anything of it; but they had been well punished, he said, for their daring. He told him, as he had told him already, that there was no chapel in that castle, nor was one needed for what remained to be done; that the whole point of being dubbed a knight lay in the blow on the neck and the stroke on the shoulder, according to what he knew of the ceremonial of the order, and that this could be done in the middle of a field, and that he had already fulfilled all that concerned the vigil over the arms, for two hours of vigil were enough, and he had kept more than four. Don Quixote believed it all, and said that he was ready there to obey him, and that he should finish as quickly as he could; because if he were attacked again and found himself

dubbed a knight, he did not intend to leave a living soul in the castle, except those the castellan might bid him spare, whom out of respect for him he would leave alone.

Warned and frightened by this, the castellan at once brought out a book in which he entered the straw and barley he supplied to the mule drivers, and, with a stub of candle that a boy carried for him and with the two damsels already mentioned, he came to where Don Quixote stood and ordered him to kneel; and, reading from his manual as if he were saying some devout prayer, in the middle of the reading he raised his hand and gave him a good blow on the neck, and after it, with Don Quixote's own sword, a fine stroke across the shoulder, mumbling under his breath the whole time, as though at his prayers. This done, he ordered one of those ladies to gird on his sword, which she did with great ease and discretion, for no small amount of discretion was needed to keep from bursting with laughter at every point of the ceremonies; but the feats they had already seen the novice knight perform kept their laughter in check. As she girded on his sword, the good lady said:

"May God make your grace a most fortunate knight and give your grace good fortune in battle."

Don Quixote asked her what her name was, so that he might know from then on to whom he was beholden for the favor received; for he meant to give her some share of the honor he would win by the valor of his arm. She answered with great humility that her name was La Tolosa, and that she was the daughter of a cobbler, a native of Toledo, who lived by the little shops of Sancho Bienaya, and that wherever she might be she would serve him and hold him as her lord. Don Quixote replied that, for love of him, she should do him the favor of taking the title of *doña* from then on and calling herself Doña Tolosa. She promised she would, and the other buckled on his spur, and with her he had almost the

same exchange as with the one who girded on the sword: he asked her name, and she said she was called La Molinera, and that she was the daughter of an honest miller of Antequera; and Don Quixote begged her too to take the *doña* and call herself Doña Molinera, offering her fresh services and favors.

These never-before-seen ceremonies having been performed, then, at a gallop and in haste, Don Quixote could not wait for the hour when he would see himself on horseback and riding out in search of adventures; and, saddling Rocinante at once, he mounted him and, embracing his host, said such strange things to him, thanking him for the favor of having dubbed him a knight, that it is impossible to manage to set them down. The innkeeper, to see him out of the inn at last, answered his speeches with no less rhetoric, though in fewer words, and, without asking him for the cost of his lodging, let him go, and good luck to him.

Chapter IV. Of what befell our knight when he left the inn

It must have been about daybreak when Don Quixote left the inn, so pleased, so gallant, so elated at seeing himself dubbed a knight at last that his joy was bursting through his horse's girths. But, remembering his host's advice about the necessary provisions he ought to carry with him, especially money and shirts, he decided to return home and furnish himself with everything, and with a squire as well, counting on taking on a farmer who was a neighbor of his, a poor man with children, but very well suited to the squirely office of chivalry. With this thought he turned Rocinante toward his village, and the horse, as if he knew the way to his own stall, set off so eagerly that he hardly seemed to set his hooves on the ground.

He had not gone far when it seemed to him that from the thick of a wood that stood there on his right hand came some faint cries, as of someone in distress; and scarcely had he heard them when he said:

"I give thanks to heaven for the favor it does me, since it so soon sets before me occasions where I may fulfill what I owe to my profession and gather the fruit of my good desires. These cries, beyond a doubt, come from some man or woman in need, who stands in need of my favor and aid."

And, turning his reins, he steered Rocinante toward where the cries seemed to come from. And a few paces into the wood he saw a mare tethered to one oak and, bound to another, a boy of about

fifteen, naked from the waist up, who was the one crying out; and not without cause, for a farmer of sturdy build was giving him a great many lashes with a belt, and every lash he accompanied with a rebuke and a piece of advice. For he was saying:

"Tongue still and eyes sharp."

And the boy answered:

"I won't do it again, master; by the Passion of God, I won't do it again; and I promise to take more care of the flock from now on."

And Don Quixote, seeing what was going on, said in an angry voice:

"Discourteous knight, it ill becomes you to take on one who cannot defend himself; mount your horse and take up your lance"—for the farmer too had a lance leaning against the oak where the mare was tethered—"for I will make you see that what you are doing is the deed of a coward."

The farmer, seeing that figure loaded with armor looming over him and brandishing the lance in his face, gave himself up for dead, and answered with fair words:

"Sir knight, this boy I am punishing is a servant of mine, who works for me watching a flock of sheep I keep in these parts, and he is so careless that every day I am missing one; and because I punish his carelessness, or his roguery, he says I do it out of stinginess, so as not to pay him the wages I owe him, and by God and my soul, he lies."

"'Lies,' in my presence, you base peasant?" said Don Quixote. "By the sun that gives us light, I have half a mind to run you through and through with this lance. Pay him at once and without another word; if not, by the God who governs us, I will put an end to you and annihilate you this very moment. Untie him at once."

The farmer hung his head and, without answering a word, untied his servant, whom Don Quixote asked how much his master owed him. He said nine months, at seven reales a month. Don

Quixote did the sum and found that it came to seventy-three reales, and he told the farmer to pay them out on the spot, unless he wanted to die for it. The frightened peasant answered that, by the plight he was in and the oath he had sworn—and he had not yet sworn anything—it was not so much, because he had to deduct and take into account three pairs of shoes he had given the boy and a real for two bleedings he had been given when he was sick.

"That is all very well," replied Don Quixote, "but let the shoes and the bleedings stand against the lashes you have given him for no fault of his; for if he wore through the hide of the shoes you paid for, you have torn the hide of his body; and if the barber drew blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn it from him in health; so that on this account he owes you nothing."

"The trouble is, sir knight, that I have no money here: let Andrés come home with me, and I will pay him every real, one on top of the other."

"Me go with him?" said the boy. "Not on your life! No, sir, not for a moment; for once he has me alone he'll flay me like a Saint Bartholomew."

"He will do no such thing," replied Don Quixote. "My command is enough to make him respect me; and provided he swears it to me by the law of chivalry he has received, I will let him go free and will answer for the payment."

"Mind what your grace is saying, sir," said the boy, "for this master of mine is no knight, nor has he received any order of chivalry; he is Juan Haldudo the Rich, who lives in Quintanar."

"That matters little," answered Don Quixote, "for there may be Haldudos who are knights; all the more so since every man is the son of his own deeds."

"That's true," said Andrés, "but this master of mine, what deeds is he the son of, when he refuses me my wages and my sweat and toil?"

"I do not refuse, brother Andrés," answered the farmer, "and be so good as to come with me, for I swear by all the orders of chivalry there are in the world to pay you, as I have said, every real, one on top of the other, and perfumed into the bargain."

"I excuse you the perfuming," said Don Quixote. "Give them to him in reales, and with that I am content; and see that you fulfill it as you have sworn; if not, by that same oath I swear to come back and seek you out and punish you, and I shall find you, even if you hide better than a lizard. And if you would know who commands you this, so as to be more truly bound to fulfill it, know that I am the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of grievances and injustices; God keep you, and let not what was promised and sworn depart from your mind, on pain of the penalty pronounced."

And, saying this, he spurred his Rocinante, and in a short while he had left them behind. The farmer followed him with his eyes, and when he saw that he had passed out of the wood and was no longer to be seen, he turned to his servant Andrés and said to him:

"Come here, my son, I mean to pay you what I owe, just as that undoer of grievances left me ordered."

"I swear you will," said Andrés, "and how right your grace will be to obey that good knight's command, and may he live a thousand years; for, valiant as he is and as good a judge, by Saint Roque, if you don't pay me, he'll come back and do what he said!"

"I swear it too," said the farmer, "but because I'm so very fond of you, I want to increase the debt so as to increase the payment."

And, seizing him by the arm, he tied him to the oak again, where he gave him so many lashes that he left him for dead.

"Now, Señor Andrés," the farmer was saying, "call on the undoer of grievances, and you'll see how he doesn't undo this one; though I don't think it's quite done yet, for I have half a mind to flay you alive, just as you feared."

But in the end he did untie him, and let him go off in search of his judge, so that he might carry out the sentence pronounced. Andrés went off rather sullen, swearing he would go and seek out the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha and tell him point by point what had happened, and that his master would have to pay for it sevenfold. But, for all that, he went off weeping, and his master stayed behind laughing.

And in this manner the valiant Don Quixote undid the wrong; and he, delighted with what had happened, thinking he had made a most happy and lofty beginning to his deeds of chivalry, rode on toward his village with great satisfaction in himself, saying under his breath:

"Well may you call yourself fortunate above all women who live on the earth today, O fairest of the fair, Dulcinea del Toboso! since it fell to your lot to hold subject and surrendered to your every will and pleasure so valiant and so renowned a knight as is and shall be Don Quixote of La Mancha, who, as the whole world knows, received the order of knighthood yesterday and today hath undone the greatest wrong and injury that unreason ever devised or cruelty committed: today he struck the whip from the hand of that pitiless foe who so causelessly was flogging that tender child."

At this point he came to a road that divided four ways, and at once there came to his imagination the crossroads where knights-errant would stop to consider which of those roads they should take; and, to imitate them, he stood still for a while; and after thinking it over very carefully, he slackened Rocinante's rein, leaving his own will to the will of the nag, who followed his first intention, which was to head for his own stable.

And when he had gone about two miles, Don Quixote caught sight of a large company of people, who, as was learned afterward, were some merchants of Toledo on their way to buy silk in Murcia. There were six of them, and they came with their sunshades, along

with four servants on horseback and three mule boys on foot. Scarcely had Don Quixote made them out when he imagined this to be the stuff of a new adventure; and, so as to imitate in everything he thought possible the episodes he had read in his books, it seemed to him that one he had in mind to perform fit the case exactly. And so, with a gallant bearing and resolve, he planted himself firmly in the stirrups, gripped his lance, brought his leather shield up to his breast, and, posted in the middle of the road, stood waiting for those knights-errant to come up, for such he already took and judged them to be; and when they had come within seeing and hearing distance, Don Quixote raised his voice and with an arrogant air said:

"Let all the world stand fast, unless all the world confess that in all the world there is no damsel more beautiful than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso."

The merchants halted at the sound of these words, and to look at the strange figure of the man who spoke them; and from the figure and from the words they saw at once that their owner was mad; but they wanted to see at leisure where this confession they were asked for would lead, and one of them, who was something of a joker and exceedingly sharp-witted, said to him:

"Sir knight, we do not know who this good lady you speak of may be; show her to us, for if she is as beautiful as you make out, we will gladly and without any pressure confess the truth that you ask of us."

"If I were to show her to you," replied Don Quixote, "what merit would there be in your confessing a truth so manifest? What matters is that you must believe it without seeing her, and confess, affirm, swear, and defend it; and if not, you shall do battle with me, monstrous and arrogant crew that you are. For whether you come one at a time, as the order of chivalry requires, or all together, as is

the custom and evil practice of those of your breed, here I await and abide you, trusting in the right I have on my side."

"Sir knight," replied the merchant, "I beseech your grace, in the name of all these princes here present, that, so that we may not load our consciences by confessing something none of us has ever seen or heard of, and something, what is more, so prejudicial to the empresses and queens of the Alcarria and of Extremadura, your grace be pleased to show us some portrait of this lady, even if it is no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by the thread we will come to the ball, and with that we will be satisfied and assured, and your grace will be content and paid in full; and indeed I believe we are already so much on her side that, even if her portrait shows us that she is blind in one eye and that the other oozes vermilion and brimstone, for all that, to please your grace, we will say in her favor all that your grace may wish."

"It does not ooze, you infamous rabble," answered Don Quixote, blazing with anger, "it does not ooze, I say, what you speak of, but ambergris and civet in cotton wool; and she is not cockeyed or humpbacked, but straighter than a spindle of Guadarrama. But you shall pay for the great blasphemy you have spoken against a beauty as great as my lady's."

And, saying this, he charged with lowered lance at the one who had said it, with such fury and rage that, had good luck not caused Rocinante to stumble and fall in the middle of the road, the rash merchant would have fared badly. Down went Rocinante, and his master went rolling a good distance over the ground; and when he tried to get up, he could not manage it, such a hindrance were his lance, leather shield, spurs, and helmet, and the heavy ancient armor besides. And while he struggled to get up and could not, he kept saying:

"Flee not, cowardly folk; wretched folk, abide! for it is not through my fault, but my horse's, that I lie stretched out here."

One of the mule boys who came with them, who must not have been very well-meaning, hearing the poor fallen man say so many arrogant things, could not bear it without giving him his answer on the ribs. And, going up to him, he took the lance, and, after breaking it to pieces, began with one of them to give our Don Quixote such a drubbing that, armor or no armor, he ground him like grist. His masters were shouting at him not to beat him so hard and to leave him alone, but the lad's blood was up by now, and he would not quit the game until he had staked the last of his anger; and, going for the other pieces of the lance, he finished breaking them up on the wretched fallen man, who, for all that storm of blows he saw raining down on him, never shut his mouth, threatening heaven and earth and the miscreants, for such they seemed to him.

The lad tired at last, and the merchants went on their way, carrying with them a tale to tell all along the road about the poor cudgeled man. He, once he saw himself alone, tried again to see whether he could get up; but if he had not been able to do it when sound and well, how was he to do it ground down and all but undone? And still he counted himself lucky, for it seemed to him that this was a misfortune proper to knights-errant, and he blamed it all on his horse; and he could not possibly get up, so bruised was his whole body.

Chapter V. In which the account of our knight's misfortune is continued

Seeing, then, that in effect he could not stir, he resolved to fall back on his usual remedy, which was to think of some passage from his books; and his madness brought to his mind the tale of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, from the time Carloto left Valdovinos wounded on the mountainside, a story known to children, not unknown to young men, celebrated and even believed by old men; and for all that, no truer than the miracles of Mohammed. This one, then, seemed to him to fit exactly the pass in which he found himself; and so, with signs of deep feeling, he began to roll about on the ground and to say in a feeble voice the very words they say the wounded knight of the wood spoke:

"Where are you, my lady, where,
that my sorrow grieves you not?
Either you know nothing, lady,
or you are false and faithless."

And in this way he went on with the ballad until those lines that say:

"O noble Marquis of Mantua,
my uncle and my lord by blood!"

And as luck would have it, just as he reached this line, there happened to pass by a farmer from his own village, a neighbor of

his, who was coming back from taking a load of wheat to the mill; and he, seeing a man lying there, went up to him and asked who he was and what ailed him that he lamented so mournfully. Don Quixote no doubt believed that this was the Marquis of Mantua, his uncle; and so he gave him no answer but to go on with his ballad, in which he gave him an account of his misfortune and of the amours of the Emperor's son with his wife, all just as the ballad sings it.

The farmer stood amazed to hear such nonsense; and, taking off the visor, which the beating had already knocked to pieces, he wiped the man's face, which was covered with dust; and scarcely had he wiped it when he recognized him and said:

"Señor Quixana"—for so he must have been called when he was in his right mind and had not yet passed from quiet hidalgo to knight-errant—"who has left your grace in this state?"

But to everything he asked, the other went on with his ballad. Seeing this, the good man took off his breastplate and backplate as best he could, to see whether he had any wound; but he saw no blood or mark of any kind. He managed to lift him off the ground, and with no little effort he got him up on his own donkey, since it seemed a more peaceable mount. He gathered up the armor, down to the splinters of the lance, and tied it on Rocinante, whom he took by the reins, and the ass by the halter, and set off toward his village, very thoughtful at hearing the nonsense Don Quixote was talking; and no less thoughtful was Don Quixote, who, from sheer bruising and battering, could not keep himself upright on the donkey, and from time to time heaved sighs that he sent up to heaven; so that once again he obliged the farmer to ask him to say what ailed him; and it seems as if the devil himself brought to his memory the tales that suited his own adventures, for at that moment, forgetting Valdovinos, he remembered the Moor Abindarráez, when the warden of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narváez, took him

prisoner and carried him off captive to his fortress. So that when the farmer asked him again how he was and what he felt, he answered with the very words and speeches that the captive Abencerraje gave Rodrigo de Narváez, just as he had read that story where it is set down, in Jorge de Montemayor's *Diana*; and he made such apt use of it that the farmer was sending himself to the devil at hearing such a heap of foolishness; and from this he knew that his neighbor was mad, and he hurried to reach the village, to be rid of the annoyance Don Quixote was causing him with his long harangue. At the end of which, the knight said:

"Your grace must know, Señor Don Rodrigo de Narváez, that this beautiful Jarifa I have spoken of is now the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have done, do, and shall do the most famous deeds of chivalry that have been seen, are seen, or ever shall be seen in the world."

To this the farmer answered:

"Look, your grace, sir, sinner that I am, I'm not Don Rodrigo de Narváez, or the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonso, your neighbor; and your grace is not Valdovinos, or Abindarráez, but the honorable hidalgo Señor Quixana."

"I know who I am," answered Don Quixote, "and I know that I can be not only those I have named, but every one of the Twelve Peers of France, and the Nine Worthies too, all of them, for my exploits will surpass all those that they performed, all of them together and each one by himself."

With this talk and more of the same they reached the village at nightfall, but the farmer waited until it was somewhat darker, so that no one would see the battered hidalgo cutting so poor a figure as a knight. When the hour came that seemed right to him, then, he rode into the village and on to Don Quixote's house, and found it all in an uproar; and there were the priest and the barber

of the village, who were great friends of Don Quixote's, and his housekeeper was saying to them at the top of her voice:

"What does your grace think, Señor Licentiate Pero Pérez"—for that was the priest's name—"of my master's misfortune? It's three days now that there's been no sign of him, or of the nag, or the leather shield, or the lance, or the armor. Woe is me! I can see it, and it's as true as I was born to die, that these cursed books of chivalry he has and reads all the time have turned his brain; for now I remember hearing him say many times, talking to himself, that he wanted to become a knight-errant and go off in search of adventures through the wide world. To Satan and to Barabbas with such books, that have ruined the finest mind in all La Mancha."

The niece said the same, and more besides:

"You should know, Master Nicolás"—for that was the barber's name—"that it often happened that my uncle would sit reading these heartless books of misadventures for two days and nights together, at the end of which he would fling the book from his hands, and lay hand to his sword, and go slashing at the walls; and when he was very tired he would say he had killed four giants as big as four towers, and the sweat he sweated from weariness he said was blood from the wounds he had taken in the battle; and then he would gulp down a big jug of cold water, and he would be well and calm again, saying that the water was a most precious potion that the sage Esquife had brought him, a great enchanter and friend of his. But it's all my fault, for not warning your graces of my uncle's follies, so that you could have cured him before it came to what it has come to, and burned all these excommunicated books, and he has plenty of them, which well deserve to be burned like the books of heretics."

"That is what I say too," said the priest, "and upon my faith, tomorrow shall not pass without a public act of faith being held upon them, and their being condemned to the fire, so that they

may not give whoever reads them occasion to do what my good friend must have done."

All this the farmer and Don Quixote were listening to, and from it the farmer came to understand his neighbor's illness completely; and so he began to call out:

"Open up, your graces, for Señor Valdovinos and for the lord Marquis of Mantua, who comes sorely wounded, and for the Moor Señor Abindarráez, whom the valiant Rodrigo de Narváez, warden of Antequera, brings here captive."

At these shouts they all came out, and, the men recognizing their friend and the women their master and uncle, who had not yet got down from the donkey, because he could not, they ran to embrace him. He said:

"Hold, all of you, for I come sorely wounded through the fault of my horse. Carry me to my bed and summon, if it be possible, the wise Urganda, that she may heal and search my wounds."

"There now, curse the hour!" said the housekeeper at this. "Didn't my heart tell me rightly which foot my master limped on! Up you go, your grace, and welcome, for we'll know how to cure you here without that Hurgada coming. Cursed, I say, once more and a hundred times more, be these books of chivalry that have brought your grace to such a state!"

They carried him at once to his bed, and, searching his wounds, they found none; and he said it was all bruises, from having had a great fall with Rocinante, his horse, while fighting ten giants, the most outrageous and daring that could be found in a great part of the earth.

"Ta, ta!" said the priest. "So there are giants in the dance? By the holy cross, I'll burn them tomorrow before night comes."

They asked Don Quixote a thousand questions, and he would answer none of them except to say that they should give him something to eat and let him sleep, which was what mattered most

to him. This was done, and the priest questioned the farmer at great length about how he had found Don Quixote. He told him everything, along with the nonsense the knight had talked when he found him and while he was bringing him home; which only made the licentiate more eager to do what he did the next day, which was to call on his friend the barber, Master Nicolás, with whom he came to Don Quixote's house,

Chapter VI. Of the delightful and thorough inquisition that the priest and the barber held in the library of our ingenious hidalgo

who was still asleep. The priest asked the niece for the keys to the room where the books were, the authors of the harm, and she gave them to him very willingly. They all went in, and the housekeeper with them, and they found more than a hundred volumes of large books, very well bound, and other small ones; and as soon as the housekeeper saw them, she turned and hurried out of the room, and came back at once with a bowl of holy water and a sprinkler, and said:

"Here, your grace, Señor Licentiate: sprinkle this room, in case there is some enchanter in here, one of the many these books hold, and they put a spell on us, to punish us for the punishment we mean to give them by putting them out of the world."

The housekeeper's simplicity made the licentiate laugh, and he told the barber to hand him those books one by one, so that he could see what they were about, since there might be some that did not deserve the punishment of fire.

"No," said the niece, "there's no reason to spare a single one, because all of them have been the wrongdoers; it would be better to throw them out the windows into the courtyard and make a pile of them and set fire to it; or else take them out to the yard, and make the bonfire there, and the smoke won't bother anyone."

The housekeeper said the same, so eager were the two of them for the death of those innocents; but the priest would not agree to

it without first reading at least the titles. And the first one Master Nicolás put into his hands was *The Four Books of Amadís of Gaul*, and the priest said:

"There seems to be something mysterious about this; for, from what I have heard, this was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, and all the others took their beginning and origin from it; and so it seems to me that, as the heresiarch of so evil a sect, we ought to condemn it to the fire without any excuse."

"No, sir," said the barber, "for I have heard too that of all the books ever written in this line it is the best; and so, as the only one of its kind, it ought to be pardoned."

"That is true," said the priest, "and for that reason its life is granted for now. Let us see that other one next to it."

"It is," said the barber, "*The Exploits of Esplandián*, the legitimate son of Amadís of Gaul."

"Well, in truth," said the priest, "the father's goodness shall not avail the son. Here, Mistress Housekeeper: open that window and throw it into the yard, and let it be the beginning of the heap for the bonfire we are to make."

The housekeeper did so with great satisfaction, and the good Esplandián went flying into the yard, there to await with all patience the fire that threatened him.

"Next," said the priest.

"This one that comes now," said the barber, "is *Amadís of Greece*; and in fact all the ones on this side, as far as I can tell, are of the same lineage of Amadís."

"Then off to the yard with all of them," said the priest, "for, in exchange for burning Queen Pintiquiniestra, and the shepherd Darinel and his eclogues, and the devilish, tangled speeches of their author, I would burn along with them the father who begot me, if he went about in the guise of a knight-errant."

"I am of that opinion," said the barber.

"And so am I," added the niece.

"Then, since that's how it is," said the housekeeper, "bring them here, and into the yard with them."

They handed them to her, and there were many of them, and she saved herself the stairs and sent them flying down out the window.

"Who is that great cask?" said the priest.

"This," answered the barber, "is *Don Olivante de Laura*."

"The author of that book," said the priest, "was the same one who composed *Garden of Flowers*; and in truth I cannot decide which of the two books is the truer, or, better said, the less mendacious; I can only tell you that this one will go to the yard for being absurd and arrogant."

"This one that follows is *Florimorte of Hircania*," said the barber.

"Is Señor Florimorte there?" replied the priest. "Then on my faith he shall soon end up in the yard, in spite of his strange birth and his far-famed adventures, for the hardness and dryness of his style leave room for nothing else. Into the yard with him and with that other one, Mistress Housekeeper."

"With pleasure, sir," she would answer; and with great glee she carried out what she was told.

"This is *The Knight Platir*," said the barber.

"This is an old book," said the priest, "and I find nothing in it that deserves pardon. Let it keep the others company, and no appeal."

And so it was done. Another book was opened, and they saw that its title was *The Knight of the Cross*.

"For so holy a name as this book bears, its ignorance might be forgiven; but it is also commonly said, 'behind the cross stands the devil'; to the fire with it."

The barber, taking up another book, said:

"This is *Mirror of Chivalry*."

"I know his grace already," said the priest. "In it rides Señor Reinaldos of Montalbán with his friends and companions, bigger thieves than Cacus, and the Twelve Peers, with the truthful historian Turpin; and in truth I am inclined to condemn them to no more than perpetual exile, if only because they have a share in the invention of the famous Mateo Boyardo, from which the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto also wove his cloth; and him, if I find him here speaking a language not his own, I will show no respect at all; but if he speaks in his own tongue, I will set him on my head."

"Well, I have him in Italian," said the barber, "but I don't understand him."

"Nor would it be good for you to understand him," answered the priest, "and we could well have spared the captain the trouble of bringing him to Spain and making a Castilian of him; for he took away much of his native worth, and the same will be done by all those who try to turn books of verse into another language: for however much care they take and skill they show, they will never reach the height those books have in their first birth. I say, in effect, that this book, and all those that may be found dealing with these matters of France, be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until it is seen with more deliberation what is to be done with them, excepting one *Bernardo del Carpio* that is going around, and another called *Roncesvalles*; for these, once they reach my hands, shall pass into the housekeeper's, and from hers into the fire's, without any reprieve."

The barber confirmed it all, and held it good and very well judged, for he knew the priest to be so good a Christian and so devoted to the truth that he would not say anything else for all the world. And, opening another book, he saw that it was *Palmerín de Oliva*, and next to it was another called *Palmerín of England*; and when the licentiate saw this, he said:

"Let that olive be split into kindling at once and burned, so that not even its ashes remain; but that palm of England, let it be guarded and preserved as something unique, and let another casket be made for it like the one Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, which he set apart to keep the works of the poet Homer in. This book, neighbor, has authority for two reasons: the one, because it is very good in itself, and the other, because the story goes that a wise king of Portugal wrote it. The adventures at the castle of Miraguarda are all excellent and most artfully made; the speeches courtly and clear, observing and respecting the decorum of whoever is speaking, with great propriety and understanding. I say, then, saving your better judgment, Master Nicolás, that this one and *Amadís of Gaul* be spared from the fire, and that all the rest, without further probing and tasting, perish."

"No, neighbor," replied the barber, "for this one I have here is the famous *Don Belianís*."

"Well, that one," replied the priest, "with its second, third, and fourth parts, needs a little rhubarb to purge its excess of bile, and all that business of the castle of Fame and other impertinences of greater weight must be taken out of it, for which a term is granted them as long as for those overseas, and according as they mend, so shall they be dealt with in mercy or in justice; and meanwhile, neighbor, keep them at your house, but do not let anyone read them."

"With pleasure," answered the barber.

And, not wanting to tire himself any further reading books of chivalry, the priest ordered the housekeeper to gather up every one of the big books and pitch them into the yard. This was not said to a dullard or a deaf woman, but to one who was keener to burn them than to weave a piece of cloth, however large and fine; and, seizing nearly eight at a time, she threw them out the window. Because she took so many together, one fell at the barber's

feet, and he felt a wish to see whose it was, and he saw that it said: *History of the Famous Knight Tirante the White.*

"God save us!" said the priest, with a great shout. "To think that *Tirante the White* is here! Give it to me, neighbor; for I reckon I have found in it a treasure of delight and a mine of pastimes. Here is Don Quirieleisón of Montalbán, a valiant knight, and his brother Tomás of Montalbán, and the knight Fonseca, with valiant Tirante's fight against the mastiff, and the clever sayings of the damsel Placerdemivida, with the loves and tricks of the widow Reposada, and the lady Empress in love with Hipólito, her squire. I tell you truly, neighbor, that for its style this is the best book in the world: here the knights eat and sleep, and die in bed, and draw up their wills before they die, along with other things that all the other books of this kind lack. For all that, I tell you that the man who wrote it deserved, since he did not commit so many follies on purpose, to be sent to the galleys for all the days of his life. Take it home and read it, and you will see that everything I have told you about it is true."

"So I will," answered the barber, "but what shall we do with these small books that are left?"

"These," said the priest, "must not be books of chivalry, but of poetry."

And, opening one, he saw that it was the *Diana* of Jorge de Montemayor, and he said, believing that all the rest were of the same kind:

"These do not deserve to be burned like the others, because they do not and will not do the harm that the books of chivalry have done; they are books of the understanding, without prejudice to any third party."

"Oh, sir!" said the niece. "Your grace may as well have them burned like the rest, because it would be no wonder if, once my uncle is cured of the chivalry sickness, he took it into his head,

from reading these, to become a shepherd and go wandering through the woods and meadows singing and piping; and, what would be worse, to become a poet, which, they say, is a disease that is incurable and catching."

"This maiden speaks the truth," said the priest, "and it will be well to remove this stumbling block and occasion from our friend's path. And, since we are beginning with Montemayor's *Diana*, I am of the opinion that it should not be burned, but that everything dealing with the wise Felicia and the enchanted water should be taken out of it, and nearly all the long-measure verses, and let it keep its prose, and welcome, and the honor of being the first of such books."

"This one that follows," said the barber, "is the *Diana* called the second, by the Salmantino; and this, another with the same name, whose author is Gil Polo."

"Well, the Salmantino's," answered the priest, "let it join and swell the number of those condemned to the yard, and let Gil Polo's be kept as if it were by Apollo himself; and go on, neighbor, and let us make haste, for it is getting late."

"This book," the barber said as he opened another, "is *The Ten Books of the Fortune of Love*, composed by Antonio de Lofraso, a Sardinian poet."

"By the holy orders I received," said the priest, "since Apollo was Apollo, and the Muses Muses, and poets poets, no book so amusing or so absurd as that one has ever been written, and in its own way it is the best and most singular of all of this kind that have come out into the light of the world; and whoever has not read it may take it that he has never read anything to his taste. Give it here, neighbor, for I value finding it more than if they had given me a cassock of Florentine serge."

He set it aside with the greatest pleasure, and the barber went on, saying:

"These that follow are *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *Nymphs of Henares*, and *Jealousy Undeceived*."

"Then there is nothing more to be done," said the priest, "but hand them over to the secular arm of the housekeeper; and let no one ask me why, for that would be never to finish."

"This one that comes now is *The Shepherd of Filida*."

"That is no shepherd," said the priest, "but a most accomplished courtier; let it be kept as a precious jewel."

"This big one here," said the barber, "is entitled *Treasury of Divers Poems*."

"If there were not so many of them," said the priest, "they would be more esteemed; this book needs to be weeded and cleared of some low things that it holds among its lofty ones. Let it be kept, because its author is a friend of mine, and out of respect for other more heroic and elevated works he has written."

"This," the barber went on, "is *The Songbook of López Maldonado*."

"The author of that book too," replied the priest, "is a great friend of mine, and his verses in his own mouth amaze whoever hears them; and such is the sweetness of the voice in which he chants them that he enchants. He runs somewhat long in the eclogues, but the good was never too much: let it be kept with the chosen. But what book is that one next to it?"

"The *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes," said the barber.

"That Cervantes has been a great friend of mine for many years, and I know that he is more versed in misfortunes than in verses. His book has something of good invention; it proposes something and concludes nothing: we shall have to wait for the promised second part; it may be that once amended it will win in full the mercy that is now denied it; and in the meantime, until this is seen, keep it shut away in your lodging, neighbor."

"With pleasure," answered the barber. "And here come three, all together: *La Araucana* of Don Alonso de Ercilla, *La Austríada* of Juan Rufo, magistrate of Córdoba, and *El Monserrato* of Cristóbal de Virués, a Valencian poet."

"All three of those books," said the priest, "are the best that have been written in heroic verse in the Castilian tongue, and they can compete with the most famous of Italy: let them be kept as the richest jewels of poetry that Spain possesses."

The priest grew tired of looking at more books; and so, wholesale, he wanted all the rest burned; but the barber already had one open, which was called *The Tears of Angelica.*

"I would weep them myself," said the priest on hearing the title, "if I had ordered such a book burned; for its author was among the famous poets of the whole world, not of Spain alone, and he was most happy in translating some of the fables of Ovid."

Chapter VII. Of the second sally of our good knight Don Quixote of La Mancha

At this point Don Quixote began to shout, saying:

"Here, here, valiant knights! Here is where you must show the might of your valiant arms, for the courtiers are carrying off the best of the tournament."

Because they ran to answer this noise and uproar, the scrutiny of the rest of the books that remained went no further; and so it is believed that into the fire, unseen and unheard, went *La Carolea* and *León de España*, with *The Deeds of the Emperor*, composed by Don Luis de Ávila, which no doubt must have been among those that were left; and perhaps, had the priest seen them, they would not have suffered so harsh a sentence.

When they reached Don Quixote, he was already out of bed and still at his shouting and his wild talk, slashing and backhanding in every direction, as wide awake as if he had never slept. They seized him in their arms and forced him back into bed; and when he had calmed down a little, he turned to speak to the priest and said:

"Truly, my lord Archbishop Turpin, it is a sore shame to those of us who bear the name of the Twelve Peers to let the courtier knights carry off the victory of this tournament just like that, when we adventurers had won the prize on the three days before."

"Hush, your grace, my good neighbor," said the priest, "for God will be pleased to change our luck, and what is lost today will be won tomorrow; and for now let your grace look to your health, for

it seems to me you must be overtired, if indeed you are not sorely wounded."

"Wounded, no," said Don Quixote, "but bruised and battered, there is no doubt of that; for that bastard Don Roldán has beaten me black and blue with the trunk of an oak, and all out of envy, because he sees that I alone am the rival of his feats. But let me not be called Reinaldos of Montalbán if, once I rise from this bed, I do not make him pay for it, in spite of all his enchantments; and for now, bring me victuals, for I know that is what will serve me best, and leave the business of my revenge to me."

They did so: they gave him something to eat, and he fell asleep again, and they were left marveling at his madness.

That night the housekeeper burned and reduced to ashes every book there was in the yard and in the whole house, and some must have burned that deserved to be kept in everlasting archives; but their luck would not have it so, nor would the examiner's sloth; and so the proverb was fulfilled in them that sometimes the just pay for the sinners.

One of the remedies that the priest and the barber prescribed at the time for their friend's malady was to have the room with the books walled up and plastered over, so that when he got up he would not find them—perhaps, the cause removed, the effect would cease—and to say that an enchanter had carried them off, room and all; and this was done with great speed. Two days afterward Don Quixote rose from his bed, and his first act was to go and see his books; and, since he could not find the room where he had left it, he went about from one place to another looking for it. He would come to where the door used to be, and feel it with his hands, and turn his eyes this way and that all over, never saying a word; but at the end of a good long while he asked the housekeeper which way the room with his books was. The housekeeper,

who had been well coached in what she was to answer, said to him:

"What room, or what nothing, is your grace looking for? There's no room and no books in this house anymore, because the devil himself carried it all off."

"It wasn't a devil," retorted the niece, "but an enchanter who came on a cloud one night, after the day your grace went away from here, and, getting down from a serpent he came riding on, he went into the room, and I don't know what he did in there, for after a little while out he flew through the roof, leaving the house full of smoke; and when we thought to look and see what he had left done, we saw no book or room at all; only the housekeeper and I remember very well that, as that wicked old man was leaving, he said in a loud voice that, because of a secret grudge he bore the owner of those books and that room, he had done harm in this house that would be seen later on. He also said he was called the sage Muñatón."

"Frestón, she must have meant," said Don Quixote.

"I don't know," answered the housekeeper, "whether he was called Frestón or Fritón; all I know is that his name ended in *-tón*."

"So it is," said Don Quixote, "for he is a sage enchanter, a great enemy of mine, who bears me ill will, because he knows by his arts and learning that in the course of time I am to come to fight in single combat with a knight whom he favors, and that I am to vanquish him, without his being able to prevent it, and for this reason he tries to cause me all the vexations he can; and I warn him that he will be hard put to gainsay or avoid what is ordained by heaven."

"Who doubts that?" said the niece. "But who drags your grace, Uncle, into these quarrels? Wouldn't it be better to stay peacefully in your own house and not go about the world looking for bread finer than wheat, without considering that many go for wool and come back shorn?"

"Oh, my niece," answered Don Quixote, "how far out you are in your reckoning! Before anyone shears me, I will have plucked and pulled out the beards of all who dare imagine touching the tip of a single hair of mine."

The two did not want to answer him any further, because they saw his anger kindling.

The fact is, then, that he stayed at home a fortnight, very quietly, without showing any sign of wanting to repeat his first follies, and during those days he had most amusing exchanges with his two friends the priest and the barber, about his saying that what the world needed most was knights-errant and the revival in it of knight-errantry. The priest sometimes contradicted him and other times gave in, because unless he kept up this device there was no coming to terms with him.

During this time Don Quixote worked on a farmer who was a neighbor of his, an honest man—if that title can be given to one who is poor—but with very little salt in his pate. In short, he told him so much, and persuaded and promised him so much, that the poor peasant made up his mind to go off with him and serve him as squire. Among other things, Don Quixote told him that he should be glad to come with him, because some time an adventure might befall him in which, before you could brush off a straw, he might win some isle, and leave him as its governor. With these promises and others like them, Sancho Panza, for that was the farmer's name, left his wife and children and hired himself out as his neighbor's squire.

Don Quixote then set about raising money; and by selling one thing and pawning another, and selling them all for less than they were worth, he got together a reasonable sum. He also provided himself with a buckler, which he borrowed from a friend of his, and, patching up his broken helmet as best he could, he let his squire Sancho know the day and hour he meant to set out, so that

he could supply himself with whatever he saw he would most need. Above all he charged him to bring saddlebags; and Sancho said he would, and that he also meant to take a very good donkey he had, because he was not used to going much on foot. About the donkey Don Quixote hesitated a little, trying to recall whether any knight-errant had ever brought along a squire riding assback, but none came to his mind; but, for all that, he decided that Sancho should bring the donkey, intending to provide him with a more honorable mount when the chance came, by taking the horse of the first discourteous knight he met. He supplied himself with shirts and with the other things he could, according to the advice the innkeeper had given him; and when all this was done and seen to, without Panza saying goodbye to his children and wife, or Don Quixote to his housekeeper and niece, they slipped out of the village one night without anyone seeing them; and that night they traveled so far that by dawn they felt sure they would not be found even if anyone came looking for them.

Sancho Panza rode along on his donkey like a patriarch, with his saddlebags and his wineskin, and with a great longing to see himself governor of the isle his master had promised him. Don Quixote chanced to strike out on the same route and road as on his first journey, which was across the plain of Montiel, where he rode with less discomfort than the last time, because, as it was early in the morning and the sun's rays struck them slantwise, they did not tire them. At this point Sancho Panza said to his master:

"Mind, your grace, sir knight-errant, that your grace doesn't forget what you've promised me about the isle; for I'll know how to govern it, however big it may be."

To which Don Quixote answered him:

"You must know, Sancho Panza, my friend, that the knights-errant of old very commonly made their squires governors of the isles or kingdoms they won, and I am determined that so gracious

a usage shall not lapse on my account; rather, I mean to outdo them in it: for they sometimes, and perhaps most times, waited until their squires were old; and then, when they were worn out with serving and with enduring bad days and worse nights, they gave them some title of count, or at the most of marquis, of some valley or province of no great account; but if you live and I live, it may very well be that before six days are out I shall win such a kingdom as has others joined to it, which would be just the thing for crowning you king of one of them. And do not think that much, for things and chances befall such knights in ways so never seen or thought of that I might easily give you even more than I promise."

"In that case," answered Sancho Panza, "if I were to become a king by one of those miracles your grace talks about, then at the very least Juana Gutiérrez, my better half, would come to be queen, and my children princes."

"Well, who doubts it?" answered Don Quixote.

"I doubt it," replied Sancho Panza, "because I'm of the opinion that, even if God rained kingdoms down on the earth, not one of them would sit well on the head of Mari Gutiérrez. Let me tell you, sir, she isn't worth two maravedís as a queen; countess would suit her better, and even that with God's help."

"Leave it to God, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for He will give her what suits her best; but do not humble your spirit so far as to come to be content with anything less than being made governor of a province."

"I won't, sir," answered Sancho, "especially having so grand a master in your grace, who will know how to give me everything that's good for me and that I can carry."

Chapter VIII. Of the good fortune the valiant Don Quixote had in the fearful and never-imagined adventure of the windmills, with other events worthy of happy remembrance

Just then they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills that stand on that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said to his squire:

"Luck is steering our affairs better than we could have managed to wish; for look over there, Sancho Panza, my friend, where thirty or a few more monstrous giants come into view, with whom I mean to do battle and take all their lives, and with their spoils we shall begin to grow rich; for this is righteous warfare, and it is a great service to God to wipe so evil a breed from the face of the earth."

"What giants?" said Sancho Panza.

"Those you see there," answered his master, "with the long arms; some of them have arms nearly two leagues long."

"Look, your grace," answered Sancho, "those things showing over there are not giants but windmills, and what look like arms on them are the sails, which, when the wind turns them, make the millstone go."

"It is plain to see," answered Don Quixote, "that you are not schooled in this business of adventures: they are giants; and if you

are afraid, get out of the way and go and pray while I enter into fierce and unequal battle with them."

And, saying this, he set spurs to his horse Rocinante, paying no heed to the shouts of his squire Sancho, who was warning him that what he was going to attack were beyond any doubt windmills and not giants. But he was so set on their being giants that he neither heard the shouts of his squire Sancho nor saw, though he was by now very close, what they were; instead, he went along crying out at the top of his voice:

"Flee not, ye cowards and vile creatures, for it is but a single knight who assails you."

At this a little wind rose, and the great sails began to move, and when Don Quixote saw this, he said:

"Well, though you wave more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay me for it."

And, saying this, and commending himself with all his heart to his lady Dulcinea, begging her to succor him in such a pass, well covered by his buckler, with his lance in its rest, he charged at Rocinante's full gallop and fell upon the first mill that stood before him; and as he drove his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it around with such fury that it smashed the lance to pieces, dragging horse and rider after it, and the knight went rolling over the field in a very sorry state. Sancho Panza hurried to help him, as fast as his donkey could run, and when he got there he found that he could not stir, such was the fall Rocinante had taken with him.

"God help me!" said Sancho. "Didn't I tell your grace to watch what you were doing, that they were only windmills, and nobody could mistake them except someone who had the same sort of thing going around in his head?"

"Peace, Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "for the fortunes of war, more than any others, are subject to constant change; all the more so since I believe, and it is the very truth, that

the sage Frestón who robbed me of my room and my books has turned these giants into mills to rob me of the glory of defeating them, so great is the enmity he bears me; but in the end, in the very end, his wicked arts will avail him little against the goodness of my sword."

"God grant it, for He can," answered Sancho Panza.

And, with Sancho helping him to his feet, he climbed back onto Rocinante, whose shoulder was half out of joint. And, talking over the adventure just past, they followed the road to Puerto Lápice, because there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to find many and various adventures, since it was a much-traveled place; only he went along much grieved at the loss of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said:

"I remember having read that a Spanish knight called Diego Pérez de Vargas, having broken his sword in a battle, tore a heavy bough or trunk from an oak, and wrought such havoc with it that day, pounding so many Moors, that he was left with the surname Machuca, the Pounder, and so both he and his descendants were called from that day on Vargas y Machuca. I have told you this because from the first holm oak or oak that comes my way I mean to tear another trunk as stout and good as that one, and I imagine and intend to do such deeds with it that you will count yourself fortunate to have been found worthy to come and see them and to witness things that will scarcely be believed."

"As God wills," said Sancho. "I believe it all just as your grace says it; but straighten up a little, for you seem to be riding lopsided, and it must be from the bruising of the fall."

"That is the truth," answered Don Quixote, "and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because no knight-errant is allowed to complain of a wound, not even if their guts are spilling out through it."

"If that's how it is, I have nothing to say," answered Sancho, "but God knows I'd be glad to have your grace complain when some-

thing hurts you. For my part, I can tell you I'm going to complain of the smallest pain I have, unless this business of not complaining applies to the squires of knights-errant too."

Don Quixote could not help laughing at his squire's simplicity; and so he declared to him that he might very well complain however and whenever he liked, with cause or without it, for so far he had read nothing to the contrary in the order of chivalry. Sancho told him to bear in mind that it was time to eat. His master answered that he did not need to for the present; that Sancho might eat whenever he felt like it. With this leave, Sancho settled himself as comfortably as he could on his donkey, and, taking out of the saddlebags what he had put in them, he jogged along behind his master eating at his leisure, and every now and then he tilted up the wineskin with such relish that the most pampered tavern keeper in Málaga might have envied him. And while he went along in this way, taking swig after swig, he did not remember any promise his master had made him, nor did he think it any hardship, but rather a great rest, to go about looking for adventures, however dangerous they might be.

In short, they spent that night among some trees, and from one of them Don Quixote tore a dry branch that could almost serve him as a lance, and he fitted to it the iron head he had taken from the one that had broken. All that night Don Quixote did not sleep, thinking of his lady Dulcinea, to conform to what he had read in his books, where knights spent many sleepless nights in forests and wildernesses, entertained by the memories of their ladies. Sancho Panza did not spend it so, for, as his stomach was full, and not of chicory water, he slept the whole night through in a single sleep; and neither the rays of the sun, which struck him full in the face, nor the song of the birds, which in great numbers and most joyfully greeted the coming of the new day, would have been enough to wake him had his master not called him. On getting up

he gave the wineskin a squeeze and found it somewhat leaner than the night before; and his heart was grieved, for it did not seem to him that they were on the way to making good its lack very soon. Don Quixote would not break his fast, because, as has been said, he had taken to sustaining himself on savory memories. They went back to the road to Puerto Lápice that they had begun on, and at about three in the afternoon they came in sight of it.

"Here," said Don Quixote on seeing it, "we can plunge our hands up to the elbows, brother Sancho Panza, in what they call adventures. But mind that, though you see me in the greatest dangers in the world, you are not to lay hand on your sword to defend me, unless you see that those who attack me are rabble and low people, for in that case you may well help me; but if they should be knights, it is in no way lawful or permitted to you by the laws of chivalry to help me until you are dubbed a knight."

"Certainly, sir," answered Sancho, "your grace shall be very well obeyed in this; all the more since I'm a peaceable man by nature and no friend of getting mixed up in brawls and quarrels. It's true enough that, when it comes to defending my own person, I won't pay much attention to those laws, since laws divine and human allow everyone to defend himself against anyone who tries to do him harm."

"I say no less," answered Don Quixote, "but in this business of helping me against knights, you must keep your natural impulses on a tight rein."

"I say I'll do it," answered Sancho, "and that I'll keep that commandment as well as I keep Sunday holy."

While they were talking thus, there appeared on the road two friars of the order of Saint Benedict, mounted on two dromedaries, for the two mules they rode were no smaller. They wore their traveling masks and carried their sunshades. Behind them came a coach, with four or five men on horseback escorting it and two

mule boys on foot. In the coach, as was learned afterward, was a Biscayan lady on her way to Seville, where her husband was, who was going over to the Indies with a very honorable post. The friars were not traveling with her, though they were going the same way; but no sooner did Don Quixote catch sight of them than he said to his squire:

"Either I am mistaken, or this is to be the most famous adventure ever seen; for those black shapes that appear there must be, and no doubt are, enchanters who are carrying off some princess they have stolen in that coach, and I must undo this wrong with all my might."

"This will be worse than the windmills," said Sancho. "Look, sir, those are friars of Saint Benedict, and the coach must belong to some travelers. Look, I tell you, look well at what you're doing, in case it's the devil leading you astray."

"I have told you already, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you know little of matters of adventure; what I say is true, and now you shall see it."

And, saying this, he rode forward and planted himself squarely in the friars' path, in the middle of the road, and when they were so close that it seemed to him they could hear what he said, he cried out in a loud voice:

"Devilish and monstrous crew, release at once, this very instant, the high princesses you are carrying off by force in that coach; if not, prepare to receive swift death as the just punishment of your evil deeds."

The friars drew rein and stood amazed, as much at Don Quixote's figure as at his words, to which they answered:

"Sir knight, we are neither devilish nor monstrous, but two monks of Saint Benedict going our own way, and we do not know whether or not there are any princesses carried off by force in this coach."

“No soft words for me, for I know you already, perfidious rabble,” said Don Quixote.

And, without waiting for any further answer, he spurred Rocinante and, with his lance lowered, charged at the first friar with such fury and daring that, had the friar not let himself fall off his mule, the knight would have brought him to the ground against his will, and badly wounded too, if not dead. The second monk, seeing how they were treating his companion, set his heels to the flanks of his good mule, a very castle of a beast, and began to race across the countryside, faster than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, seeing the friar on the ground, slid nimbly off his donkey, rushed at him, and began to strip him of his habit. At this two of the friars’ servants came up and asked him why he was undressing him. Sancho answered that this belonged to him by right, as the spoils of the battle his master Don Quixote had won. The servants, who knew nothing of jokes and did not understand this talk of spoils and battles, seeing that Don Quixote had by now moved off and was talking to the people in the coach, fell upon Sancho and knocked him down; and, leaving not a hair in his beard, they kicked him black and blue and left him stretched on the ground without breath or senses. And without a moment’s delay the friar mounted again, all frightened and cowed and with no color in his face; and when he found himself in the saddle, he spurred after his companion, who was waiting for him a good distance off to see how this alarm would end; and, not caring to wait for the end of this whole affair now begun, they went on their way, crossing themselves more than if they had the devil at their backs.

Don Quixote, as has been said, was talking to the lady in the coach, saying to her:

“Your beauteousness, my lady, may do with her person as best suits her pleasure, for the pride of your ravishers now lies upon the ground, overthrown by this my mighty arm; and that you may

not be troubled to learn who has delivered you, know that my name is Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant and adventurer, captive of the peerless and beautiful Doña Dulcinea del Toboso; and in payment for the benefit ye have received from me, I ask nothing else than that you return to El Toboso and present yourself on my behalf before this lady and tell her what I have wrought for your freedom."

All that Don Quixote was saying was overheard by one of the squires escorting the coach, who was a Biscayan; and he, seeing that the knight would not let the coach go forward but was saying that it must turn back at once to El Toboso, went up to Don Quixote and, seizing his lance, spoke to him in bad Castilian and worse Biscayan, in this fashion:

"Go, knight, and bad go you; by the God that made me, if coach not you leave, so you kill yourself as here you Biscayan are."

Don Quixote understood him very well, and answered him very calmly:

"If you were a knight, as you are not, I would already have punished your folly and insolence, you wretched creature."

To which the Biscayan replied:

"I no knight? I swear to God, so much you lie as Christian. If lance you throw and sword you draw, the water how quick you see that to the cat you carry! Biscayan by land, hidalgo by sea, hidalgo by the devil; and you lie, look, if other thing you say."

"'Now shall ye see,' said Agrajes!" answered Don Quixote.

And, flinging his lance to the ground, he drew his sword, slipped the buckler onto his arm, and went for the Biscayan, determined to take his life. The Biscayan, seeing him come on in this way, though he would have liked to get down from his mule, which, being one of those wretched hired ones, was not to be trusted, could do nothing but draw his sword; but it served him well that he was right beside the coach, and could pull a cushion

out of it to use as a shield, and then they went at each other as if they had been two mortal enemies. The rest of the people would have liked to make peace between them, but they could not, because the Biscayan said in his ill-strung words that if they did not let him finish his battle, he himself would kill his mistress and anyone who got in his way. The lady in the coach, amazed and frightened by what she saw, had the coachman draw off a little way, and from a distance she began to watch the fierce contest, in the course of which the Biscayan dealt Don Quixote a great slash on one shoulder, above the buckler, which, had it landed on him unguarded, would have split him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the heaviness of that monstrous blow, gave a great cry, saying:

"O lady of my soul, Dulcinea, flower of beauteousness, succor this your knight, who, to satisfy your great goodness, finds himself in this harsh ordeal!"

To say this, and to grip his sword, and to cover himself well with his buckler, and to charge the Biscayan, were all one; and he went resolved to stake everything on the fortune of a single blow.

The Biscayan, seeing him coming at him in this way, understood well enough from his boldness how furious he was, and resolved to do the same as Don Quixote; and so he awaited him, well covered by his cushion, unable to turn his mule to one side or the other, for by now, from sheer weariness and not being used to such childish games, it could not take another step.

On came Don Quixote, then, as has been said, against the wary Biscayan, with his sword raised high, determined to split him in two, and the Biscayan awaited him, his sword likewise raised and padded behind his cushion, and all the bystanders were fearful and hanging on what was to come of the mighty blows with which the two were threatening each other; and the lady in the coach and her other maids were vowing a thousand vows and promising offerings to every image and house of devotion in Spain, so that

God might deliver their squire and themselves from the great danger in which they found themselves.

But the trouble with all this is that at this very point and juncture the author of this history leaves the battle hanging, excusing himself on the ground that he found nothing more written of these exploits of Don Quixote than those he has related. It is true that the second author of this work would not believe that so curious a history had been handed over to the laws of oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha had been so incurious as not to keep in their archives or their desks some papers that dealt with this famous knight; and so, with this thought in mind, he did not despair of finding the end of this pleasant history, which, heaven favoring him, he found in the way that will be told in the second part.

The Second Part of the Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha

Chapters IX–XIV

Chapter IX. In which the stupendous battle between the gallant Biscayan and the valiant Manchegan is concluded and brought to an end

At the close of the first part of this history, the valiant Biscayan and the famous Don Quixote were left with naked swords held high, about to deal two furious downstrokes, such that, had they landed squarely, they would at the very least have split and cleft each other from top to bottom and laid each other open like a pomegranate; and at that most doubtful point so delightful a history stopped short and broke off, without its author giving us any word of where the part of it that was missing might be found.

This grieved me sorely, for the pleasure of having read so little turned into displeasure when I thought what a bad road lay before me for finding the great deal that, as it seemed to me, was still missing from so delightful a tale. It struck me as an impossible thing, and against every good custom, that so fine a knight should have lacked some sage to take on the task of writing his never-seen exploits, a thing that no knight-errant ever lacked,

> of those of whom the people say
> that they ride forth on their adventures,

because every one of them had one or two sages, made to order, who not only wrote down his deeds but painted his slightest thoughts and childish trifles, however hidden they might be; and

so fine a knight could not have been so unlucky as to lack what Platir and others like him had to spare. And so I could not bring myself to believe that so gallant a history had been left maimed and crippled, and I laid the blame on the malice of time, the devourer and consumer of all things, which had either hidden it or consumed it.

On the other hand, it seemed to me that, since among his books had been found some as modern as *Jealousy Undeceived* and *Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares*, his history too must be modern; and that, even if it had not been written down, it would still live in the memory of the people of his village and of the villages round about. This notion kept me puzzled and eager to learn, really and truly, the whole life and miracles of our famous Spaniard Don Quixote of La Mancha, the light and mirror of Manchegan chivalry, and the first who in our age and in these most calamitous times took up the toil and exercise of knight-errant arms, and the undoing of grievances, the succoring of widows, the protecting of damsels, those damsels who went about with their whips and their palfreys, carrying their whole virginity with them, from mountain to mountain and from valley to valley; for, unless some caitiff, or some peasant with an ax and an iron cap, or some monstrous giant forced her, there was many a damsel in times past who, at the end of eighty years, in all of which she never slept a day under a roof, went to her grave as whole as the mother who bore her. I say, then, that for these and many other reasons our gallant Quixote is worthy of constant and memorable praise; and even I should not be denied my share of it, for the labor and diligence I spent in looking for the end of this pleasant history; though I know very well that if heaven, chance, and fortune do not help me, the world will be left without the pastime and pleasure that for nearly two hours together anyone who reads it attentively may have. The finding of it, then, came about in this way.

One day, when I was in the Alcaná of Toledo, a boy came along to sell some notebooks and old papers to a silk merchant; and, as I am fond of reading, even if it is torn papers in the street, I was carried away by this natural bent of mine and picked up one of the notebooks the boy was selling, and saw that it was written in characters I knew to be Arabic. And since, though I recognized them, I could not read them, I went looking about to see whether some Spanish-speaking Morisco might turn up who could read them for me; and it was not very hard to find such an interpreter, for even had I been looking for one of a better and older language, I would have found him. In the end, chance sent me one, and when I told him what I wanted and put the book in his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after reading a little of it he began to laugh.

I asked him what he was laughing at, and he answered that it was at something the book had in its margin, set down there as a gloss. I told him to tell me what it was; and he, still laughing, said:

"Here in the margin, as I said, is written this: 'This Dulcinea del Toboso, so often mentioned in this history, is said to have had the best hand for salting pork of any woman in all La Mancha.'"

When I heard the words "Dulcinea del Toboso," I stood astonished and amazed, for it came to me at once that those notebooks held the history of Don Quixote. With this in mind I pressed him to read the beginning, and he did so, turning the Arabic into Castilian on the spot, and he said that it read: *History of Don Quixote of La Mancha, set down by Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arab historian*. It took a great deal of discretion to hide my delight on hearing the book's title; and, cutting in ahead of the silk merchant, I bought all the papers and notebooks from the boy for half a real; and had he had any discretion and known how much I wanted them, he might well have counted on getting, and gotten, more than six reales for them. I then took the Morisco aside to the cathedral cloister and begged him to turn those notebooks, all the ones that dealt with

Don Quixote, into the Castilian tongue, without taking anything away from them or adding anything to them, and I offered him whatever payment he wished. He was satisfied with two arrobas of raisins and two fanegas of wheat, and promised to translate them well and faithfully and very quickly. But I, to make the business easier and so as not to let so fine a find out of my hands, brought him to my house, where he translated the whole of it in little more than a month and a half, just as it is set down here.

In the first notebook there was a picture, drawn very true to life, of Don Quixote's battle with the Biscayan, the two of them in the very posture the history describes, their swords raised, the one covered by his buckler, the other by his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so lifelike that you could tell from a crossbow shot away that it was a hired one. At the Biscayan's feet there was a caption that said *Don Sancho de Azpetia*, which must no doubt have been his name, and at Rocinante's feet there was another that said *Don Quixote*. Rocinante was marvelously drawn, so long and stretched out, so thin and lean, with so much backbone, so confirmed a consumptive, that he showed quite openly with what good judgment and fitness the name Rocinante had been given him. Beside him stood Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, and at his feet there was another label that said *Sancho Zancas*; and it must have been that he had, to judge by the picture, a big belly, a short body, and long shanks, and that is why he must have been given the names Panza and Zancas, Paunch and Shanks, for the history sometimes calls him by these two surnames. There were some other small details to notice, but they are all of little importance and have nothing to do with the true account of the history; for no history is bad so long as it is true.

If any objection can be raised against this one as to its truth, it can only be that its author was an Arab, since lying is very much the habit of those of that nation; though, being such enemies of

ours, they can sooner be thought to have fallen short in it than to have gone too far. And so it seems to me, for where he could and should have let his pen run on in praise of so fine a knight, he seems to pass over it in silence on purpose: a thing ill done and worse intended, since historians ought to be, and are bound to be, exact, truthful, and not in the least swayed by passion, and neither interest nor fear, rancor nor affection, should make them turn aside from the road of truth, whose mother is history, the rival of time, the storehouse of deeds, the witness of the past, the example and counsel of the present, the warning of what is to come. In this one I know that everything will be found that one could wish for in the most agreeable history; and if anything good is missing from it, I hold that it was the fault of its dog of an author rather than any lack in the subject. In short, its second part, following the translation, began in this way:

With the keen-edged swords of the two valiant and angry combatants raised on high and poised, they seemed for all the world to be threatening heaven, earth, and the abyss, such was the daring and bearing they had. And the first to bring down his blow was the choleric Biscayan, and it was dealt with such force and such fury that, had the sword not turned in his hand on its way down, that single blow would have been enough to put an end to their fierce contest and to all the adventures of our knight; but good fortune, which was keeping him for greater things, twisted his opponent's sword so that, though it caught him on the left shoulder, it did him no other harm than to strip all the armor off that side, carrying away with it a great part of his helmet along with half of his ear; and all of it came crashing to the ground with a dreadful ruin, leaving him in a very sorry state.

God save us! And who is there who could fitly tell now the rage that entered the heart of our Manchegan when he saw himself served in that way? Let no more be said than that it was such that

he rose up again in his stirrups and, gripping his sword more tightly in both hands, brought it down on the Biscayan with such fury, catching him full on the cushion and on the head, that, so good a defense being of no use to him, as though a mountain had fallen on him, the Biscayan began to bleed from his nose and his mouth and his ears, and to show signs of tumbling down off his mule, from which he would no doubt have fallen had he not flung his arms around its neck; but even so, he drew his feet out of the stirrups and then let go with his arms; and the mule, frightened by the terrible blow, broke into a run across the field, and with a few bucks threw its master to the ground.

Don Quixote sat watching him with great calm, and as soon as he saw him fall, he leaped from his horse, came up to him very nimbly, and, holding the point of his sword before his eyes, told him to surrender, or else he would cut off his head. The Biscayan was so dazed that he could not answer a word, and it would have gone badly with him, blind as Don Quixote was, had the ladies in the coach, who until then had watched the fray in great dismay, not gone over to where he stood and begged him most earnestly to do them the great kindness and favor of sparing the life of that squire of theirs. To which Don Quixote replied, with much loftiness and gravity:

"Assuredly, fair ladies, I am well content to do what you ask of me; but it must be on one condition and covenant, which is that this knight must promise me to go to the village of El Toboso and present himself on my behalf before the peerless Doña Dulcinea, so that she may do with him whatever is most to her liking."

The frightened and disconsolate lady, without considering what Don Quixote was asking and without inquiring who Dulcinea might be, promised him that the squire would do all that he was commanded on his behalf.

“Then on the faith of that word, I will do him no further harm, though he had well deserved it of me.”

Chapter X. Of what further befell Don Quixote with the Biscayan, and of the danger he found himself in with a mob of Yangüeses

By this time Sancho Panza had got up, somewhat roughed up by the friars' lads, and had been watching his master Don Quixote's battle closely, praying to God in his heart that it might please Him to give him the victory, and that in it his master might win some isle and make him its governor, as he had promised him. Seeing, then, that the fray was over and that his master was about to climb back onto Rocinante, he came up to hold the stirrup for him; and before he mounted, he went down on his knees in front of him, took his hand, kissed it, and said to him:

"May it please your grace, my lord Don Quixote, to give me the government of the isle that has been won in this fierce fray; for however big it may be, I feel I have it in me to govern it as well as anyone who ever governed isles in this world."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"Mark this, brother Sancho: this adventure and others like it are not adventures of isles but of crossroads, in which nothing is won but a broken head or one ear the fewer. Have patience, for adventures will come along in which I can make you not only a governor but something higher still."

Sancho thanked him heartily, and, kissing his hand once more and the skirt of his coat of mail, helped him up onto Rocinante; and he got up on his ass and began to follow his master, who, at a

brisk pace, without taking his leave of the ladies in the coach or saying another word to them, went into a wood that lay close by. Sancho followed him at his donkey's best trot, but Rocinante went so fast that Sancho, seeing himself left behind, was forced to shout to his master to wait for him. Don Quixote did so, reining in Rocinante until his weary squire came up, and he, as soon as he arrived, said to him:

"It seems to me, sir, it would be wise for us to go and take sanctuary in some church; for, the way that man you fought with was left, it wouldn't be surprising if they gave word of it to the Holy Brotherhood and they arrested us; and on my faith, if they do, before we get out of jail we'll have sweated our tails off."

"Hush," said Don Quixote. "And where have you ever seen or read that a knight-errant was brought before the law, however many homicides he had committed?"

"I don't know anything about hommyspites," answered Sancho, "and I never in my life held one against anybody; all I know is that the Holy Brotherhood has a say over those who fight in the open country, and I don't meddle in the other thing."

"Then do not worry, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "for I will rescue you from the hands of the Chaldeans, much more from those of the Brotherhood. But tell me, on your life: have you seen a more valiant knight than I in all the known face of the earth? Have you read in histories of any other who has or ever had more spirit in attacking, more breath in persevering, more skill in wounding, or more craft in overthrowing?"

"The truth is," answered Sancho, "that I've never read any history at all, because I can't read or write; but what I will dare to bet is that I've never in my born days served a bolder master than your grace, and God grant these bold deeds aren't paid for where I said. What I beg of your grace is that you look after yourself, because a

lot of blood is coming from that ear; and I've got lint here and a little white ointment in the saddlebags."

"All that would be quite unnecessary," answered Don Quixote, "if I had remembered to make a flask of the balm of Fierabrás, for with a single drop of it we would save both time and medicines."

"What flask and what balm is that?" said Sancho Panza.

"It is a balm," answered Don Quixote, "whose recipe I have in my memory, and with which there is no need to fear death, nor any thought of dying of any wound. And so, when I make it and give it to you, you have nothing more to do but this: when you see that in some battle they have cut me in two through the middle of the body (as very often happens), you will take the part of the body that has fallen to the ground, neatly and with great care, before the blood congeals, and set it on the other half that is left in the saddle, taking care to fit it evenly and exactly; then you will give me just two swallows to drink of the balm I have spoken of, and you will see me sounder than an apple."

"If there's such a thing," said Panza, "I give up here and now the government of the promised isle, and I want nothing else in payment for my many good services but for your grace to give me the recipe for that extraordinary liquor; for I reckon an ounce of it would fetch more than two reales anywhere, and I don't need any more than that to live out this life in honor and ease. But the thing to know now is whether it costs much to make."

"For less than three reales you can make three azumbres," answered Don Quixote.

"Sinner that I am!" replied Sancho. "Then what is your grace waiting for to make it and teach it to me?"

"Hush, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "for greater secrets I mean to teach you and greater favors to do you; and for now, let us see to our wounds, for my ear hurts more than I would like."

Sancho took lint and ointment out of the saddlebags. But when Don Quixote came to see his broken helmet, he thought he would lose his mind, and, laying his hand on his sword and lifting his eyes to heaven, he said:

"I swear by the Creator of all things and by the holy four Gospels, where they are written out at greatest length, to lead the life that the great Marquis of Mantua led when he swore to avenge the death of his nephew Valdovinos, which was not to eat bread off a tablecloth nor take his pleasure with his wife, and other things which, though I do not remember them, I here hold as spoken, until I have taken full vengeance on him who did me so foul a wrong."

Hearing this, Sancho said to him:

"Mind, your grace, my lord Don Quixote, that if the knight did what he was told and went to present himself before my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will already have done his duty, and he doesn't deserve any other punishment unless he commits a new crime."

"You have spoken and pointed it out very well," answered Don Quixote, "and so I annul the oath as far as concerns taking any fresh vengeance on him; but I make the oath again and confirm it, to live the life I have described until I wrest from some knight, by force, another helmet as fine and as good as this one. And do not think, Sancho, that I do this idly, like smoke from straw, for I have someone to imitate in it; this very thing happened, to the letter, over Mambrino's helmet, which cost Sacripante so dear."

"Let your grace send such oaths to the devil, my master," replied Sancho, "for they are very bad for the health and very harmful to the conscience. Or else tell me now: if we happen not to come across a man armed with a helmet for many days, what are we to do? Is the oath to be kept in spite of so many inconveniences and discomforts, such as sleeping in your clothes and not

sleeping in a town, and a thousand other penances that the oath of that mad old Marquis of Mantua held, which your grace wants to renew now? Look carefully, your grace, for along all these roads you don't find armed men, only muleteers and carters, who not only don't wear helmets but maybe have never heard the word in all the days of their lives."

"You are wrong in that," said Don Quixote, "because we will not have been two hours at these crossroads before we see more armed men than those who came against Albraca to conquer Angelica the Fair."

"All right, then, so be it," said Sancho, "and God grant it turns out well for us, and that the time comes soon to win this isle that's costing me so dear, and then let me die."

"I have told you already, Sancho, not to give that any thought; for if an isle should fail us, there is the kingdom of Denmark, or that of Soliadisa, which will fit you like a ring on your finger; and what is more, since they are on dry land, you ought to be all the happier. But let us leave this for its proper time, and see whether you have anything in those saddlebags for us to eat, because we will soon go in search of some castle where we can lodge tonight and make the balm I told you about; for I swear to God my ear is hurting me badly."

"I've got an onion here, and a bit of cheese, and I don't know how many crusts of bread," said Sancho, "but they aren't dishes fit for so valiant a knight as your grace."

"How poorly you understand it!" answered Don Quixote. "I would have you know, Sancho, that it is the pride of knights-errant not to eat for a month; and when they do eat, to eat whatever comes most readily to hand; and you would be certain of this if you had read as many histories as I have; for though there have been a great many, in none of them have I found any account of knights-errant eating, unless by chance and at some sumptuous

banquets that were given for them, and the rest of their days they lived on flowers. And although it is understood that they could not get by without eating and without doing all the other things nature requires, because, in effect, they were men like us, it must also be understood that, since they spent most of their lives wandering through forests and wildernesses, and without a cook, their most ordinary food would be country fare, such as what you are offering me now. So, Sancho, my friend, do not let what gives me pleasure trouble you. Nor would you wish to make the world anew, or lift knight-errantry off its hinges."

"Forgive me, your grace," said Sancho, "for, since I can't read or write, as I've said before, I don't know the rules of the knightly profession and they never crossed my mind; and from now on I'll stock the saddlebags with every kind of dried fruit for your grace, since you are a knight, and for myself, since I'm not, I'll stock them with other things that have wings and more substance to them."

"I do not say, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing but the fruits you speak of, only that their commonest fare must have been those fruits and some herbs they came upon in the fields, herbs they knew and that I know as well."

"It's a fine thing," answered Sancho, "to know those herbs, for, the way I'm beginning to picture it, someday we'll need to make use of that knowledge."

And, taking out at this what he said he had brought, the two of them ate in good peace and company. But, eager to find somewhere to lodge that night, they very quickly finished their poor dry meal. Then they mounted and made haste to reach a town before nightfall; but the sun failed them, and with it the hope of reaching what they wanted, beside some goatherds' huts, and so they decided to spend the night there; for as much as it grieved Sancho not to reach a town, it pleased his master to sleep under the open

sky, because it seemed to him that each time this happened to him he was performing an act of possession that made the proof of his knighthood easier.

Chapter XI. Of what befell Don Quixote with some goatherds

He was welcomed by the goatherds with good cheer; and Sancho, having settled Rocinante and his donkey as best he could, went after the smell given off by some pieces of salted goat that were boiling in a pot over the fire; and though he would have liked at that very moment to see whether they were ready to be moved from the pot to his stomach, he held back, because the goatherds took them off the fire and, spreading some sheepskins on the ground, very quickly laid their rustic table and invited the two of them, with every sign of goodwill, to share what they had. Six of them, all there were in the fold, sat down around the skins, having first, with rough ceremony, begged Don Quixote to sit on a trough that they turned upside down for him. Don Quixote sat down, and Sancho remained standing to serve him his cup, which was made of horn. Seeing him on his feet, his master said to him:

"So that you may see, Sancho, the good that knight-errantry holds within it, and how near those who practice any office of it are to coming before long to be honored and esteemed by the world, I wish you to sit here at my side, in the company of these good people, and to be one and the same with me, who am your master and natural lord; to eat from my plate and drink from where I drink; for of knight-errantry the same may be said as is said of love: that it makes all things equal."

"Many thanks!" said Sancho. "But I can tell your grace that, as long as I had plenty to eat, I'd eat it just as well, and better, stand-

ing up and on my own as sitting beside an emperor. And if the truth be told, what I eat in my own corner, without fuss or manners, even if it's bread and onion, tastes much better to me than the turkey cocks at other tables where I have to chew slowly, drink little, wipe my mouth often, and not sneeze or cough if I feel like it, or do the other things that being alone and free bring with them. So, my master, these honors your grace wants to give me for being a servant and follower of knight-errantry, as I am, being your grace's squire, turn them into other things that will be of more comfort and use to me; for these, though I take them as kindly received, I renounce from here to the end of the world."

"For all that, you shall sit down; for whoever humbles himself, God exalts."

And, taking him by the arm, he made him sit down beside him.

The goatherds did not understand that gibberish of squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat and keep quiet and watch their guests, who, with great relish and appetite, were stowing away chunks of meat as big as a fist. When the course of meat was done, they spread a great quantity of dried acorns on the sheepskins, and set out with them half a cheese harder than if it had been made of mortar. The horn, meanwhile, was not idle, for it went around so often (now full, now empty, like the bucket of a waterwheel) that it easily emptied one of the two wineskins that were in view. After Don Quixote had well satisfied his stomach, he took up a handful of acorns and, gazing at them attentively, gave voice to words like these:

"Happy the age and happy the centuries on which the ancients bestowed the name of golden, and not because gold, which in this iron age of ours is so highly prized, was to be had in that fortunate time without any labor, but because those who lived then did not know these two words, 'yours' and 'mine.' In that holy age all things were held in common; no one, to get his daily bread, needed to

take any more trouble than to lift his hand and reach it down from the sturdy oaks, which freely invited them to their sweet and ripened fruit. The clear springs and running rivers offered them, in magnificent abundance, delicious and transparent water. In the clefts of the rocks and in the hollows of the trees the diligent and prudent bees set up their commonwealth, offering to any hand, without asking any return, the fertile harvest of their sweetest labor. The stout cork oaks shed of their own accord, with no other art than their own courtesy, their broad, light bark, with which men first began to cover their houses, raised on rough stakes, for no other purpose than to shelter them from the harshness of the skies. All was peace then, all friendship, all harmony; the heavy share of the curved plow had not yet dared to open or visit the merciful bowels of our first mother, for she, without being forced, offered from every part of her fertile and spacious breast whatever might fill, sustain, and delight the children who then possessed her. Then indeed the simple and lovely shepherd girls went from valley to valley and from hill to hill, their hair in braids or flowing loose, with no more clothing than was needed to cover modestly what modesty wishes, and has always wished, to be covered; and their adornments were not those in use today, which Tyrian purple and silk tormented in so many ways make costly, but a few green leaves of burdock and ivy woven together, in which they may have gone as splendid and as finely arrayed as our court ladies go now with the rare and outlandish devices that idle ingenuity has taught them. In those days the loving thoughts of the soul were set forth simply and plainly, in the very form and manner in which the soul conceived them, without seeking artful turns of phrase to make much of them. Fraud, deceit, and malice had not yet mixed themselves with truth and plainness. Justice kept within her own bounds, and those who seek favor and those who seek gain, who now so belittle, disturb, and persecute her, did not dare

to trouble or offend her. Arbitrary judgment had not yet taken its seat in the mind of the judge, for then there was nothing to judge and no one to be judged. Maidens and their modesty went about, as I have said, wherever they pleased, alone and their own mistress, without fear that another's boldness or lustful intent would do them harm, and their ruin was born of their own pleasure and their own free will. And now, in these detestable centuries of ours, none of them is safe, even if another new labyrinth like that of Crete should hide and enclose her; for there, through the chinks or through the air, with the zeal of its accursed persistence, the plague of love gets in to them and makes all their seclusion come to ruin. It was for their protection, as time went on and wickedness grew, that the order of knights-errant was instituted, to defend maidens, protect widows, and succor orphans and the needy. To this order I belong, brother goatherds, and I thank you for the welcome and kind reception you give me and my squire; for although by natural law all who live are bound to show favor to knights-errant, still, since I know that without knowing of this obligation you took me in and treated me well, it is right that, with all the goodwill I can muster, I should thank you for yours."

This whole long harangue—which might well have been dispensed with—was made by our knight because the acorns set before him called the golden age to mind, and he took it into his head to make that useless speech to the goatherds, who, without answering him a word, sat listening to him dumbfounded and bewildered. Sancho, likewise, kept quiet and ate acorns, and paid frequent visits to the second wineskin, which they had hung from a cork oak to cool the wine.

Don Quixote took longer in talking than the supper did in coming to an end; and when it was over, one of the goatherds said:

"So that your grace, sir knight-errant, may say with more truth that we entertain you with ready goodwill, we want to give you

some pleasure and amusement by having a comrade of ours sing, who won't be long in getting here; he is a very bright lad and very much in love, and, above all, he can read and write and plays the rebec so well there's nothing more to wish for."

The goatherd had scarcely finished saying this when the sound of the rebec reached their ears, and soon after the one who played it arrived, a young man of about twenty-two, very handsome and graceful. His comrades asked him whether he had had supper, and when he answered that he had, the one who had made the offer said to him:

"In that case, Antonio, you can do us the favor of singing a little, so that this gentleman, our guest, may see that here in the mountains and woods too there are those who know something of music. We have told him of your fine gifts, and we want you to show them and prove us right; and so I beg you, on your life, to sit down and sing the ballad of your love that your uncle the beneficed priest made for you, which went down very well in the village."

"With pleasure," answered the young man.

And, without waiting to be asked again, he sat down on the stump of a lopped oak, and, tuning his rebec, very gracefully began before long to sing in this way:

Antonio

“I know, Olalla, you adore me,
although you have not told me so,
not even with your eyes at least,
those silent tongues of lovers’ talk.
Because I know that you are wise,
I hold it certain that you love me;
for never yet was love unlucky
when it was owned and understood.
It’s true enough that now and then,
Olalla, you have let me see
that you possess a soul of bronze
and that your white breast is of rock.
But there among your sharp reproaches
and your most modest turnings-off,
sometimes Hope lets me catch a glimpse
of the hem and border of her gown.
My faith goes darting at the lure,
my faith, which never has been able
to dwindle for not being called
nor swell for being one of the chosen.
If love is courtesy, then from
the courtesy you have, I gather
that the outcome of my hopes
will be the one that I imagine.
And if services have some part
in making a heart turn kindly,
then some of those that I have done
will strengthen my side of the case.

For if you have paid any heed,
more than once you will have seen
that I have worn on Mondays
what did me honor on a Sunday.
Since love and finery go walking
together down a single road,
at every time before your eyes
I've wished to show myself well groomed.
I pass over the dancing done for you,
nor will I paint the serenades
that you have heard at all odd hours
and at the first crow of the cock.
I do not count the many praises
that I have spoken of your beauty,
which, true as they are, have made
some other girls think ill of me.
Teresa del Berrocal,
when I was praising you, said to me:
'One thinks he's worshiping an angel
and ends up worshiping an ape,
thanks to all her trinkets
and to all her borrowed hair
and to her hypocritic beauties,
which could deceive Love himself.'
I gave her the lie, and she was angry;
her cousin took her part:
he challenged me, and well you know
what I did then and what he did.

I do not love you by the heap,
nor do I court you and serve you
for the sake of keeping a mistress;
my purpose is a better one.
The Church has yokes of rawhide
that are bowknots made of silk;
put your neck into the yoke,
and you will see me put in mine.
If not, I swear from here and now
by the most blessed saint there is
I will never leave these mountains
except to be a Capuchin."

Here the goatherd ended his song; and although Don Quixote begged him to sing something more, Sancho Panza would not allow it, for he was more in the mood for sleeping than for listening to songs. And so he said to his master:

"Your grace might as well settle yourself right away where you're going to sleep tonight, for the work these good men have all day doesn't allow them to spend their nights singing."

"I understand you, Sancho," Don Quixote answered him, "for I can see clearly enough that the visits to the wineskin call for a reward of sleep rather than of music."

"It tastes good to all of us, blessed be God," answered Sancho.

"I do not deny it," replied Don Quixote, "but settle yourself wherever you like, for those of my profession look better keeping watch than sleeping. Still, for all that, it would be well, Sancho, for you to dress this ear of mine again, for it is hurting me more than it ought."

Sancho did as he was told; and one of the goatherds, seeing the wound, told him not to worry, for he would apply a remedy that

would heal it easily. And, taking some rosemary leaves, of which there was plenty thereabouts, he chewed them and mixed them with a little salt, and, laying them on the ear, he bandaged it very well, assuring him that he needed no other medicine; and so it proved.

Chapter XII. Of what a goatherd told those who were with Don Quixote

While they were at this, another of the lads who brought them their provisions from the village came up and said:

"Do you know what's happening in the village, friends?"

"How could we know?" answered one of them.

"Well, then, know," the lad went on, "that this morning that famous student shepherd called Grisóstomo died, and people are whispering that he died of love for that devil of a girl Marcela, the daughter of Guillermo the rich, the one who goes about these wilds dressed as a shepherdess."

"For Marcela, you mean," said one.

"For her, I mean," answered the goatherd. "And the best of it is that he ordered in his will that they should bury him out in the fields, as if he were a Moor, and at the foot of the rock where the spring of the cork oak is; for, as the story goes, and they say he said it himself, that place is where he saw her for the first time. And he ordered other things too, such that the clergy of the village say they mustn't be carried out, and it isn't right that they should be, because they sound heathen. To all of which that great friend of his, Ambrosio the student, who dressed up as a shepherd along with him, answers that everything must be carried out, with nothing left out, just as Grisóstomo ordered, and over this the village is in an uproar; but, from what they say, in the end it will be done the way Ambrosio and all the shepherds who are his friends want; and tomorrow they are coming to bury him with great pomp at the

place I told you. And I reckon it will be something well worth seeing; at least I won't fail to go and see it, even if I knew I wouldn't get back to the village tomorrow."

"We'll all do the same," answered the goatherds, "and we'll draw lots for who has to stay behind and mind everybody's goats."

"You're right, Pedro," said one, "though there won't be any need for that trouble, because I'll stay for all of you. And don't put it down to virtue or to any lack of curiosity in me, but to the thorn that went into this foot of mine the other day and won't let me walk."

"We thank you all the same," answered Pedro.

And Don Quixote asked Pedro to tell him what dead man this was and what shepherdess that was; to which Pedro answered that what he knew was that the dead man was a rich hidalgo who lived in a village up in those mountains, who had been a student for many years at Salamanca, at the end of which he had come back to his village with the name of being very wise and very well read.

"Most of all, they said he knew the science of the stars, and of what the sun and the moon get up to, up there in the sky; because he would tell us to the very minute when there would be a clipse of the sun and the moon."

"Eclipse, my friend, not clipse, is the name for the darkening of those two greater luminaries," said Don Quixote.

But Pedro, paying no attention to trifles, went on with his tale, saying:

"He could also foretell when the year would be plentiful or stale."

"Sterile, you mean, my friend," said Don Quixote.

"Sterile or stale," answered Pedro, "it all comes to the same in the end. And I say that, from what he told them, his father and his friends, who believed him, got very rich, because they did what he advised them, when he said to them: 'Sow barley this year, not

wheat; this one you can sow chickpeas and not barley; the next will be a bumper year for oil; the three after that you won't get a drop.'"

"That science is called astrology," said Don Quixote.

"I don't know what it's called," replied Pedro, "but I know he knew all this, and more besides. In the end, not many months had gone by after he came back from Salamanca when one day he turned up dressed as a shepherd, with his crook and sheepskin jacket, having taken off the long gown he used to wear as a scholar; and along with him another great friend of his, called Ambrosio, who had been his companion in his studies, dressed himself as a shepherd too. I forgot to tell you how Grisóstomo, the dead man, was a great one for making up verses; so much so that he wrote the carols for the night of our Lord's Nativity and the plays for Corpus Christi, which the lads of our village acted, and everybody said they were first-rate. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly dressed as shepherds, they were amazed, and couldn't guess what had moved them to make such a strange change. By this time our Grisóstomo's father was dead, and he was left heir to a great deal of property, in goods as well as in land, and to no small number of cattle and sheep, and to a great deal of money; of all of which the young man was left dissolute master, and truly he deserved it all, for he was a very good fellow, and charitable, and a friend of good people, and he had a face like a blessing. Later on it came to be understood that his changing his dress had been for no other reason than to go roaming these wilds after that shepherdess Marcela our lad named a while ago, with whom poor Grisóstomo, God rest him, had fallen in love. And now I want to tell you, because it's right you should know it, who this lass is; maybe, and no maybe about it, you won't have heard the like in all the days of your life, even if you live more years than *sarna*, the mange."

"Say *Sarra*, Sarah," replied Don Quixote, unable to bear the goatherd's swapping of words.

"The mange lives plenty long," answered Pedro, "and if, sir, you're going to keep picking at my words at every step, we won't be done in a year."

"Forgive me, friend," said Don Quixote, "for I said it because there is such a difference between *sarna* and *Sarra*; but you answered very well, for the mange does live longer than Sarah; so go on with your story, and I will not contradict you again in anything."

"I say, then, my dear good sir," said the goatherd, "that in our village there was a farmer even richer than Grisóstomo's father, who was called Guillermo, and to whom God gave, besides his many great riches, a daughter, in giving birth to whom her mother died, and she was the most respected woman in all these parts. I can almost see her now, with that face of hers that had the sun on one side and the moon on the other; and above all she was hard-working and a friend to the poor, for which I believe her soul must be enjoying God in the other world at this very hour. Out of grief at the death of so good a wife, her husband Guillermo died, leaving his daughter Marcela, young and rich, in the care of an uncle of hers who was a priest and held a benefice in our village. The girl grew up so beautiful that she put us in mind of her mother's beauty, which was very great; and for all that, people reckoned the daughter's was going to outdo it. And so it was, for when she came to be fourteen or fifteen, nobody looked at her without blessing God for having made her so lovely, and most of them were left in love with her and lost to her. Her uncle kept her very carefully and very closely shut away; but for all that, the fame of her great beauty spread in such a way that, both for that and for her great wealth, not only the men of our village but those from many leagues around, and the best of them, begged and pleaded with

her uncle and pestered him to give her to them for a wife. But he, who is a good Christian through and through, though he would have liked to marry her off right away, as soon as he saw she was of age, did not want to do it without her consent, and he paid no heed to the gain and profit that having the girl's property in his hands offered him by putting off her marriage. And on my faith, this was said in more than one little circle in the village, in praise of the good priest. For I want you to know, sir errant, that in these small places everything gets talked over and everything gets gossiped about; and you may take it from me, as I take it myself, that the priest must have been far too good who makes his parishioners speak well of him, especially in villages."

"That is the truth," said Don Quixote, "and go on, for it is a fine tale, and you, good Pedro, tell it with very good grace."

"May the Lord's grace not fail me, for that's the one that matters. And as for the rest, you must know that, though the uncle laid them before his niece and told her, one by one, what sort of man each was of the many who were asking for her hand, begging her to marry and choose to her liking, she never gave any other answer but that for the time being she did not want to marry, and that, being so young, she did not feel fit to bear the burden of matrimony. With these excuses she gave, which seemed fair enough, her uncle stopped pestering her and waited until she was somewhat older and could choose a companion to her taste. For he said, and said very well, that parents should not set their children in life against their will. But there you have it: when I least expect it, one fine day the dainty Marcela turns up a shepherdess; and though her uncle and everyone in the village tried to talk her out of it, it was no use: she took it into her head to go out to the fields with the other village girls and to tend her own flock. And as soon as she came out in public and her beauty was seen in the open, I couldn't rightly tell you how many rich young men, hidalgos and

farmers, have taken Grisóstomo's dress and go courting her through these fields. One of them, as has been said already, was our dead man, of whom they said he gave up loving her, and adored her. And don't let anyone think that because Marcela took up that free and easy life, with so little seclusion, or none, she has given any sign, or the shadow of one, that might count against her modesty and good name; on the contrary, so great and such is the watchfulness with which she guards her honor that of all those who serve and woo her, not one has boasted, or could truthfully boast, that she has given him the smallest hope of getting his desire. For though she doesn't run from or shun the company and conversation of the shepherds, and treats them courteously and in a friendly way, as soon as any one of them comes to reveal his intentions to her, even if they are as just and holy as those of marriage, she throws him off as if from a catapult. And with this sort of nature she does more harm in this land than if the plague had got into it; because her friendliness and beauty draw the hearts of those who have dealings with her to serve her and love her, but her disdain and her plain dealing bring them to the point of despair; and so they don't know what to say to her except to call her, out loud, cruel and ungrateful, and other names like that, which show very well what sort of nature she has. And if you were here, sir, some day, you would hear these mountains and these valleys ringing with the laments of the disillusioned men who follow her. Not very far from here there is a spot where there are nearly two dozen tall beeches, and there isn't one that doesn't have the name of Marcela carved and written on its smooth bark; and above some of them a crown carved on the same tree, as if her lover were saying more plainly that Marcela wears it and deserves it above all human beauty. Here one shepherd sighs, there another moans; over yonder you hear love songs, over here despairing dirges. There's one who spends all the hours of the night sitting at

the foot of some oak or crag, and there, without closing his weeping eyes, lost and carried away in his thoughts, the sun finds him in the morning; and there's another who, giving no let or truce to his sighs, in the middle of the heat of the most wearisome summer noon, stretched out on the burning sand, sends his complaints up to merciful heaven. And over this one and that one, and over those and these, the beautiful Marcela triumphs, free and untroubled; and all of us who know her are waiting to see where her haughtiness will end and who is to be the lucky man who will come to tame so terrible a nature and enjoy so extreme a beauty. Since everything I have told is such proven truth, I take it that what our lad said was being said about the cause of Grisóstomo's death is true as well. And so I advise you, sir, not to fail to be at his burial tomorrow, for it will be well worth seeing, because Grisóstomo has many friends, and it isn't half a league from this place to the one where he ordered himself buried."

"I will see to it," said Don Quixote, "and I thank you for the pleasure you have given me with the telling of so delightful a tale."

"Oh!" replied the goatherd. "I don't know the half yet of what has happened to Marcela's lovers, but it might be that tomorrow we'll meet some shepherd on the road who'll tell us. And for now it would be well for you to go and sleep under a roof, for the night dew could do your wound harm, though the medicine they've put on you is such that there's no need to fear any setback."

Sancho Panza, who by now was sending the goatherd's endless talk to the devil, pressed his master, for his part, to go in and sleep in Pedro's hut. He did so, and most of the night he spent in remembrances of his lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcela's lovers. Sancho Panza settled himself between Rocinante and his donkey, and slept, not like a lover out of favor, but like a man kicked to a pulp.

Chapter XIII. In which the tale of the shepherdess Marcela is brought to an end, with other events

But day had scarcely begun to show itself on the balconies of the east when five of the six goatherds got up and went to wake Don Quixote and to ask him whether he still meant to go and see Grisóstomo's famous burial, for they would keep him company. Don Quixote, who wanted nothing else, got up and ordered Sancho to saddle Rocinante and put the packsaddle on the donkey at once, which he did with great diligence, and with the same diligence they all set out on their way. And they had not gone a quarter of a league when, where one path crossed another, they saw coming toward them some six shepherds, dressed in black sheepskin jackets, their heads crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter oleander. Each carried a thick stick of holly in his hand. With them, likewise, came two gentlemen on horseback, very well fitted out for the road, with three other lads on foot attending them. When the two parties met, they greeted each other courteously, and, asking one another where they were going, they learned that all were bound for the place of the burial; and so they began to travel all together.

One of the riders, speaking to his companion, said to him:

"It seems to me, Señor Vivaldo, that we must count the delay we make in seeing this famous burial as time well spent, for it cannot fail to be famous, judging by the strange things these shep-

herds have told us, both of the dead shepherd and of the murderous shepherdess."

"So it seems to me," answered Vivaldo, "and I would not stop at a delay of one day; I would make it four for the sake of seeing it."

Don Quixote asked them what it was they had heard of Marcela and Grisóstomo. The traveler said that early that morning they had met those shepherds, and that, seeing them in such mournful dress, they had asked them the reason they went about like that; that one of them had told them, telling of the strangeness and beauty of a shepherdess called Marcela, and of the love of many who courted her, and of the death of that Grisóstomo to whose burial they were going. In short, he told all that Pedro had told Don Quixote.

This talk ended and another began, the one called Vivaldo asking Don Quixote what reason moved him to go about armed in that way in so peaceful a land. To which Don Quixote replied:

"The profession I follow does not allow or permit me to go about in any other way. Easy going, good cheer, and repose were devised for the soft folk of the court; but toil, unrest, and arms were devised and fashioned solely for those the world calls knights-errant, and of these I, unworthy as I am, am the very least."

No sooner had they heard this than they all took him for a madman; and, to make sure of it and see what kind of madness his was, Vivaldo asked him again what he meant by "knights-errant."

"Have your graces not read," answered Don Quixote, "the annals and histories of England, which treat of the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we always call King Artús, of whom there is an old tradition, common throughout that whole kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but was turned by magic arts into a raven, and that in the course of time he is to come back to reign and recover his kingdom and scepter,

and that is why no one can prove that any Englishman, from that day to this, has ever killed a raven? Well, it was in this good king's time that the famous order of chivalry called the Knights of the Round Table was founded, and there took place, without a single point missing, the loves told of there between Don Lancelot of the Lake and Queen Guinevere, their go-between and confidante being that most honorable duenna Quintañona, from which was born that ballad so well known and so much sung in our Spain:

Never was there knight on earth
by ladies served so well
as Lancelot was served
when he came out of Britain;

with that sweet and gentle course of his loving and mighty deeds. Well, from that time on, passing from hand to hand, that order of chivalry kept spreading and stretching out through many different parts of the world; and in it there were famous and renowned for their deeds the valiant Amadís of Gaul, with all his sons and grandsons down to the fifth generation, and the valorous Felixmarte of Hircania, and the never-duly-lauded Tirante the White, and almost in our own day we have seen and spoken with and heard the invincible and valorous knight Don Belianís of Greece. This, then, sirs, is to be a knight-errant, and what I have described is the order of his chivalry, in which, as I have said before, I, sinner that I am, have made profession, and what the knights I have named professed, I profess. And so I go through these solitudes and wildernesses seeking adventures, with the firm resolve of offering my arm and my person to the most perilous that fortune may send me, in aid of the weak and the needy."

From these words of his the travelers became fully convinced that Don Quixote was out of his wits, and of the kind of madness that ruled him, at which they felt the same amazement that came

over everyone who first learned of it. And Vivaldo, who was a very sensible person and of a cheerful disposition, in order to pass without tedium the short way they were told was left before they reached the hill of the burial, wished to give him occasion to go further with his nonsense. And so he said to him:

"It seems to me, sir knight-errant, that your grace has professed one of the strictest professions there are on earth, and I am of the opinion that even that of the Carthusian friars is not so strict."

"As strict it may well be," answered our Don Quixote, "but as necessary in the world, I am within two fingers' breadth of doubting it. For, if the truth be told, the soldier who carries out what his captain commands does no less than the captain himself who gives him the order. I mean that the men of religion, in all peace and quiet, pray to heaven for the good of the earth; but we soldiers and knights carry out what they pray for, defending it with the valor of our arms and the edges of our swords; not under a roof but under the open sky, set up as a target for the unbearable rays of the sun in summer and the bristling frosts of winter. We are, then, the ministers of God on earth, the arms through which His justice is carried out there. And since the things of war, and those touching and concerning it, cannot be carried out except by sweating, striving, and toiling, it follows that those who profess it have, without a doubt, greater toil than those who, in quiet peace and repose, are praying God to favor those who have little power. I do not mean to say, nor does it cross my mind, that the state of the knight-errant is as good as that of the cloistered monk; I only wish to infer, from what I suffer, that it is without a doubt more laborious and more battered, and hungrier and thirstier, wretched, ragged, and lice-ridden; for there is no doubt that the knights-errant of old went through a great deal of misfortune in the course of their lives. And if some of them rose to be emperors by the valor

of their arm, on my faith it cost them a good share of their blood and sweat; and if those who rose to such rank had lacked enchanters and sages to help them, they would have been sorely cheated of their desires and sorely deceived in their hopes."

"I am of that opinion," replied the traveler, "but one thing, among many others, seems very wrong to me in knights-errant, and it is that when they find themselves about to undertake some great and perilous adventure, in which there is plain danger of losing their lives, never at the moment of undertaking it do they remember to commend themselves to God, as every Christian is bound to do in such dangers; instead they commend themselves to their ladies, with as much eagerness and devotion as if those ladies were their God: a thing which seems to me to smack somewhat of paganism."

"Sir," answered Don Quixote, "that cannot by any means be otherwise, and a knight-errant who did anything else would fall into disgrace; for it is the use and custom in errant chivalry that, when a knight-errant setting about some great feat of arms has his lady in sight, he should turn his eyes toward her softly and lovingly, as if asking her with them to favor and protect him in the doubtful trial he is undertaking; and even if no one hears him, he is bound to say some words between his teeth in which he commends himself to her with all his heart; and of this we have countless examples in the histories. And it is not to be understood from this that they are to leave off commending themselves to God, for there is time and place left for them to do it in the course of the deed."

"For all that," replied the traveler, "I am still left with a scruple, which is that I have often read how words pass between two knights-errant, and, one thing leading to another, their anger flares up, and they wheel their horses and take a good stretch of the field, and then, without more ado, they come back to meet each other at full gallop; and in the middle of the charge they com-

mend themselves to their ladies; and what usually comes of the encounter is that one of them falls over his horse's haunches, run clean through by his opponent's lance, and as for the other, it is all he can do to keep from coming to the ground by holding on to his horse's mane. And I cannot see when, in the course of so headlong a business, the dead man found time to commend himself to God. It would have been better if the words he spent in the charge commending himself to his lady had been spent on what he owed and was bound to do as a Christian. And what is more, I am of the opinion that not all knights-errant have ladies to commend themselves to, because not all of them are in love."

"That cannot be," answered Don Quixote. "I say that there cannot be a knight-errant without a lady, because it is as proper and as natural for such men to be in love as it is for the sky to have stars, and you may be sure no history has ever been seen in which a knight-errant is found without love; and by the very fact of being without it he would not be held a legitimate knight, but a bastard, and one who got into the fortress of that chivalry not by the door but over the wall, like a robber and a thief."

"For all that," said the traveler, "it seems to me, if I remember rightly, that I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadís of Gaul, never had a particular lady to whom he could commend himself; and for all that he was not held in less esteem, and he was a very valiant and famous knight."

To which our Don Quixote answered:

"Sir, one swallow alone does not make a summer. What is more, I know that in secret that knight was very much in love; besides which, that business of loving every woman who looked good to him was a natural disposition of his, which he could not hold in check. But, in short, it is very well established that he had one alone whom he had made mistress of his will, to whom he com-

mended himself very often and very secretly, for he prided himself on being a secret knight."

"Then, if it is of the essence that every knight-errant must be in love," said the traveler, "it may well be believed that your grace is, since you are of the profession. And unless your grace prides yourself on being as secret as Don Galaor, I beg you as earnestly as I can, in the name of all this company and in my own, to tell us the name, country, rank, and beauty of your lady; for she would count herself fortunate that all the world should know she is loved and served by such a knight as your grace appears to be."

Here Don Quixote heaved a great sigh and said:

"Whether my sweet enemy is glad or not that the world should know I serve her, I cannot say for certain; I can only tell you, answering what you ask of me so courteously, that she is called Dulcinea; that her homeland is El Toboso, a village in La Mancha; that her rank must be no less than a princess's, since she is my queen and my lady; that her beauty is more than human, since in her all the impossible and fanciful attributes of beauty that poets give their ladies come true: for her hair is gold, her brow Elysian fields, her brows rainbows, her eyes suns, her cheeks roses, her lips coral, pearls her teeth, alabaster her neck, marble her breast, ivory her hands, her whiteness snow; and the parts that modesty has hidden from human sight are such, as I think and understand, that only discreet reflection can extol them, and not compare them."

"Her lineage, her stock, and her descent we should like to know," replied Vivaldo.

To which Don Quixote answered:

"She is not of the ancient Roman Curtii, Gaii, and Scipios, nor of the modern Colonnas and Orsinis; nor of the Moncadas and Requesens of Catalonia, still less of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; the Palafoxes, Nuzas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas,

Alagones, Urreas, Foces, and Gurreas of Aragon; the Cerdas, Manriques, Mendozas, and Guzmanes of Castile; the Alencastros, Pallas, and Meneses of Portugal; but she is of those of El Toboso of La Mancha, a lineage that, though modern, is such that it may give a noble beginning to the most illustrious families of the centuries to come. And let no one dispute this with me, unless it be on the terms that Cervino set at the foot of the trophy of Orlando's arms, which said:

Let no one move them
who cannot stand the test against Roldán."

"Although mine is of the Cachopines of Laredo," answered the traveler, "I will not venture to set it beside the lineage of El Toboso of La Mancha, although, truth be told, a family name like that has never reached my ears till now."

"How can it not have reached them!" replied Don Quixote.

All the others went along listening very attentively to the talk between the two, and even the goatherds and shepherds themselves came to see how very far gone our Don Quixote was in his wits. Only Sancho Panza thought that everything his master said was true, knowing who he was and having known him since he was born; and the only thing he had some doubt about was believing that business of the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso, because he had never in his life heard of any such name or any such princess, for all that he lived so close to El Toboso.

They were going along in this talk when they saw, coming down through the gap that two high mountains made, as many as twenty shepherds, all dressed in jackets of black wool and crowned with garlands, which, as it later appeared, were some of yew and some of cypress. Six of them carried a bier covered with a great variety of flowers and boughs. Seeing this, one of the goatherds said:

"Those coming there are the ones bringing Grisóstomo's body, and it was at the foot of that mountain that he ordered them to bury him." So they hurried to get there, and they arrived just as those who were coming had set the bier down on the ground; and four of them, with sharp picks, were digging the grave beside a hard rock.

They greeted one another courteously; and then Don Quixote and those who had come with him set about looking at the bier, and on it they saw, covered with flowers, a dead body dressed as a shepherd, about thirty years old to all appearances; and, dead as he was, he showed that alive he had been handsome of face and gallant of bearing. Around him on the bier itself there were some books and many papers, open and folded. And those who were looking at this, as well as those who were digging the grave, and all the others who were there, kept a wondrous silence, until one of those who had brought the dead man said to another:

"Look carefully, Ambrosio, whether this is the place Grisóstomo spoke of, since you want what he ordered in his will to be carried out so exactly."

"This is it," answered Ambrosio, "for here my unhappy friend told me many times the story of his misfortune. There, he told me, he first saw that mortal enemy of the human race, and there too was where he first declared to her his love, as honorable as it was ardent, and there, the last time, Marcela finally disillusioned and disdained him, so that he put an end to the tragedy of his miserable life. And here, in memory of so many misfortunes, he wished to be laid in the bowels of eternal oblivion."

And, turning to Don Quixote and the travelers, he went on, saying:

"This body, sirs, that you are looking upon with pitying eyes, was the vessel of a soul in which heaven placed a boundless share of its riches. That is the body of Grisóstomo, who was unique in

wit, alone in courtesy, supreme in gentleness, a phoenix in friendship, generous beyond measure, grave without presumption, merry without coarseness, and, in short, first in all that it is to be good, and second to none in all that it was to be unfortunate. He loved, and was hated; he adored, and was disdained; he pleaded with a wild beast, he pressed his suit on a marble stone, he ran after the wind, he cried out to solitude, he served ingratitude, from which he gained as his reward to be the spoils of death in the middle of the course of his life, which was brought to an end by a shepherdess whom he was trying to make eternal so that she might live on in people's memory, as those papers you are looking at could well show, had he not ordered me to commit them to the fire once I had committed his body to the earth." "You would treat them with more harshness and cruelty," said Vivaldo, "than their own master, for it is neither just nor wise to carry out the will of one whose orders go beyond all reasonable thinking. And Augustus Caesar would not have been thought wise had he allowed what the divine Mantuan[1] left ordered in his will to be carried out. So, Señor Ambrosio, though you give your friend's body to the earth, do not seek to give his writings to oblivion; for if he gave the order as a man wronged, it is not right for you to carry it out as a man without judgment. Rather, by giving life to these papers, see to it that Marcela's cruelty lives forever, so that it may serve as an example to the living in the times to come, that they may keep away and flee from falling over such precipices; for I and those of us who have come here already know the story of this lovesick and despairing friend of yours, and we know your friendship, and the cause of his death, and what he left ordered at the end of his life; from which lamentable story it can be drawn how great Marcela's cruelty has been, and Grisóstomo's love, and the faith of your friendship, together with the end that awaits those who run headlong, with loose rein, down the path that reckless love sets before

their eyes. Last night we learned of Grisóstomo's death and that he was to be buried in this place; and so, out of curiosity and pity, we left our direct road and agreed to come and see with our own eyes what had so grieved us in the hearing. And in return for this pity, and for the wish that was born in us to remedy it if we could, we beg you, O wise Ambrosio (at least I, for my part, entreat you), to leave off burning these papers and let me take some of them away."

And, without waiting for the shepherd to answer, he stretched out his hand and took some of those that were nearest; and Ambrosio, seeing this, said:

"Out of courtesy I will allow you, sir, to keep those you have already taken; but to think I will leave off burning the rest is a vain thought."

Vivaldo, who was eager to see what the papers said, at once opened one of them and saw that it bore the title *Song of Despair*. Ambrosio heard this and said:

"That is the last paper the unhappy man wrote; and so that you may see, sir, the state his misfortunes had brought him to, read it so that you can be heard; for the time it takes to dig the grave will give you room enough for it."

"That I will do very gladly," said Vivaldo.

And since all the bystanders had the same wish, they gathered around him; and he, reading in a clear voice, saw that it ran as follows:

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1. Virgil, born near Mantua, who asked in his will that the unfinished *Aeneid* be burned; the emperor Augustus forbade it.

Chapter XIV. In which are set down the despairing verses of the dead shepherd, with other unexpected events

Grisóstomo's Song

Since you would have it, cruel one, proclaimed
from tongue to tongue, from one race to the next,
how great the force of your harsh rigor is,
I will make hell itself impart and lend
to this sad breast of mine a grieving sound
with which to wrench my voice from its common use.
And keeping pace with my desire, which strives
to tell my sorrow and your famous deeds,
the accent of that fearful voice will go,
and mingled in it, for the greater torment,
shreds and fragments of my wretched entrails.
Listen, then, and lend an attentive ear,
not to harmonious sound, but to the noise
that from the depths of my embittered breast,
driven by a frenzy I cannot resist,
comes forth to give me pleasure and you spite.

The roaring of the lion, the fierce wolf's
fear-striking howl, the horrid hissing note
of the scaly serpent, the appalling
bellow of some monster, the foreboding
croak of the crow, and the thundering
of wind that grapples with the restless sea;
the implacable bellowing of the bull
already vanquished, and the widowed dove's
heartfelt cooing; the doleful singing
of the envied owl, together with the weeping
of all the black and hellish company:
let them pour forth together with my grieving soul,
mingled in a single sound, in such a way
that every sense is thrown into confusion,
because the cruel pain I find in me
demands new modes and measures for its telling.

Not father Tagus' sands shall ever hear
the doleful echoes of such wild confusion,
nor shall the olive groves of famous Betis:
for there my bitter sorrows will be scattered,
on lofty crags and down in hollows deep,
with a dead tongue and with living words;
or else in darkened valleys, or on shores
that shun all comers, bare of human dealings,
or where the sun has never shown its light,
or in the midst of the envenomed throng
of savage beasts the Libyan plain sustains;
for though in the deserted wastes and moors
the hoarse and wavering echoes of my woe
resound with your unmatched severity,
by privilege of my brief and meager fate
they will be carried through the whole wide world.

Disdain can kill; and patience is laid low
by a suspicion, whether true or false;
jealousy kills with a harsher rigor still;
long absence throws a life into disorder;
against the fear of being forgotten,
firm hope of happy fortune is no help.
In each of these lies certain, unavoidable death;
but I, a miracle never seen, live on,
jealous, absent, disdained, and certain
of the suspicions that have struck me dead;
and in oblivion, where I fan my fire;
and, among so many torments, never
does my sight catch even a shadow of hope,
nor do I, despairing, seek it out;
rather, to go to the extreme in my complaint,
I swear to be forever without it.

Can one, by any chance, in the same instant
both hope and fear, or is it right to do so,
when the causes of the fear are surer?
If cruel jealousy stands there before me,
must I shut these eyes, if I must see it
through a thousand wounds laid open in my soul?
Who will not fling the doors wide open
to mistrust, when he beholds
disdain laid bare, and suspicions
(oh, bitter transformation!) turned to truths,
and the pure truth turned into a lie?
O you fierce tyrants in the kingdom of love,
jealousies, put a blade into these hands!
Give me, disdain, a twisted rope.
But woe is me, for with a cruel victory
the memory of you stifles all endurance.

I die, then, in the end; and so I may not hope
for a good outcome in my death or life,
I will stand stubborn in my fantasy.
I will say that he who loves well chooses well,
and that the soul most yielded is most free
beneath the ancient tyranny of love.
I will say that she, forever my enemy,
has a soul as lovely as her body,
and that her forgetting springs from my own fault,
and that, as proof of all the ills he does us,
love keeps his empire in a righteous peace.
And with this opinion and a hard noose,
hastening the miserable term
to which her disdain has led me,
I will offer to the winds both body and soul,
with no laurel or palm of blessings to come.

You, who with so many unreasons show
the reason that compels me to do justice
upon this weary life that I abhor,
since now you see the plain proof given you
by this deep wound within my heart
of how gladly I offer myself to your rigor,
if by chance you know that I deserve
to have the clear sky of your lovely eyes
clouded at my death, do not do it;
for I would have you make no amends at all
as I give you the spoils of my soul.
Rather, with laughter at the fatal hour,
make plain that my end was your holiday;
but it is great folly to warn you of this,
for I know well your glory is known to lie
in my life's coming to its end so soon.

Let Tantalus, for now it is time, come up
from the deep abyss with his thirst; let Sisyphus come
with the terrible weight of his stone;
let Tityus bring his vulture, and likewise
let Egïón with his wheel not linger,
nor the sisters who labor without end;
and all together let them carry over
their mortal anguish into my breast, and in low voices
—if such are owed to one who died despairing—sing
obsequies of mourning, sorrowful and sad,
over the body denied even a shroud.
And let the three-faced porter of hell,
with a thousand other chimeras and monsters,
carry the doleful counterpoint;
for no better pomp than this, it seems to me,
does a lover who has died deserve.

Song of despair, do not complain
when you leave my sad company;
rather, since the cause from which you were born
increases her good fortune with my misfortune,
do not be sad even in the grave.

Grisóstomo's song pleased those who had been listening, though the one who read it said that it did not seem to him to agree with the account he had heard of Marcela's modesty and goodness, because in it Grisóstomo complained of jealousy, suspicions, and absence, all to the prejudice of Marcela's good credit and good name. To which Ambrosio, as one who knew well his friend's most hidden thoughts, replied: "So that you may be satis-

fied on that doubt, sir, you should know that when this unhappy man wrote this song he was away from Marcela, having gone away from her of his own will, to see whether absence would deal with him according to its usual laws. And since there is nothing that does not wear down the absent lover and no fear that does not overtake him, so Grisóstomo was worn down by imagined jealousies and dreaded suspicions as if they were real. And with this the truth that rumor proclaims of Marcela's goodness stands where it should; for apart from being cruel, and a little arrogant, and very disdainful, envy itself neither should nor can find any fault in her."

"That is the truth," answered Vivaldo.

And, as he was about to read another of the papers he had saved from the fire, he was stopped by a marvelous vision—for so it seemed—that suddenly presented itself to their eyes; and it was that, on top of the rock where the grave was being dug, there appeared the shepherdess Marcela, so beautiful that her beauty surpassed her fame. Those who had not seen her until then gazed at her in wonder and silence, and those who were already used to seeing her were no less spellbound than those who had never seen her. But no sooner had Ambrosio seen her than, with every sign of an indignant spirit, he said to her:

"Have you come, perhaps, O fierce basilisk of these mountains, to see whether at your presence the wounds of this wretched man whose life your cruelty took will bleed? Or have you come to glory in the cruel exploits of your nature, or to watch from that height, like another pitiless Nero, the burning of his blazing Rome, or arrogantly to trample on this unhappy corpse, as the ungrateful daughter trampled on that of her father Tarquinius? Tell us quickly what you have come for, or what it is that pleases you most; for, knowing as I do that Grisóstomo's thoughts never failed to obey

you in life, I will see to it that, even now that he is dead, the thoughts of all those who called themselves his friends obey you."

"I have not come, O Ambrosio, for any of the things you have said," answered Marcela, "but to speak up for myself, and to make it understood how far from reason all those are who blame me for their sufferings and for Grisóstomo's death; and so I beg all of you who are here to listen to me, for it will not take much time or the spending of many words to persuade sensible people of a truth.

"Heaven made me, as you say, beautiful, and so beautiful that, without your being able to help it, my beauty moves you to love me; and because of the love you show me, you say, and even insist, that I am obliged to love you. I know, with the natural understanding God has given me, that everything beautiful is lovable; but I cannot see that, by reason of being loved, what is loved for its beauty is obliged to love the one who loves it. What is more, it could happen that the lover of the beautiful was ugly, and, since the ugly deserves to be shunned, it is very unfitting to say, 'I love you because you are beautiful; you must love me though I am ugly.' But even supposing the beauty is equal on both sides, it does not follow that the desires must run equal, for not all beauty kindles love; some delights the eye and does not conquer the will; for if all beauties kindled love and conquered, wills would go about confused and astray, not knowing where to come to rest; because, since beautiful objects are infinite, desires would have to be infinite too. And, as I have heard it said, true love is not divided, and must be voluntary and not forced. This being so, as I believe it is, why do you want me to surrender my will by force, obliged to it for no other reason than that you say you love me? Or else tell me: if heaven, which made me beautiful, had made me ugly, would it be just for me to complain of you because you did not love me? Besides, you must consider that I did not choose the beauty I have; for, such as it is, heaven gave it to me freely, without my asking for

it or choosing it. And just as the viper does not deserve to be blamed for the venom it carries, though it kills with it, since nature gave it that venom, neither do I deserve to be reproached for being beautiful; for beauty in a modest woman is like a fire set apart or a sharp sword: the one does not burn and the other does not cut anyone who does not come near them. Honor and virtue are the adornments of the soul, without which the body, though it may be beautiful, ought not to seem so. Then if modesty is one of the virtues that most adorn and beautify both body and soul, why should she who is loved for her beauty lose it in order to answer the wishes of one who, for his pleasure alone, tries with all his strength and cunning to make her lose it?

"I was born free, and to be able to live free I chose the solitude of the fields. The trees of these mountains are my company, the clear waters of these streams my mirrors; to the trees and to the waters I confide my thoughts and my beauty. I am a fire set apart and a sword laid far away. Those whom I have made fall in love with the sight of me I have undeceived with my words. And if desires are fed on hopes, since I gave none to Grisóstomo or to anyone else, it may well be said of the end of every one of them that it was his own persistence that killed him rather than my cruelty. And if it is held against me that his intentions were honorable, and that I was therefore obliged to answer them, I say that when, in this very place where his grave is now being dug, he revealed to me the goodness of his intentions, I told him that my own intention was to live forever alone and to let the earth alone enjoy the fruit of my retirement and the spoils of my beauty; and if he, with all this plain warning, chose to persist against hope and sail against the wind, what wonder is it that he drowned in the middle of the gulf of his folly? If I had led him on, I would have been false; if I had satisfied him, I would have acted against my own better intention and purpose. He persisted when he had been unde-

ceived, he despaired without being hated: consider now whether it is reasonable that I should be blamed for his suffering! Let the one who was deceived complain, let the one whose promised hopes failed him despair, let the one I may call be confident, let the one I may admit be proud; but let no one call me cruel or a murderess to whom I make no promise, whom I do not deceive, call, or admit.

"Heaven has not yet willed that I should love by destiny, and to think that I must love by choice is idle. Let this general undeceiving serve each one of those who woo me for his own particular good; and let it be understood from now on that if anyone dies for me, he does not die of jealousy or ill fortune, for she who loves no one can give no one cause for jealousy, and plain dealing is not to be taken for disdain. Let him who calls me a wild beast and a basilisk leave me alone as something harmful and evil; let him who calls me ungrateful not serve me; him who calls me distant, keep his distance from me; him who calls me cruel, not follow me; for this wild beast, this basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel, and distant woman will in no way seek, serve, know, or follow them. For if Grisóstomo was killed by his impatience and his reckless desire, why should my modest conduct and reserve be blamed? If I keep my purity in the company of the trees, why should he who wants me to keep it among men want me to lose it? I, as you know, have riches of my own and do not covet those of others; I am free by nature and have no liking for subjection: I love no one and hate no one. I do not deceive this man or court that one, I do not trifle with one or amuse myself with another. The honest conversation of the shepherd girls of these villages and the care of my goats keep me occupied. My desires have these mountains for their boundary, and if they go beyond them, it is to contemplate the beauty of heaven, the steps by which the soul travels to its first dwelling."

And, having said this, without waiting to hear any reply, she turned her back and went into the thickest part of a wood that lay nearby, leaving all who were there amazed as much at her good sense as at her beauty. And some of them—those who had been wounded by the mighty arrow of the rays of her lovely eyes—showed signs of wanting to follow her, without profiting from the plain undeceiving they had heard. Seeing this, Don Quixote, who thought this was a fitting occasion to put his knighthood to use by succoring damsels in distress, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and said in a loud and clear voice:

"Let no person, of whatever estate and condition he may be, dare to follow the beautiful Marcela, on pain of falling under my furious indignation. She has shown with clear and sufficient reasons how little or no blame she has had in Grisóstomo's death, and how far she lives from yielding to the desires of any of her lovers; for which reason it is just that, instead of being followed and pursued, she should be honored and esteemed by all good people in the world, for she shows that she is the only woman in it who lives with so modest an intention."

Whether it was because of Don Quixote's threats, or because Ambrosio told them to finish what they owed to their good friend, none of the shepherds stirred or left the spot until, the grave being finished and Grisóstomo's papers burned, they laid his body in it, not without many tears from the bystanders. They closed the grave with a great rock until a slab was finished which, as Ambrosio said, he meant to have made, with an epitaph that was to read in this way:

Here lies a lover's body,
wretched and frozen cold,
who was a shepherd of the flock,
lost through being unloved.
He died at the hands of the rigor
of a coy, ungrateful beauty,
through whom love's tyranny
widens its empire still.

Then they scattered many flowers and boughs over the top of the grave, and, all offering their condolences to his friend Ambrosio, they took their leave of him. Vivaldo and his companion did the same, and Don Quixote took leave of his hosts and of the travelers, who begged him to come with them to Seville, since it was a place so well suited for finding adventures that they offered themselves in every street and around every corner more than in any other. Don Quixote thanked them for the advice and for the goodwill they showed in wishing to do him a kindness, and said that for the present he neither wished nor ought to go to Seville until he had rid all those mountains of the miscreant robbers with which, it was said, they were all full. Seeing his firm resolve, the travelers did not wish to press him further, but, taking their leave once more, they left him and went on their way, on which they did not lack for things to talk about, both the story of Marcela and Grisóstomo and the madness of Don Quixote. He made up his mind to go in search of the shepherdess Marcela and offer her all that he could do in her service. But it did not turn out for him as he thought, as is told in the course of this true history, the second part coming to an end here.

The Third Part of the Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha

Chapters XV–XXVII

Chapter XV. In which is told the unlucky adventure Don Quixote ran into when he ran into some heartless Yangüeses

The sage Cide Hamete Benengeli tells that, as soon as Don Quixote had taken leave of his hosts and of all who were present at the burial of the shepherd Grisóstomo, he and his squire went into the same wood into which they had seen the shepherdess Marcela go; and after riding through it for more than two hours, searching for her everywhere without being able to find her, they came to a halt in a meadow full of fresh grass, beside which ran a stream so gentle and so cool that it invited, and indeed compelled, them to spend there the hours of the midday heat, which was beginning to set in fiercely.

Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, and, leaving the donkey and Rocinante free to graze at their ease on the plentiful grass that grew there, they plundered the saddlebags, and, without any ceremony, in good peace and fellowship, master and man ate what they found in them.

Sancho had not troubled to hobble Rocinante, sure that he knew him to be so meek and so little given to lust that all the mares in the pastures of Córdoba would not lead him astray. Fate, then, and the devil, who does not always sleep, ordained that there was grazing in that valley a herd of Galician ponies belonging to some Galician muleteers, whose custom it is to take their midday rest with their string of animals in spots and places where there is grass and water; and the one where Don Quixote happened to be

suited the Galicians very well. It happened, then, that Rocinante took a fancy to sport with those fair lady ponies; and, leaving his natural pace and habit as soon as he smelled them, without asking his master's leave, he broke into a smart little trot and went off to make his need known to them. But they, who, as it seemed, must have had more mind to graze than to anything else, received him with their hooves and their teeth in such a way that in a short while his girths were broken and he was left without a saddle, as bare as he was born. But what he must have felt more was that the muleteers, seeing the violence being done to their mares, ran up with stakes and gave him so many blows that they knocked him down on the ground in a sorry state.

By this time Don Quixote and Sancho, who had seen Rocinante's beating, came up panting; and Don Quixote said to Sancho:

"From what I see, Sancho, my friend, these are not knights but base folk of low breeding. I say this because you may well help me take due vengeance for the outrage done to Rocinante before our very eyes."

"What the devil kind of vengeance are we to take," answered Sancho, "if there are more than twenty of them and no more than two of us, and maybe only one and a half?"

"I am worth a hundred," replied Don Quixote.

And, without further speeches, he laid hand to his sword and charged the Galicians, and Sancho Panza did the same, stirred and moved by his master's example. And at the very first, Don Quixote dealt one of them a slash that laid open the leather jerkin he was wearing, along with a good part of his back. The Galicians, seeing themselves so mistreated by those two men alone when there were so many of them, ran to their stakes, and, catching the two of them in the middle, began to rain blows on them thick and fast with great zeal and vehemence. The truth is that at the second

stroke they brought Sancho to the ground, and the same befell Don Quixote, for all his skill and his good courage; and his luck would have it that he fell at the feet of Rocinante, who had not yet got up; which shows the fury with which stakes pound when they are put in rough and angry hands.

The Galicians, then, seeing the mischief they had done, loaded up their animals as fast as they could and went on their way, leaving the two adventurers in a sorry plight and a worse temper.

The first to feel his hurts was Sancho Panza; and, finding himself beside his master, he said in a weak and pitiful voice:

"Señor Don Quixote! Oh, Señor Don Quixote!"

"What is it, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote, in the same faint and doleful tone as Sancho.

"I'd like, if it's possible," answered Sancho Panza, "for your grace to give me two swallows of that drink of Feo Blas, the Ugly Blas, if your grace has it there to hand. Maybe it will do some good for broken bones the way it does for wounds."

"Why, if I had it here, unhappy man that I am, what would we lack?" answered Don Quixote. "But I swear to you, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days have passed, unless fortune orders otherwise, I will have it in my possession, or my hands will fail me badly."

"Well, in how many days does your grace think we'll be able to move our feet?" replied Sancho Panza.

"For my part," said the battered knight Don Quixote, "I can say that I cannot set a limit to those days. But I am to blame for all of it, for I should not have laid hand to my sword against men who were not dubbed knights as I am; and so I believe that, as a penalty for having broken the laws of chivalry, the god of battles has allowed this punishment to be dealt me. For which reason, Sancho Panza, you had best take note of what I am about to tell you, for it matters greatly to the health of us both; and it is that when you

see that such rabble do us some wrong, you are not to wait for me to lay hand to my sword against them, for I will by no means do it; instead, lay hand to your own sword and punish them to your heart's content; and if knights should come to their aid and defense, I will know how to defend you and attack them with all my might; for you will already have seen by a thousand signs and trials how far the valor of this mighty arm of mine extends."

So arrogant had the poor gentleman become with his victory over the valiant Biscayan. But his master's advice did not seem so good to Sancho Panza that he failed to answer it, saying:

"Sir, I am a peaceable man, meek and quiet, and I know how to disassemble any insult, because I've got a wife and children to keep and bring up. So let your grace take this as a warning too, since it can't be an order: in no way will I lay hand to my sword, either against peasant or against knight; and from here till I stand before God, I forgive all the wrongs they've done me and will do me, whether the one who has done them, or does them, or will do them, is high or low, rich or poor, hidalgo or commoner, without excepting any estate or condition whatever."

When his master heard this, he answered him:

"I wish I had the breath to speak a little at my ease, and that the pain I have in this rib would ease somewhat, so that I might make you understand, Panza, the error you are in. Come here, you sinner: if the wind of fortune, so contrary until now, should turn in our favor, filling the sails of our desire so that we safely and without any hindrance make port in one of the isles I have promised you, what would become of you if, when I won it, I made you lord of it? Will you make it impossible by not being a knight, nor wishing to be one, nor having the courage or the intention to avenge your injuries and defend your lordship? For you must understand that, in kingdoms and provinces lately conquered, the hearts of the natives are never so settled, nor so much on the side of their

new lord, that there is no fear of their making some change to upset things again and, as they say, try their luck once more; and so the new possessor must have the understanding to know how to govern himself and the courage to attack and defend himself in whatever may happen."

"In what has happened to us just now," answered Sancho, "I'd have liked to have that understanding and that courage your grace speaks of; but I swear to you, on the faith of a poor man, that I'm more in need of poultices than of speeches. See, your grace, whether you can get up, and we'll help Rocinante, though he doesn't deserve it, because he was the main cause of this whole pounding. I never would have believed it of Rocinante; I took him for a chaste person and as peaceable as I am. Well, they're right when they say you need a long time to get to know people, and that there's nothing sure in this life. Who would have said that after those great slashes your grace gave that unlucky knight-errant there would come, posthaste and hard on their heels, this great storm of blows that has burst over our backs?" "Yours, at least, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "must be used to such squalls; but mine, brought up among fine muslins and Holland linen, will plainly feel the pain of this misfortune more. And were it not that I imagine… what am I saying, imagine? I know for certain that all these discomforts are bound up with the exercise of arms, I would let myself die here of sheer vexation."

To this the squire replied:

"Sir, since these misfortunes are part of the harvest of chivalry, tell me, your grace, whether they happen very often or whether they have set seasons when they come; because it seems to me that after two harvests we'll be useless for the third, if God in His infinite mercy doesn't help us."

"Know, Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "that a knight-errant's life lies open to a thousand perils and misadven-

tures; and, no more and no less, knights-errant are in near potential of becoming kings and emperors, as experience has shown in many different knights whose histories I know through and through. And I could tell you now, if the pain allowed me, of some who by the valor of their arm alone have risen to the high ranks I have spoken of; and these same men found themselves, before and after, in sundry calamities and miseries. For the valiant Amadís of Gaul found himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arcaláus the enchanter, of whom it is held as proven that, while he had him prisoner, he gave him more than two hundred lashes with his horse's reins, tied to a pillar in a courtyard. And there is even a secret author, and of no small credit, who says that the Knight of Phoebus was caught by a certain trapdoor that gave way under his feet in a certain castle, and on falling he found himself in a deep pit underground, bound hand and foot, and there they gave him one of those things they call clysters, of snow water and sand, which nearly finished him; and if he had not been rescued in that great woe by a sage who was a great friend of his, the poor knight would have fared very badly. So I may well go through this among so many good people; for the affronts those men suffered are greater than those we are suffering now. For I would have you know, Sancho, that wounds dealt with instruments that happen to be in one's hands are no affront; and this is set down in the law of the duel in express words: that if a shoemaker strikes another with the last he has in his hand, though it is truly made of wood, it will not therefore be said that the man he struck with it has been cudgeled. I say this so that you will not think that, though we have come out of this fray pounded, we have come out of it affronted; for the only weapons those men had, the ones they pounded us with, were their stakes, and none of them, as far as I remember, had rapier, sword, or dagger."

"They didn't give me room," answered Sancho, "to look into all that; for no sooner had I laid hand to my Tizona than they blessed my shoulders with their pine logs, so that they took the sight from my eyes and the strength from my feet and laid me out where I'm lying now, and where it doesn't trouble me at all to wonder whether the cudgeling was an affront or not, the way the pain of the blows troubles me, which are going to stay printed on my memory as well as on my back."

"For all that, I would have you know, brother Panza," replied Don Quixote, "that there is no memory that time does not put an end to, nor pain that death does not consume."

"Well, what worse misfortune could there be," replied Panza, "than one that has to wait for time to finish it off and for death to consume it? If this misfortune of ours were one of those that are cured with a couple of poultices, it wouldn't be so bad; but I'm beginning to see that all the plasters in a hospital won't be enough even to put them on the mend."

"Leave off that and draw strength from weakness, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for so will I, and let us see how Rocinante is; for, as it seems to me, the poor creature has not had the smallest share of this misfortune."

"There's nothing to wonder at in that," answered Sancho, "since he's such a good knight-errant too; what I wonder at is that my donkey has come off free and clear of costs, where we come off clear of ribs."

"Fortune always leaves a door open in misfortunes, to bring a remedy for them," said Don Quixote. "I say this because that little beast will be able to make up now for the lack of Rocinante, carrying me from here to some castle where I can be cured of my wounds. And what is more, I will not count such a mount a dishonor, for I remember having read that the good old Silenus, tutor and teacher of the merry god of laughter, made his entry into the

hundred-gated city riding very much at his pleasure on a very handsome ass."

"It may be true that he rode mounted, as your grace says," answered Sancho, "but there's a big difference between riding mounted and going slung across like a sack of rubbish."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"Wounds received in battle give honor rather than take it away. So, Panza, my friend, do not answer me back any more, but, as I have told you, get up as best you can and put me on top of your donkey in whatever way pleases you best, and let us be gone from here before night comes and catches us in this wilderness."

"But I've heard your grace say," said Panza, "that it's very much the way of knights-errant to sleep on the moors and in the wilds most of the year, and that they count it great good fortune."

"That is," said Don Quixote, "when they can do no better, or when they are in love; and this is so true that there has been a knight who stayed on a rock, in sun and shade and all the harshness of the skies, for two years, without his lady knowing of it. And one of these was Amadís, when, calling himself Beltenebros, he took up his lodging on the Peña Pobre, the Poor Rock, for eight years or eight months, I cannot say which, since I am not too certain of the count: enough that he was there doing penance for I know not what displeasure the lady Oriana caused him. But let us leave this now, Sancho, and be quick, before some other misfortune befalls the donkey, as it did Rocinante."

"That really would be the devil," said Sancho.

And, letting out thirty groans and sixty sighs and a hundred and twenty curses and oaths against whoever had brought him there, he got up, stopping bent over halfway, like a Turkish bow, unable to straighten up all the way; and with all this toil he got his ass ready, who had also gone somewhat astray with the excessive freedom of that day. Then he got Rocinante up, who, had he had a

tongue to complain with, would surely not have lagged behind Sancho or his master.

In short, Sancho settled Don Quixote on the ass and tied Rocinante on behind; and, leading the ass by the halter, he made his way, more or less, toward where it seemed to him the highroad might be. And fortune, which was steering his affairs from good to better, had not let him go a short league before it brought him to the road, on which he caught sight of an inn that, to his dismay and to Don Quixote's delight, had to be a castle. Sancho insisted that it was an inn, and his master that it was not, but a castle; and the dispute lasted so long that they had time, without settling it, to reach the place, into which Sancho went, without further inquiry, with his whole string of animals.

Chapter XVI. Of what befell the ingenious hidalgo in the inn that he imagined to be a castle

When the innkeeper saw Don Quixote lying crosswise on the ass, he asked Sancho what ailed him. Sancho answered that it was nothing, only that he had taken a fall down from a rock and his ribs were somewhat bruised. The innkeeper had for a wife a woman not of the sort that those in that trade usually have, for she was charitable by nature and grieved over the misfortunes of her neighbors; and so she came at once to tend Don Quixote, and had a daughter of hers, a maiden, young and very good-looking, help her tend her guest. There was also serving at the inn an Asturian girl, broad in the face, flat in the back of the head, snub-nosed, blind in one eye and not very sound in the other. True, the shapeliness of her body made up for her other faults: she did not stand seven palms from her feet to her head, and her shoulders, which weighed on her somewhat, made her look at the ground more than she would have liked. This graceful lass, then, helped the maiden, and the two of them made Don Quixote a very bad bed in an attic which gave clear signs of having served in other days as a hayloft for many years. In it there also lodged a muleteer, who had his bed made a little beyond our Don Quixote's. And though his was made of the packsaddles and blankets of his mules, it was a great deal better than Don Quixote's, which consisted only of four roughly planed boards on two benches of not very equal height, and a mattress so thin it looked like a coverlet, full of lumps which, had they

not shown through some rips that they were wool, would have seemed to the touch, for hardness, to be pebbles, and two sheets made of shield leather, and a blanket whose threads, had anyone cared to count them, he would not have missed a single one in the count. On this accursed bed Don Quixote lay down, and then the innkeeper's wife and her daughter plastered him from top to bottom, with Maritornes, for so the Asturian was called, holding the light for them; and as the innkeeper's wife, while she was applying the poultices, saw Don Quixote so black and blue in places, she said that these looked more like blows than a fall.

"They weren't blows," said Sancho, "it's just that the rock had a lot of points and knobs on it."

And that each one had made its own bruise. And he also said to her:

"Please, your grace, madam, see that you leave some of the tow over, for there'll be someone who needs it; my back hurts me a bit too."

"In that case," answered the innkeeper's wife, "you must have fallen too."

"I didn't fall," said Sancho Panza, "but from the fright I got at seeing my master fall, my body hurts me so much it feels as if they'd given me a thousand blows."

"That may well be," said the maiden, "for it has often happened to me that I dreamed I was falling down from a tower and never got to the ground, and when I woke up from the dream I found myself as bruised and broken as if I had really fallen."

"That's just the point, miss," answered Sancho Panza, "for I, without dreaming anything, but being more awake than I am now, find myself with hardly fewer bruises than my master Don Quixote."

"What is this gentleman's name?" asked Maritornes the Asturian.

"Don Quixote of La Mancha," answered Sancho Panza, "and he's a knight-adventurer, and one of the best and strongest that have been seen in the world for a long time back."

"What's a knight-adventurer?" replied the girl.

"Are you so new to the world that you don't know?" answered Sancho Panza. "Well, know, my sister, that a knight-adventurer is something that in the space of two words gets himself cudgeled and made an emperor. Today he is the most wretched creature in the world and the neediest, and tomorrow he might have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give his squire."

"Then how is it that you, being squire to so good a lord," said the innkeeper's wife, "don't have, by the look of it, so much as a county?"

"It's still early," answered Sancho, "because it's only a month we've been out looking for adventures, and so far we haven't run into one that deserves the name. And sometimes you go looking for one thing and find another. The truth is that if my master Don Quixote gets well of this wound, or fall, and I'm not left crippled by it, I wouldn't trade my hopes for the best title in Spain."

Don Quixote was listening very attentively to all this talk, and, sitting up in the bed as best he could and taking the innkeeper's wife by the hand, he said to her:

"Believe me, beauteous lady, you may call yourself fortunate for having lodged my person in this your castle, which person is such that, if I do not praise it, it is because of what is commonly said, that self-praise debases; but my squire will tell you who I am. I only say to you that I will keep forever written in my memory the service you have done me, to thank you for it as long as my life endures; and would to high heaven that love did not hold me so conquered and so subject to its laws, and to the eyes of that beautiful ungrateful one whom I name between my teeth; for then the eyes of this fair damsel would be masters of my freedom."

The innkeeper's wife and her daughter and good Maritornes were bewildered as they listened to the words of the knight-errant, which they understood as if he were speaking Greek, though they could tell that they all tended toward offers of service and compliments; and, not being used to such language, they stared at him and wondered at him, and he seemed to them a different sort of man from those they were used to; and, thanking him for his offers in innkeepers' words, they left him; and Maritornes the Asturian tended Sancho, who needed it no less than his master.

The muleteer had arranged with her that the two of them would take their pleasure together that night, and she had given him her word that, as soon as the guests were quiet and her masters asleep, she would come looking for him and satisfy his desire in whatever he asked. And it is told of this good lass that she never gave such a word without keeping it, even if she gave it in the woods and without any witness; for she prided herself greatly on being of hidalgo stock, and did not count it a disgrace to be employed in serving at the inn, because, she said, misfortunes and bad luck had brought her to that state.

Don Quixote's hard, narrow, mean, and treacherous bed stood first, in the middle of that starry stable, and next to it Sancho made his, which consisted only of a rush mat and a blanket that looked more like sheared canvas than wool. After these two beds came the muleteer's, made, as has been said, of the packsaddles and all the gear of the two finest of his mules, though he had twelve, glossy, plump, and famous, for he was one of the rich muleteers of Arévalo, according to the author of this history, who makes special mention of this muleteer because he knew him very well, and some will even have it that he was some kin of his. Besides which, Cide Mahamate Benengeli was a very careful historian and very exact in all things; and this is plain to see, since the

things that have been told, small and paltry as they are, he would not pass over in silence; from which grave historians may take an example, who tell us of actions so briefly and succinctly that they hardly reach our lips, leaving in the inkwell, through carelessness, malice, or ignorance, the most substantial part of the work. A thousand blessings on the author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and on him of that other book in which the deeds of Count Tomillas are told; and with what exactness they describe everything!

I say, then, that after the muleteer had looked in on his string and given them their second feed, he stretched out on his pack-saddles and settled down to wait for his most exact Maritornes. Sancho was by now poulticed and in bed, and though he tried to sleep, the pain in his ribs would not let him; and Don Quixote, with the pain in his own, had his eyes open like a hare's. The whole inn was silent, and in all of it there was no other light than what was given by a lamp that hung burning in the middle of the gateway.

This marvelous stillness, and the thoughts our knight always carried with him of the events that are told at every turn in the books that were the authors of his misfortune, brought to his imagination one of the strangest follies that can well be imagined. And it was that he imagined he had come to a famous castle—for, as has been said, all the inns where he lodged were castles in his eyes—and that the innkeeper's daughter was the daughter of the lord of the castle, and that she, overcome by his gallant bearing, had fallen in love with him and had promised that that night, without her parents' knowledge, she would come and lie with him for a good while; and, taking all this fantasy, which he had built for himself, as firm and true, he began to fret and to think of the perilous trial his chastity was about to face, and he resolved in his heart not to commit treason against his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, even if Queen Guinevere herself, with her lady Quintañona, should present herself before him.

Thinking, then, of these absurdities, the time and the hour came—an ill-starred one for him—of the Asturian's coming, who, in her shift and barefoot, her hair gathered up in a fustian net, with silent and wary steps, came into the room where the three were lodged, in search of the muleteer. But scarcely had she reached the door when Don Quixote heard her, and, sitting up in bed in spite of his plasters and with pain in his ribs, he opened his arms to receive his beauteous damsel. The Asturian girl, who, all hunched up and keeping quiet, was going along with her hands out in front of her looking for her sweetheart, ran into Don Quixote's arms, and he caught her tightly by one wrist and, drawing her toward him, without her daring to say a word, made her sit down on the bed. Then he felt her shift, and, though it was of sackcloth, to him it seemed to be of the finest and sheerest silk. She wore some glass beads on her wrists, but to him they gave off the gleam of precious Oriental pearls. Her hair, which in some ways came close to a horse's mane, he took for threads of the brightest Arabian gold, whose splendor darkened that of the sun itself. And her breath, which no doubt smelled of stale cold salad left over from the night before, seemed to him to waft from her mouth a sweet and aromatic fragrance; and, in short, he pictured her in his imagination in the same shape and manner as he had read in his books of that other princess who came, overcome by love, to see the sorely wounded knight, with all the adornments that are set down here. And so great was the poor hidalgo's blindness that neither touch, nor breath, nor other things the good maiden carried about her, which could have made anyone but a muleteer vomit, undeceived him; on the contrary, it seemed to him that he held in his arms the goddess of beauty. And, holding her fast, he began to say to her in a low and loving voice:

"Would that I found myself in a position, beauteous and exalted lady, to repay so great a favor as that which the sight of your great

beauteousness hath done me, but fortune, which never tires of persecuting the good, has seen fit to lay me in this bed, where I lie so broken and battered that, though my will might wish to satisfy yours, it would be impossible. And what is more, to this impossibility is added another, greater one, which is the plighted faith I have given to the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole lady of my most hidden thoughts; for were this not in the way, I would not be so witless a knight as to let slip by the fortunate occasion in which your great goodness has placed me."

Maritornes was in the greatest distress and all in a sweat at finding herself held so fast by Don Quixote, and, without understanding or paying attention to the words he was saying to her, she was trying, without uttering a word, to free herself. The good muleteer, whom his wicked desires kept awake, had heard his doxy from the moment she came in at the door; he had been listening attentively to everything Don Quixote said, and, jealous that the Asturian had broken her word to him for another, he came closer and closer to Don Quixote's bed and stood still to see where those words would end, which he could not understand. But when he saw that the girl was struggling to get free and Don Quixote was striving to hold her, the joke struck him as a bad one, and he raised his arm on high and brought down so terrible a punch on the lean jaws of the enamored knight that he bathed his whole mouth in blood; and, not content with this, he climbed up onto his ribs and, at rather more than a trot, paced them all from one end to the other.

The bed, which was rather flimsy and stood on no firm foundations, unable to bear the addition of the muleteer, came down to the floor, at whose great crash the innkeeper woke up, and at once imagined it must be some brawl of Maritornes's, because, though he had shouted for her, she did not answer. With this suspicion he got up, and, lighting an oil lamp, went toward where he had heard

the scuffle. The girl, seeing that her master was coming, and that he had a terrible temper, all frightened and flustered, took refuge in the bed of Sancho Panza, who was still asleep, and there she huddled up and curled into a ball. The innkeeper came in saying:

"Where are you, whore? I'll wager this is your doing."

At this Sancho woke up, and, feeling that bulk almost on top of him, he thought he was having a nightmare and began to throw punches this way and that, and among others he landed I don't know how many on Maritornes, who, smarting from the pain, cast modesty to the winds and paid Sancho back with so many that, much against his will, she drove the sleep from him; and he, seeing himself treated this way without knowing by whom, raised himself up as best he could and grappled with Maritornes, and between the two of them there began the hardest-fought and most comical skirmish in the world. The muleteer, then, seeing by the light of the innkeeper's lamp how it was going with his lady, left Don Quixote and ran to give her the help she needed. The innkeeper did the same, but with a different intention, for he went to punish the girl, believing no doubt that she alone was the cause of all that harmony. And so, as the saying goes, the cat at the rat, the rat at the rope, the rope at the stick: the muleteer was hitting Sancho, Sancho the girl, the girl him, the innkeeper the girl, and they were all laying on so fast that none of them gave himself a moment's respite; and the best of it was that the innkeeper's lamp died, and, once they were in darkness, they all hit out so mercilessly at random that wherever they laid a hand they left nothing whole.

There happened to be lodging at the inn that night a trooper of those they call of the Old Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, who, likewise hearing the strange din of the fight, grabbed his short staff of office and the tin box with his warrants, and went into the room in the dark, saying:

"Halt in the name of the law! Halt in the name of the Holy Brotherhood!"

And the first one he came upon was the battered Don Quixote, who lay on his collapsed bed, stretched out face up, quite senseless, and, groping for his beard and grabbing hold of it, he kept on saying:

"Help for the law!"

But seeing that the man he was holding did not stir or move, he took it that he was dead and that those inside were his killers; and with this suspicion he raised his voice, saying:

"Shut the gate of the inn! See that nobody gets away, for they've killed a man here!"

This cry startled them all, and each one left off the fight at whatever point the cry caught him. The innkeeper withdrew to his room, the muleteer to his packsaddles, the girl to her quarters; only the luckless Don Quixote and Sancho could not move from where they were. At this the trooper let go of Don Quixote's beard and went out in quest of a light so that he could hunt down and arrest the culprits; but he did not find one, because the innkeeper had put out the lamp on purpose when he withdrew to his room, and the trooper was obliged to go to the fireplace, where, with a great deal of trouble and time, he lit another oil lamp.

Chapter XVII. In which are continued the countless troubles that the brave Don Quixote and his good squire Sancho Panza went through in the inn that, to his cost, he took for a castle

By now Don Quixote had come round from his swoon, and, using the very tone with which, the day before, lying flat in the vale of the stakes, he had called to his squire, he began calling him now, saying:

"Sancho, my friend, are you asleep? Are you asleep, friend Sancho?"

"How can I sleep, curse me," answered Sancho, full of grief and spite, "when it looks as if all the devils in hell have been at me tonight?"

"You may well believe it is so, no doubt," answered Don Quixote, "for either I know little or this castle is enchanted. For you must know... But what I wish to tell you now you must swear to keep secret until after my death."

"I swear," answered Sancho.

"I say this," replied Don Quixote, "because I am averse to taking away anyone's honor."

"I say I swear," Sancho said again, "that I'll keep quiet about it until after your grace's days are over, and God grant I may be able to let it out tomorrow." "Do I treat you so badly, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that you would like to see me dead so soon?"

"It isn't that," answered Sancho, "it's just that I'm against keeping things a long time, and I wouldn't want them to go rotten on me from being kept."

"Be that as it may," said Don Quixote, "for I trust more to your love and your courtesy; and so you must know that tonight there has befallen me one of the strangest adventures I could ever extol; and, to tell it to you briefly, you will know that a little while ago there came to me the daughter of the lord of this castle, who is the most comely and beauteous damsel that may be found in a great part of the earth. What could I tell you of the adornment of her person? What of her gallant understanding? What of other hidden things, which, to keep the faith I owe my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, I will let pass untouched and in silence? I wish only to tell you that heaven, envious of so great a good as fortune had placed in my hands, or perhaps, and this is the more certain, because, as I have said, this castle is enchanted, at the moment when I was with her in the sweetest and most loving converse, without my seeing it or knowing where it came from, there came a hand fastened to some arm of some monstrous giant and planted me such a punch on the jaws that I have them all bathed in blood; and afterward it pounded me in such a way that I am worse off than yesterday when the Galicians, because of Rocinante's excesses, did us the wrong you know of. From which I conjecture that the treasure of this damsel's beauty must be guarded by some enchanted Moor, and it must not be meant for me."

"Nor for me either," answered Sancho, "because more than four hundred Moors have thrashed me, so that the pounding of the stakes was cakes and fancy bread. But tell me, sir, how can you call this a good and rare adventure, when it has left us the way it has? Your grace is not so badly off, at least, since you held in your hands that incomparable beauteousness you spoke of; but what did I get, except the worst wallops I expect to get in all my life? Unlucky me,

and the mother who bore me, for I'm not a knight-errant and never mean to be one, and of all the mishaps the biggest share falls to me!"

"Then you have been thrashed too?" answered Don Quixote.

"Haven't I told you so, curse my whole line?" said Sancho.

"Do not worry, my friend," said Don Quixote, "for I will now make the precious balm with which we will be healed in the twinkling of an eye."

At this point the trooper finished lighting his lamp and came in to see the man he thought was dead; and as soon as Sancho saw him come in, seeing him in his shirt, with a cloth around his head and a lamp in his hand, and with a very ugly face, he asked his master:

"Sir, can this be, by any chance, the enchanted Moor, coming back to give us more punishment, if he left anything in the inkwell?"

"It cannot be the Moor," answered Don Quixote, "because enchanted beings do not let themselves be seen by anyone."

"They may not let you see them, but they let you feel them," said Sancho. "If you doubt it, ask my back."

"Mine could tell it too," answered Don Quixote, "but that is not sufficient evidence for believing that this one we see is the enchanted Moor." The trooper came up, and, finding them talking in such calm conversation, he stood bewildered. True, Don Quixote was still lying face up, unable to move, from sheer bruising and plastering. The trooper went up to him and said to him:

"Well, how goes it, my good man?"

"I would speak more civilly," answered Don Quixote, "if I were you. Is it the custom in this land to speak in that way to knights-errant, you blockhead?"

The trooper, seeing himself treated so badly by a man so poor in looks, could not stand it, and, raising the lamp, oil and all, he hit

Don Quixote over the head with it, so that he left him with a fine broken pate; and, as everything was left in darkness, he went out at once; and Sancho Panza said:

"No doubt, sir, this is the enchanted Moor, and he must be keeping the treasure for others, and for us he keeps only the punches and the lamp-bashings."

"So it is," answered Don Quixote, "and there is no point in paying heed to these matters of enchantment, nor any reason to get angry or annoyed with them; for, since they are invisible and phantasmal, we will find no one to take vengeance on, however hard we try. Get up, Sancho, if you can, and call the warden of this fortress, and see that I am given a little oil, wine, salt, and rosemary to make the health-giving balm; for truly I believe I need it badly now, because a great deal of blood is flowing from the wound this phantom has given me."

Sancho got up, his bones aching sorely, and went in the dark to where the innkeeper was; and, meeting the trooper, who was listening to see what would become of his enemy, he said to him:

"Sir, whoever you may be, do us the kindness and favor of giving us a little rosemary, oil, salt, and wine, for it's needed to cure one of the best knights-errant there are on earth, who is lying in that bed, sorely wounded at the hands of the enchanted Moor who is in this inn." When the trooper heard this, he took him for a man out of his wits; and, as day was beginning to break, he opened the gate of the inn, and, calling the innkeeper, told him what that good man wanted. The innkeeper supplied him with all he wanted, and Sancho took it to Don Quixote, who was holding his head in his hands, complaining of the pain from the lamp-bashing, which had done him no more harm than to raise two rather large lumps, and what he thought was blood was nothing but the sweat he was sweating from the anguish of the recent storm. In short, he took his simples, of which he made a compound, mixing them all

together and setting them to boil for a good while, until he judged them done. Then he asked for a flask to pour it into, and, as there was none in the inn, he decided to put it in a tin oil jug or cruet, of which the innkeeper made him a free gift. And then over the jug he said more than eighty Our Fathers and as many Hail Marys, Salves, and Creeds, and with every word he made the sign of the cross by way of blessing; at all of which there were present Sancho, the innkeeper, and the trooper; for the muleteer was by now quietly going about the care of his mules. This done, he himself wished to test at once the virtue of that precious balm, as he imagined it; and so he drank, of what could not fit in the jug and was left in the pot in which it had been boiled, nearly half an azumbre; and scarcely had he finished drinking it when he began to vomit, so that nothing was left in his stomach; and with the retching and heaving of the vomiting he broke into a most copious sweat, for which reason he ordered them to cover him up and leave him alone. They did so, and he stayed asleep more than three hours, at the end of which he woke up and felt greatly relieved in body, and so much better of his bruising that he took himself to be well; and he truly believed he had hit upon the balm of Fierabrás, and that with that remedy he could from then on undertake, without any fear, any ruins, battles, and frays, however perilous they might be.

Sancho Panza, who also took his master's improvement for a miracle, begged him to give him what was left in the pot, which was no small amount. Don Quixote granted it, and he, taking it in both hands, in good faith and with a better will, tossed it down and stowed away very little less than his master. Now the fact is that poor Sancho's stomach must not have been as delicate as his master's, and so, before he vomited, he was seized with such retching and nausea, with such cold sweats and fainting fits, that he thought well and truly that his last hour had come; and, seeing himself so afflicted and distressed, he cursed the balm and the

thief who had given it to him. Seeing him in that state, Don Quixote said to him:

"I believe, Sancho, that all this trouble comes to you from not being a dubbed knight, for I am of the opinion that this liquor must do no good to those who are not."

"If your grace knew that," replied Sancho, "bad luck to me and all my kin! Why did you let me taste it?"

At this the brew did its work, and the poor squire began to drain himself through both channels at such a rate that neither the rush mat on which he had thrown himself down again nor the canvas blanket he covered himself with were any good afterward. He sweated and sweated again with such fits and seizures that not only he but everyone thought his life was coming to an end. This storm and misery lasted him nearly two hours, at the end of which he was not left like his master, but so battered and broken that he could not stand.

But Don Quixote, who, as has been said, felt relieved and sound, wanted to set off at once in search of adventures, for it seemed to him that all the time he lingered there was being taken from the world and from those in it who needed his favor and protection; and all the more with the security and confidence he placed in his balm. And so, driven by this desire, he saddled Rocinante himself and put the packsaddle on his squire's donkey, and he also helped his squire to dress and to get up on the ass. Then he mounted his horse, and, going over to a corner of the inn, he took hold of a long lance that stood there, to serve him as his lance.

Everyone in the inn, who were more than twenty people, stood watching him; the innkeeper's daughter was watching him too, and he for his part never took his eyes off her, and from time to time he heaved a sigh that seemed to be torn from the depths of his bowels, and they all thought it must be from the pain he felt in his

ribs; at least those thought so who had seen him being poulticed the night before.

When the two of them were mounted, he stopped at the gate of the inn, called the innkeeper, and said to him in a very calm and grave voice:

"Many and very great are the favors, sir warden, that I have received in this your castle, and I am most deeply bound to thank you for them all the days of my life. If I can repay them by avenging you on some arrogant wretch who hath done you some wrong, know that my office is none other than to aid those who have little power, and to avenge those who suffer wrongs, and to punish treachery. Search your memory, and if you find anything of this kind to entrust to me, you have but to say it; for I promise you, by the order of knighthood I received, to see you satisfied and repaid wholly to your liking."

The innkeeper answered him with the same calm:

"Sir knight, I have no need for your grace to avenge any wrong for me, because I know how to take whatever vengeance I see fit when wrongs are done me. All I need is for your grace to pay me what you have spent tonight at the inn, both for the straw and barley for your two beasts and for supper and beds."

"Then this is an inn?" replied Don Quixote.

"And a very respectable one," answered the innkeeper.

"I have been living in error until now," answered Don Quixote, "for truly I thought it was a castle, and no bad one; but since it is so that it is not a castle but an inn, what can be done for now is that you forgo the payment, for I cannot go against the order of knights-errant, of whom I know for certain, without having read anything to the contrary until now, that they never paid for lodging or for anything else in any inn where they stayed, because any good reception given them is owed them by right and by law, in payment for the unbearable toil they suffer seeking adventures by

night and by day, in winter and in summer, on foot and on horseback, in thirst and in hunger, in heat and in cold, subject to all the harshness of the skies and to all the discomforts of the earth."

"That has little to do with me," answered the innkeeper. "Let me be paid what I'm owed, and let's have done with tales and chivalries, for I have no concern with anything but collecting what's mine."

"You are a witless and a wretched hosteler," answered Don Quixote.

And, setting his heels to Rocinante and bringing his long lance across, he rode out of the inn without anyone stopping him, and, without looking to see whether his squire was following him, he went a good distance off.

The innkeeper, seeing him go without paying, went to collect from Sancho Panza, who said that since his master had not been willing to pay, he would not pay either; because, being a knight-errant's squire as he was, the same rule and reason held for him as for his master about not paying for anything in taverns and inns. The innkeeper grew very annoyed at this, and threatened him that if he did not pay, he would get it out of him in a way he would regret. To which Sancho answered that, by the law of chivalry his master had received, he would not pay a single cornado even if it cost him his life; for the good old custom of knights-errant was not going to be lost on his account, nor would the squires of such knights who were yet to come into the world complain of him, reproaching him for breaking so just a law.

The bad luck of the unhappy Sancho would have it that among the people who were in the inn there were four wool carders from Segovia, three needle makers from the Potro of Córdoba, and two neighbors from the Heria of Seville, merry folk, well-meaning, mischievous, and playful, who, almost as if urged and moved by one and the same spirit, came up to Sancho, and, getting him down off

the ass, one of them went in for the blanket off the guest's bed, and, throwing him into it, they looked up and saw that the ceiling was somewhat lower than they needed for their work, and they decided to go out into the yard, whose only limit was the sky. And there, with Sancho placed in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him up high and to make sport of him as they would of a dog at Shrovetide. The cries the wretched blanket-tossed man let out were so many that they reached his master's ears; and he, stopping to listen closely, believed that some new adventure was coming to him, until he clearly recognized that the one shouting was his squire; and, turning his reins, he came back to the inn at a labored gallop, and, finding it shut, rode around it to see if he could find a way in; but he had no sooner reached the walls of the yard, which were not very high, than he saw the cruel game being played on his squire. He saw him go up and come down through the air with such grace and speed that, had his anger allowed him, I am of the opinion he would have laughed. He tried to climb from his horse onto the top of the wall, but he was so battered and broken that he could not even get down; and so, from on top of his horse, he began to hurl so many insults and taunts at those who were tossing Sancho that it is impossible to manage to write them down; but not for that did they stop their laughter and their work, nor did the flying Sancho leave off his complaints, mixed now with threats and now with pleas; but it was all of little use, nor did it help, until they let him go out of sheer weariness. They brought him his ass there, and, setting him on it, they wrapped him in his coat. And the compassionate Maritornes, seeing him so exhausted, thought it would be well to help him with a jug of water, and so she brought it to him from the well, since it was colder. Sancho took it, and, raising it to his mouth, he stopped at the cries his master was giving him, saying:

“Sancho, my son, do not drink water! My son, do not drink it, for it will kill you! See? Here I have the most holy balm”—and he showed him the jug of the brew—“and with two drops of it, if you drink them, you will be healed without a doubt.”

At these cries Sancho turned his eyes, as if askance, and said with louder ones:

“Has your grace forgotten, by any chance, that I’m not a knight, or do you want me to finish vomiting up what guts I had left over from last night? Keep your liquor, and all the devils with it, and leave me alone.”

And his finishing saying this and his beginning to drink were one and the same; but as he saw at the first swallow that it was water, he would not go on, and begged Maritornes to bring him some wine, and she did so very willingly, and paid for it with her own money; for, in effect, it is said of her that, though she was in that line of work, she had some shadows and faint traces of a Christian.

As soon as Sancho had drunk, he drummed his heels on his ass’s flanks, and, when the inn gate had been flung wide for him, out he rode, very pleased at not having paid anything and at having gotten his way, though it had been at the expense of his usual sureties, which were his shoulders. True, the innkeeper kept his saddlebags in payment for what was owed him; but Sancho did not miss them, so flustered was he when he left. The innkeeper wanted to bar the gate well as soon as he saw him outside, but the blanket-tossers would not allow it, for they were people who, even if Don Quixote had truly been one of the knights-errant of the Round Table, would not have valued him at two ardites.

Chapter XVIII. In which are told the words that passed between Sancho Panza and his master Don Quixote, with other adventures worth telling

Sancho came up to his master so limp and faint that he could not urge his donkey on. When Don Quixote saw him in that state, he said to him:

"Now I am fully convinced, my good Sancho, that that castle, or inn, is enchanted beyond a doubt; for those who made such atrocious sport of you, what could they be but phantoms and people from the other world? And I confirm this by having seen that, when I was by the wall of the yard watching the acts of your sad tragedy, it was not possible for me to climb over it, nor could I so much as get down from Rocinante, because they must have had me enchanted; for I swear to you, by the faith of who I am, that if I could have climbed over or got down, I would have avenged you in such a way that those caitiffs and miscreants would have remembered the jest forever, even if I knew that in doing so I was going against the laws of chivalry, which, as I have told you many times now, do not allow a knight to lay hand on one who is not a knight, unless it be in defense of his own life and person, in a case of urgent and great necessity."

"I'd have taken my revenge too if I could, dubbed knight or not, but I couldn't; though I'm of the opinion that those who had their fun with me weren't phantoms or enchanted men, as your grace says, but men of flesh and bone like us; and all of them, from what

I heard them call each other while they were tossing me, had their names: one of them was called Pedro Martínez, and another Tenorio Hernández, and I heard that the innkeeper was called Juan Palomeque the Left-Handed. So, sir, your not being able to jump over the wall of the yard or get down off your horse had something else behind it than enchantments. And what I make out clearly from all this is that these adventures we go looking for will in the end, at the very end, bring us to so many misadventures that we won't know which is our right foot. And what would be better and wiser, according to my little understanding, would be for us to go back to our village, now that it's harvest time and time to see to the farm, and leave off wandering from Ceca to Mecca and from tub to milking pail, as they say."

"How little you know, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "of matters of chivalry! Be quiet and have patience, for the day will come when you will see with your own eyes what an honorable thing it is to follow this calling. Or else tell me: what greater happiness can there be in the world, or what delight can match that of winning a battle and triumphing over your enemy? None, without any doubt."

"It must be so," answered Sancho, "though I don't know it; I only know that since we became knights-errant, or since your grace became one (for there's no reason for me to count myself in so honorable a number), we've never won a single battle, except the one with the Biscayan, and even from that one your grace came away with half an ear and half a helmet less; and since then it's all been cudgels and more cudgels, punches and more punches, and I got the blanket-tossing on top of that, and having it done to me by enchanted people I can't take revenge on, so as to find out how far the pleasure of beating the enemy goes, as your grace says."

"That is the grief I have, and the one you must have, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "but from now on I will try to lay my hands on some sword made with such mastery that no kind of enchant-

ment can be worked on the one who carries it; and it might even be that fortune would bring me that of Amadís, when he was called the Knight of the Burning Sword, which was one of the best swords any knight in the world ever had, for, besides having the virtue I spoke of, it cut like a razor, and there was no armor, however strong and enchanted it might be, that could stand before it." "I'm so lucky," said Sancho, "that, even if that happened and your grace came to find such a sword, it would only be of service and use to dubbed knights, like the balm; and as for squires, let sorrow eat them."

"Do not fear that, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for heaven will deal better with you."

Don Quixote and his squire were going along in this talk when Don Quixote saw coming toward them along the road they were traveling a great, thick cloud of dust; and, on seeing it, he turned to Sancho and said to him:

"This is the day, O Sancho, on which shall be seen the good that my fortune holds in store for me; this is the day, I say, on which the valor of my arm shall be shown, as much as on any other, and on which I am to do deeds that will remain written in the book of Fame for all the centuries to come. Do you see that cloud of dust rising there, Sancho? Well, it is all thick with a vast army of diverse and countless peoples who are marching this way."

"By that reckoning there must be two," said Sancho, "because on this side, the opposite one, another cloud of dust just like it is rising too."

Don Quixote turned to look and saw that this was the truth; and, rejoicing beyond measure, he thought, without any doubt, that these were two armies coming to attack and clash with each other in the middle of that broad plain; for at every hour and moment his fancy was full of those battles, enchantments, adventures, follies, loves, and challenges that are told in books of

chivalry, and everything he said, thought, or did was directed toward such things. Now the dust he had seen was being raised by two large flocks of ewes and rams that were coming along that same road from two different directions, and which, because of the dust, could not be made out until they came close. And Don Quixote insisted so earnestly that they were armies that Sancho came to believe it and said to him:

"Sir, then what are we to do?"

"What?" said Don Quixote. "Favor and aid the needy and the helpless. And you must know, Sancho, that this one coming toward our front is led and guided by the great emperor Alifanfarón, lord of the great island of Trapobana; this other one marching at my back is that of his enemy, the king of the Garamantes, Pentapolén of the Rolled-Up Sleeve, for he always goes into battle with his right arm bare."

"Well, why do these two lords hate each other so?" asked Sancho. "They hate each other," answered Don Quixote, "because this Alefanfarón is a furious pagan and is in love with the daughter of Pentapolín, who is a very beauteous lady, and graceful besides, and a Christian, and her father will not give her to the pagan king unless he first abandons the law of his false prophet Muhammad and turns to his own."

"By my beard," said Sancho, "if Pentapolín isn't doing the right thing, and I mean to help him all I can!"

"In that you will do your duty, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for to take part in such battles it is not required to be a dubbed knight."

"I can see that well enough," answered Sancho, "but where shall we put this ass so we're sure of finding him after the fray is over? Because I don't think it's the custom up to now to go into one on such a mount."

"That is true," said Don Quixote. "What you can do with him is leave him to his adventures, whether he gets lost or not, for so many will be the horses we will have once we come out victorious that even Rocinante runs the risk of my trading him for another. But pay attention to me and look, for I wish to give you an account of the chief knights coming in these two armies. And so that you may see them and mark them better, let us withdraw to that little hill rising there, from which both armies should be in view."

They did so, and took their stand on a ridge from which they could have seen clearly the two flocks that Don Quixote had turned into armies, had the clouds of dust they raised not clouded and blinded their sight; but for all that, seeing in his imagination what he did not see and what was not there, he began to say in a raised voice:

"That knight you see there in yellow armor, who bears on his shield a crowned lion lying submissive at the feet of a damsel, is Laurcalco the valiant, lord of the Bridge of Silver; the other one, in armor with golden flowers, who bears on his shield three silver crowns on a blue field, is the dreaded Micocolembo, grand duke of Quirocia; the other, with the giant's limbs, who is at his right hand, is the never-fearful Brandabarbarán de Boliche, lord of the three Arabias, who comes armed in that serpent's hide and has for a shield a door which, as rumor has it, is one of the doors of the temple that Samson pulled down when by his death he took vengeance on his enemies. But turn your eyes to this other side and you will see in front, at the head of this other army, the ever-victorious and never-vanquished Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New Biscay, who comes armed in armor quartered blue, green, white, and yellow, and bears on his shield a golden cat on a tawny field, with a motto that says *Miau*, which is the beginning of his lady's name, who, it is said, is the peerless Miulina, daughter of Duke Alfeñiquén of the Algarve; the other, who loads and bears

down the back of that powerful charger, whose armor is white as snow and his shield white and without any device, is a new-made knight, French by nation, called Pierres Papín, lord of the baronies of Utrique; the other, who is beating with his iron-shod heels the flanks of that swift, painted zebra and bears arms of blue vair, is the mighty duke of Nerbia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, whose shield shows for device an asparagus plant and a motto in Castilian reading thus: *My fortune trails the ground.*" And in this way he went on naming many knights of the one squadron and of the other, all of his own imagining, and to each he gave his arms, colors, devices, and mottoes off the top of his head, carried away by the imaginings of his never-before-seen madness; and, without stopping, he went on, saying:

"This squadron in front of us is formed and made up of peoples of many nations: here are those who drank the sweet waters of famous Xanthus; the mountaineers who tread the Massylian fields; those who sift the finest gold dust in Arabia the Happy; those who enjoy the famous cool banks of the clear Thermodon; those who bleed golden Pactolus by many different channels; the Numidians, false to their promises; the Persians, famous for bows and arrows; the Parthians and the Medes, who fight while fleeing; the Arabs, with their moving houses; the Scythians, fair of skin and cruel in equal measure; the Ethiopians of the pierced lips; and countless other nations, whose faces I know and see, though I do not remember their names. In this other squadron come those who drink the crystal currents of olive-bearing Betis; those who smooth and polish their faces with the waters of the ever-rich and golden Tagus; those who enjoy the bountiful waters of the divine Genil; those who tread the Tartessian fields, rich in pasture; those who take their delight in the Elysian meadows of Jerez; the Manchegans, rich and crowned with golden ears of wheat; those clad in iron, ancient relics of the Gothic blood; those who bathe in

the Pisuerga, famous for the gentleness of its current; those who graze their flocks on the wide pastures of the winding Guadiana, renowned for its hidden course; those who shiver with the cold of the wooded Pyrenees and the white snowflakes of the lofty Apennines; in short, all that Europe holds and contains within it."

God save us, how many provinces he named, how many nations he listed, giving to each, with marvelous readiness, the attributes that belonged to it, all absorbed and steeped in what he had read in his lying books! Sancho Panza hung on his words without speaking one, and from time to time he turned his head to see whether he could see the knights and giants his master was naming; and as he could make out none of them, he said to him:

"Sir, devil take me if there's a man, or a giant, or a knight of all the ones your grace speaks of to be seen anywhere around here; at least I don't see them; maybe it's all enchantment, like the phantoms last night."

"How can you say that?" answered Don Quixote. "Do you not hear the neighing of the horses, the sounding of the trumpets, the roll of the drums?"

"I don't hear anything," answered Sancho, "but a lot of bleating of ewes and rams."

And so it was in truth, for by now the two flocks were coming close.

"Your fear, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "makes you neither see nor hear aright; for one of the effects of fear is to confound the senses and make things seem other than they are; and if you are so afraid, withdraw to one side and leave me alone, for I alone am enough to give the victory to the side to which I give my aid."

And, saying this, he set spurs to Rocinante, and, with his lance in the rest, he went down the slope like a thunderbolt. Sancho shouted to him, saying: "Come back, your grace, Señor Don Quixote, for I swear to God those are rams and ewes you're going

to charge! Come back, woe to the father who begot me! What madness is this? Look, there isn't a giant or a knight, or cats, or arms, or shields quartered or whole, or blue vair or devilish vair. What are you doing? Sinner that I am before God!"

Not even for that did Don Quixote turn back; instead he went along crying out in a loud voice: "On, knights, you who follow and serve under the banners of the valiant emperor Pentapolín of the Rolled-Up Sleeve, follow me, all of you: you will see how easily I give him vengeance on his enemy Alefanfarón of Trapobana!" Saying this, he plunged into the middle of the squadron of ewes and began to spear them with as much courage and daring as if he were truly spearing his mortal enemies. The shepherds and herdsmen who came with the flock shouted at him not to do that; but, seeing that it was no use, they unslung their slings and began greeting his ears with fist-sized stones. Don Quixote paid no heed to the stones; instead, rushing about in every direction, he said:

"Where are you, proud Alifanfuón? Come at me; for I am a single knight, who wishes, one against one, to test your strength and take your life, in payment for the trouble you give the valiant Pentapolín Garamanta."

At this there came a sugared almond from the brook, a smooth pebble, and, striking him in the side, it buried two of his ribs in his body. Seeing himself so badly hurt, he believed without a doubt that he was dead or sorely wounded, and, remembering his liquor, he took out his jug and put it to his mouth and began to pour liquor into his stomach; but before he had finished stowing away what seemed to him enough, there came another almond and hit him on the hand and on the jug so squarely that it smashed the jug to pieces, carrying off with it three or four teeth and molars from his mouth, and badly crushing two fingers of his hand.

Such was the first blow, and such the second, that the poor knight was forced to tumble down off his horse. The shepherds

came up to him and believed they had killed him; and so, in great haste, they gathered their flock, loaded up the dead beasts, of which there were more than seven, and, without looking into anything else, went away.

All this time Sancho stood on the slope watching the follies his master was committing, and tearing at his beard, cursing the hour and the moment fortune had made him acquainted with him. Seeing him, then, fallen on the ground, and that the shepherds had gone, he came down from the slope and went up to him, and found him in a very bad way, though he had not lost his senses, and said to him:

"Didn't I tell you, Señor Don Quixote, to come back, that the ones you were going to attack weren't armies but flocks of rams?"

"That is how that thief, the sage who is my enemy, can make things vanish and change their looks. Know, Sancho, that it is a very easy thing for such people to make us see what they please, and this malignant one who persecutes me, envious of the glory he saw I was to win from this battle, has turned the squadrons of the enemy into flocks of sheep. Or else do one thing, Sancho, on my life, so that you may be undeceived and see that what I tell you is true: get up on your ass and follow them quietly, and you will see how, once they have gone a little way from here, they return to their first shape, and, ceasing to be rams, are men made and finished, just as I first painted them for you… But do not go now, for I need your help and assistance; come close to me and see how many molars and teeth I am missing, for it seems to me I have none left in my mouth."

Sancho came so close that he almost put his eyes in his mouth, and it was just when the balm had done its work in Don Quixote's stomach; and, at the moment Sancho came to look into his mouth, he shot out, harder than a musket, everything he had inside him, and landed all of it in the compassionate squire's beard.

"Holy Mary!" said Sancho. "What is this that's happened to me? No doubt this poor sinner is wounded to death, since he's vomiting blood from his mouth." But looking into it a little more closely, he made out from the color, taste, and smell that it was not blood but the balm from the jug he had seen him drink; and so great was the disgust he felt that, his stomach turning, he vomited up his guts all over his own master, and the two of them were left as pretty as pearls. Sancho ran to his ass to take out of the saddlebags something to clean himself with and to tend his master; and when he did not find them, he came close to losing his mind. He cursed himself again, and resolved in his heart to leave his master and go back to his own country, even if he lost the wages for his service and his hopes of governing the promised isle.

At this Don Quixote got up, and, with his left hand over his mouth so that the rest of his teeth would not fall out, he took hold with the other of the reins of Rocinante, who had not budged from beside his master—so loyal and good-natured was he—and went over to where his squire stood, leaning on his ass with his chest, his cheek in his hand, in the posture of a man lost in thought. And Don Quixote, seeing him in that way, with signs of such sadness, said to him:

"Know, Sancho, that no man is more than his neighbor unless he does more than his neighbor. All these storms that befall us are signs that the weather will soon clear and that things will go well for us; for it is not possible for either evil or good to last forever, and so it follows that, since the bad has lasted a long while, the good is close at hand. So you must not grieve over the misfortunes that befall me, since you have no share in them." "How not?" answered Sancho. "Was the one they tossed in a blanket yesterday, by any chance, anyone but my father's son? And the saddlebags that are missing today, with all my belongings, do they belong to anyone but the same?"

"You are missing the saddlebags, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"Yes, I'm missing them," answered Sancho.

"In that case, we have nothing to eat today," replied Don Quixote.

"That would be so," answered Sancho, "if these meadows lacked the herbs your grace says you know, with which such unlucky knights-errant as your grace usually make up for such wants." "For all that," answered Don Quixote, "I would sooner have now a quarter loaf of bread, or a round loaf and two salted pilchard heads, than all the herbs that Dioscorides describes, even in the edition illustrated by Doctor Laguna. But for all that, get up on your donkey, good Sancho, and come after me; for God, who is the provider of all things, will not fail us, all the more since we go about so much in His service as we do, for He does not fail the gnats of the air, or the grubs of the earth, or the tadpoles of the water; and He is so merciful that He makes His sun rise on the good and the bad, and sends rain on the unjust and the just."

"Your grace would be better at being a preacher," said Sancho, "than a knight-errant."

"Knights-errant knew, and must know, something of everything, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for there was a knight-errant in centuries past who would stop to preach a sermon or give a talk in the middle of a camp royal as if he were a graduate of the University of Paris; from which it may be inferred that the lance never blunted the pen, nor the pen the lance."

"Well, then, let it be as your grace says," answered Sancho. "Let's get away from here now and look for a place to lodge tonight, and God grant it's somewhere where there are no blankets or blanket-tossers, or phantoms, or enchanted Moors; for if there are, I'll give the devil the pack and the hook." "Ask that of God, my son," said Don Quixote, "and lead the way wherever you like, for this time I wish to leave the choice of our lodging to you.

But give me your hand here and feel with your finger, and look carefully how many teeth and molars I am missing on this right side of the upper jaw, for that is where I feel the pain." Sancho put his fingers in, and, while he was feeling about, said to him:

"How many molars did your grace use to have on this side?"

"Four," answered Don Quixote, "besides the wisdom tooth, all whole and very sound."

"Mind well what you're saying, sir," answered Sancho.

"I say four, if not five," answered Don Quixote, "for in all my life no tooth or molar has been pulled from my mouth, nor has any fallen out or been eaten away by decay or any rheum."

"Well, on this lower side," said Sancho, "your grace has no more than two molars and a half, and on the upper, not even a half or any at all, for it's all as bare as the palm of your hand."

"Unhappy me!" said Don Quixote, hearing the sad news his squire was giving him. "I would rather they had knocked off an arm, so long as it was not my sword arm; for I would have you know, Sancho, that a mouth without molars is like a mill without a stone, and a tooth is to be prized far above a diamond. But to all this we who profess the strict order of chivalry are subject. Mount, my friend, and lead the way, for I will follow you at whatever pace you please."

Sancho did so, and set off toward where it seemed to him they might find shelter, without leaving the highroad, which ran on unbroken thereabouts. Going along, then, little by little, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not let him rest or attend to making haste, Sancho wished to entertain and divert him by telling him something; and, among the other things he told him, was what will be told in the following chapter.

Chapter XIX. Of the sensible talk Sancho had with his master, and of the adventure that befell him with a dead body, with other famous happenings

"It seems to me, sir, that all these misfortunes that have come upon us these past days have without any doubt been the punishment for the sin your grace committed against the order of your knighthood by not keeping the oath you swore not to eat bread off a tablecloth nor take your pleasure with the queen, with all the rest that goes with it and that your grace swore to keep, until you took that helmet of Malandrino, or whatever the Moor's name is, for I don't rightly remember."

"You are quite right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "but, to tell you the truth, it had slipped my memory; and you may also take it as certain that it was for your fault in not reminding me of it in time that the business of the blanket befell you; but I will make amends, for in the order of chivalry there are ways of settling everything."

"Why, did I swear anything, by any chance?" answered Sancho.

"It does not matter that you have not sworn," said Don Quixote. "It is enough that I understand you are not altogether safe from being held an accomplice, and, just in case, it will do no harm to provide ourselves with a remedy."

"Well, if that's how it is," said Sancho, "mind your grace doesn't forget this again, the way you did the oath; maybe the phantoms will get the urge to amuse themselves with me again, and even with your grace if they see you so stubborn."

In this and other talk night overtook them in the middle of the road, without their having or finding anywhere to take shelter that night; and the bad part of it was that they were dying of hunger, for with the loss of the saddlebags they had lost their whole larder and store of provisions. And, to round off this misfortune, an adventure befell them which, without any contrivance at all, truly looked like one. It was that the night closed in rather dark; but for all that they kept going, Sancho believing that, since this was the king's highroad, within a league or two he would in all reason find some inn on it. Going along in this way, then, the night dark, the squire hungry, and the master with a good appetite, they saw coming toward them along the very road they were traveling a great multitude of lights, which looked for all the world like moving stars. Sancho was struck dumb at the sight of them, and Don Quixote was far from easy; the one pulled his ass up by the halter, and the other his nag by the reins, and they stood still, watching closely to see what this could be, and they saw that the lights were coming nearer and nearer, and the closer they came, the bigger they looked; at which sight Sancho began to shake like a man with the quicksilver palsy, and the hair on Don Quixote's head stood on end; and he, taking a little heart, said:

"This, Sancho, must beyond a doubt be a very great and very perilous adventure, in which I shall need to show all my valor and strength." "Unhappy me!" answered Sancho. "If this adventure should happen to be one of phantoms, the way it's starting to look to me, where will there be ribs to stand it?" "However many phantoms they may be," said Don Quixote, "I will not allow them to touch so much as a thread of your clothes; for if they made sport of you the other time, it was because I could not leap the walls of the yard, but now we are in the open field, where I shall be able to wield my sword as I please."

"And if they enchant you and numb you, the way they did the other time," said Sancho, "what good will it do whether we're in the open field or not?"

"For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I beg you, Sancho, to keep up a good heart, for experience will show you how good a heart I have."

"I will, if it please God," answered Sancho.

And, the two of them drawing off to one side of the road, they set themselves again to watch closely what that business of the traveling lights might be; and very shortly after they made out a number of men in white surplices, the fearful sight of whom finished off Sancho Panza's courage altogether, so that his teeth began to chatter like a man in the chill of a quartan fever; and the chattering and clattering grew worse when they saw plainly what it was, for they made out as many as twenty men in surplices, all on horseback, with lighted torches in their hands; behind them came a litter draped in mourning, and after it six more on horseback, in mourning down to their mules' hooves; for they could see well enough from the leisurely way the beasts went that they were not horses. The men in surplices went along murmuring among themselves in a low and pitiful voice. This strange vision, at such an hour and in so lonely a place, was quite enough to put fear into Sancho's heart, and even into his master's; and so it would have been as far as Don Quixote was concerned, for Sancho's courage had already gone completely to wreck. The opposite befell his master, to whom at that moment it was vividly pictured in his imagination that this was one of the adventures of his books. He fancied that the litter was a bier carrying some sorely wounded or slain knight, whose vengeance was reserved for him alone; and without further reasoning he couched his long lance, settled himself firmly in the saddle, and with gallant spirit and bearing took his stand in the middle of the road where the men in surplices had

to pass, and when he saw them close he raised his voice and said: "Halt, knights, or whoever you may be, and give me an account of who you are, where you come from, where you are going, and what it is you carry on that bier; for, by all the signs, either you have done some foul wrong or some foul wrong has been done to you, and it is fitting and needful that I should know it, either to punish you for the evil you have done or to avenge you for the wrong that was done you."

"We're in a hurry," answered one of the men in surplices, "and the inn is far off, and we can't stop to give as full an account as you ask for."

And, spurring his mule, he went on. Don Quixote took great offense at this answer, and, seizing the bridle, he said:

"Halt, and be better mannered, and give me an account of what I have asked you; if not, you are all in battle with me."

The mule was skittish, and when he took it by the bridle it shied in such a way that, rearing up on its hind legs, it threw its master to the ground over its haunches. A lad who was going on foot, seeing the man in the surplice fall, began to abuse Don Quixote, who, by now in a rage, without waiting any longer, couched his long lance and charged at one of the men in mourning, and, wounding him badly, brought him to the ground; and, as he wheeled on the rest, it was a sight to see how quickly he attacked them and put them to rout; for it seemed for all the world as if wings had sprouted on Rocinante at that instant, so lightly and so proudly did he go.

All the men in surplices were timid folk and unarmed, and so, easily and in a moment, they left the fray and began to run across that field with their torches lit, looking for all the world like the maskers who run about on a night of merrymaking and festival. The men in mourning, too, tangled and wrapped up in their skirts and cassocks, could not stir; so that Don Quixote, entirely at his

ease, thrashed them all and made them quit the field much against their will, for they all thought that this was no man but a devil from hell come out to take from them the dead body they were carrying in the litter. Sancho watched it all, amazed at his master's boldness, and said to himself:

"There's no doubt this master of mine is as brave and bold as he says."

There was a torch burning on the ground beside the first man the mule had thrown, by whose light Don Quixote could see him; and, going up to him, he put the point of his long lance to his face, telling him to surrender, or else he would kill him. To which the fallen man answered:

"I'm surrendered enough as it is, for I can't move, since I have a broken leg; I beg your grace, if you are a Christian knight, not to kill me; for you will commit a great sacrilege, since I am a licentiate and have taken the first orders."

"Then who the devil has brought you here," said Don Quixote, "being a man of the Church?"

"Who, sir?" replied the fallen man. "My misfortune."

"Then a greater one threatens you," said Don Quixote, "if you do not satisfy me on everything I asked you at first."

"Your grace shall easily be satisfied," answered the licentiate. "And so your grace must know that, although a moment ago I called myself a licentiate, I am no more than a bachelor; Alonso López is my name; I was born in Alcobendas; I am coming from the city of Baeza along with eleven other priests, who are the ones who ran off with the torches; we are going to the city of Segovia escorting a dead body, which is in that litter, and which is that of a gentleman who died in Baeza, where he was laid in a vault; and now, as I say, we were taking his bones to his tomb, which is in Segovia, where he was born."

"And who killed him?" asked Don Quixote.

"God, by means of some pestilent fevers that took him," answered the bachelor.

"In that case," said Don Quixote, "our Lord has spared me the labor I would have had to take in avenging his death if anyone else had killed him; but, since he was killed by the one who killed him, there is nothing to do but keep silent and shrug one's shoulders, for I would do the same if he were to kill me myself. And I wish your reverence to know that I am a knight of La Mancha, Don Quixote by name, whose office and calling it is to go about the world righting wrongs and undoing grievances."

"I don't know how that business of righting wrongs can be," said the bachelor, "for in my case you have taken me from right and made me wrong, leaving me with a broken leg that will never be right again all the days of its life; and the grievance you have undone in me has been to leave me so aggrieved that I shall stay aggrieved forever; and it has been misadventure enough to run into you, going about looking for adventures as you do."

"Not all things," answered Don Quixote, "happen in the same way. The harm lay, Señor Bachelor Alonso López, in your coming as you came, by night, dressed in those surplices, with your torches lit, praying, covered in mourning, so that you truly looked like something evil and from the other world; and so I could not fail to do my duty by attacking you, and I would have attacked you even if I had known for certain that you were the very Satans of hell, for such I judged you to be and took you for all along." "Since my fate has willed it so," said the bachelor, "I beg your grace, sir knight-errant (whose errantry has done me such an ill turn), to help me out from under this mule, for it has one of my legs caught between the stirrup and the saddle."

"You might as well have told me tomorrow!" said Don Quixote. "And how long were you going to wait before telling me your trouble?"

He then shouted to Sancho Panza to come; but Sancho did not trouble himself to come, because he was busy plundering a sumpter mule those good gentlemen had brought along, well stocked with things to eat. Sancho made a sack of his coat, and, gathering up all he could and all the bag would hold, he loaded his donkey, and then he answered his master's shouts and helped to get the good bachelor free of the mule that pinned him; and, setting him on top of it, he gave him the torch, and Don Quixote told him to follow the track of his companions and to beg their pardon on his behalf for the grievance, which it had not been in his power to avoid doing them. Sancho also said to him:

"If by any chance those gentlemen want to know who the valiant man was who left them in such a state, your grace can tell them it's the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, who by another name is called the Knight of the Sorry Figure."

With this the bachelor went off; and Don Quixote asked Sancho what had moved him to call him the Knight of the Sorry Figure, then more than at any other time.

"I'll tell you," answered Sancho. "It's because I've been looking at you for a while by the light of that torch the luckless fellow is carrying, and truly your grace has lately got the sorriest figure I ever saw; and it must have been caused either by the weariness of this fight or by the lack of your molars and teeth."

"It is not that," answered Don Quixote, "but rather that the sage whose charge it must be to write the history of my exploits will have thought it would be well for me to take some byname, as all the knights of the past took one: one was called he of the Burning Sword; another, he of the Unicorn; that one, he of the Damsels; this one, he of the Phoenix; the next, the Knight of the Griffin; and yet another, he of Death; and by these names and devices they were known over the whole round of the earth. And so I say that the aforesaid sage will have put it into your tongue and your

thoughts just now to call me the Knight of the Sorry Figure, as I intend to call myself from this day forward; and, so that such a name may suit me better, I resolve to have a very sorry figure painted on my shield when there is an occasion." "There's no call to spend time and money on having that figure made," said Sancho. "What has to be done is for your grace to uncover your own and show your face to those who look at you; for without anything more, and without any other picture or shield, they'll call you he of the Sorry Figure; and believe me I'm telling you the truth, for I promise your grace, sir, and let this be said in jest, that hunger and the lack of molars give you such a bad face that, as I've said already, the sorry painting can very well be done without."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's wit, but, for all that, he resolved to call himself by that name as soon as he could have his shield, or buckler, painted as he had imagined.

At this point the bachelor came back and said to Don Quixote:

"I forgot to tell your grace to take note that your grace is now excommunicated for having laid hands with violence on a sacred thing: *juxta illud: Si quis suadente diabolo, etc.* (according to that canon: If anyone, at the devil's urging, and so on)."

"That Latin I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, "but this I know well: that it was not my hands I laid on it but this long lance; besides which, I did not think I was offending priests or things of the Church, which I respect and revere as the Catholic and faithful Christian that I am, but phantoms and monsters from the other world; and, even if it were so, I have in my memory what happened to the Cid Ruy Díaz when he broke the chair of that king's ambassador in the presence of His Holiness the Pope, for which the Pope excommunicated him; and that day the good Rodrigo de Vivar bore himself as a most honorable and valiant knight."

On hearing this the bachelor went off, as has been said, without answering him a word. Don Quixote would have liked to see whether the body that came in the litter was bones or not, but Sancho would not allow it, saying to him:

"Sir, your grace has finished this dangerous adventure the most safely of all the ones I've seen; these people, though beaten and routed, might come to realize that it was just one person who beat them, and, stung and ashamed at it, they might pull themselves together again and come looking for us, and give us plenty to think about. The donkey is as he ought to be, the mountains are near, hunger is pressing, there's nothing to do but retreat at a decent pace, and, as they say, let the dead man go to his grave and the living to his loaf." And, herding his ass along in front, he begged his master to follow him; and his master, thinking Sancho was right, followed him without another word in reply. And after they had gone a short way between two little hills, they found themselves in a wide and hidden valley, where they dismounted; and Sancho unloaded the donkey, and, stretched out on the green grass, with their hunger for sauce, they breakfasted, dined, had their afternoon bite, and supped all at one sitting, satisfying their stomachs from more than one basket of cold meats that the clerical gentlemen of the deceased—who seldom let themselves fare badly—had been carrying on their sumpter mule. But another misfortune befell them, which Sancho held to be the worst of all, and it was that they had no wine to drink, nor even water to wet their lips; and, plagued by thirst, Sancho, seeing that the meadow where they were was thick with fine green grass, said what will be told in the following chapter.

Chapter XX. Of the never-seen, never-heard-of adventure that was brought to an end with less danger than any famous knight in the world ever ended one, as the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha ended it

"It can't be otherwise, sir, but that this grass is a sign that somewhere close by there must be a spring or a brook that keeps it watered; and so it would be a good thing for us to go on a little farther, for we'll soon come on a place where we can ease this terrible thirst that's wearing us out, which beyond a doubt is worse to bear than hunger."

The advice seemed good to Don Quixote, and, he leading Rocinante by the rein and Sancho his ass by the halter, after he had loaded onto him the leftovers from the supper, they began to make their way up the meadow by feel, for the darkness of the night did not let them see a thing; but they had not gone two hundred paces when a great noise of water reached their ears, as of water plunging down from some great and lofty crags. The noise cheered them greatly, and, stopping to listen for which side it came from, they suddenly heard another din that watered down their joy at the water, especially Sancho's, for he was by nature fearful and faint of heart. I say that they heard blows struck in measure, with a certain clanking of irons and chains, which, joined to the furious roar of the water, would have put dread into any heart that was not Don Quixote's. The night, as has been said, was

dark, and they happened to have come in among some tall trees whose leaves, stirred by the gentle wind, made a soft and fearful sound; so that the solitude, the place, the darkness, the noise of the water with the whispering of the leaves, all of it caused horror and dread, and all the more when they saw that the blows did not stop, nor did the wind sleep, nor did the morning come; and on top of all this was their not knowing where they were. But Don Quixote, with his dauntless heart for company, leaped onto Rocinante, and, slipping his buckler onto his arm, he brought his long lance across his body and said: "Sancho, my friend, you must know that I was born, by the will of heaven, in this our age of iron to revive in it the age of gold, or the golden age, as it is commonly called. I am he for whom are reserved the perils, the great exploits, the valiant deeds. I am, I say again, he who is to revive the Knights of the Round Table, the Twelve Peers of France, and the Nine Worthies, and he who is to cast into oblivion the Platirs, the Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Phoebuses and the Belianíses, with the whole troop of the famous knights-errant of times past, by performing in this age in which I find myself such great and wondrous feats and deeds of arms as shall darken the brightest that ever they wrought. You mark well, faithful and loyal squire, the gloom of this night, its strange silence, the dull and confused roar of these trees, the fearful noise of that water we came in search of, which seems to plunge and hurl itself down from the high Mountains of the Moon, and that ceaseless pounding which wounds and pains our ears; all of which things, taken together and each one by itself, are enough to strike fear, dread, and terror into the breast of Mars himself, how much more into one who is not used to such happenings and adventures. Well, all this that I paint for you is a spur and a wakening to my courage, which already makes my heart burst in my breast with the desire it has to undertake this adventure, however hard it may show itself.

And so tighten Rocinante's girths a little, and God be with you, and wait for me here three days and no more; and if in that time I do not return, you may go back to our village, and from there, as a favor and a kindness to me, you will go to El Toboso, where you will tell my incomparable lady Dulcinea that her captive knight died attempting things that might make him worthy to be called hers."

When Sancho heard his master's words, he began to weep with the greatest tenderness in the world and to say to him:

"Sir, I don't know why your grace wants to take on this so fearful adventure: it's night now, nobody sees us here, we can easily turn off the road and get out of the way of danger, even if we don't drink for three days; and, since there's nobody to see us, there'll be still less anybody to brand us cowards; besides, I've heard the priest of our village, whom your grace knows well, preach that he who goes looking for danger perishes in it; so it isn't right to tempt God by taking on so outrageous a deed, where there's no getting out except by a miracle; and the ones heaven has worked for your grace already are enough, in saving you from being tossed in a blanket, the way I was, and in bringing you out the winner, free and sound, from among all those enemies who were keeping the dead man company. And, if all this doesn't move or soften that hard heart, let it be moved by thinking and believing that your grace will hardly have gone away from here before I, out of fear, give up my soul to whoever wants to take it. I left my home and my wife and children to come and serve your grace, thinking to be the better for it and not the worse; but, as greed bursts the sack, it has torn my hopes for me, for just when they were liveliest of getting that black, ill-starred isle your grace has promised me so many times, I see that, in payment and exchange for it, you want to leave me now in a place so far from human company. For the one God's sake, my master, let not such a foul wrong be done me; and if your

grace won't give up taking on this deed altogether, put it off at least till morning, for, by what the science I learned when I was a shepherd shows me, there can't be three hours from now till dawn, because the mouth of the Horn, the little stars of the Bear, is right over our heads, and midnight is in the line of the left arm."

"How can you see, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "where that line falls, or where that mouth or that nape is that you talk of, when the night is so dark that not a single star shows in the whole sky?"

"That's so," said Sancho, "but fear has many eyes and sees things under the ground, let alone up in the sky; though, by good reasoning, it can very well be understood that there's not much from here to daylight."

"Be it as long as it may," answered Don Quixote, "for it shall not be said of me, now or at any time, that tears and pleas turned me from doing what I owed to the custom of knighthood; and so I beg you, Sancho, to be quiet; for God, who has put it into my heart to undertake now this so unseen and so fearful adventure, will take care to watch over my safety and to console your sadness. What you must do is tighten Rocinante's girths well and stay here, for I shall be back soon, alive or dead."

Sancho, then, seeing his master's final resolve and how little his tears, counsels, and pleas availed with him, decided to make use of his own cunning and make him wait until daylight, if he could; and so, while he was tightening the horse's girths, neatly and without being noticed, he tied both of Rocinante's hind feet together with his ass's halter, so that when Don Quixote tried to set out he could not, because the horse could only move by hops. Sancho Panza, seeing how well his trick had worked, said:

"There you are, sir: heaven, moved by my tears and prayers, has ordained that Rocinante can't move; and if you want to persist, and spur, and beat him, it'll be to anger fortune and kick, as they say, against the goad."

At this Don Quixote was beside himself, and the more he put his legs to the horse, the less he could move him; and, without realizing that he was tied, he thought it best to calm himself and wait, either for dawn to come or for Rocinante to stir, believing beyond a doubt that this came from some other cause than Sancho's cunning; and so he said to him:

"Since it is so, Sancho, that Rocinante cannot move, I am content to wait until the dawn smiles, though I weep for as long as she is in coming." "There's no need to weep," answered Sancho, "for I'll entertain your grace by telling stories from now till daylight, unless your grace would like to get down and take a little sleep on the green grass, as knights-errant do, so you'll be fresher when the day comes and the moment to take on this so unexampled adventure that awaits you."

"What do you mean by dismounting, or by sleeping?" said Don Quixote. "Am I, by any chance, one of those knights who take their rest in the midst of dangers? Sleep yourself, for you were born to sleep, or do what you will, for I shall do whatever I see best fits with my purpose."

"Don't be angry, your grace, sir," answered Sancho, "I didn't mean it that way."

And, coming close to him, he put one hand on the front saddlebow and the other on the back, so that he stood hugging his master's left thigh, without daring to stir a finger's breadth from him: such was the fear he had of the blows, which still went on sounding in turn. Don Quixote told him to tell some story to entertain him, as he had promised, to which Sancho said that he would, if the dread of what he was hearing would let him.

"But, for all that, I'll make an effort to tell a story that, if I manage to tell it right and nobody stops me, is the best of stories; and pay attention, your grace, for I'm beginning now. Once upon a time there was what there was, and may the good that comes be

for all, and the bad for whoever goes looking for it… And take note, your grace, sir, that the beginning the ancients gave their fables wasn't just any old thing, for it was a saying of Cato Zonzorino, the Roman, which goes: 'And the bad for whoever goes looking for it,' which comes in here like a ring on your finger, so that your grace will stay quiet and not go looking for the bad anywhere, but we'll go back by another road, since nobody is forcing us to keep to this one, where so many fears jump out at us."

"Go on with your story, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and leave the road we are to take to me."

"I say, then," Sancho went on, "that in a village of Estremadura there was a goat-shepherd (I mean that he kept goats), which shepherd or goat-shepherd, as I say, of my story, went by the name of Lope Ruiz; and this Lope Ruiz was sweet on a shepherdess by the name of Torralba, which shepherdess by the name of Torralba was the daughter of a rich cattleman, and this rich cattleman…" "If you tell your story that way, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "saying everything twice over, you will not finish in two days; tell it straight through and tell it like a man of sense, or else say nothing."

"The way I tell it," answered Sancho, "is the way all fables are told in my part of the country, and I don't know how to tell it any other way, and it isn't right for your grace to ask me to make up new customs."

"Tell it as you like," answered Don Quixote, "for, since fate will have it that I cannot help listening to you, go on."

"So, my master of my soul," Sancho went on, "as I've said already, this shepherd was in love with Torralba the shepherdess, who was a plump girl, standoffish, and a bit on the mannish side, because she had a bit of a mustache; I can almost see her now."

"Then you knew her?" said Don Quixote.

"I didn't know her," answered Sancho, "but the one who told me this story told me it was so certain and true that I could very well,

when I told it to anybody else, swear and affirm that I had seen it all. So, as days came and days went, the devil, who never sleeps and who muddles everything, worked things so that the love the shepherd had for the shepherdess turned into a grudge and ill will; and the cause was, according to wicked tongues, a certain quantity of little jealousies she gave him, such that they went past the line and into forbidden ground; and the shepherd came to loathe her so much from then on that, so as not to see her, he made up his mind to leave that part of the country and go where his eyes would never see her again. Torralba, finding herself scorned by Lope, at once began to love him, more than she had ever loved him before."

"That is the natural condition of women," said Don Quixote: "to scorn those who love them and love those who loathe them. Go on, Sancho." "It happened," said Sancho, "that the shepherd put his resolve into action, and, driving his goats before him, he set off across the plains of Estremadura to cross over into the kingdoms of Portugal. Torralba, who got wind of it, went after him, and followed him from far off, on foot and barefoot, a pilgrim's staff in her hand and saddlebags hung round her neck, in which she carried, so the story goes, a broken bit of looking glass and a broken bit of comb, and I don't know what little jar of face paint; but, carry what she might, for I don't want to go into finding that out now, I'll only say that they say the shepherd came with his flock to cross the river Guadiana, and at that season it was swollen and almost over its banks, and at the spot where he came to it there was neither ferry nor boat, nor anybody to take him or his flock across to the other side, which troubled him greatly, because he saw that Torralba was already coming very close and would give him a great deal of grief with her pleas and tears; but he went on looking about so long that he saw a fisherman who had a boat beside him, so small that only one person and one goat could fit in it; and, for

all that, he spoke to him and arranged with him to take himself and the three hundred goats he had with him across. The fisherman got into the boat, and took one goat across; he came back, and took another across; he came back again, and again took another across. Your grace must keep track of how many goats the fisherman takes over, because if a single one slips out of your memory, the story will be over and it won't be possible to tell another word of it. I go on, then, and say that the landing place on the other side was full of mud and slippery, and the fisherman took a long time going and coming. For all that, he came back for another goat, and another, and another…"

"Take it that he has carried them all across," said Don Quixote. "Do not go on coming and going that way, or you will not finish carrying them across in a year."

"How many have gone across so far?" said Sancho.

"How the devil should I know?" answered Don Quixote.

"There, that's what I said: that you should keep good count. Well, by God, the story's over, there's no going on with it."

"How can that be?" answered Don Quixote. "Is it so much of the essence of the story to know exactly how many goats have gone across that if one is missed from the count you cannot go on with the tale?"

"No, sir, not at all," answered Sancho, "but, just as I asked your grace to tell me how many goats had gone across and you answered that you didn't know, at that very moment everything I had left to say went out of my memory, and on my faith it was very good and very pleasing."

"So," said Don Quixote, "the story is finished now?"

"As finished as my mother," said Sancho.

"I tell you truly," answered Don Quixote, "that you have told one of the most novel fables, tales, or stories that anyone in the world could ever have thought of; and such a way of telling it, or of leav-

ing off, will never be seen, nor has it ever been seen, in all one's life, though I expected nothing else from your good sense; but I do not marvel at it, for perhaps these blows, which do not stop, must have your understanding in a muddle."

"All that may be," answered Sancho, "but I know that as for my story there's no more to say: it ends right where the mistake begins in counting the goats that go across."

"Let it end where it will, and welcome," said Don Quixote, "and let us see whether Rocinante can move."

He put his legs to him again, and the horse once more hopped and then stood still: so well was he tied.

At this point, it seems, whether it was the cold of the morning, which was now coming on, or that Sancho had eaten something laxative for supper, or that it was a thing of nature—which is what is most to be believed—the desire and the will came over him to do what no one else could do for him; but the fear that had got into his heart was so great that he did not dare move from his master by so much as the black of a fingernail. And to think of not doing what he had a mind to was not possible either; and so what he did, for the sake of peace, was to let go with his right hand, which he had on the back saddlebow, and with it, neatly and without any noise, he undid the slipknot that held up his breeches, without the help of any other, and when he took it off they dropped down at once and hung on him like fetters. After this he lifted his shirt as best he could and put both his buttocks, which were not very small, out into the air. This done—which he thought was the most he had to do to get out of that terrible fix and anguish—another, greater one came upon him, which was that it seemed to him he could not relieve himself without making a din and a noise, and he began to clench his teeth and hunch his shoulders, holding in his breath as much as he could; but, for all these efforts, he was so unlucky that in the end, in the very end, he came to make a little

noise, quite different from the one that was frightening him so. Don Quixote heard it and said: “What sound is that, Sancho?”

“I don’t know, sir,” he answered. “It must be some new thing, for adventures and misadventures never begin small.”

He tried his luck again, and it went so well for him that, with no more noise or commotion than before, he found himself free of the load that had given him so much trouble. But since Don Quixote’s smelling was as keen as his hearing, and Sancho was so close and so stitched to him that the vapors rose up almost in a straight line, it could not be helped that some of them should reach his nose; and no sooner had they reached it than he went to its rescue, pinching it between two fingers; and in a somewhat nasal tone he said:

“It seems to me, Sancho, that you are very much afraid.”

“I am,” answered Sancho, “but what makes your grace notice it now more than ever?”

“That now more than ever you smell, and not of ambergris,” answered Don Quixote. “That may well be,” said Sancho, “but it isn’t my fault, it’s your grace’s, for bringing me at such hours and through these unaccustomed ways.” “Move off three or four paces, my friend,” said Don Quixote (all this without taking his fingers from his nose), “and from now on take more care with your person and with what you owe to mine; for all this conversation I have with you has bred this contempt.”

“I’ll wager,” replied Sancho, “that your grace thinks I’ve done something with my person that I shouldn’t have.”

“Stirring it only makes it worse, Sancho, my friend,” answered Don Quixote.

In these and other such colloquies master and man passed the night. But Sancho, seeing that morning was coming on apace, very warily untied Rocinante and tied up his breeches. When Rocinante found himself free, though he was not at all spirited by nature, it

seems he felt it, and he began to paw the ground; for curvets—begging his pardon—he did not know how to make. Don Quixote, then, seeing that Rocinante was moving now, took it as a good sign, and believed it was a sign that he should undertake that fearful adventure.

By this time dawn had fully broken and things could be seen distinctly, and Don Quixote saw that he was among some tall trees, which were chestnuts, and they cast a very dark shade. He perceived too that the pounding did not stop, but he did not see what could be causing it; and so, without delaying any longer, he made Rocinante feel the spurs, and, taking leave of Sancho once again, he ordered him to wait for him there three days at the most, as he had told him once before; and if at the end of them he had not come back, he was to take it as certain that it had pleased God that his days should end in that perilous adventure. He went over again the message and embassy he was to carry on his behalf to his lady Dulcinea, and told him that as to payment for his services he need not worry, for he had made his will before he left his village, in which he would find himself recompensed for everything touching his wages, in proportion to the time he had served; but if God brought him out of that danger safe and sound and unscathed, he could take the promised isle as more than certain.

Sancho began to weep again, hearing again the piteous words of his good master, and resolved not to leave him until the last passage and end of that business.

From these tears and so honorable a resolve of Sancho Panza's, the author of this history concludes that he must have been well-born, and an Old Christian at the least. His feeling touched his master somewhat, but not so much that he showed any weakness; rather, hiding it as best he could, he began to ride toward the place from which the noise of the water and of the pounding seemed to him to come.

Sancho followed him on foot, leading by the halter, as was his custom, his donkey, the constant companion of his good and bad fortunes; and, after they had gone a good way among those chestnuts and shady trees, they came out on a little meadow that lay at the foot of some high cliffs, from which a very great rush of water came plunging down. At the foot of the cliffs stood some badly built houses, which looked more like the ruins of buildings than houses, and they noticed that from among them came the noise and din of that pounding, which still did not stop.

Rocinante took fright at the din of the water and the blows, and Don Quixote, calming him, went on drawing near the houses little by little, commending himself with all his heart to his lady, begging her to favor him in that fearful venture and enterprise, and along the way he commended himself to God as well, that He should not forget him. Sancho did not leave his side, stretching out his neck and his gaze as far as he could between Rocinante's legs, to see if he could now see what kept him in such suspense and fear. They must have gone another hundred paces when, on turning a corner, there appeared, plain and open to view, the very cause, and no other could there be, of that horrisonous and, for them, dreadful noise that had kept them in such suspense and fear all night. And it was—if you will not take it ill and be vexed, O reader!—six hammers of a fulling mill, the kind that beat woolen cloth, which with their alternating strokes made all that din.

When Don Quixote saw what it was, he fell dumb and was struck stiff from head to foot. Sancho looked at him and saw that he had his head bowed on his chest, with every sign of being put to shame. Don Quixote also looked at Sancho, and saw that his cheeks were puffed out and his mouth full of laughter, with clear signs that he was about to burst with it, and his melancholy could not so prevail over him that, at the sight of Sancho, he could keep from laughing himself; and when Sancho saw that his master had

begun, he let go in such a way that he had to press his sides with his fists so as not to burst with laughing. Four times he calmed down, and as many times he went back to his laughter with the same force as at first; at which Don Quixote was by now sending himself to the devil, and all the more when he heard him say, as if by way of mockery:

"'You must know, O Sancho my friend, that I was born, by the will of heaven, in this our age of iron to revive in it the golden one, or the age of gold. I am he for whom are reserved the perils, the exploits great, the valiant deeds…'"

And on he went in this way, repeating all or most of the words Don Quixote had spoken the first time they heard the fearful blows.

Don Quixote, then, seeing that Sancho was making fun of him, was so mortified and angered that he raised his long lance and dealt him two blows, such that, if he had taken them on his head as he took them on his back, his master would have been free of paying him his wages, unless it were to his heirs. Sancho, seeing that his jests were turning out so badly in earnest, and fearing that his master might go further with them, said to him very humbly:

"Calm yourself, your grace, for, by God, I'm only joking."

"Well, because you are joking, I am not," answered Don Quixote. "Come here, my merry sir: do you think that, if these had been some other perilous adventure instead of fulling hammers, I would not have shown the courage that was needed to undertake it and carry it through? Am I obliged, by any chance, being, as I am, a knight, to know and distinguish sounds and tell which are fulling mills and which are not? Besides, it might be, as is the truth, that I have never seen them in my life, as you must have seen them, being the base peasant you are, bred and born among them. If not, you make these six hammers turn into six giants, and set them at my beard one by one or all together, and if I do not lay every one

of them flat on his back, then make whatever sport of me you please."

"No more of it, sir," replied Sancho, "for I confess I've been a bit too merry. But tell me, your grace, now that we're at peace (and may God bring you out of all the adventures that come your way as safe and sound as He has brought you out of this one), hasn't it been a thing to laugh at, and isn't it one to tell, the great fear we've had? At least the fear I had; for as for your grace, I know by now you don't know it, nor know what fear or fright is." "I do not deny," answered Don Quixote, "that what has happened to us is a thing worth laughing at, but it is not worth telling; for not all people are so sensible that they know how to put things in their proper place."

"At least," answered Sancho, "your grace knew how to put your long lance in its proper place, aiming at my head and hitting me on the back, thanks to God and to the care I took to dodge to one side. But let it go, for it'll all come out in the wash; for I've heard it said, 'He loves you well who makes you cry'; and besides, great lords, after a harsh word to a servant, are in the habit of giving him a pair of hose right away; though I don't know what they usually give him after giving him a beating, unless it is that knights-errant give isles, or kingdoms on the mainland, after beatings."

"The dice might so fall," said Don Quixote, "that all you say would come true; and forgive what is past, for you are sensible and know that first impulses are not in a man's control; and be warned from now on of one thing, so that you hold back and restrain yourself from talking too much with me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, which are numberless, I have never found that any squire talked as much with his master as you do with yours. And in truth I hold it a great fault, yours and mine: yours, in that you hold me in little esteem; mine, in that I do not make myself held in more. Why, Gandalín, squire to Amadís of Gaul, was made count of the Firm Isle; and we read of him that he always spoke to his mas-

ter cap in hand, his head bowed and his body bent *more turquesco* (in the Turkish fashion). Then what shall we say of Gasabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was so silent that, to show us the excellence of his marvelous silence, his name is named only once in all that history, as great as it is true? From all I have said you must infer, Sancho, that it is needful to make a difference between master and man, between lord and servant, and between knight and squire. So from this day forward we must treat each other with more respect, without teasing, because, in whatever way I may grow angry with you, Master Squire, it is bound to go ill with the pitcher. The favors and benefits I have promised you will come in their time; and if they do not come, the wages at least shall not be lost, as I have told you already."

"Everything your grace says is well," said Sancho, "but I'd like to know, in case the time for favors doesn't come and it's necessary to fall back on the wages, how much a knight-errant's squire earned in those days, and whether they were hired by the month or by the day, like bricklayers' laborers."

"I do not believe," answered Don Quixote, "that such squires were ever on wages, but on favor. And if I have now named you a wage in the sealed will I left at my house, it was for what might happen; for I do not yet know how chivalry will fare in these so calamitous times of ours, and I would not have my soul suffer in the other world for small things. For I would have you know, Sancho, that in this world there is no state more perilous than that of adventurers."

"That's the truth," said Sancho, "when nothing but the racket of some fulling-mill hammers could stir up and unsettle the heart of so valiant an errant adventurer as your grace. But you can be quite sure that from now on I won't unseal my lips to make jokes about your grace's affairs, unless it's to honor you, as my master and natural lord." "If you do so," replied Don Quixote, "you shall live long

upon the face of the earth; for, after our parents, our masters are to be respected as though they were our parents."

Chapter XXI. Which deals with the high adventure and rich prize of Mambrino's helmet, with other things that happened to our invincible knight

At this point it began to rain a little, and Sancho would have liked them to go into the fulling mill; but Don Quixote had taken such a loathing to the place for the heavy joke it had played on them that he would on no account go inside; and so, turning off to the right, they came out on another road like the one they had taken the day before.

Shortly after, Don Quixote caught sight of a man on horseback with something on his head that glittered as if it were gold, and he had scarcely seen him when he turned to Sancho and said:

"It seems to me, Sancho, that there is no proverb that is not true, because every one of them is a maxim taken from experience itself, which is the mother of all the sciences, and above all the one that says, 'Where one door shuts, another opens.' I say this because if last night fortune shut on us the door of the adventure we were looking for, deceiving us with the fulling mills, now it opens wide another for us, onto another better and surer adventure; and if I do not manage to go in by it, the fault will be mine, and I shall not be able to lay it on my small knowledge of fulling mills or on the darkness of the night. I say this because, unless I am mistaken, there comes toward us one who wears on his head the helmet of Mambrino, about which I swore the oath you know of."

"Mind well what your grace says, and better still what you do," said Sancho, "for I wouldn't want it to be more fulling mills to finish fulling and pounding the sense out of us."

"The devil take you, man!" replied Don Quixote. "What has a helmet to do with fulling mills?"

"I don't know anything," answered Sancho, "but, on my faith, if I could talk as much as I used to, maybe I'd give such reasons that your grace would see you were mistaken in what you say."

"How can I be mistaken in what I say, you hair-splitting traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Tell me, do you not see that knight coming toward us on a dappled gray horse, who wears a helmet of gold on his head?" "What I see and make out," answered Sancho, "is nothing but a man on a brown ass, like mine, who has something on his head that shines." "Well, that is Mambrino's helmet," said Don Quixote. "Stand aside and leave me alone with him: you will see how, without speaking a word, to save time, I conclude this adventure, and the helmet I have so longed for remains mine."

"I'll take care to stand aside, all right," replied Sancho, "but God grant, I say again, that it be oregano and not fulling mills."

"I have told you already, brother, not to mention to me, nor so much as think of, that business of the fulling mills again," said Don Quixote, "for I swear… and I say no more, that I shall full your soul for you."

Sancho fell silent, fearing that his master might carry out the vow he had flung at him, round as a ball.

The truth of the matter, then, about the helmet, and the horse and the knight that Don Quixote saw, was this: in that neighborhood there were two villages, one so small that it had neither an apothecary's shop nor a barber, and the other, which was close by, had both; and so the barber of the bigger one served the smaller, in which a sick man had need of being bled and another of being shaved, and for this the barber was coming, and he was carrying a

brass basin; and as luck would have it, just as he was on his way, it began to rain, and so that his hat would not be spoiled, for it must have been a new one, he put the basin on his head; and, since it was clean, it shone from half a league off. He was riding a brown ass, as Sancho said, and this was why to Don Quixote it seemed a dappled gray horse, and a knight, and a helmet of gold; for all the things he saw he very easily fitted to his crazed chivalries and his ill-errant thoughts. And when he saw the poor knight drawing near, without entering into any talk with him, at Rocinante's top speed he bore down on him with his long lance couched low, meaning to run him through from side to side; but as he came up to him, never slowing the fury of his gallop, he said to him:

"Defend yourself, wretched creature, or yield me of your own will what is so justly my due!"

The barber, who, without any thought or fear of it, saw that phantom bearing down on him, had no other way of saving himself from the blow of the lance than to let himself fall off his ass; and he had no sooner touched the ground than he was up again, nimbler than a deer, and began to run across that plain so fast the wind could not have caught him. He left the basin on the ground, with which Don Quixote was content, and he said that the pagan had acted sensibly and had imitated the beaver, which, finding itself hard pressed by the hunters, bites and tears off with its teeth that for which it knows, by natural instinct, it is being hunted. He ordered Sancho to pick up the helmet, and Sancho, taking it in his hands, said:

"By God, it's a good basin, and it's worth a piece of eight if it's worth a maravedí."

And when he gave it to his master, Don Quixote put it on his head at once, turning it this way and that, looking for the fit; and, since he could not find it, he said: "Beyond a doubt the pagan to whose measure this famous helmet was first forged must have had

a very large head, and the worst of it is that half of it is missing." When Sancho heard the basin called a helmet, he could not hold back his laughter; but his master's anger came into his mind, and he stopped halfway through it. "What are you laughing at, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"I'm laughing," he answered, "to think of the big head the pagan who owned this helmet had, for it looks for all the world like a barber's basin, the very spit of one." "Do you know what I imagine, Sancho? That this famous piece of this enchanted helmet, through some strange mishap, must have fallen into the hands of someone who did not know how to recognize or value its worth, and, without knowing what he was doing, seeing that it was of purest gold, he must have melted down the other half to profit by the price, and out of the other half he made this, which looks like a barber's basin, as you say. But, be that as it may, for to me, who know it for what it is, its transmutation makes no difference; for I shall have it set right in the first village where there is a smith, and in such a way that not even the one the god of smithies made and forged for the god of battles shall surpass it or so much as come near it; and in the meantime I shall wear it as best I can, for something is better than nothing; all the more since it will surely be enough to defend me from a stone or two."

"That'll be so," said Sancho, "as long as they don't throw with a sling, the way they threw in the fight between the two armies, when they gave your grace's molars the sign of the cross and broke the flask that held that most blessed brew that made me throw up my guts."

"I am not much grieved at having lost it, for you know already, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that I have the recipe in my memory."

"So have I," answered Sancho, "but if ever in my life I make it or taste it again, may this be my last hour. Besides, I don't intend to put myself in the way of needing it, because I intend to keep

myself with all my five senses from being wounded or wounding anybody. As for being tossed in a blanket again, I say nothing, for misfortunes like that can hardly be foreseen, and if they come there's nothing to be done but shrug your shoulders, hold your breath, shut your eyes, and let yourself go wherever luck and the blanket take you."

"You are a bad Christian, Sancho," said Don Quixote on hearing this, "for you never forget an injury once done you; know, then, that it belongs to noble and generous hearts to pay no heed to trifles. What foot did you come away lame from it, what rib broken, what head cracked, that you cannot forget that jest? For, when the thing is well looked into, it was a jest and a pastime; for if I did not take it so, I would have gone back there by now and done more damage in your revenge than the Greeks did for the stolen Helen. Who, if she had lived in this age, or my Dulcinea in hers, could be sure she would not have had the fame for beauty that she has."

And here he heaved a sigh, and sent it up to the clouds. And Sancho said:

"Let it pass for a jest, since the vengeance can't pass in earnest; but I know what kind of earnest and jest it was, and I know too that they'll never drop out of my memory, any more than they'll ever come off my back. But, leaving this aside, tell me, your grace, what we're to do with this dappled gray horse that looks like a brown ass, which that Martino your grace knocked down has left here forsaken; for, from the way he took to the dust and took Villadiego's road, he shows no sign of ever coming back for it; and by my beard, but this gray is a good one!"

"It is never my custom," said Don Quixote, "to strip those I conquer, nor is it the usage of chivalry to take their horses from them and leave them on foot, unless it be that the victor has lost his own in the fight; for in such a case it is lawful to take the vanquished man's horse, as won in lawful war. So, Sancho, leave that horse, or

ass, or whatever you would have it be, for as soon as its owner sees we have gone far off, he will come back for it."

"God knows I'd like to take it," replied Sancho, "or at least swap it for this one of mine, which doesn't seem to me as good. Truly the laws of chivalry are strict, since they don't stretch to letting a man swap one ass for another; and I'd like to know whether I could swap the harness, at least."

"On that point I am not very certain," answered Don Quixote, "and, in case of doubt, until I am better informed, I say you may make the exchange, if you are in extreme need of it."

"So extreme," answered Sancho, "that if it were for my own person I couldn't need it more."

And then, armed with that license, he performed the *mutatio caparum* (change of copes) and decked out his donkey till he looked a thousand times finer, leaving him bettered by a third and a fifth, like a favored heir. This done, they breakfasted on the leftovers of the camp stores they had plundered from the sumpter mule, and drank from the stream of the fulling mills, without turning their faces to look at them: such was the loathing they had for them because of the fright they had given them.

Their choler, then, cut short by the meal, and even their melancholy, they mounted, and, without taking any set road, since it is very much the way of knights-errant to take no fixed one, they set off wherever Rocinante's will chose to go, which drew after it his master's, and even the ass's, who always followed him wherever he led, in good love and fellowship. For all that, they came back to the highroad, and went on along it at random, with no other design at all.

As they were going along, then, Sancho said to his master:

"Sir, will your grace give me leave to have a little talk with you? For since you laid on me that harsh commandment of silence, more than four things have rotted in my stomach, and I wouldn't

like just one that I have now on the tip of my tongue to go to waste."

"Say it," said Don Quixote, "and be brief in your discourse, for none is pleasing if it is long."

"I say, then, sir," answered Sancho, "that for some days now I've been thinking how little is earned and gained by going about looking for these adventures your grace goes looking for in these wildernesses and crossroads, where, even if the most dangerous ones are overcome and finished off, there's nobody to see them or know about them; and so they'll have to stay in perpetual silence, to the prejudice of your grace's intent and of what they deserve. And so it seems to me it would be better, saving your grace's better opinion, for us to go and serve some emperor, or some other great prince who has some war on, in whose service your grace might show the worth of your person, your great strength, and your greater understanding; for when the lord we serve sees this, he'll be bound to reward us, each according to his merits, and there won't be anybody lacking there to put your grace's exploits in writing, for perpetual memory. Of mine I say nothing, since they mustn't go beyond squirely bounds; though I can say that, if it's the custom in chivalry to write down the exploits of squires, I don't think mine will be left between the lines."

"You do not speak amiss, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "but, before it comes to that point, a knight must go about the world, as on probation, looking for adventures, so that, by achieving some, he may win such a name and fame that, when he goes to the court of some great monarch, the knight is already known by his deeds; and that the boys have scarcely seen him ride in at the city gate when they all follow him and crowd round him, shouting and saying, 'This is the Knight of the Sun,' or of the Serpent, or of some other device under which he has achieved great exploits. 'This is he,' they will say, 'who vanquished in single combat the huge giant

Brocabruno of the Great Strength; he who disenchanted the Great Mameluke of Persia from the long enchantment in which he had lain nearly nine hundred years.' So, passing from hand to hand, they will go proclaiming your deeds, and presently, at the uproar of the boys and the other people, the king of that land will come out to the windows of his royal palace, and the moment he lays eyes on the knight, knowing him by his armor or by the device on his shield, he must needs say: 'Ho, there! Let my knights, as many as are at my court, go forth to receive the flower of chivalry who comes yonder!' At which command they will all go forth, and he will come down to the middle of the staircase and embrace him most closely, and give him the kiss of peace upon the cheek; and then he will lead him by the hand to the chamber of the lady queen, where the knight will find her with the princess, her daughter, who must be one of the fairest and most perfect damsels that could with great pains be found in a great part of the known earth. After this it will come about, straightway and on the spot, that she will set her eyes on the knight and he his on hers, and each will seem to the other a thing more divine than human; and, without knowing how or how not, they will be caught and tangled in the inextricable net of love, and with great woe in their hearts at not knowing how to speak to each other to reveal their longings and feelings. From there they will take him, no doubt, to some richly furnished room of the palace, where, having taken off his armor, they will bring him a rich mantle of scarlet to cover himself with; and if he looked well in armor, as well and better still must he look in a quilted doublet. When night comes he will sup with the king, the queen, and the princess, where he will never take his eyes off her, gazing at her by stealth from those present, and she will do the same with the same cunning, for, as I have said, she is a very clever damsel. The tables will be cleared, and suddenly through the door of the hall will come in an ugly little dwarf

with a fair duenna, who comes behind the dwarf between two giants, with a certain adventure, contrived by a most ancient sage, such that he who achieves it shall be held the best knight in the world. The king will then order all who are present to try it, and none will bring it to its end and conclusion but the guest knight, much to the profit of his fame, at which the princess will be most content, and will hold herself content and well repaid besides for having set and placed her thoughts so high. And the beauty of it is that this king, or prince, or whatever he may be, is waging a very hard-fought war with another as powerful as he, and the guest knight (after some days at his court) asks his leave to go and serve him in that said war. The king will give it to him with a very good will, and the knight will courteously kiss his hands for the favor he doth him. And that night he will bid farewell to the princess his lady at the grating of a garden onto which the chamber where she sleeps looks out, through which he had already spoken to her many other times, a damsel whom the princess much trusted being go-between and privy to it all. He will sigh, she will swoon, the damsel will bring water, and will be sorely woeful because morning is coming, and she would not have them discovered, for the sake of her lady's honor. At last the princess will come to herself and will put her white hands out through the grating to the knight, and he will kiss them a thousand and a thousand times and bathe them in tears. It will be arranged between the two of them how they are to let each other know of their good or ill fortunes, and the princess will beg him to stay away as short a time as he can; he will promise it with many oaths; he kisses her hands again, and takes his leave with such feeling that he comes near to ending his life. From there he goes to his chamber, throws himself on his bed, cannot sleep for the grief of parting, rises very early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king and the queen and the princess; they tell him, when he has taken leave of the two, that

the lady princess is indisposed and cannot receive visitors; the knight believes it comes of grief at his going, his heart is run through, and he is within a little of giving open sign of his pain. The go-between damsel is present, she must note it all, she goes to tell it to her lady, who receives her with tears and tells her that one of the greatest griefs she has is not knowing who her knight is, and whether he is of the lineage of kings or not; the damsel assures her that so much courtesy, gallantry, and valor as her knight's could only be found in a royal and noble person; the woeful lady is consoled by this; she strives to console herself so as not to give her parents a bad sign of herself, and, at the end of two days, she appears in public. The knight has gone by now: he fights in the war, overcomes the king's enemy, takes many cities, is victor in many battles, comes back to court, sees his lady where he is accustomed to, it is agreed that he shall ask her father for her hand in payment for his services. The king will not give her to him, because he does not know who he is; but, for all that, whether carried off or in some other way, the princess comes to be his wife and her father comes to hold it a great piece of good fortune, because it came to be established that this knight is the son of a valiant king of I do not know what kingdom, for I believe it cannot be on the map. The father dies, the princess is his heir, and, to put it in two words, the knight is king. Here at once comes the bestowing of favors on his squire and on all those who helped him rise to so high an estate: he marries his squire to one of the princess's damsels, who will doubtless be the one who was the go-between in their love, and who is the daughter of a very great duke."

"That's what I ask, and fair dealing," said Sancho. "That's what I hold to, for all of it, to the letter, has to happen to your grace, now that you're called the Knight of the Sorry Figure."

“Do not doubt it, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “for by that same way and by those same steps I have told you of, knights-errant climb, and have climbed, to be kings and emperors. All that is lacking now is to see which king of the Christians or of the pagans has a war and has a beautiful daughter; but there will be time to think of that, since, as I have told you, a knight must first win fame elsewhere before he goes to court. There is another thing I lack, too; for, supposing a king is found with a war and a beautiful daughter, and that I have won unbelievable fame through all the universe, I do not know how it could be found that I am of the lineage of kings, or at least a second cousin to an emperor; for the king will not want to give me his daughter to wife unless he is first fully informed on this point, however much my famous deeds may merit it. So, for this lack, I fear to lose what my arm has well deserved. True it is that I am a hidalgo of known ancestral house, with possessions and property, and entitled to the five hundred sueldos of damages; and it might be that the sage who writes my history will so trace out my kindred and descent that he will find me a king’s grandson five or six times removed. For I would have you know, Sancho, that there are two kinds of lineage in the world: some that draw and derive their descent from princes and monarchs, which time has little by little undone, and they have ended in a point, like a pyramid turned upside down; others had their beginning in low people, and go rising from degree to degree until they come to be great lords. So the difference is that some were what they no longer are, and others are what they were not before; and it might be that I am one of those who, once it is looked into, had a great and famous beginning, and with that the king who is to be my father-in-law should be satisfied. And if not, the princess must love me in such a way that, in spite of her father, even if she knows full well that my father is a water carrier, she will accept me as her lord and husband; and if not, then here comes

the carrying her off and taking her wherever I please; for time or death must put an end to her parents' anger."

"There what some heartless people say fits in well too," said Sancho: "'Don't ask as a favor what you can take by force'; though it fits better to say, 'Better a leap from the thicket than the pleas of good men.' I say this because if the lord king, your grace's father-in-law, won't be tamed into handing over my lady the princess to you, there's nothing for it but, as your grace says, to carry her off and spirit her away. But the trouble is that, until peace is made and the kingdom is enjoyed in peace, the poor squire may be left with nothing between his teeth in this matter of favors. Unless it is that the go-between damsel, who is to be his wife, goes off with the princess, and he shares his bad luck with her until heaven ordains otherwise; for his master, I think, may very well give her to him straightaway as his lawful wife."

"There is no one who can stop that," said Don Quixote.

"Well, as long as that's so," answered Sancho, "there's nothing for it but to commend ourselves to God and let luck run wherever He best steers it."

"May God bring it about," answered Don Quixote, "as I desire and you, Sancho, have need of; and base be he who holds himself base."

"So be it, by God," said Sancho, "for I'm an Old Christian, and to be a count that's enough for me."

"And more than enough," said Don Quixote, "and even if you were not, it would make no difference, because, if I am king, I can very well give you nobility without your buying it or doing me any service for it. For, once I make you a count, there you are, a gentleman, and let them say what they will; for on my faith they will have to call you 'your lordship,' however much it galls them."

"And don't you think I'd know how to lend weight to the tittle!" said Sancho. "Title, you should say, not tittle," said his master.

"Have it so," answered Sancho Panza. "I say I'd know how to carry it well, for, upon my life, I was once the beadle of a confraternity, and the beadle's gown sat on me so well that everybody said I had the presence to be the steward of the same confraternity. Then what will it be when I throw a duke's robe over my shoulders, or get myself up in gold and pearls the way a foreign count does? It's my belief they'll come to see me from a hundred leagues off." "You will look well," said Don Quixote, "but you will need to shave your beard often; for, thick and tangled and unkempt as you have it, if you do not shave it with a razor every two days at least, what you are will be seen a musket shot away."

"What more is there to it," said Sancho, "than to take on a barber and keep him on wages in the house? And even, if need be, I'll make him follow behind me, like a grandee's master of horse."

"Why, how do you know," asked Don Quixote, "that grandees have their masters of horse ride behind them?"

"I'll tell you," answered Sancho. "Some years back I spent a month at court, and there I saw a very small gentleman, who they said was a very great grandee, out taking the air, and a man followed him on horseback at every turn he took, so that he looked for all the world like his tail. I asked why that man didn't ride up alongside the other, but always went behind him. They answered that he was his master of horse, and that it was the custom of grandees to have such men behind them. Ever since then I've known it so well that I've never forgotten it."

"I say you are right," said Don Quixote, "and that in the same way you may have your barber follow you; for customs did not all come at once, nor were they invented all together, and you may be the first count to have his barber ride behind him; and indeed shaving a man's beard is a matter of greater trust than saddling a horse."

“Leave the business of the barber to me,” said Sancho, “and let it be left to your grace to manage to become a king and to make me a count.”

“So it shall be,” answered Don Quixote.

And, lifting his eyes, he saw what the following chapter will tell.

Chapter XXII. Of the freedom Don Quixote gave to a number of unfortunates who, much against their will, were being taken where they would rather not go

Cide Hamete Benengeli, Arab and Manchegan author, tells in this most grave, high-sounding, minute, sweet, and imaginative history that, after the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha and Sancho Panza, his squire, had exchanged the words recorded at the close of chapter twenty-one, Don Quixote lifted his eyes and saw, coming toward him on his road, as many as twelve men on foot, threaded by their necks on a great iron chain like beads on a string, every one of them with manacles on his wrists. Along with them rode two men on horseback, and two more walked, the riders carrying wheel-lock muskets and the walkers javelins and swords; and the moment Sancho Panza saw them, he said:

"This is a chain of galley slaves, people forced by the king, going to the galleys." "How, people forced?" asked Don Quixote. "Is it possible that the king uses force on anyone?"

"I don't say that," answered Sancho, "but that they're people who, for their crimes, are condemned to serve the king in the galleys by force."

"In short," replied Don Quixote, "however it may be, these people, though they are being taken, go by force and not of their own will."

"That's so," said Sancho.

"Then in that case," said his master, "here the exercise of my office fits in: to undo acts of force and to succor and come to the aid of the wretched."

"Mind, your grace," said Sancho, "that justice, which is the king himself, does no force or wrong to people like these, but punishes them for their crimes."

At this point the chain of galley slaves came up, and Don Quixote, in very courteous terms, asked those who were guarding them to be so good as to inform him and tell him the cause, or causes, for which they were taking those people in that manner. One of the mounted guards replied that they were galley slaves, His Majesty's people, going to the galleys, and that there was no more to be said, nor was there any more for him to know.

"For all that," replied Don Quixote, "I should like to learn from each one of them in particular the cause of his misfortune."

To these he added other words of the same kind, and so civil, to move them to tell him what he wanted, that the other guard on horseback said to him: "Although we have here the record and the certified sentences of every one of these wretches, this is no time to stop and take them out or read them; let your grace go up and ask the men themselves, for they will tell you if they choose, and they will choose, because they're people who take pleasure in doing and telling roguery."

With this leave, which Don Quixote would have taken even if they had not given it, he went up to the chain, and asked the first man for what sins he was going in such a sorry plight. He answered that he was going that way for being in love. "For that and no more?" replied Don Quixote. "Why, if they send men to the galleys for being in love, I might long since have been rowing in them."

"It isn't the kind of love your grace thinks," said the galley slave, "for mine was that I loved a basket of washing, crammed full of

white linen, so dearly that I hugged it to me so tight that, if the law hadn't taken it from me by force, I wouldn't have let go of it of my own will even yet. I was caught in the act, there was no call for torture; the case was closed, they fitted my back out with a hundred, and three solid years of *gurapas* on top of that, and the job was done."

"What are *gurapas*?" asked Don Quixote.

"*Gurapas* are galleys," answered the galley slave.

He was a young fellow of about twenty-four years, and he said he was a native of Piedrahíta. Don Quixote asked the same of the second, who did not answer a word, so sad and melancholy was he; but the first answered for him and said:

"This one, sir, is going as a canary; I mean, as a musician and singer."

"Why," Don Quixote asked again, "do musicians and singers go to the galleys too?"

"Yes, sir," answered the galley slave, "for there's nothing worse than singing in your anguish."

"On the contrary, I have heard it said," said Don Quixote, "that he who sings scares away his woes."

"Here it's the other way round," said the galley slave: "he who sings once weeps all his life."

"I do not understand it," said Don Quixote.

But one of the guards said to him:

"Sir knight, among these unholy folk, to sing in your anguish means to confess on the rack. This sinner was put to the question and owned up to his crime, which was being a rustler, that is, a thief of livestock, and, because he confessed, he got six years in the galleys, on top of two hundred lashes he already carries on his back. And he goes along always brooding and sad, because the other thieves, those left back there and those who go along here, abuse him and crush him, and mock him and think little of him,

because he confessed and hadn't the courage to say no and keep saying it. For they say that a no has no more letters than a yes, and that a criminal is lucky enough when his life or his death lies on his own tongue and not on the witnesses' or the proofs; and for my part I don't think they're very far off the road."

"And so I understand it," answered Don Quixote.

And, moving on to the third, he put to him the same question as to the rest; and he answered quickly and with a great deal of ease, and said:

"I'm going to the lady *gurapas* for five years for want of ten ducats." "I will give twenty, and very gladly," said Don Quixote, "to free you from that grief."

"That strikes me," answered the galley slave, "like a man who has money in the middle of the open sea and is dying of hunger with nowhere to buy what he needs. I say this because if I had had those twenty ducats your grace offers me now at the right time, I'd have greased the notary's quill with them and sharpened the attorney's wits, so that today I'd see myself in the middle of the Zocodover square in Toledo, and not on this road, leashed like a greyhound; but God is great: patience, and that's enough."

Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of venerable face with a white beard that came down past his chest; who, on hearing himself asked the cause for which he was there, began to weep and did not answer a word; but the fifth convict served as his tongue, and said:

"This honorable man is going to the galleys for four years, having paraded through the usual streets, dressed in state and on horseback."

"That is," said Sancho Panza, "as far as I can see, being put to public shame."

"So it is," replied the galley slave, "and the offense for which they gave him this sentence is having been a broker of the ear, and

even of the whole body. In effect, I mean that this gentleman is going as a procurer, and for having besides his touch and tinge of the sorcerer."

"If it were not for that touch and tinge being added," said Don Quixote, "for being simply a procurer and nothing else, he did not deserve to go and row in the galleys, but rather to command them and be their general; for the office of procurer is no ordinary thing, since it is an office for sensible people and most necessary in a well-ordered commonwealth, and one that should not be practiced except by very wellborn people; and there ought even to be an inspector and examiner of such persons, as there is of other trades, with a fixed and known number of them, like brokers on the exchange; and in this way many evils would be avoided which are caused by this office and occupation going about among idiots and people of little understanding, such as women of no account, little pages, and young buffoons of few years and little experience, who, at the moment of greatest need and when it is necessary to come up with a plan that matters, have the crumbs freeze between mouth and hand, and do not know which is their right hand. I would like to go further and give the reasons why it would be well to make a choice of the persons who are to hold so necessary an office in the commonwealth, but this is not the proper place for it: some day I will tell it to someone who can provide for it and remedy it. I will only say now that the grief it has caused me to see these white hairs and this venerable face in such distress for being a procurer has been taken away by the addition of his being a sorcerer; although I know well that there are no spells in the world that can move and force the will, as some simple folk think; for our free will is free, and there is no herb or charm that can force it. What some silly women and some lying rogues are in the habit of doing is making certain mixtures and poisons with which they drive men mad, making out that they have the power to make peo-

ple love, it being, as I say, an impossible thing to force the will." "That's so," said the good old man, "and in truth, sir, as for the sorcery, I was not to blame; as for being a procurer, I couldn't deny it. But I never thought I was doing wrong in it, for my whole intention was that everybody should enjoy themselves and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or griefs; but this good wish did me no good at all to keep me from going where I don't expect to come back from, with the years weighing on me and a trouble of the urine I have that won't let me rest a moment."

And here he went back to his weeping, as at first; and Sancho felt such pity for him that he took a four-real piece from his bosom and gave it to him as alms.

Don Quixote went on, and asked another man his crime, who answered with no less, but rather with much more swagger than the last:

"I'm here because I had a bit too much fun with two first cousins of mine, and with two other sisters who weren't mine; in the end I had so much fun with them all that the result of the fun was an increase in the family, so tangled that there's no devil who could sort it out. It was all proved against me, I had no friends in high places, I had no money, I saw myself on the point of losing my gullet, they sentenced me to the galleys for six years, I accepted: it's the punishment for my fault; I'm young: let life only last, for with life everything comes within reach. If your grace, sir knight, has anything with you to help these poor fellows, God will repay you in heaven, and we on earth will take care to pray to God for your grace's life and health, that they may be as long and as good as your fine presence deserves."

This one was dressed as a student, and one of the guards said he was a very great talker and a very fine Latinist.

Behind all of these came a man of very good looks, thirty years of age, except that when he looked one eye squinted a little toward

the other. He was bound differently from the rest, because he had a chain on his foot so long that it was wound around his whole body, and two iron rings at his throat, one on the chain, and the other of the kind they call a keep-friend or friend's-foot, from which two irons came down to his waist, to which were fastened two manacles, holding his hands, locked with a heavy padlock, so that his hands could not reach his mouth, nor could he bend his head down to reach his hands. Don Quixote asked why that man went with so many more fetters than the others. The guard answered that it was because he alone had more crimes than all the others put together, and that he was so bold and so great a rogue that, although they had him bound in that way, they were not sure of him, but were afraid he would get away from them.

"What crimes can he have," said Don Quixote, "if they have not deserved more punishment than sending him to the galleys?"

"He's going for ten years," replied the guard, "which is like civil death. Ask to know no more than that this good man is the famous Ginés de Pasamonte, who by another name is called Ginesillo de Parapilla."

"Señor Commissary," said the galley slave then, "go easy, and let's not start sorting out names and nicknames now. Ginés is my name and not Ginesillo, and Pasamonte is my family, and not Parapilla, as your worship says; and let each man take a turn around himself, and he'll have done no small thing."

"Speak in a lower tone," replied the commissary, "Señor Thief Beyond Measure, unless you want me to make you hold your tongue, however much it galls you."

"It's plain to see," answered the galley slave, "that a man goes as God pleases, but some day somebody will find out whether I'm called Ginesillo de Parapilla or not." "Well, don't they call you that, you liar?" said the guard.

"They do," answered Ginés, "but I'll see to it that they don't call me it, or else I'd pluck myself bald where I say between my teeth. Sir knight, if you have anything to give us, give it to us now, and go with God, for you're getting tiresome with all this wanting to know other people's lives; and if you want to know mine, know that I am Ginés de Pasamonte, whose life is written by these thumbs."

"He tells the truth," said the commissary, "for he has written his story himself, and no mistake, and he has left the book in pawn in the prison for two hundred reales." "And I mean to redeem it," said Ginés, "even if it were in for two hundred ducats." "Is it so good?" said Don Quixote.

"It's so good," answered Ginés, "that it's a bad year for *Lazarillo de Tormes* and for all the books of that kind that have been written or ever will be. What I can tell your worship is that it deals with truths, and they're such fine and such amusing truths that there can be no lies to equal them."

"And what is the title of the book?" asked Don Quixote.

"*The Life of Ginés de Pasamonte*," answered the man himself.

"And is it finished?" asked Don Quixote.

"How can it be finished," he answered, "if my life isn't finished yet? What's written goes from my birth to the point when they sent me to the galleys this last time."

"Then you have been in them before?" said Don Quixote.

"In the service of God and the king, I've been there four years before, and I already know the taste of the biscuit and the bull-whip," answered Ginés, "and it doesn't grieve me much to go to them, because there I'll have time to finish my book, for I still have a great many things to tell, and in the galleys of Spain there's more leisure than a man would need, though I don't need much more for what I have to write, because I know it by heart."

"You seem a clever fellow," said Don Quixote.

"And an unlucky one," answered Ginés, "for misfortunes always hound good wits."

"They hound rogues," said the commissary.

"I've told you already, Señor Commissary," answered Pasamonte, "to go easy, for those gentlemen didn't give you that staff for you to ill-treat us poor fellows who go along here, but for you to guide us and take us where His Majesty commands. If not, by the life of… Enough! For it might be that one day the stains that were made at the inn will come out in the wash; and let everybody keep quiet, and live well, and speak better, and let's get moving, for this has been fun enough."

The commissary raised his staff high to strike Pasamonte in answer to his threats, but Don Quixote stepped between them and begged him not to mistreat him, since it was no great matter that one who had his hands so tightly bound should have his tongue a little loose. And, turning to all those in the chain, he said: "From all you have told me, dearest brothers, I have made out clearly that, although they have punished you for your faults, the penalties you are going to suffer give you little pleasure, and that you go to them very unwillingly and very much against your will; and that it might be that the little courage that one had under torture, this one's lack of money, the other's lack of friends, and, in short, the twisted judgment of the judge, has been the cause of your ruin and of your not coming off with the justice that was on your side. All of which now presents itself to my memory in such a way that it is telling me, persuading me, and even forcing me to show in you the purpose for which heaven flung me into the world and made me profess in it the order of chivalry that I profess, and the vow I made in it to favor the needy and those oppressed by the mighty. But, because I know that one of the parts of prudence is that what can be done by fair means should not be done by foul, I wish to beg these gentlemen, the guards and the commissary, to be so good as

to unchain you and let you go in peace, for there will be no lack of others to serve the king on better occasions; for it seems to me a hard thing to make slaves of those whom God and nature made free. All the more, gentlemen guards," added Don Quixote, "since these poor men have committed no offense against you. Let each one answer for his own sin; there is a God in heaven who does not neglect to punish the wicked or to reward the good, and it is not right that honorable men should be the executioners of other men when they have nothing at stake in it. I ask this with this gentleness and calm so that, if you grant it, I may have something to thank you for; and, if you will not do it willingly, this lance and this sword, with the valor of my arm, will make you do it by force."

"A fine piece of foolery!" answered the commissary. "A fine joke he's come out with after all this while! He wants us to let the king's forced men go, as if we had authority to set them loose or he had it to order us to! Your grace go your way, sir, and good luck to you, and straighten that pot you have on your head, and don't go looking for three feet on the cat." "You are the cat, and the rat, and the rogue!" answered Don Quixote. And, no sooner said than done, he attacked him so quickly that, without his having a chance to put himself on guard, he brought him to the ground, badly wounded by a thrust of the lance; and it turned out well for him, for this was the one with the musket. The other guards were astounded and stunned by the unexpected event; but, coming to themselves, those on horseback laid hand to their swords, and those on foot to their javelins, and they charged at Don Quixote, who awaited them with great calm; and he would no doubt have fared badly if the galley slaves, seeing the chance that offered itself to them of gaining their freedom, had not tried for it, trying to break the chain on which they were strung. The confusion was such that the guards, now rushing to the galley slaves, who were getting loose, now attacking Don Quixote, who was attacking them, did nothing that

was of any use. Sancho, for his part, helped to free Ginés de Pasamonte, who was the first to spring out into the field free and unencumbered, and, falling on the fallen commissary, he took his sword and musket from him, and with the musket, aiming at one and pointing at another, without ever firing it, he did not leave a guard in the whole field, for they all fled, both from Pasamonte's musket and from the many stones the galley slaves, now loose, were throwing at them. Sancho was much saddened by this event, because it came to his mind that those who were fleeing would give notice of the affair to the Holy Brotherhood, which would come out with the alarm bells ringing to search for the criminals, and so he told his master, and begged him to leave there at once and hide themselves in the sierra, which was close by.

"That is all very well," said Don Quixote, "but I know what must be done now."

And, calling all the galley slaves, who were running about in an uproar and had stripped the commissary to the skin, they all gathered around him to see what he would command them, and he said to them:

"It is the part of wellborn people to be grateful for the benefits they receive, and one of the sins that most offends God is ingratitude. I say this because you have seen already, gentlemen, by plain experience, the one you have received from me; in payment for which I would wish, and it is my will, that, loaded with that chain I took from your necks, you set out at once and go to the city of El Toboso, and there appear before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso and tell her that her knight, he of the Sorry Figure, sends to commend himself to her, and that you relate to her, point by point, every step of this famous adventure until it set you at the freedom you longed for; and, this done, you may go wherever you please, and good fortune go with you."

Ginés de Pasamonte answered for them all, and said:

"What your grace commands us, sir and liberator of ours, is impossible with every impossibility to carry out, because we can't go along the roads together, but alone and separate, each one his own way, trying to get into the bowels of the earth so as not to be found by the Holy Brotherhood, which will certainly come out looking for us. What your grace can do, and it's right that you should do, is change that service and toll to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into some quantity of Hail Marys and Creeds, which we'll say for your grace's intention; and this is something that can be done by night and by day, fleeing or resting, in peace or in war; but to think that we're to go back now to the fleshpots of Egypt, I mean, to shoulder our chain again and take the road to El Toboso, is to think it's night now, when it isn't yet ten in the morning, and to ask that of us is like asking the elm for pears."

"Then, by heaven, I swear," said Don Quixote, now roused to anger, "Don Son of a Whore, Don Ginesillo de Paropillo, or whatever you are called, you shall go by yourself, with your tail between your legs and the whole chain loaded on your back."

Pasamonte, who was not at all long-suffering, being by now well aware that Don Quixote was not very sane, since he had committed such a piece of folly as wanting to give them their freedom, and seeing himself treated in that way, winked at his companions, and, drawing off to one side, they began to rain so many stones on Don Quixote that he could not get his buckler up fast enough to cover himself; and poor Rocinante paid no more heed to the spur than if he had been made of bronze. Sancho got behind his ass, and with him defended himself from the cloud and hailstorm that was raining down on them both. Don Quixote could not shield himself so well but that I do not know how many pebbles struck his body, and so hard that they knocked him to the ground; and he had scarcely fallen when the student was on top of him and took the basin from his head, and gave him three or four blows with it

on the back and as many more on the ground, with which he smashed it to pieces. They took from him a short jacket he wore over his armor, and they would have taken his stockings if the greaves had not prevented it. They took Sancho's coat from him, and, leaving him stripped to his shirt, and sharing out among themselves the rest of the spoils of the battle, they went off each his own way, more concerned with escaping the Brotherhood, whom they feared, than with loading themselves with the chain and going to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

Alone remained the donkey and Rocinante, Sancho and Don Quixote: the donkey, head down and pensive, shaking his ears from time to time, thinking the storm of stones that was still pursuing his ears had not yet ceased; Rocinante, stretched out beside his master, for he too had come to the ground from another stone; Sancho, stripped to his shirt and fearful of the Holy Brotherhood; Don Quixote, most downcast at seeing himself so mauled by the very men to whom he had done so much good.

Chapter XXIII. Of what happened to the famous Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena, which was one of the strangest adventures told in this true history

Seeing himself so badly mauled, Don Quixote said to his squire:

"I have always heard it said, Sancho, that to do good to boors is to pour water into the sea. If I had believed what you told me, I would have spared myself this grief; but it is done now: patience, and let us learn our lesson from here on."

"Your grace will learn your lesson the way I'm a Turk," answered Sancho, "but, since you say that if you had believed me this harm would have been spared, believe me now and you'll spare yourself a worse one; for I'd have you know that there's no use trying chivalries on the Holy Brotherhood, for it doesn't care two maravedís for all the knights-errant there are; and I'll tell you, I can already seem to hear their arrows whizzing past my ears."

"You are a coward by nature, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "but, so that you shall not say I am stubborn and never do what you advise me, this once I will take your advice and get out of reach of the fury you so dread; but it must be on one condition: that never, in life or in death, shall you tell anyone that I withdrew and drew away from this danger out of fear, but only to humor your pleas; for if you say anything else, you will lie in it, and from now till then, and from then till now, I give you the lie, and say that you lie and will lie every time you think it or say it. And do not answer me back, for at the mere thought that I am drawing away and with-

drawing from any danger, especially this one, which seems to carry some faint shadow of a shade of fear, I am ready to stay, and to wait here alone, not only for the Holy Brotherhood you speak of and fear, but for the brothers of Israel's twelve tribes, and the seven Maccabee brothers, and Castor and Pollux too, and even all the brothers and brotherhoods there are in the world."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "retreating isn't running away, nor is waiting good sense, when the danger outweighs the hope, and it's for wise men to keep themselves today for tomorrow and not risk everything on one day. And I'd have you know that, boorish and a peasant though I am, I still have some notion of what they call good government; so don't repent of having taken my advice, but get up on Rocinante, if you can, or if not I'll help you, and follow me, for my noodle tells me we have more need now of our feet than of our hands."

Don Quixote mounted without answering him another word, and, with Sancho on his ass leading the way, they went into a part of the Sierra Morena that lay close by, Sancho intending to cross it from end to end and come out at El Viso or Almodóvar del Campo, and hide for some days in those rough places so as not to be found if the Brotherhood came looking for them. What encouraged him in this was having seen that the provisions carried on his ass had come out of the fray with the galley slaves safe and free, which he judged a miracle, considering what the galley slaves had carried off and searched for.

As soon as Don Quixote entered those mountains his heart rejoiced, for those places seemed to him well suited to the adventures he was seeking. There came back into his memory the marvelous happenings that had befallen knights-errant in such solitudes and wildernesses. He went along thinking of these things, so rapt and carried away by them that he remembered nothing else. Nor did Sancho have any other care—once it seemed to him that

he was traveling through safe country—than to satisfy his stomach with what was left over from the clerical spoils; and so he rode along behind his master, sitting sidesaddle on his donkey, taking things out of a sack and packing them into his paunch; and while he went along in that way he would not have given an ardite to find any other adventure.

At this point he raised his eyes and saw that his master had stopped and was trying with the point of his long lance to lift some bundle or other that lay on the ground, at which he hurried up to help him if need be; and when he got there it was just as Don Quixote was lifting with the point of his long lance a saddle cushion and a valise fastened to it, half rotten, or wholly rotten, and falling apart; but it weighed so much that Sancho had to dismount to take it, and his master ordered him to see what was in the valise.

Sancho did so with great speed, and, although the valise was shut with a chain and its padlock, through the torn and rotted parts of it he saw what was inside, which was four shirts of fine holland and other linen things no less elegant than clean, and in a handkerchief he found a good little heap of gold escudos; and as soon as he saw them he said:

"Blessed be all of heaven, that has sent us an adventure that's of some profit!"

And, searching further, he found a little notebook, richly bound. Don Quixote asked him for this, and ordered him to keep the money and take it for himself. Sancho kissed his hands for the favor, and, stripping the valise of its linen, he put it in the provisions sack. Seeing all this, Don Quixote said:

"It seems to me, Sancho, and it cannot possibly be anything else, that some wayfarer gone astray of his way must have been crossing this sierra, and miscreants must have set on him and killed him, and brought him to bury him in this so hidden spot."

"That can't be," answered Sancho, "because if they'd been robbers they wouldn't have left this money here."

"You speak the truth," said Don Quixote, "and so I cannot guess or work out what this can be; but wait: we shall see whether there is anything written in this little notebook by which we can track down and come to know what we want to know."

He opened it, and the first thing he found written in it, as in a rough draft though in a very good hand, was a sonnet, which, reading it aloud so that Sancho could hear it too, he found went in this way:

Either Love has no knowledge of my case,
or has a surplus of cruelty, or my pain
is out of measure with the cause that dooms
me to the harshest kind of torment known.
But if Love is a god, it must be granted
that he knows everything, and reason holds
a god cannot be cruel. Who, then, ordains
the fearful grief that I adore and feel?
To say that it is you, Fili, were wrong;
such evil cannot lodge in so much good,
nor does this ruin fall on me from heaven.
Soon I must die, and that is surest of all;
for when an ill's true cause cannot be known,
to hit upon the cure's a miracle.

"From that ditty," said Sancho, "there's nothing to be learned, unless it's that by that thread there, that *hilo*, we come to the ball of the whole business."

"What *hilo* is there here?" said Don Quixote.

"It seems to me," said Sancho, "that your grace said *hilo* there."

"I said nothing but *Fili*," answered Don Quixote, "and that, no doubt, is the name of the lady of whom the author of this sonnet complains; and on my faith he must be a fair poet, or I know little of the art."

"Then," said Sancho, "your grace knows about ditties too?" "And more than you think," answered Don Quixote, "and you shall see it when you carry a letter, written in verse from top to bottom, to my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. For I would have you know, Sancho, that all or most of the knights-errant of ages past were great troubadours and great musicians; for these two skills, or graces, to put it better, go with being a lover errant. True it is that the couplets of the knights of the past have more spirit than polish."

"Read some more, your grace," said Sancho, "for you'll soon find something to satisfy us."

Don Quixote turned the page and said:

"This is prose, and it looks like a letter."

"A letter missive, sir?" asked Sancho.

"From the beginning it seems to be nothing but a love letter," answered Don Quixote. "Then read it aloud, your grace," said Sancho, "for I'm very fond of these love things."

"With pleasure," said Don Quixote.

And, reading it aloud, as Sancho had begged him to, he found it went in this way:

Your false promise and my certain misfortune carry me off to a place from which the news of my death will reach your ears before the words of my complaints. You cast me off, O ungrateful one, for a man who has more, not for one who is worth more than I; but if virtue were a treasure held in esteem, I would not envy the good fortune of others or weep over my own misfortune. What your beauty raised up your deeds have thrown down: by it I took you for an angel, and by them I know you are a woman. Stay in peace, you who have caused my war, and may heaven grant that your

husband's deceits stay forever hidden, so that you may not repent of what you did and I may not take a vengeance I do not desire. When he had finished reading the letter, Don Quixote said:

"From this, even less than from the verses, can anything more be gathered than that the one who wrote it is some scorned lover."

And, leafing through almost the whole of the little book, he found other verses and letters, some of which he could read and others not; but what they all contained were complaints, laments, misgivings, delights and disappointments, favors and disdains, some celebrated and others wept over.

While Don Quixote went through the book, Sancho went through the valise, without leaving a corner in it or in the cushion that he did not search, scrutinize, and inquire into, or a seam that he did not rip open, or a tuft of wool that he did not tease apart, so that nothing should be left behind for lack of diligence or care: such a craving had the escudos he had found awakened in him, which came to more than a hundred. And although he found no more than what he had found, he counted as well spent the flights in the blanket, the vomiting of the brew, the benedictions of the stakes, the muleteer's punches, the loss of the saddlebags, the theft of his coat, and all the hunger, thirst, and weariness he had gone through in his good master's service, for it seemed to him he was more than very well paid by the favor he had received in being handed the find.

The Knight of the Sorry Figure was left with a great desire to know who the owner of the valise might be, conjecturing, from the sonnet and the letter, from the money in gold and from such good shirts, that he must be some lover of high standing whom the disdain and ill treatment of his lady must have brought to some desperate end. But since in that uninhabitable and rugged place there appeared no one from whom he could inform himself, he took no further care than to go on, without following any road but the one

Rocinante wanted, which was the one he could make his way along, always imagining that in those thickets some strange adventure could not fail to turn up.

Going along, then, with this thought, he saw a man leaping from crag to crag and from bush to bush with strange nimbleness along the top of a little hill that rose before his eyes. It seemed to him that the man was naked, his beard black and thick, his hair long and matted, his feet bare and his legs with nothing on them; his thighs were covered by a pair of breeches, of tawny velvet as it seemed, but so torn to pieces that his flesh showed through in many places. His head was bare, and, though he went past with the nimbleness that has been told, the Knight of the Sorry Figure saw and noted all these details; and, though he tried, he could not follow him, because it was not given to Rocinante's weakness to travel those rough places, all the more as he was by nature short-stepping and phlegmatic. Don Quixote at once imagined that this was the owner of the cushion and the valise, and resolved within himself to look for him, even if he should have to go a year through those mountains until he found him; and so he ordered Sancho to get off his ass and cut across by one side of the mountain, and he himself would go by the other, and it might be that by this diligence they would come upon that man who had vanished so hastily from before their eyes.

"I won't be able to do that," answered Sancho, "because, as soon as I leave your grace, fear is on me at once, and attacks me with a thousand kinds of starts and visions. And let what I say serve you as a warning, so that from now on I don't stir a finger's breadth from your presence."

"So it shall be," said he of the Sorry Figure, "and I am very glad that you wish to make use of my spirit, which shall not fail you even though the spirit fail your body. And come along after me now, little by little, or as best you can, and make lanterns of your

eyes; we will go around this small ridge: perhaps we shall come upon that man we saw, who, beyond any doubt, is none other than the owner of our find."

To which Sancho answered:

"It would be much better not to look for him, because if we find him and he happens to be the owner of the money, it's plain that I'll have to give it back; and so it would be better, without making this useless effort, for me to keep it in good faith until, by some other way less curious and diligent, its true owner turned up; and maybe it would be at a time when I'd spent it, and then the king would let me off." "You are mistaken in that, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for, since we have fallen into suspicion of who the owner is, almost before our eyes, we are bound to look for him and give the escudos back; and, even if we did not look for him, the strong suspicion we have that he is the owner already puts us as much in the wrong as if he were. So, Sancho, my friend, let the search not grieve you, for the grief it will take from me if I find him."

And so he spurred Rocinante, and Sancho followed him with his customary donkey; and, having gone around part of the mountain, they found in a stream, fallen, dead, and half eaten by dogs and pecked by crows, a mule saddled and bridled; all of which confirmed them still more in their suspicion that the man who was fleeing was the owner of the mule and of the cushion.

While they were looking at it, they heard a whistle like a shepherd's keeping his flock, and suddenly, on their left hand, a good number of goats appeared, and behind them, on top of the mountain, appeared the goatherd who kept them, who was an old man. Don Quixote shouted to him and begged him to come down to where they were. He shouted back asking who had brought them to that place, where hardly a foot ever trod unless it was a goat's or a wolf's or some other wild beast's that roamed there.

Sancho answered him that he should come down, and they would give him a full account of everything. The goatherd came down, and on reaching the place where Don Quixote was, he said:

"I'll wager you're looking at the hired mule lying dead in that hollow. Well, on my faith, it's been in that spot six months now. Tell me: have you come across its owner around here?"

"We have come across no one," answered Don Quixote, "except a cushion and a little valise that we found not far from this place."

"I found it too," answered the goatherd, "but I never would pick it up or go near it, for fear of some mishap and of being charged with it as stolen; for the devil is crafty, and right under a man's feet up springs something for him to trip on and fall, without knowing how or how not."

"That's just what I say," answered Sancho, "for I found it too, and I wouldn't go within a stone's throw of it; there I left it and there it stays, just as it was, for I want no dog with a bell on."

"Tell me, good man," said Don Quixote, "do you know who the owner of these things may be?"

"What I'm able to tell you," said the goatherd, "is that it must be close on six months, a little more or less, since there came to a shepherds' fold, which must be some three leagues from this place, a young man of fine figure and bearing, riding that same mule that lies dead there, and with the same cushion and valise that you say you found and didn't touch. He asked us which part of this sierra was the roughest and most hidden; we told him it was this one where we are now; and that's the truth, for if you go half a league farther in, maybe you won't find your way out; and I marvel at how you were able to get here, for there's no road or path that leads to this place. I say, then, that when the young man heard our answer, he turned his reins and headed for the spot we showed him, and left us all pleased with his fine figure, and wondering at his question and at the haste with which we saw him ride off and

turn toward the sierra; and from then on we never saw him again, until some days later he came out onto the road in front of one of our shepherds, and, without saying anything to him, went up to him and gave him a lot of punches and kicks, and then went to the she-ass with our supplies and took all the bread and cheese she was carrying; and, this done, with strange swiftness, he went back into hiding in the sierra. When some of us goatherds learned of this, we went looking for him for nearly two days through the thickest part of this sierra, at the end of which we found him tucked into the hollow of a big, sturdy cork oak. He came out to us very meekly, his clothes already torn, and his face disfigured and burned by the sun, so much that we hardly knew him, except that his clothes, torn as they were, from what we knew of them, gave us to understand that he was the one we were looking for. He greeted us courteously, and in few and very good words told us not to marvel at seeing him go about in that way, because he had to do so to fulfill a certain penance that had been laid on him for his many sins. We begged him to tell us who he was, but we could never get it out of him. We also asked him, when he needed food, which he couldn't do without, to tell us where we would find him, because we would bring it to him with great love and care; and, if this wasn't to his liking either, at least to come out and ask for it, and not take it from the shepherds. He thanked us for our offer, asked pardon for the assaults he had made, and offered from then on to ask for it for the love of God, without giving trouble to anybody. As for where he made his dwelling, he said he had none but the one chance offered him wherever night overtook him; and he ended his talk with such tender weeping that we who had listened to him would have had to be made of stone not to keep him company in it, thinking of him as we had seen him the first time and as we saw him then. For, as I have said, he was a very fine and graceful young man, and by his courteous and well-ordered words he

showed himself to be wellborn and a very courtly person; for, though we who were listening to him were rustics, his gentility was so great that it was enough to make itself known even to rusticity itself. And, when he was in the best part of his talk, he stopped and fell silent; he fixed his eyes on the ground for a good while, during which we all stood still and in suspense, waiting to see where that trance would end, with no small pity at the sight of it; for from what he did, opening his eyes, staring fixed at the ground without moving an eyelash for a long while, and at other times closing them, pressing his lips together and arching his brows, we easily knew that some fit of madness had come over him. But he soon gave us to understand that what we thought was true, for he got up from the ground, where he had thrown himself, in a great fury, and fell upon the first man he found beside him with such boldness and rage that, if we hadn't pulled him off, he would have killed him with his fists and his teeth; and all this he did saying: 'Ah, faithless Fernando! Here, here you shall pay me for the wrong you did me: these hands shall tear out your heart, where all wickednesses together lodge and have their lair, above all fraud and deceit!' And to these he added other words, all of which went to speak ill of that Fernando and brand him a traitor and faithless. We pulled him off, then, with no little trouble, and he, without saying another word, left us and ran off into hiding among these rockroses and thickets, so that he made it impossible for us to follow him. From this we guessed that the madness came on him at times, and that someone called Fernando must have done him some wicked turn, as heavy as the state it had brought him to showed it to be. All of which has been confirmed since then by the times, and they have been many, that he has come out onto the road, sometimes to ask the shepherds to give him some of what they carry to eat and other times to take it from them by force; for when he is in the fit of madness, even though the shep-

herds offer it to him freely, he won't accept it, but takes it with his fists; and when he is in his right mind, he asks for it for the love of God, courteously and politely, and gives many thanks for it, and not without tears. And in truth I tell you, gentlemen," the goatherd went on, "that yesterday I and four lads, two of them my servants and two my friends, made up our minds to look for him until we find him, and, once we have found him, whether by force or by consent, we are to take him to the town of Almodóvar, which is eight leagues from here, and there we will have him cured, if his trouble has a cure, or we will find out who he is when he is in his right mind, and whether he has relatives to whom we can give news of his misfortune. This, gentlemen, is what I can tell you of what you asked me; and understand that the owner of the things you found is the same man you saw go by as swift as he was naked"—for Don Quixote had already told him how he had seen that man go leaping over the sierra.

Don Quixote was left amazed at what he had heard from the goatherd, and with a greater desire to know who the unhappy madman was; and he resolved within himself what he had already been thinking: to look for him all over the mountain, without leaving a corner or a cave in it unsearched, until he found him. But fortune managed it better than he thought or hoped, because at that very moment there appeared, through a gully in a sierra that opened onto where they stood, the young man he was looking for, who came along talking to himself of things that could not have been understood close at hand, let alone from afar. His dress was as has been described, except that, as he came near, Don Quixote saw that a tattered leather jerkin he wore was scented with ambergris; from which he finally understood that a person who wore such clothes could not be of the lowest rank.

When the young man reached them he greeted them in a harsh, cracked voice, but with great courtesy. Don Quixote returned his

greetings with no less civility, and, dismounting from Rocinante, with fine bearing and grace he went to embrace him and held him a good while tight in his arms, as though he had known him for years and years. The other, whom we may call the Ragged One of the Ill Figure—as Don Quixote was he of the Sorry—after letting himself be embraced, held him off a little, and, with his hands on Don Quixote's shoulders, stood looking at him, as if he wished to see whether he knew him; no less amazed, perhaps, to see Don Quixote's figure, build, and armor than Don Quixote was to see him. In short, the first to speak after the embrace was the Ragged One, and he said what will be told further on.

Chapter XXIV. In which the adventure of the Sierra Morena is continued

The history says that very great was the attention with which Don Quixote listened to the ragged Knight of the Sierra, who, going on with his talk, said:

"Truly, sir, whoever you may be, for I do not know you, I thank you for the tokens of goodwill and the courtesy you have shown me; and I would wish to find myself in such a state that I could repay with more than goodwill the goodwill you have shown me by the kind welcome you have given me, but my fortune will not give me anything with which to answer the good deeds done me except good wishes to repay them."

"Mine," answered Don Quixote, "are to serve you; so much so that I had resolved not to leave these mountains until I had found you and learned from you whether for the grief you show by the strangeness of your life some kind of remedy could be found; and, if it were necessary to seek it, to seek it with all possible diligence. And, if your misfortune should be one of those that have their doors shut to every kind of consolation, I meant to help you weep and lament it as best I could, for it is still a consolation in misfortunes to find someone who grieves over them. And, if my good intention deserves to be thanked with some kind of courtesy, I beg you, sir, by the great courtesy I see is lodged in you, and at the same time I adjure you by whatever thing you have most loved or love in this life, to tell me who you are and what cause has brought you to live and to die in these solitudes like a brute beast, since

you dwell among the beasts so estranged from yourself as your dress and person show. And I swear," added Don Quixote, "by the order of chivalry I received, though unworthy and a sinner, and by my profession of knight-errant, that if you will gratify me in this, sir, I will serve you with all the earnestness that being who I am obliges me to: either remedying your misfortune, if it has a remedy, or helping you to weep over it, as I have promised you."

The Knight of the Wood, hearing the one of the Sorry Figure speak in this way, did nothing but look at him, and look him over, and look at him again from head to foot; and, after he had looked at him well, he said to him:

"If you have anything to give me to eat, for the love of God give it to me, for after I have eaten I will do everything I am asked, in gratitude for such good wishes as have been shown me here."

Then Sancho from his sack and the goatherd from his pouch brought out food, with which the Ragged One satisfied his hunger, eating what they gave him like a dazed man, so fast that he left no space between one mouthful and the next, for he wolfed them down rather than swallowed them; and while he was eating, neither he nor those watching him spoke a word. When he had finished eating, he made signs to them to follow him, as they did, and he led them to a green little meadow that lay around the turn of a rock a short way off. On reaching it he stretched himself out on the ground, on the grass, and the others did the same; and all this without any of them speaking, until the Ragged One, after settling himself in his place, said:

"If you wish, gentlemen, for me to tell you in brief words the immensity of my misfortunes, you must promise me that with no question, nor anything else, will you break the thread of my sad story; for at the very point where you do so, there what I am telling will stop."

These words of the Ragged One brought to Don Quixote's memory the story his squire had told him, when he did not hit on the number of goats that had crossed the river and the tale was left hanging. But, to return to the Ragged One, he went on to say:

"I give this warning because I would like to pass quickly through the account of my misfortunes; for calling them to mind serves me for nothing but to add new ones, and the less you ask me, the sooner I shall finish telling them, though I will not leave untold anything of importance, so as to satisfy your desire entirely."

Don Quixote promised it in the name of the rest, and he, with this assurance, began in this way:

"My name is Cardenio; my homeland, one of the best cities of this Andalusia; my lineage, noble; my parents, wealthy; my misfortune, such that my parents must have mourned it and my lineage felt it, without being able to lighten it with their wealth; for the goods of fortune are seldom of much avail in remedying the misfortunes sent by heaven. In this same land there lived a heaven, where love set every glory I could ever have wished for myself: such is Luscinda's beauty, a damsel of no less birth and wealth than mine, but of greater good fortune and of less constancy than my honorable intentions deserved. This Luscinda I loved, cherished, and adored from my tender earliest years, and she loved me with that simplicity and good heart her few years allowed. Our parents knew of our intentions, and it did not grieve them, for they saw well that, if they went further, they could have no other end than our marriage, a thing almost arranged already by the equality of our lineage and wealth. We grew older, and with our age grew the love of both of us, so that it seemed to Luscinda's father that for good reasons he was obliged to deny me entry to his house, in this almost imitating the parents of that Thisbe so much sung by the poets. And this denial was to add flame to flame and desire to

desire, because, though they put silence on our tongues, they could not put it on our pens, which, with more freedom than tongues, are wont to give whom they will to understand what is locked up in the soul; for often the presence of the beloved thing troubles and strikes dumb the most resolute intent and the boldest tongue. Ah, heavens, and how many notes I wrote her! What sweet and modest answers I had! How many songs I composed and how many love verses, in which the soul declared and set forth its feelings, painted its burning desires, fed its memories, and refreshed its will!

"In effect, finding myself hard pressed, and my soul consuming itself with the desire to see her, I resolved to put into action and finish at a stroke what seemed to me most fitting to win the prize I longed for and deserved; and it was to ask her father for her as my lawful wife, as I did; to which he answered me that he thanked me for the wish I showed to honor him and to wish to honor myself with what was his, but that, my father being alive, it fell to him by just right to make that request; for, if it were not with his full will and pleasure, Luscinda was not a woman to be taken or given by stealth.

"I thanked him for his good intention, for it seemed to me he was right in what he said, and that my father would agree to it as soon as I told him; and with this intention, then and there, I went to tell my father what I wished. And when I came into a room where he was, I found him holding a letter, opened, and before I had spoken a word he handed it to me and said: 'By that letter you will see, Cardenio, the wish Duke Ricardo has to do you a favor.' This Duke Ricardo, as you gentlemen must know already, is a grandee of Spain who has his estate in the best part of this Andalusia. I took the letter and read it, and it came so urgently worded that I myself thought it would be wrong if my father failed to do what was asked of him in it, which was that he should send

me at once to where the duke was; that he wanted me to be the companion, not the servant, of his eldest son, and that he took it on himself to set me in a position that would answer to the esteem in which he held me. I read the letter and was struck dumb as I read it, and all the more when I heard my father say to me: 'Two days from now you shall set out, Cardenio, to do the duke's will; and give thanks to God, who is opening a way for you by which you may attain what I know you deserve.' To these he added other words of a father giving counsel. The time for my departure came, I spoke one night with Luscinda, I told her all that was happening, and I did the same with her father, begging him to wait a few days and put off giving her in marriage until I saw what Ricardo wanted of me. He promised it to me, and she confirmed it with a thousand oaths and a thousand swoons. I came, in the end, to where Duke Ricardo was. I was so well received and treated by him that envy at once began to do its work, the old servants envying me, for it seemed to them that the signs the duke gave of favoring me must be to their prejudice. But the one who was most glad at my coming was a second son of the duke's, called Fernando, a gallant young man, a gentleman, generous and amorous, who in a short time wanted me to be so much his friend that it gave everyone something to talk about; and, although the eldest liked me well and showed me favor, it did not come to the extreme with which Don Fernando liked and treated me.

"The fact is, then, that, since between friends there is no secret thing that is not shared, and the favor I enjoyed with Don Fernando had ceased to be favor by becoming friendship, he declared all his thoughts to me, especially one of love, which kept him somewhat restless. He loved a farmer's daughter, a vassal of his father's (and her parents were very rich), and she was so beautiful, modest, sensible, and virtuous that no one who knew her could decide in which of these things she was most excellent or

most surpassed others. These fine qualities of the beautiful farmer's daughter brought Don Fernando's desires to such a pass that he resolved, in order to attain his end and conquer the farmer's daughter's virtue, to give her his word to be her husband, for otherwise it was to attempt the impossible. I, bound by his friendship, with the best reasons I knew and the liveliest examples I could, tried to hinder him and turn him from such a purpose. But, seeing that it did no good, I resolved to tell the matter to Duke Ricardo, his father. But Don Fernando, being astute and shrewd, suspected and feared this, for it seemed to him that, as a good servant, I was obliged not to keep hidden a thing so much to the prejudice of my lord the duke's honor; and so, to divert and deceive me, he told me he found no better remedy for being able to put out of his memory the beauty that held him so subject than to go away for some months; and that he wanted the absence to be that the two of us should come to my father's house, on the pretext, which they would give the duke, that he was coming to see and buy some very fine horses there were in my city, which is the mother of the best in the world.

"Scarcely did I hear him say this when, moved by my own love, even if his decision had not been so good, I would have approved it as one of the wisest that could be imagined, seeing what a good occasion and opportunity offered itself to me of seeing my Luscinda again. With this thought and desire, I approved his opinion and strengthened his purpose, telling him to put it into action as soon as possible, because, in effect, absence did its work in spite of the firmest thoughts. By the time he came to tell me this, as was learned afterward, he had already enjoyed the farmer's daughter under the title of husband, and was waiting for a chance to reveal himself in safety, afraid of what the duke his father would do when he learned of his folly.

"It happened, then, that, since love in young men is for the most part not love but appetite, which, as it has pleasure for its final end, comes to an end on attaining it, and what seemed to be love must turn back, because it cannot go beyond the limit that nature set it, which limit nature did not set to what is true love... I mean that, as soon as Don Fernando had enjoyed the farmer's daughter, his desires were appeased and his ardor cooled; and if at first he pretended to want to go away to cure them, now he truly tried to go so as not to carry them out. The duke gave him leave, and ordered me to go with him. We came to my city, my father received him as befitted who he was; I saw Luscinda at once, and my desires came back to life, though they had not been dead or deadened, and of them I gave an account, to my misfortune, to Don Fernando, for it seemed to me that, by the law of the great friendship he showed, I ought to hide nothing from him. I praised Luscinda's beauty, grace, and wit to him in such a way that my praises stirred in him the desire to see a damsel adorned with so many fine qualities. I satisfied it, to my ill luck, by showing her to him one night, by the light of a candle, at a window where the two of us used to talk. He saw her in a plain house dress, and such that she made him forget all the beauties he had seen until then. He was struck dumb, lost his senses, was rapt, and, in short, became as much in love as you will see as the tale of my misfortune goes on. And to fan his desire further, which he hid from me and revealed to heaven alone, fortune willed that he should find one day a note of hers begging me to ask her father for her as my wife, so sensible, so modest, and so loving that, on reading it, he told me that in Luscinda alone were contained all the graces of beauty and understanding that were divided among all the other women in the world.

"True it is that I wish to confess now that, though I saw with what just cause Don Fernando praised Luscinda, it grieved me to

hear those praises from his mouth, and I began to fear and mistrust him, because not a moment went by in which he did not want us to talk of Luscinda, and he would bring up the subject even if he had to drag it in by the hair; a thing that woke in me I do not know what of jealousy, not because I feared any turn for the worse in Luscinda's goodness and faith, but, for all that, my fate made me fear the very thing she assured me of. Don Fernando always tried to read the papers I sent Luscinda and those she sent me in answer, on the ground that he took great pleasure in the wit of us both. It happened, then, that, Luscinda having asked me for a book of chivalry to read, of which she was very fond, which was the one of *Amadís of Gaul*..."

No sooner had Don Quixote heard a book of chivalry named than he said: "Had your grace only told me, at the beginning of your story, that her grace the lady Luscinda was fond of books of chivalry, no other praise would have been needed to make me understand the loftiness of her understanding, for she could not have so good a one as you, sir, have painted for us, if she lacked a taste for such delightful reading: so, as far as I am concerned, there is no need to spend more words in setting forth to me her beauty, worth, and understanding; for, by merely having learned of her fondness, I confirm her as the most beautiful and most sensible woman in the world. And I could wish, sir, that your grace had sent her, together with *Amadís of Gaul*, the good *Don Rugel of Greece*, for I know the lady Luscinda would have greatly enjoyed Daraida and Geraya, and the witty sayings of the shepherd Darinel and those admirable verses of his eclogues, sung and performed by him with all grace, wit, and ease. But a time may come when that fault is amended, and the amending need take no longer than it takes your grace to be pleased to come with me to my village, for there I shall be able to give you upward of three hundred books, the joy of my soul and the pastime of my life; though it is

my belief that I have none left now, thanks to the malice of wicked and envious enchanters. And forgive me, your grace, for having gone against what we promised, not to interrupt your talk, for, on hearing of matters of chivalry and of knights-errant, it is as much in my power to stop talking of them as it is in the power of the sun's rays to stop giving heat, or of the moon's to stop giving moisture. So, pardon me, and go on, for that is what matters most now."

While Don Quixote was saying what has been set down, Cardenio's head had dropped onto his chest, and he gave signs of being deep in thought. And, though Don Quixote twice told him to go on with his story, he neither raised his head nor answered a word; but at the end of a good while he raised it and said:

"It cannot be taken out of my head, nor will there be anyone in the world to take it out, nor anyone to make me understand otherwise (and a blockhead he would be who understood or believed the contrary), but that that great rogue Master Elisabat was living in sin with Queen Madésima."

"That, no, I swear!" answered Don Quixote in great anger (and he flung it at him, as was his custom). "And that is a very great slander, or a piece of villainy, to put it better: Queen Madásima was a very great lady, and it is not to be presumed that so high a princess would live in sin with a quack who cured ruptures; and whoever understands the contrary lies like a very great villain. And I will make him understand it, on foot or mounted, in armor or without it, by night or by day, or in whatever way he likes best."

Cardenio was looking at him very intently, for the fit of his madness had now come over him and he was in no state to continue his tale; nor, for that matter, would Don Quixote have heard it out, so much had what he had heard of Madásima displeased him. A strange thing, that he should take her part as if she were truly his true and natural lady: such a hold had his excommunicated books on him! I say, then, that, since Cardenio was now mad

and heard himself called a liar and a villain, with other such insults, he did not like the jest, and he picked up a stone that he found beside him and struck Don Quixote such a blow on the chest with it that it knocked him over on his back. Sancho Panza, seeing his master treated in such a way, went at the madman with his fist clenched; and the Ragged One received him in such a way that with one punch he laid him at his feet, and then got on top of him and pounded his ribs very much to his own satisfaction. The goatherd, who tried to defend him, ran the same risk. And, after he had them all beaten and battered, he left them and went off, very calmly, to hide in the mountains.

Sancho got up, and, in the rage he was in at seeing himself pummeled so undeservedly, went to take his revenge on the goatherd, telling him it was his fault for not having warned them that this man was seized by madness at times; for, if they had known it, they would have been on their guard so as to protect themselves. The goatherd answered that he had told them already, and that if Sancho had not heard it, the fault was not his. Sancho Panza replied, and the goatherd replied again, and the end of the replies was that they seized each other by the beard and traded such punches that, had Don Quixote not stepped in to make peace, they would have torn each other to pieces. Sancho said, as he grappled with the goatherd:

"Let me go, your grace, Sir Knight of the Sorry Figure, for with this fellow, who's a peasant like me and not dubbed a knight, I can very well and safely take satisfaction for the wrong he's done me, fighting him hand to hand, like an honest man."

"That is so," said Don Quixote, "but I know he is not at all to blame for what has happened."

With this he pacified them, and Don Quixote asked the goatherd again whether it would be possible to find Cardenio, for he was left with a very great desire to know the end of his story.

The goatherd told him what he had told him at first, that he did not know for certain where his lair was; but that, if he went about those parts a good deal, he would not fail to find him, either sane or mad.

Chapter XXV. Which deals with the strange things that befell the valiant knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena, and with his imitation of the penance of Beltenebros

Don Quixote took leave of the goatherd and, mounting Rocinante once more, ordered Sancho to follow him, which Sancho did, with his donkey, very much against his will. Little by little they were making their way into the roughest part of the mountains, and Sancho was dying to talk with his master and wished his master would begin the conversation, so as not to go against what he had been ordered; but, unable to bear so much silence, he said to him:

"Señor Don Quixote, may your grace give me your blessing and your leave, for I want to go home from here, to my wife and my children, and with them at least I'll talk and chatter all I please; because for your grace to want me to go with you through these wildernesses, day and night, and not talk to you when I feel like it, is burying me alive. If only luck would have the animals talk, the way they talked in the days of Guisopete and his fables, it wouldn't be so bad, because I could chatter to my donkey about whatever came into my head, and that way I'd get through my bad luck; for it's a hard thing, and not one a man can bear with patience, to go looking for adventures all your life and find nothing but kicks and blanket-tossings, brickbats and punches, and on top of all that we have to sew our mouths shut, not daring to say what a man has in his heart, as if he were dumb."

"I understand you now, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "You are dying for me to lift the ban I have laid on your tongue. Consider it lifted and say what you like, on condition that this lifting is to last no longer than while we are going through these mountains."

"So be it," said Sancho. "Let me talk now, for God knows what will come after; and, beginning to enjoy this safe-conduct, I say: what did it matter to your grace to stand up so hard for that Queen Magimasa, or whatever her name is? Or what did it matter whether that abbot was her lover or not? For if your grace had let it pass, since you weren't her judge, I truly believe the madman would have gone on with his story, and we'd have been spared the blow from the stone, and the kicks, and even more than half a dozen cuffs."

"Upon my faith, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if you knew, as I know, how honorable and how great a lady Queen Madásima was, I know you would say I had a great deal of patience, since I did not smash the mouth from which such blasphemies came; for it is a very great blasphemy to say or even think that a queen would be living in sin with a surgeon. The truth of the tale is that this Master Elisabat the madman spoke of was a very prudent man and one of very sound counsel, and he served the queen as tutor and physician; but to think that she was his mistress is nonsense deserving very great punishment. And so that you may see Cardenio did not know what he was saying, you must bear in mind that when he said it he had already lost his wits."

"That's what I say," said Sancho: "there was no reason to take account of a madman's words, because if good luck hadn't helped your grace and sent the stone at your head the way it sent it at your chest, we'd have been in a fine state for standing up for that lady of mine, God confound her. And a fine thing it would be: Cardenio would have got off for being mad!"

"Against the sane and against the mad, any knight-errant is bound to stand up for the honor of women, whoever they may be, and how much more for queens of such high degree and worth as Queen Madásima, for whom I have a particular regard because of her good parts; for, besides having been fair, she was also very prudent and very patient in her calamities, of which she had many; and the counsel and company of Master Elisabat were of great profit and relief to her in bearing her trials with prudence and patience. And from this the ignorant and ill-meaning rabble took occasion to say and think that she was his paramour; and they lie, I say again, and will lie two hundred times more, all who think or say such a thing." "I don't say it and I don't think it," answered Sancho. "That's their business; let them eat it with their own bread. Whether they were lovers or not, they'll have given their account to God by now. I come from my vineyard, I know nothing; I'm no friend of prying into other people's lives; for he who buys and lies feels it in his purse. Besides, naked I was born, naked I am now: I neither lose nor gain; and suppose they were, what's it to me? And many think there's bacon where there isn't even a peg to hang it on. But who can put gates on the open country? And what's more, they even talked about God."

"God save us," said Don Quixote, "what a string of foolishness you are threading, Sancho! What has the matter in hand to do with the proverbs you are stringing together? On your life, Sancho, be quiet; and from now on busy yourself with spurring your ass, and leave off meddling in what does not concern you. And understand with all your five senses that everything I have done, do, and shall do is well grounded in reason and wholly in keeping with the rules of chivalry, which I know better than all the knights who ever professed them in the world."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "and is it a good rule of chivalry for us to go wandering lost through these mountains, with no path or

road, looking for a madman who, once he's found, may perhaps take a fancy to finish what he left begun, not of his story but of your grace's head and my ribs, finishing breaking them for us altogether?"

"Be quiet, I tell you again, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for I would have you know that it is not only the wish to find the madman that brings me to these parts, so much as the wish I have to do a deed in them by which I am to win everlasting name and fame over the whole of the known earth; and it shall be such that with it I shall put the seal on everything that can make a knight-errant famous and perfect."

"And is that deed very dangerous?" asked Sancho Panza.

"No," answered he of the Sorry Figure, "though the die might run in such a way that we throw a losing cast instead of a winning one; but everything is to depend on your diligence."

"On my diligence?" said Sancho.

"Yes," said Don Quixote, "because if you come back soon from where I mean to send you, soon my pain will be over and soon my glory will begin. And since it is not right to keep you in suspense any longer, waiting to see where my words will end, I want you to know, Sancho, that the famous Amadís of Gaul was one of the most perfect knights-errant. I put it badly when I say 'one of': he was the only one, the first, the unique, the lord of all there were in the world in his time. A bad year and a bad month to Don Belianís and to all who say he equaled him in anything, for they are deceived, I swear it for certain. I say, too, that when a painter wants to become famous in his art, he tries to copy the originals of the most singular painters he knows; and this same rule holds for nearly all the trades or occupations of account that serve to adorn commonwealths. And so must he do, and so does he do, who wishes to gain a name for prudence and endurance, imitating Ulysses, in whose person and labors Homer paints us a living portrait of pru-

dence and endurance; just as Virgil, too, in the person of Aeneas, showed us the worth of a dutiful son and the shrewdness of a brave and skillful captain, not painting or revealing them as they were but as they ought to be, so as to leave an example of their virtues to the men who came after. In this same way Amadís was the north star, the morning star, the sun of valiant and enamored knights, the one whom all of us who fight under the banner of love and of chivalry ought to imitate. This being so, then, as it is, I find, Sancho, my friend, that the knight-errant who imitates him most closely will be nearest to reaching the perfection of chivalry. And one of the things in which this knight most showed his prudence, worth, valor, endurance, constancy, and love was when, disdained by the lady Oriana, he withdrew to do penance on the Peña Pobre, his name changed to that of Beltenebros, a name, to be sure, meaningful and fitting for the life he had chosen of his own free will. So it is easier for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants, beheading serpents, slaying monstrous endriagos, routing armies, sinking fleets, and undoing enchantments. And since these places are so well suited to such purposes, there is no reason to let slip the occasion, which now so conveniently offers me its forelock."

"In short," said Sancho, "what is it your grace means to do in such a remote place as this?"

"Have I not told you already," answered Don Quixote, "that I mean to imitate Amadís, playing here the desperate, the witless, and the raving lover, so as to imitate at the same time the valiant Don Roldán, when he found by a fountain the signs that Angelica the Fair had done a vile thing with Medoro, for grief of which he went mad and tore up the trees, muddied the waters of the clear springs, killed shepherds, destroyed flocks, burned huts, pulled down houses, dragged off mares, and committed a hundred thousand other outrages worthy of everlasting name and record? And

though I do not intend to imitate Roldán, or Orlando, or Rotolando (for he had all three of these names), point by point in all the mad things he did, said, and thought, I shall make a sketch of them, as best I can, in those that seem to me most essential. And it may be that I shall come to be content with imitating Amadís alone, who without doing any harmful madness, only tears and sorrows, won as much fame as the best of them." "It seems to me," said Sancho, "that the knights who did such things were provoked and had cause to do those follies and penances, but what cause has your grace for going mad? What lady has disdained you, or what signs have you found that give you to understand that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has been up to some childishness with Moor or Christian?"

"There is the point," answered Don Quixote, "and that is the refinement of my business; for a knight-errant who goes mad with cause earns neither thanks nor credit: the whole art is to lose my wits without occasion and let my lady understand that if I do this dry, what would I do wet? Besides, I have occasion enough in the long absence I have made from her who is ever my lady, Dulcinea del Toboso; for, as you heard that shepherd of the other day, Ambrosio, say, he who is absent suffers every ill and fears every ill. So, Sancho, my friend, do not waste time advising me to leave off so rare, so happy, and so unexampled an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I must be until you come back with the answer to a letter I mean to send by you to my lady Dulcinea; and if it is such as my faith deserves, my folly and my penance will be over; and if it is the opposite, I shall be mad in earnest, and, being so, I shall feel nothing. So, however she answers, I shall come out of the strife and trouble in which you leave me, either enjoying the good you bring me, as a sane man, or not feeling the ill you bear me, as a madman. But tell me, Sancho, are you keeping Mambrino's helmet safe? For I saw you pick it up from the ground when that ungrateful fellow

tried to smash it to pieces. But he could not, from which the fineness of its temper may be seen."

To which Sancho answered:

"As God lives, Sir Knight of the Sorry Figure, there are some things your grace says that I can't bear or put up with patiently, and because of them I come to imagine that all your talk to me of chivalry, of winning kingdoms and empires, of giving isles and doing other favors and grand things, as is the custom of knights-errant, must all be wind and lies, and all humbuggery, or humbug, or whatever we may call it. Because anyone who heard your grace say that a barber's basin is Mambrino's helmet, and saw you not get out of that error in more than four days, what must he think but that whoever says and maintains such a thing must have his brains addled? The basin I'm carrying in the sack, all dented, and I'm carrying it to mend it at home and shave in it, if God grants me the grace to see myself with my wife and children some day."

"Look here, Sancho, by the same One you swore by just now, I swear to you," said Don Quixote, "that you have the shortest understanding that any squire in the world has or ever had. Is it possible that in all the time you have been going about with me you have not noticed that all the things of knights-errant look like chimeras, follies, and nonsense, and that they are all done backward? And not because they are so, but because among us there always goes a mob of enchanters who change and swap all our things and turn them as they please, and as they have a mind to favor us or destroy us; and so what looks to you like a barber's basin looks to me like Mambrino's helmet, and to another it will look like something else. And it was a rare piece of foresight in the sage who takes my part to have what is truly and really Mambrino's helmet seem a basin to all eyes, because, as it is of such value, the whole world would hunt me down to take it from me; but when they see it is nothing but a barber's basin, they do not trouble to

get it, as was plain from the fellow who set about breaking it and then went off and left it lying there on the ground; for, upon my faith, if he had known it, he would never have left it. Keep it, my friend, for I have no need of it for now; rather I must take off all this armor and be left naked as when I was born, if it should come into my head to follow Roldán rather than Amadís in my penance."

Talking in this way, they reached the foot of a high mountain that stood alone, almost like a sheer-cut crag, among many others that surrounded it. A gentle brook ran along its skirts, and all around it lay a meadow so green and lush that it gave delight to the eyes that looked on it. There were many wild trees thereabouts, and some plants and flowers, which made the place pleasant. This spot the Knight of the Sorry Figure chose for doing his penance; and so, on seeing it, he began to say in a loud voice, as if he had lost his wits:

"This is the place, O heavens, that I appoint and choose for weeping over the misfortune into which you yourselves have cast me. This is the spot where the moisture of my eyes shall swell the waters of this little brook, and my ceaseless and deep sighs shall stir without cease the leaves of these mountain trees, in witness and token of the pain my harried heart endures. O ye, whoever you may be, rustic gods who have your dwelling in this uninhabitable place, hear the complaints of this unhappy lover, whom a long absence and some imagined jealousies have brought to lament among these rugged rocks and to complain of the hard nature of that fair ingrate, the bound and end of all human beauty! O ye napaeae and dryads, who are wont to dwell in the thickets of the mountains, so may the nimble and lustful satyrs, by whom you are loved, though in vain, never disturb your sweet repose, help me to lament my misfortune, or at least do not weary of hearing it! O Dulcinea del Toboso, day of my night, glory of my pain, north star of my roads, star of my fortune, so may heaven grant you good

fortune in all you may think to ask of it, consider the place and the state to which your absence has brought me, and answer with kindness what is owed to my faith! O lonely trees, who from this day forward are to keep company with my solitude, give some sign, by the gentle stirring of your branches, that my presence does not displease you! O you, my squire, pleasant companion in my more prosperous and adverse fortunes, fix well in your memory what you shall see me do here, so that you may tell and recite it to the sole cause of it all!"

And, saying this, he got off Rocinante and in a moment took off his bridle and saddle; and, giving him a slap on the haunches, he said to him:

"He who is left without liberty gives you liberty, O steed as excellent in your deeds as you are unhappy in your lot! Go where you will, for you bear written on your forehead that neither the Hippogriff of Astolfo nor the renowned Frontino, which cost Bradamante so dear, could match you in swiftness."

Seeing this, Sancho said:

"Bless whoever has just spared us the trouble of taking the packsaddle off the gray; for, upon my faith, there'd be no lack of little pats to give him or things to say in his praise; but if he were here, I wouldn't let anyone take his packsaddle off, since there'd be no call for it, for none of the general articles on lovers or on desperate men applied to him, since his master wasn't one, which was me, back when God was willing. And truly, Sir Knight of the Sorry Figure, if my going and your grace's madness are in earnest, it would be a good thing to saddle Rocinante again, to make up for the want of the gray, because it would save time on my going and coming; for if I do it on foot, I don't know when I'll get there or when I'll come back, because, to sum up, I'm a poor walker." "I say, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "let it be as you wish, for your plan does not seem bad to me; and I say that three days from now

you shall set out, because I want you in this time to see what I do and say for her, so that you can tell it to her."

"Well, what more have I got to see," said Sancho, "than what I've seen?"

"Much you know about it!" answered Don Quixote. "I have still to tear my garments, scatter my arms, and dash my head against these rocks, with other things of the kind that will amaze you."

"For the love of God," said Sancho, "let your grace mind how you go about dashing your head, for you may come upon such a rock, and at such a spot, that with the first knock the whole machine of this penance would be finished; and I would be of the opinion that, since your grace thinks knocks on the head are needed here and this work can't be done without them, you should be content, since all this is make-believe and counterfeit and a joke, you should be content, I say, with giving them in the water, or on something soft, like cotton; and leave it to me, for I'll tell my lady that your grace was giving them against a rock point harder than a diamond's."

"I thank you for your good intention, Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "but I would have you know that all these things I do are not in jest but very much in earnest; for otherwise it would be going against the orders of chivalry, which command us to tell no lie at all, on pain of being treated as relapsed, and doing one thing for another is the same as lying. So my knocks on the head must be true, firm, and valid, without anything sophistical or fantastical about them. And you will have to leave me some lint to dress my wounds, since fortune willed that we should lose the balm."

"Losing the ass was worse," answered Sancho, "since the lint and everything were lost with him. And I beg your grace not to remember that cursed brew any more, for just hearing it named turns my soul, let alone my stomach. And I beg you one thing

more: count the three days you gave me for seeing the mad things you do as already gone, for I take them as seen and as passed into a settled judgment, and I'll tell my lady wonders; and write the letter and send me off at once, because I have a great wish to come back and get your grace out of this purgatory where I'm leaving you."

"Purgatory you call it, Sancho?" said Don Quixote. "You would do better to call it hell, and even worse, if there is anything that is."

"'Him that's in hell, *nula es retencio*,'" answered Sancho, "as I've heard tell."

"I do not understand what *retencio* means," said Don Quixote.

"*Retencio* is," answered Sancho, "that whoever is in hell never gets out of it, and can't. Which will be the other way round with your grace, or my feet will serve me badly, if I've got spurs to liven up Rocinante; and just let me once land in El Toboso, before my lady Dulcinea, and I'll tell her such things about the follies and mad things, which are all one, that your grace has done and is still doing, that I'll make her softer than a glove, even if I find her harder than a cork oak; and with her sweet and honeyed answer I'll come back through the air like a wizard and get your grace out of this purgatory, which looks like hell and isn't, since there's hope of getting out of it, which, as I've said, those who are in hell haven't got, nor do I think your grace will say otherwise."

"That is the truth," said he of the Sorry Figure; "but what shall we do to write the letter?"

"And the donkey-colt draft too," added Sancho.

"It will all go in together," said Don Quixote; "and it would be good, since there is no paper, for us to write it, as the ancients did, on the leaves of trees, or on some little wax tablets; though that would be as hard to find now as paper. But it has just come to my mind where it will be good, and better than good, to write it: in the little notebook that belonged to Cardenio; and you shall take care

to have it copied onto paper, in a good hand, in the first village you come to where there is a schoolmaster for boys, or if not, any sexton will copy it for you; and do not give it to any notary to copy, for they write a court hand that Satan himself would not understand." "Well, what's to be done about the signature?" said Sancho.

"The letters of Amadís were never signed," answered Don Quixote.

"That's all very well," answered Sancho, "but the draft has to be signed, no two ways about it, and if that one is copied, they'll say the signature is forged and I'll be left without my donkey colts."

"The draft will go signed in the notebook itself, and when my niece sees it she will make no difficulty about honoring it. And as for the love letter, you shall put as its signature: 'Yours until death, the Knight of the Sorry Figure.' And it will matter little that it goes in another man's hand, because, as far as I can remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, and in all her life she has never seen a letter or a line of my writing, because my love and hers have always been platonic, never going beyond a modest look. And even that so seldom that I dare swear truly that in the twelve years I have loved her more than the light of these eyes that the earth is to eat, I have not seen her four times; and it may even be that of these four times she did not once notice that I was looking at her: so closely and so modestly have her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, kept her shut away in her upbringing."

"Well, well!" said Sancho. "So the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo is the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo?"

"That is she," said Don Quixote, "and she is the one who deserves to be lady of the whole universe."

"I know her well," said Sancho, "and I can tell you she pitches the bar as well as the strongest lad in the whole village. By the

Giver of life, she's a girl of mettle, full-grown and straight-built and with hair on her chest, and she can pull the beard out of the mud for any knight-errant, or knight-to-be-errant, who has her for his lady! Oh, the son of a whore, what strength she has, and what a voice! I can tell you she got up one day on top of the village bell tower to call some lads of hers who were out in one of her father's fallow fields, and though they were more than half a league away, they heard her as if they'd been at the foot of the tower. And the best thing about her is that she isn't the least bit prissy, because she's got a good deal of the court lady in her: she jokes with everybody and makes fun and mockery of everything. Now I say, Sir Knight of the Sorry Figure, that not only can and should your grace do mad things for her, but you can rightly despair and hang yourself; for nobody who hears of it will fail to say you did very well, even if the devil takes you. And I'd like to be on the road already, just to see her; for it's many days since I saw her, and she must be changed by now, because always going about the fields, in the sun and the wind, wears out women's faces a lot. And I confess a truth to your grace, Señor Don Quixote: up to now I've been in great ignorance; for I thought, honestly and faithfully, that the lady Dulcinea must be some princess your grace was in love with, or some person such as would deserve the rich presents your grace has sent her: the one of the Biscayan as well as the one of the galley slaves, and many others there must be, judging by how many the victories must be that your grace has won and won in the time when I wasn't your squire yet. But, when you think it over, what does it matter to the lady Aldonza Lorenzo, I mean to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that the vanquished your grace sends her and is going to send her should go and kneel down before her? Because it might be that, at the moment they arrived, she'd be out combing flax, or threshing on the threshing floors,

and they'd be ashamed to see her, and she'd laugh and be annoyed at the present."

"I have told you many times before now, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that you are a very great talker, and that, though blunt of wit, you often show a sharp point. But so that you may see how foolish you are and how sensible I am, I want you to hear a short tale. You must know that there was a widow, beautiful, young, free, and rich, and above all free and easy, who lost her heart to a lay brother, a young, plump, well-built fellow. His superior came to know of it, and one day he said to the good widow, by way of brotherly reproof: 'I am astonished, madam, and not without good cause, that a woman of such standing, so beautiful and so rich as your grace, should have fallen in love with a man as coarse, as low, and as ignorant as So-and-so, when in this house there are so many masters, so many graduates, and so many theologians, among whom your grace could pick and choose as you would among pears, and say, "This one I'll have, that one I won't."' But she answered him, with great wit and boldness: 'Your grace, my dear sir, is greatly deceived, and thinks in a very old-fashioned way, if your grace imagines I have chosen badly in So-and-so, however ignorant he seems to you, for, for what I want him for, he knows as much philosophy as Aristotle, and more.' So, Sancho, for what I want Dulcinea del Toboso for, she is worth as much as the highest princess on earth. Yes, for it is not true that all the poets who praise ladies under a name they give them at their own whim really have them. Do you think that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Silvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, the Alidas, and others of the kind that fill the books, the ballads, the barbers' shops, and the playhouses were really ladies of flesh and blood, and belonged to those who celebrate and have celebrated them? Certainly not; most of them are made up, to give a subject to their verses and so that people will take them for lovers and for men who have the

worth to be so. And so it is enough for me to think and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and virtuous; and as for her lineage it matters little, for no one is going to inquire into it in order to give her the habit of some order, and I make up my mind that she is the highest princess in the world. Because you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it already, that only two things move us to love more than any others, which are great beauty and good name; and these two things are found to perfection in Dulcinea, because in beauty none equals her, and in good name few come near her. And to conclude it all, I imagine that everything I say is so, without a jot too much or too little; and I paint her in my imagination as I would have her, as much in beauty as in rank, and neither Helen comes up to her nor Lucretia reaches her, nor any other of the famous women of ages past, Greek, barbarian, or Latin. And let each one say what he likes; for if I am reproved for this by the ignorant, I shall not be punished by the strict."

"I say your grace is right in everything," answered Sancho, "and that I'm an ass. But I don't know why I put the word ass in my mouth, for you mustn't mention rope in the hanged man's house. But let's have the letter, and God be with you, for I'm off."

Don Quixote took out the notebook and, going off to one side, began very calmly to write the letter; and, when he had finished it, he called Sancho and told him he wanted to read it to him, so that he might learn it by heart, in case he should lose it on the way, for with his ill luck anything might be feared. To which Sancho answered:

"Your grace should write it out two or three times in the book there and hand it to me, for I'll carry it well guarded, because to think I'm going to learn it by heart is nonsense: my memory is so bad that I often forget my own name. But for all that, let your grace say it to me, for I'll be very glad to hear it, for it must be as neat as print."

"Listen, for this is how it goes," said Don Quixote:

Letter from Don Quixote to Dulcinea del Toboso

Sovereign and exalted lady:

He who is wounded by the point of absence and lacerated in the fibers of the heart, most dulcet Dulcinea del Toboso, sends you the health that he has not. If your beauteousness scorns me, if your worth is not in my favor, if your disdain is to my affliction, though I be long-suffering enough, ill shall I sustain myself in this woe, which, besides being sore, is most lasting. My good squire Sancho will give you a full account, O fair ingrate, my beloved enemy, of the state I am left in for your sake. If it please you to succor me, I am yours; and if not, do as you see fit; for by ending my life I shall have satisfied your cruelty and my desire.

Yours until death,

The Knight of the Sorry Figure.

"By my father's life," said Sancho on hearing the letter, "that's the loftiest thing I ever heard. Confound me, how your grace says everything you want to say there, and how well *The Knight of the Sorry Figure* fits into the signature! I truly say your grace is the very devil, and there's nothing you don't know."

"Everything is needed," answered Don Quixote, "for the trade I follow." "Come on, then," said Sancho, "let your grace put the order for the three donkey colts on the other side of that page, and sign it very clearly, so they'll know it when they see it."

"With pleasure," said Don Quixote.

And, having written it, he read it to him; and it ran thus:

By this first bill of exchange in donkey colts, my lady niece, your grace will be pleased to give Sancho Panza, my squire, three of the five that I left at home and that are in your grace's keeping. Which three donkey colts I order to be delivered and paid for as many received here in hand, as is attested, and with his receipt they will

be duly given. Dated in the bowels of the Sierra Morena, on the twenty-second of August of this present year.

"That's good," said Sancho; "let your grace sign it."

"There is no need to sign it," said Don Quixote, "only to put my flourish, which is the same as a signature, and it would be enough for three asses, and even for three hundred."

"I trust your grace," answered Sancho. "Let me go, I'll saddle Rocinante, and your grace get ready to give me your blessing, for I mean to set off at once, without seeing the foolish things your grace is going to do, for I'll say I saw you do so many that she won't want any more."

"At least, Sancho, I want, and because it must be so, I want, I say, you to see me stripped to the skin and doing a dozen or two mad things, which I shall do in less than half an hour, so that, having seen them with your own eyes, you may safely swear to the rest you care to add; and I assure you you will not tell of as many as I mean to do."

"For the love of God, my master, don't let me see your grace stripped to the skin, for it will grieve me very much and I won't be able to keep from crying; and my head is so bad from the crying I did last night over the gray that I'm in no state to start on fresh tears; and if your grace wants me to see some mad things, do them with your clothes on, short ones, and the ones that come handiest to you. Besides, for my part there was no need for any of that, and, as I've said already, it would shorten the road back, which is to be with the news your grace desires and deserves. And if not, let the lady Dulcinea get ready; for if she doesn't answer as she should, I make a solemn vow to whoever I may that I'll kick and slap the good answer out of her belly. Because where is it to be borne that a knight-errant as famous as your grace should go mad, without why or wherefore, for a…? Don't let the lady make me say it, because by God I'll rant and throw the whole lot in at twelve, even

if it never sells. I'm a fine one for that! She doesn't know me! Why, upon my faith, if she knew me, she'd keep fast-days for fear of me!"

"Upon my faith, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "from the look of it, you are no saner than I am."

"I'm not so mad," answered Sancho, "but I'm more hot-tempered. But, leaving that aside, what is your grace going to eat until I come back? Are you going to go out on the road, like Cardenio, and take it from the shepherds?"

"Do not let that worry trouble you," answered Don Quixote, "for even if I had food, I would eat nothing but the herbs and fruits this meadow and these trees may give me, for the refinement of my business lies in not eating and in doing other equal austerities."

"God be with you, then. But does your grace know what I'm afraid of? That I won't manage to find my way back to this place where I'm leaving you now, it's so hidden." "Take good note of the landmarks, for I shall try not to stray from these parts," said Don Quixote, "and I shall even take care to climb up these highest crags, to see if I can spot you when you come back. Besides, the surest thing, so that you do not miss me and lose yourself, will be for you to cut some of the broom that grows so thick around here and set it out at intervals until you come out onto open ground, and it will serve you as markers and signs to find me when you return, in imitation of the thread in Theseus's labyrinth." "That's what I'll do," answered Sancho Panza.

And, having cut a few, he begged his master's blessing and parted from him, the two of them shedding many tears. And, climbing onto Rocinante, whom Don Quixote commended to him earnestly, bidding him look after him as he would his own person, he set off toward the plain, strewing the broom branches at intervals, as his master had advised him. And so he went, though Don Quixote still pressed him to watch him do at least a couple of mad

things. But he had not gone a hundred paces when he came back and said:

"I say, sir, that your grace spoke very well: so that I can swear without a burden on my conscience that I've seen you do mad things, it would be good for me to see at least one, though I've seen a very big one in your grace's staying here."

"Did I not tell you so?" said Don Quixote. "Wait, Sancho, for I shall do them in the time it takes to say a Creed."

And, pulling off his breeches in all haste, he was left in his skin and his shirttails, and then, without more ado, he cut two capers in the air and turned two somersaults, head down and heels up, uncovering things that made Sancho, so as not to see them a second time, turn Rocinante's rein, and he was content and satisfied that he could swear his master was mad. And so we shall let him go his way until his return, which was brief.

Chapter XXVI. In which are continued the lover's refinements that Don Quixote performed in the Sierra Morena

And, going back to tell what he of the Sorry Figure did once he found himself alone, the history says that, as soon as Don Quixote had finished his tumbles or turns, bare below the waist and dressed above it, and saw that Sancho had left without caring to wait and see more foolishness, he climbed up onto the point of a high rock and there began again to ponder what he had pondered many other times without ever coming to a decision. And it was which would be better and suit him more: to imitate Roldán in the outrageous mad deeds he committed, or Amadís in his melancholy ones. And, talking to himself, he said: "If Roldán was as good a knight and as valiant as everyone says, what wonder is that? For, after all, he was enchanted, and no one could kill him except by driving a pin worth a blanca into the sole of his foot, and he always went shod in seven soles of iron. Though his tricks were no use to him against Bernardo del Carpio, who saw through them and choked him to death in his arms at Roncesvalles. But, setting aside the matter of his valor, let us come to the matter of losing his wits, for it is certain that he lost them, because of the signs he found by the fountain and the news the shepherd gave him that Angelica had slept more than two siestas with Medoro, a curly-haired little Moor and page to Agramante; and if he understood this to be true, and that his lady had done him a foul wrong, it was no great thing that he went mad. But I, how can I imitate him in his madness if I

do not imitate him in the occasion for it? For I dare swear that my Dulcinea del Toboso has not seen a Moor in all the days of her life, just as he is, in his own dress, and that she is today as the mother who bore her; and I should do her open wrong if, imagining anything else of her, I went mad with that kind of madness of Roldán the Furious. On the other hand, I see that Amadís of Gaul, without losing his wits and without doing mad things, won as much fame as a lover as the best of them; for what he did, according to his history, was no more than this: finding himself disdained by his lady Oriana, who had commanded him not to come before her until she was pleased to allow it, he withdrew to the Peña Pobre in the company of a hermit, and there he wept his fill and commended himself to God, until heaven came to his aid in the midst of his greatest woe and need. And if this is true, as it is, why should I take the trouble now to strip myself entirely, or bring grief to these trees, which have done me no harm at all? Nor have I any reason to muddy the clear water of these brooks, which are to give me drink when I am thirsty. Long live the memory of Amadís, and let him be imitated by Don Quixote of La Mancha in all that he can; of whom it will be said what was said of the other: that if he did not achieve great things, he died attempting them; and if I am not cast off or disdained by Dulcinea del Toboso, it is enough for me, as I have said, to be absent from her. Come, then, to work: come to my memory, deeds of Amadís, and teach me where I am to begin imitating you. But I know already that the most he did was to pray and commend himself to God; but what shall I do for a rosary, since I have none?" At this it came into his head how he would make one, and it was that he tore a long strip from the tails of his shirt, which were hanging loose, and tied eleven knots in it, one fatter than the rest, and this served him as a rosary the whole time he was there, where he said a million Hail Marys. And what wearied him greatly was not finding another hermit thereabouts to

hear his confession and give him comfort. And so he passed the time walking up and down the little meadow, writing and carving on the bark of the trees and in the fine sand a great many verses, all suited to his sadness, and some in praise of Dulcinea. But the ones that could be found whole and could be read, after he was found there, were no more than these that follow:

Trees and grasses, plants, and all
you who stand within this place,
so tall, so green, so many too,
if my grief gives you no joy,
hear the holy plaints I raise.
Let my sorrow not alarm you,
dreadful as it well may be,
for, to pay you what he owes,
here Don Quixote wept and mourned
the absence of Dulcinea
del Toboso.

Here is the place to which the most
faithful of lovers comes to hide
from his lady, and has come
to such misfortune, knowing not
how it happened, or which way.
Love keeps him tossed from post to post,
for Love is of a wicked breed;
and so, until he filled a cask,
here Don Quixote wept and mourned
the absence of Dulcinea
del Toboso.

Seeking after adventures
in among the rugged rocks,
cursing a hard and stony heart,
for among the crags and brambles
the sad wretch finds misadventures,
Love struck him with his scourge
and not with his gentle strap;
and, when it caught him on the nape,
here Don Quixote wept and mourned
the absence of Dulcinea
del Toboso.

The addition of *del Toboso* to the name of Dulcinea caused no little laughter among those who found the verses here set down, for they imagined that Don Quixote must have imagined that if, in naming Dulcinea, he did not also say *del Toboso*, the stanza could not be understood; and so it was in truth, as he afterward confessed. He wrote many others, but, as has been said, no more than these three stanzas could be made out clean and whole. In this, and in sighing, and in calling on the fauns and silvans of those woods, on the nymphs of the rivers, on doleful and dewy Echo, to answer, console, and listen to him, he passed his time, and in looking for some herbs to sustain himself until Sancho came back; for if, as Sancho was three days away, he had been three weeks, the Knight of the Sorry Figure would have been so disfigured that the mother who bore him would not have known him.

And it will be well to leave him, wrapped up in his sighs and verses, so as to tell what befell Sancho Panza on his errand. And it was that, coming out onto the highroad, he set out in search of El Toboso, and the next day he reached the inn where the misfortune of the blanket had befallen him; and he had hardly caught sight of

it when he felt he was flying through the air again, and he did not want to go inside, though he arrived at an hour when he could and should have done so, since it was dinnertime and he was longing to taste something hot; since for many days now it had all been cold fare.

This need drove him to go up close to the inn, still in doubt whether he would go in or not. And while he was in this state, two persons came out of the inn who recognized him at once; and one said to the other:

"Tell me, Señor Licentiate, that man on the horse, isn't he Sancho Panza, the one our adventurer's housekeeper said had gone off with his master as squire?"

"Yes, he is," said the licentiate, "and that is our Don Quixote's horse." And they knew him so well because they were the priest and the barber of his own village, the ones who had held the inquisition and general act of faith upon the books. These, as soon as they were quite sure it was Sancho Panza and Rocinante, eager to have news of Don Quixote, went up to him; and the priest called him by his name, saying to him:

"Sancho Panza, my friend, where is your master?"

Sancho Panza knew them at once, and decided to keep hidden the place where his master was and the state he was in; and so he answered them that his master was busy in a certain place and with a certain matter of great importance to him, which he could not reveal, by the eyes in his head.

"No, no," said the barber, "Sancho Panza; if you don't tell us where he is, we shall imagine, as we imagine already, that you have killed and robbed him, since you come riding on his horse. Truly, you shall produce for us the owner of the nag, or there will be trouble over it."

"There's no call for threats with me, for I'm not a man to rob or kill anybody: let each man's fate kill him, or God, who made him.

My master is doing penance in the middle of this mountain, very much to his liking."

And then, all in a rush and without stopping, he told them how he had left him, the adventures that had befallen him, and how he was carrying the letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom his master was in love up to the liver.

The two were amazed at what Sancho Panza was telling them; and, though they already knew of Don Quixote's madness and its kind, every time they heard of it they were amazed anew. They begged Sancho Panza to let them see the letter he was taking to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He said it was written in a notebook and that it was his master's order that he should have it copied onto paper in the first village he came to; at which the priest told him to show it to him, for he would copy it out in a very good hand. Sancho Panza put his hand inside his shirt, looking for the little book, but he did not find it, nor could he have found it if he had gone on looking until now, for Don Quixote had kept it and had not given it to him, nor had it occurred to Sancho to ask him for it.

When Sancho saw that he could not find the book, his face began to turn deathly pale; and, feeling himself all over again very quickly, he saw again that he could not find it; and, without more ado, he grabbed his beard with both fists and tore out half of it, and then, quickly and without stopping, he gave himself half a dozen punches on the face and nose, so that he bathed them all in blood. Seeing which, the priest and the barber asked him what had happened to him, that he was treating himself so badly.

"What should have happened to me," answered Sancho, "except that between one hand and the other, in the blink of an eye, I've lost three donkey colts, each of them like a castle?"

"How is that?" retorted the barber.

"I've lost the notebook," answered Sancho, "that had a letter in it for Dulcinea and an order signed by his master, by which he ordered his niece to give me three donkey colts out of four or five that were at home." And with this he told them of the loss of the gray. The priest consoled him, and told him that, once they found his master, he would have him renew the order and make out the draft again on paper, as was the use and custom, for those made in notebooks were never accepted or honored.

With this Sancho was consoled, and said that, if that was so, the loss of Dulcinea's letter did not trouble him much, because he knew it almost by heart, and they could take it down from him wherever and whenever they liked. "Say it, then, Sancho," said the barber, "and we will copy it afterward." Sancho Panza stopped to scratch his head to bring the letter to mind, and now he stood on one foot and now on the other; sometimes he looked at the ground, sometimes at the sky; and, after he had gnawed off half the tip of one finger, keeping in suspense those who were waiting for him to say it at last, he said, after a very long while:

"By God, Señor Licentiate, the devil take anything I can remember of the letter; though at the beginning it said: 'High and slovenly lady.'" "It wouldn't say *slovenly*," said the barber, "but *superhuman* or *sovereign* lady." "That's it," said Sancho. "Then, if I remember right, it went on..., if I remember right: 'the lagging and lacking sleep, and the wounded kisses your grace's hands, ungrateful and most unknown beauty,' and I don't know what it said about health and sickness that he was sending her, and it went trickling along like that, until it ended in 'Yours until death, the Knight of the Sorry Figure.'"

The two were not a little amused to see Sancho Panza's good memory, and they praised it highly, and asked him to say the letter twice more, so that they too might learn it by heart to copy it out in due course. Sancho said it three more times, and as many times

he said another three thousand absurdities. After this, he likewise told them about his master's doings, but he did not say a word about the blanket-tossing that had befallen him at that inn, which he refused to enter. He also said how his master, once Sancho brought him a favorable dispatch from the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was to set out on the road to see about becoming an emperor, or at least a monarch; for they had agreed on it between the two of them, and it was a very easy thing for him to become one, given the worth of his person and the strength of his arm; and that, once he was one, he was to marry Sancho off, because by then he would be a widower, for it could not be otherwise, and was to give him for a wife one of the empress's damsels, heiress to a rich and great estate on the mainland, without any he-isles or she-isles, for he did not want them any more.

Sancho said this with such composure, wiping his nose every now and then, and with so little sense, that the two were amazed anew, considering how violent Don Quixote's madness must have been, since it had carried off this poor man's wits along with it. They did not want to tire themselves getting him out of the error he was in, for it seemed to them that, since it did his conscience no harm, it was better to leave him in it, and it would give them more pleasure to hear his foolishness. And so they told him to pray to God for his master's health, for it was a thing contingent and highly practicable for him to come, in the course of time, to be an emperor, as he said, or at least an archbishop, or some other dignity of equal rank. To which Sancho answered:

"Gentlemen, if fortune should turn things around so that my master took a fancy not to be an emperor but to be an archbishop, I'd like to know now what archbishops-errant usually give their squires." "They usually give them," answered the priest, "some benefice, simple or with cure of souls, or some sacristanship,

which brings them a good deal in fixed income, not counting the altar fees, which are usually reckoned at as much again."

"For that," retorted Sancho, "the squire will have to be unmarried and know how to serve at Mass, at least; and if that's so, poor wretch that I am, for I'm married and I don't know the first letter of the ABC! What will become of me if my master takes a fancy to be an archbishop, and not an emperor, as is the use and custom of knights-errant?"

"Don't worry, Sancho, my friend," said the barber, "for we shall beg your master here and advise him, and even put it to him as a case of conscience, to be an emperor and not an archbishop, which will come easier to him, since he is more of a fighter than a scholar."

"That's how it has seemed to me," answered Sancho, "though I can tell you he has a knack for everything. What I mean to do for my part is pray to Our Lord to send him to those parts where it will best serve Him and where He'll do me the most favors."

"You speak like a sensible man," said the priest, "and you will act like a good Christian. But what must be done now is to arrange how to get your master out of that useless penance you say he is doing; and, to think out the way we are to go about it, and to eat, for it is time now, it will be well for us to go into this inn."

Sancho said they should go in, and he would wait out there, and he would tell them afterward why he did not go in and why it did not suit him to go in; but he begged them to bring him out something to eat, something hot, and some barley for Rocinante as well. They went in and left him, and soon after the barber brought him out something to eat. Afterward, when the two of them had thought hard about the way they would go about getting what they wanted, the priest hit on an idea well suited to Don Quixote's taste and to what they wanted. And it was that he told the barber that what he had thought of was that he himself would dress up as

a damsel-errant, and the barber should try to rig himself out as a squire as best he could, and that in this way they would go to where Don Quixote was, she pretending to be an afflicted damsel in distress, and she would ask a boon of him, which he could not fail to grant her, as a valiant knight-errant. And the boon she meant to ask of him was that he should come with her wherever she might lead him, to redress a grievance that a wicked knight had done her; and that she would also entreat him not to order her to take off her mask, nor ask her anything of her estate, until he had done her right against that wicked knight; and that the barber might be sure that Don Quixote would agree to everything asked of him in these terms; and that in this way they would get him out of there and take him to his village, where they would try to see whether his strange madness had any remedy.

Chapter XXVII. Of how the priest and the barber carried out their plan, with other things worth telling in this great history

The priest's idea did not seem bad to the barber; on the contrary, it seemed so good that they put it into practice at once. They asked the innkeeper's wife for a skirt and some headdresses, leaving her a new cassock of the priest's as a pledge. The barber made himself a great beard out of a gray or red ox tail in which the innkeeper kept his comb stuck. The innkeeper's wife asked them what they wanted those things for. The priest told her in a few words of Don Quixote's madness, and how that disguise was needed to get him out of the mountains, where he was at the time. The innkeeper and his wife at once realized that the madman was their guest, the one of the balm, and the master of the blanket-tossed squire, and they told the priest everything that had passed between them and him, without keeping quiet about what Sancho kept so quiet. In short, the innkeeper's wife dressed the priest up so well that nothing more could be asked for: she put on him a woolen skirt covered with bands of black velvet a span wide, all slashed, and a bodice of green velvet trimmed with edgings of white satin, which, bodice and skirt alike, must have been made in the time of King Wamba. The priest would not let them coif him with a headdress, but put on his head a little quilted linen cap he carried for sleeping in at night, and bound his forehead with a garter of black taffeta, and with another garter he made a mask, with which he covered his beard and face very well; he jammed on

his hat, which was so big it could serve him as a sunshade, and, wrapping himself in his cape, he got onto his mule sidesaddle, and the barber onto his, with his beard reaching to his waist, between red and white, as being, as has been said, made from the tail of a dun ox.

They took their leave of everyone, and of the good Maritornes, who promised to say a rosary, sinner though she was, so that God might give them good success in so arduous and so Christian a business as the one they had undertaken.

But he had scarcely left the inn when a thought came to the priest: that he had done wrong in dressing himself up in that fashion, since it was an indecent thing for a priest to go about so, even if much hung on it for him; and, telling the barber so, he begged him to change clothes with him, for it was more fitting that the barber should be the damsel in distress, and he would play the squire, and that way his dignity would be less profaned; and that if he would not do it, he had made up his mind to go no farther, even if the devil carried off Don Quixote.

At this point Sancho came up, and at the sight of the two of them in that dress he could not hold back his laughter. In effect, the barber agreed to everything the priest wanted, and, switching their parts in the scheme, the priest went on instructing him in the manner he was to adopt and the words he was to say to Don Quixote to move him and force him to come away with him and give up his fondness for the place he had chosen for his empty penance. The barber answered that, without being given any lesson, he would carry it off to a nicety. He did not want to dress up for the time being, until they were near where Don Quixote was; and so he folded up his clothes, and the priest settled the beard, and they went on their way, with Sancho Panza guiding them; and he went along telling them what had happened to them with the madman they had found in the mountains, keeping quiet, however,

about the finding of the valise and everything that was in it; for, simple as he was, the lad was a bit covetous.

The next day they reached the place where Sancho had left the markers of branches to find the spot where he had left his master; and, recognizing it, he told them that this was the way in, and that they might well put on their costumes, if that had any bearing on his master's deliverance; for they had told him before that going in that guise and dressing in that fashion was the whole point of getting his master out of the bad life he had chosen, and they charged him strictly not to tell his master who they were, or that he knew them; and that if he asked him, as he was bound to, whether he had given the letter to Dulcinea, he was to say yes, and that, since she could not read, she had answered by word of mouth, telling him that, on pain of her displeasure, he was to come to her and see her that very moment, for it was a matter of great importance to her; because with this and with what they meant to tell him they held it a sure thing that they would bring him back to a better life and get him to set off at once on the road to becoming an emperor or a monarch; for as to his becoming an archbishop there was nothing to fear.

Sancho heard all this and stored it carefully in his memory, and he was most grateful to them for their intention of advising his master to be an emperor and not an archbishop, because he was of the opinion that, for granting favors to their squires, emperors could do more than archbishops-errant. He also told them it would be a good thing for him to go ahead to look for him and give him his lady's answer, for that alone would be enough to get him out of that place, without their putting themselves to so much trouble. What Sancho Panza said seemed good to them, and so they decided to wait for him until he came back with news of having found his master.

Sancho went in among those ravines of the mountains, leaving the two of them in one through which there ran a small, gentle brook, pleasantly and coolly shaded by other rocks and some trees that stood about it. The heat, and the day on which they arrived there, were those of the month of August, when the heat in those parts is apt to be very great; the hour, three in the afternoon: all of which made the spot the more pleasant and invited them to wait there for Sancho's return, as they did.

While the two of them were there, then, at their ease in the shade, there reached their ears a voice which, with no sound of any instrument to accompany it, rang out sweet and delightful, at which they were not a little amazed, for it seemed to them that this was no place where there could be anyone who sang so well. For, though it is commonly said that in woods and fields one comes across shepherds with exquisite voices, these are more the exaggerations of poets than truths; and the more so when they noticed that what they heard sung were verses not of rustic herdsmen but of polished courtiers. And this truth was confirmed by the verses they heard, which were these:

Who is it that spoils my joys?
Disdain.
And who is it that swells my grief?
Jealousy.
And who is it that tries my patience?
Absence.
And so, in this my malady
no remedy is to be had,
for all my hope is put to death
by disdain, jealousy, and absence.
Who is it that brings me this pain?
Love.
And who is it that spurns my glory?
Fortune.
And who consents to my lament?
Heaven
And so I live in fear to die
of this strange ill, since to my harm
they swell and grow, all three of them,
love, fortune, and heaven above.
Who will make my fortune better?
Death.
And love's good, who can attain it?
Change.
And its ills, who is it cures them?
Madness.
And so it is not sense at all
to try to cure the passion's pain

when all the remedies there are
are death, and change, and madness.

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the singer filled the two listeners with wonder and delight, and they kept still, waiting to see whether they would hear anything more; but, seeing that the silence lasted for some time, they decided to go out and look for the musician who sang with so fine a voice. And, as they were about to do so, the same voice kept them from moving, for it reached their ears again, singing this sonnet:

Sonnet

O holy friendship, you who on light wings,
leaving your semblance here upon the ground,
among the blessed souls, into the sky
rose up rejoicing to the empyrean halls,
from there, whenever you will, you point us out
true peace concealed beneath a covering veil,
through which at times there glimmers forth the zeal
of good works that in the end turn out bad.
Leave heaven, O friendship, or do not allow
deceit to dress itself in your livery,
in which it ruins every sincere intent;
for if you do not strip your semblance from it,
the world must soon behold itself at war
in the discordant chaos of the first.

The song ended with a deep sigh, and the two waited attentively again to see whether more would be sung; but, seeing that the music had turned to sobs and pitiful moans, they agreed to find out who the sorrowful man was, as excellent in his voice as he

was doleful in his groans; and they had not gone far when, turning the point of a rock, they saw a man of the same build and appearance as Sancho Panza had described to them when he told them the tale of Cardenio; and this man, when he saw them, without being startled, stood still, with his head bowed on his breast like a man lost in thought, without raising his eyes to look at them more than the first time, when they came upon him unexpectedly.

The priest, who was a well-spoken man (as one who already knew of his misfortune, for he had recognized him by the description), went up to him, and with few but very sensible words begged and urged him to leave so wretched a life, lest he lose it there, which was the greatest of all misfortunes. Cardenio was then in his full senses, free of that raging fit that so often carried him out of himself; and so, seeing the two of them in dress so unlike that of the people who went about those wildernesses, he could not help being somewhat amazed, and the more so when he heard that they had spoken to him of his affairs as of something known—for the words the priest said to him gave him to understand as much—; and so he answered in this manner: "I see very well, gentlemen, whoever you may be, that heaven, which takes care to succor the good, and often even the wicked, sends me, undeserving as I am, in these places so remote and so far from the common dealings of men, certain persons who, setting before my eyes with lively and varied reasons how unreasonable I am in leading the life I lead, have tried to draw me out of it to a better place; but, since they do not know that I know that on coming out of this harm I must fall into a greater one, they must perhaps take me for a man of feeble reasoning, and even, what would be worse, for one of no judgment at all. And it would be no wonder if it were so, for it is plain to me that the force of the imagination of my misfortunes is so intense, and has such power to destroy me, that, without my being able to do anything to prevent it, I come to be like a

stone, bereft of all good sense and awareness; and I come to realize this truth when some people tell me of the things I have done while that terrible fit has the mastery of me, and show me signs of them, and I can do no more than grieve in vain and curse my fortune to no purpose, and give as the excuse for my madness the telling of its cause to all who will hear it; for when sensible people see what the cause is, they will not wonder at the effects, and if they give me no remedy, at least they will lay no blame on me, their annoyance at my wildness turning into pity for my misfortunes. And if you, gentlemen, come with the same intention that others have come with, before you go any further with your sensible persuasions, I beg you to hear the account, which has no counting, of my misadventures; for perhaps, once you have understood it, you will spare yourselves the trouble you would take in consoling an ill that is beyond all consolation."

The two, who wanted nothing more than to learn from his own lips the cause of his harm, begged him to tell it, offering to do nothing but what he wished, for his remedy or comfort; and with this the sorrowful gentleman began his pitiful story, in almost the same words and steps in which he had told it to Don Quixote and the goatherd a few days before, when, on account of Master Elisabat and Don Quixote's punctiliousness in upholding the decorum of chivalry, the tale was left unfinished, as the history has already told. But now good fortune willed that the fit of madness held off and gave him room to tell it to the end; and so, coming to the passage of the note that Don Fernando had found in the book of *Amadís of Gaul*, Cardenio said he had it well in his memory, and that it went like this:

"'Luscinda to Cardenio

"'Every day I discover in you merits that oblige and compel me to esteem you more; and so, if you would release me from this debt without foreclosing on my honor, you may very well do it. I

have a father who knows you and loves me well, and who, without forcing my will, will fulfill the wish it is right that you should have, if you esteem me as you say and as I believe.' By this note I was moved to ask for Luscinda's hand, as I have already told you, and it was through this note that Luscinda came to be held by Don Fernando to be one of the most sensible and clever women of her time; and this note was the one that put into him the desire to destroy me before mine could take effect. I told Don Fernando what Luscinda's father was waiting for, which was that my father should ask him for her, which I did not dare to say to my father, fearing that he would not agree to it, not because he did not know well the quality, goodness, virtue, and beauty of Luscinda, and that she had gifts enough to ennoble any other lineage in Spain, but because I understood him to wish that I should not marry so soon, until he saw what Duke Ricardo would do for me. In short, I told him that I did not venture to tell my father, as much because of that difficulty as because of many others that daunted me, without my knowing what they were, except that it seemed to me that what I desired was never to come to pass.

"To all this Don Fernando's answer was that he would see to speaking with my father himself and bring him to speak to Luscinda's. O ambitious Marius, O cruel Catiline, O villainous Sulla, O lying Galalón, O traitorous Vellido, O vengeful Julián, O covetous Judas! Traitor, cruel, vengeful, and lying one, what disservice had this unhappy man done you, who with such frankness revealed to you the secrets and joys of his heart? What offense did I give you? What words did I say to you, or what counsel did I give you, that were not all directed to increasing your honor and your profit? But what am I complaining of, wretch that I am? For it is a certain thing that when misfortunes are borne along by the current of the stars, since they come from on high downward, plunging with fury and violence, there is no force on earth that can stop them nor

human skill that can forestall them. Who could have imagined that Don Fernando, an illustrious gentleman, sensible, bound to me by my services, with power to obtain whatever his amorous desire might ask of him wherever it might fix itself, would grow so inflamed, as the saying goes, as to take from me my one ewe lamb, which I did not yet even possess? But let these reflections be set aside, as useless and unprofitable, and let us knot together the broken thread of my unhappy story.

"I say, then, that Don Fernando, finding my presence a hindrance to putting his false and wicked design into execution, decided to send me to his elder brother, on the pretext of asking him for some money to pay for six horses, which, on purpose, and solely to this end, that I should be away (so as to be better able to carry out his evil intent), he bought on the very day he offered to speak to my father, and he wanted me to go for the money. Could I have foreseen this treachery? Could I, by any chance, have hit upon imagining it? No, indeed; on the contrary, with the greatest pleasure I offered to set out at once, pleased with the good bargain made. That night I talked with Luscinda, and gave her an account of the arrangement made with Don Fernando, and that she should have firm hope that our good and just desires would take effect. She told me, as unsuspecting as I was of Don Fernando's treachery, to try to come back soon, for she believed the fulfillment of our wishes would take no longer than it would take my father to speak to hers. I do not know what it was, but as soon as she had said this to me her eyes filled with tears and a lump stuck in her throat, which would not let her speak a word of many others that it seemed to me she was trying to say to me.

"I was amazed at this new turn, never before seen in her, for we always spoke, whenever good fortune and my diligence allowed it, with every gladness and pleasure, without mingling in our talk tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears. It was all my extolling

my good fortune, since heaven had given her to me as my lady: I exaggerated her beauty, I marveled at her worth and understanding. She paid me back in kind, praising in me what, as a woman in love, seemed to her worthy of praise. Along with this, we told each other a hundred thousand trifles and doings of our neighbors and acquaintances, and the farthest my boldness went was to take, almost by force, one of her beautiful white hands and bring it to my lips, as far as the narrowness of a low grating that divided us allowed. But on the night before the sad day of my departure she wept, moaned, and sighed, and went away, and left me full of confusion and alarm, astonished at having seen such new and such sad signs of grief and feeling in Luscinda. But, so as not to destroy my hopes, I put it all down to the force of the love she had for me and to the grief that absence is apt to cause in those who love each other well.

"In the end I set out, sad and thoughtful, my soul full of fancies and suspicions, without knowing what I suspected or fancied: clear signs that showed me the sad event and misfortune that was in store for me. I arrived at the place I had been sent to. I gave the letters to Don Fernando's brother. I was well received but not well dispatched, for he ordered me to wait, much to my displeasure, eight days, and in a place where the duke, his father, would not see me, because his brother had written asking him to send him a certain sum of money without the duke's knowledge. And it was all a contrivance of the false Don Fernando, for his brother did not lack the money to send me off at once. This was an order and command that put me in a mind to disobey it, since it seemed impossible to me to sustain life for so many days in Luscinda's absence, and the more so having left her in the sadness I have told you of; but, for all that, I obeyed, like a good servant, though I saw that it was to be at the cost of my health.

"But four days after I arrived there, a man came looking for me with a letter, which he gave me, and from the superscription I knew it was from Luscinda, because the hand was hers. I opened it fearful and alarmed, believing that it must be something great that had moved her to write to me while I was away, since when I was near she seldom did so. Before reading it, I asked the man who had given it to him and how long he had taken on the road. He told me that by chance, as he was passing along a street of the city at noon, a very beautiful lady had called to him from a window, her eyes full of tears, and that in great haste she had said to him: 'Brother, if you are a Christian, as you appear, for the love of God I beg you to take this letter at once, this very moment, to the place and the person written on the superscription, for all of it is well known, and in this you will do a great service to Our Lord; and, so that you may not lack the means to do it, take what is in this handkerchief.' 'And, saying this, she threw down to me from the window a handkerchief in which were tied up a hundred reales and this gold ring I have here, together with that letter I have given you. And then, without waiting for my answer, she left the window; though first she saw me take the letter and the handkerchief, and I told her by signs that I would do as she asked. And so, finding myself so handsomely rewarded for whatever trouble I might take in bringing it to you, and knowing by the superscription that you were the one it was sent to, for I, sir, know you very well, and moved besides by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust it to anyone else but to come and give it to you myself; and in the sixteen hours since it was put in my hands I have covered the road, which, as you know, is eighteen leagues long.'

"While the grateful new courier was telling me this, I hung on his words, my legs trembling so that I could hardly stand. In effect, I opened the letter and saw that it contained these words: 'The promise Don Fernando gave you to speak to your father so that he

would speak to mine, he has kept more to his own pleasure than to your profit. Know, sir, that he has asked for me as his wife, and my father, carried away by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando has over you, has agreed to what he wants, and so earnestly that two days from now the betrothal is to take place, so secretly and so privately that none are to witness it but the heavens and a few of the household. Imagine the state I am in; if it suits you to come, consider it; and whether I love you or not, the outcome of this business will give you to understand. May it please God that this reaches your hands before mine finds itself bound to the hand of one who knows so ill how to keep the faith he promises.' These, in sum, were the words the letter contained, and they were what made me set out at once, without waiting for any other answer or any other money; for I saw very clearly then that it was not the buying of horses but the buying of his own pleasure that had moved Don Fernando to send me to his brother. The anger I conceived against Don Fernando, together with the fear of losing the treasure I had won with so many years of service and longing, lent me wings, for, almost as if flying, the next day I was in my own city, at the very hour and moment that suited for going to speak with Luscinda. I went in secretly, and left a mule I had come on at the house of the good man who had brought me the letter; and fortune willed that my luck should then be so good that I found Luscinda at the grating, the witness of our love. Luscinda knew me at once, and I knew her; but not as she ought to have known me and I to have known her. But who is there in the world who can boast of having fathomed and understood the confused thoughts and changeable nature of a woman? No one, certainly.

"I say, then, that as soon as Luscinda saw me, she said to me: 'Cardenio, I am dressed for my wedding; Don Fernando the traitor and my father the covetous are already waiting for me in the hall, with other witnesses, who will sooner be witnesses of my death

than of my betrothal. Do not be troubled, my friend, but try to be present at this sacrifice, which, if it cannot be prevented by my words, I carry a hidden dagger that can prevent more determined force, putting an end to my life and a beginning to your knowing the love I have borne you and bear you.' I answered her, troubled and in haste, afraid I would not have time to answer her: 'Let your deeds, my lady, make your words true; for if you carry a dagger to prove yourself, here I carry a sword to defend you with it or to kill myself if fortune goes against us.' I do not think she could hear all these words, because I heard them calling her in haste, for the bridegroom was waiting. With this the night of my sadness closed in, the sun of my gladness set: I was left with no light in my eyes and no reason in my understanding. I could not manage to go into her house, nor could I move in any direction; but, considering how much my presence mattered for whatever might happen in that case, I took heart as much as I could and went into her house. And, as I already knew all its ways in and out very well, and the more so with the commotion that was secretly going on in it, no one noticed me. So, without being seen, I had the chance to put myself in the recess made by a window of the same hall, which was covered by the ends and borders of two tapestries, between which I could see, without being seen, everything that was done in the hall.

"Who could tell now the leaps my heart gave while I was there, the thoughts that came to me, the reflections I made? They were so many and of such a kind that they cannot be told, nor is it even right that they should be. It is enough that you should know that the bridegroom came into the hall with no other finery than the ordinary clothes he usually wore. He had as his groomsman a first cousin of Luscinda's, and in the whole hall there was no one from outside, only the servants of the house. A little after, Luscinda came out of a dressing room, accompanied by her mother and two

of her maids, as well adorned and arrayed as her rank and beauty deserved, and as one who was the perfection of courtly elegance and splendor. My suspense and rapture did not give me room to look at and note in detail what she was wearing; I could only make out the colors, which were crimson and white, and the glitter that the stones and jewels of her headdress and of her whole gown gave off, all of which was outdone by the singular beauty of her lovely golden hair, such that, vying with the precious stones and with the lights of four torches that were in the hall, it offered more brightness to the eyes. O memory, mortal enemy of my rest! What good does it do to paint for me now the matchless beauty of that adored enemy of mine? Would it not be better, cruel memory, to remind me and set before me what she did then, so that, moved by so manifest a wrong, I may seek, if not vengeance, at least to lose my life? Do not weary, gentlemen, of hearing these digressions I make; for my grief is not one of those that can or should be told briefly and in passing, since each circumstance of it seems to me worthy of a long discourse."

To this the priest answered him that not only were they not weary of hearing him, but the small details he told gave them great pleasure, being such that they deserved not to be passed over in silence, and the same attention as the main part of the tale.

"I say, then," Cardenio went on, "that, when everyone was in the hall, the parish priest came in, and, taking the two of them by the hand to do what is required in such an act, when he said, 'Do you, Señora Luscinda, take Señor Don Fernando, who is here present, for your lawful husband, as Holy Mother Church commands?' I thrust my whole head and neck out from between the tapestries, and with ears straining and soul in turmoil I set myself to listen to what Luscinda answered, awaiting from her answer the sentence of my death or the confirmation of my life. Oh, if only I had dared to come out then, crying aloud: 'Ah, Luscinda, Luscinda, see what

you are doing, consider what you owe me, see that you are mine and cannot be another's! Mark that your saying yes and my life's ending must be all at one moment. Ah, traitor Don Fernando, robber of my glory, death of my life! What do you want? What do you seek? Consider that you cannot, as a Christian, reach the end of your desires, for Luscinda is my wife and I am her husband.' Ah, madman that I am, now that I am absent and far from the danger, I say that I ought to have done what I did not do! Now that I have let my dear treasure be stolen, I curse the robber, on whom I could have taken vengeance if I had had the heart for it as I have it for complaining! In the end, since I was a coward and a fool then, it is no great thing that I should die now ashamed, repentant, and mad.

"The priest was waiting for Luscinda's answer, and she was a good while in giving it, and, when I thought she was drawing the dagger to prove herself, or loosing her tongue to speak some truth or disclosure that would turn out to my advantage, I hear her say in a faint and feeble voice, 'I do'; and Don Fernando said the same; and, as he gave her the ring, they were bound in an indissoluble knot. The bridegroom came to embrace his bride, and she, putting her hand on her heart, fell fainting into her mother's arms. It remains now to tell what state I was left in, seeing, in the yes I had heard, my hopes mocked, Luscinda's words and promises false: deprived of all chance of ever recovering the good I had lost in that instant. I was left without counsel, forsaken, as it seemed to me, by all of heaven, made an enemy of the earth that sustained me, the air denying me breath for my sighs and the water moisture for my eyes; only the fire grew in such a way that I was all burning with rage and jealousy.

"Everyone was thrown into commotion by Luscinda's fainting, and, as her mother unfastened her bodice to give her air, there was found in it a folded paper, which Don Fernando took at once and began to read by the light of one of the torches; and, when he

had finished reading it, he sat down in a chair and put his hand to his cheek, with the look of a man deep in thought, without attending to the remedies being applied to his bride to bring her out of her faint. Seeing the whole household in commotion, I ventured to come out, whether I was seen or not, determined, if they saw me, to do some wild thing such that the whole world would come to understand the just indignation of my breast in the punishment of the false Don Fernando, and even of the fickle, swooning traitress. But my fate, which must be keeping me for greater ills, if it is possible there can be any, ordained that at that moment I should have a surplus of the reason that has failed me ever since; and so, without wishing to take vengeance on my greatest enemies (which, since they were so far from thinking of me, would have been easy to take), I chose to take it with my own hand and carry out on myself the punishment they deserved; and perhaps with even more rigor than would have been used with them if I had killed them then, for the death that comes suddenly soon ends the pain; but the one that is drawn out with torments always kills without ending life. In the end, I came out of that house and went to the house of the man where I had left the mule; I had him saddle it for me, and without taking leave of him I mounted it and rode out of the city, not daring, like another Lot, to turn my face to look at it; and when I found myself alone in the open country, and the darkness of the night hid me and its silence invited me to lament, without regard or fear of being heard or recognized, I gave rein to my voice and loosed my tongue in so many curses on Luscinda and Don Fernando, as if with them I could make amends for the wrong they had done me. I gave her the titles of cruel, of ungrateful, of false and thankless; but, above all, of covetous, since my enemy's wealth had closed the eyes of her heart, to take her from me and give her to the one with whom fortune had shown itself more liberal and open-handed; and, in the midst of the torrent of these

curses and reproaches, I would excuse her, saying it was no great thing that a maiden kept close in her parents' house, brought up and always used to obeying them, should have chosen to comply with their wishes, since they were giving her as a husband a gentleman so distinguished, so rich, and so handsome that, had she refused to accept him, it might have been thought either that she had no sense or that her heart was set elsewhere: a thing that would do so much harm to her good name and reputation. Then I would turn around and say that, if she had said that I was her husband, they would have seen that she had not made so bad a choice in choosing me that they would not have excused her, for before Don Fernando presented himself they themselves could not have managed to wish, if they measured their wish by reason, for a better husband for their daughter than me; and that she could well, before putting herself in the forced and final strait of giving her hand, have said that I had already given her mine; for I would have come forward and agreed to everything she might have thought of pretending in this case.

"In the end I concluded that little love, little judgment, great ambition, and a longing for grandeur had made her forget the words with which she had deceived me, beguiled me, and kept me up in my firm hopes and honorable desires. With these cries and in this restlessness I traveled for what remained of that night, and at dawn I came upon an entrance to these mountains, through which I traveled for another three days, with no path or road at all, until I came to stop at some meadows, I do not know on which side of these mountains they lie, and there I asked some herdsmen which way the roughest part of these mountains lay. They told me that it lay this way. I made my way toward it at once, intending to end my life here, and, as I entered these rugged places, my mule fell dead of weariness and hunger, or, what I rather believe, to rid itself of so useless a burden as it carried in me. I was left on foot, overcome

by nature, pierced with hunger, without having anyone to succor me, or thinking to look for one.

"In that way I lay I do not know how long, stretched on the ground, at the end of which I got up no longer hungry, and found beside me some goatherds, who no doubt must have been the ones who relieved my need, for they told me how they had found me, and how I was saying such nonsense and wild things that I gave clear signs of having lost my wits; and I have felt in myself, ever since, that I do not always have them whole, but so worn and weak that I do a thousand mad things, tearing my clothes, crying out in these wildernesses, cursing my fortune and repeating in vain the beloved name of my enemy, with no other reasoning or intention at such times than to try to end my life by crying out; and when I come to myself, I find myself so tired and bruised that I can hardly move. My most usual dwelling is the hollow of a cork oak large enough to shelter this miserable body. The cowherds and goatherds who go about these mountains, moved by charity, sustain me, putting food along the paths and on the rocks where they think I may happen to pass and find it; and so, though I may lack my wits at such times, natural need makes me know my food, and wakes in me the desire to want it and the will to take it. At other times they tell me, when they meet me in my senses, that I go out onto the roads and take it by force from the shepherds who are bringing it from the village to the folds, even though they would give it to me willingly. In this way I pass my wretched and extreme life, until heaven is pleased to bring it to its final end, or to put it into my memory not to remember the beauty and the treachery of Luscinda and the wrong done by Don Fernando; for if heaven does this without taking my life, I shall turn my thoughts to better reasoning; if not, there is nothing to do but pray it to have mercy absolutely on my soul, for I feel in myself no strength or power to draw my body out of this strait in which, by my own choice, I have

chosen to put it. This, O gentlemen, is the bitter story of my misfortune: tell me if it is such that it can be told with less feeling than you have seen in me; and do not weary yourselves persuading me or advising me of what reason may tell you could be good for my remedy, for it will do me as much good as the medicine prescribed by a famous physician does the sick man who will not take it. I want no health without Luscinda; and, since she chose to belong to another, being, or having the duty to be, mine, let me choose to belong to misfortune, when I might have belonged to good fortune. She chose, by her fickleness, to make my ruin stable; I shall choose, by seeking to ruin myself, to content her will, and it will be an example to those to come that I alone lacked what all the unfortunate have in plenty, for whom the impossibility of having consolation is usually a consolation, and in me is the cause of greater sorrows and ills, because I even think they will not end with death."

Here Cardenio brought to an end his long discourse and his story, as unhappy as it was full of love. And, just as the priest was getting ready to offer him some words of comfort, a voice came to their ears and cut him short, and in pitiful accents they heard it say what shall be told in the fourth part of this narrative, since here the wise and careful historian Cide Hamete Benengeli brought the third to an end.

The Fourth Part of the Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha

Chapters XXVIII–LII

Chapter XXVIII. Which deals with the new and pleasant adventure that befell the priest and the barber in the same mountains

Most happy and fortunate were the times in which the most daring knight Don Quixote of La Mancha was launched upon the world, for, because he made so honorable a resolution as to wish to revive and restore to the world the already lost and well-nigh dead order of knight-errantry, we now enjoy, in this our age, so in need of cheerful entertainment, not only the sweetness of his true history but also the tales and episodes in it, which are in part no less pleasing and artful and true than the history itself; which, carrying on with its heckled, twisted, and reeled thread, tells that, just as the priest began to prepare himself to console Cardenio, it was prevented by a voice that reached their ears, which, in sad accents, spoke in this manner:

"Ah, God! Can it be that I have found at last a place that may serve as a hidden grave for the heavy burden of this body, which I bear so much against my will? Yes, it can, if the solitude these mountains promise does not lie to me. Ah, unhappy woman that I am, and how much more agreeable to my purpose the company of these crags and thickets will be than that of any human man, for they will give me room to share my misfortune with heaven in complaints, since there is no one on earth from whom one may hope for counsel in doubts, relief in complaints, or remedy in ills!"

The priest and those who were with him heard and took in all these words, and, since it seemed to them, as was the case, that they were being spoken close by, they got up to look for the speaker, and they had not gone twenty paces when, behind a crag, they saw, sitting at the foot of an ash tree, a youth dressed like a farmhand, whose face, because he had it bent down while he washed his feet in the brook that ran there, they could not see just then. And they came up so silently that he did not hear them, nor was he attending to anything but washing his feet, which were such that they looked like nothing so much as two pieces of white crystal that had grown there among the other stones of the brook. They stood in suspense at how white and lovely those feet were, for it seemed to them that they were not made for treading clods or walking behind the plow and the oxen, as their owner's dress suggested; and so, seeing that they had not been heard, the priest, who was in front, signed to the other two to crouch down or hide behind some pieces of rock that were there, and they all did so, watching closely what the youth was doing; he had on a little brown coat with two skirts, drawn tight about his body with a white towel. He also wore breeches and leggings of brown cloth, and on his head a brown hunting cap. He had his leggings pulled up to the middle of his leg, which, without any doubt, seemed to be of white alabaster. He finished washing his beautiful feet, and then, with a head-cloth he drew out from under his cap, he dried them; and, as he went to take it off, he raised his face, and those who were watching him had the chance to see a beauty beyond compare; such that Cardenio said to the priest, in a low voice:

"Since this is not Luscinda, this is no human person but a divine one."

The youth took off his cap and, shaking his head from side to side, began to loosen and spread out a head of hair that the sun's own might have envied. With this they knew that the one who

seemed a farmhand was a woman, and a delicate one, and indeed the most beautiful the eyes of the two had seen until then, and even those of Cardenio, had they not looked on and known Luscinda; for he afterward declared that only Luscinda's beauty could vie with this one. The long golden hair not only covered her shoulders but hid her all around beneath it, so that, except for her feet, no other part of her body could be seen: such and so much of it there was. For a comb she used a pair of hands which, if her feet in the water had looked like pieces of crystal, among her hair resembled pieces of packed snow; all of which filled the three who were watching her with more wonder and a greater wish to know who she was.

For this reason they decided to show themselves, and, at the movement they made in getting to their feet, the beautiful girl raised her head and, parting the hair from before her eyes with both hands, looked at those who were making the noise; and she had hardly seen them when she sprang up and, not stopping to put her shoes on or to bind up her hair, she very quickly seized a bundle, as of clothes, that she had beside her, and tried to take to flight, full of confusion and alarm; but she had not gone six paces when, her delicate feet unable to bear the roughness of the stones, she fell to the ground. Seeing this, the three came out to her, and the priest was the first to speak to her: "Stop, madam, whoever you may be, for those you see here mean only to serve you. There is no reason for you to take to such needless flight, for neither will your feet be able to bear it nor shall we allow it." To all this she answered not a word, astonished and bewildered. They came up to her, then, and the priest, taking her by the hand, went on to say:

"What your dress denies us, madam, your hair reveals to us: clear signs that the causes that have disguised your beauty in so unworthy a garb and brought it to such a solitude as this must be of no small moment; and it has been our good fortune to find you

here, if not to give remedy for your ills, at least to give them counsel, for no ill can weary a person so much, or reach such an extreme of ill, while life does not end, that the sufferer should refuse even to listen to the counsel given him with good intention. So, my lady, or my lord, or whatever you would be, put away the alarm the sight of us has caused you and tell us your good or bad fortune; for in all of us together, or in each one, you will find someone to help you feel your misfortunes."

While the priest was saying these words, the disguised girl stood as though spellbound, looking at them all without moving her lips or saying a word: just like a rustic villager who is suddenly shown rare things he has never seen. But when the priest went on to say other words aimed at the same end, she heaved a deep sigh, broke her silence, and said:

"Since the solitude of these mountains has not been able to hide me, and the loosening of my disordered hair has not allowed my tongue to lie, it would be useless for me now to pretend anew what, if I were believed, would be believed more out of courtesy than for any other reason. This being granted, I say, gentlemen, that I thank you for the offer you have made me, which has put me under an obligation to satisfy you in all you have asked of me, though I fear that the account I give you of my misfortunes will cause you, along with compassion, sorrow, for you will find no remedy to remedy them nor comfort to relieve them. But, for all that, so that my honor may not waver in your minds, now that you have recognized me as a woman and see me young, alone, and in this dress, things that all together, and each by itself, can bring down any honest reputation, I shall have to tell you what I would keep silent if I could."

All this she who seemed so beautiful a woman said without stopping, with so ready a tongue and so gentle a voice that her good sense amazed them no less than her beauty. And, when they

made her fresh offers and fresh entreaties to fulfill what she had promised, she, without waiting to be begged further, putting on her shoes with all modesty and gathering up her hair, settled herself on a stone for a seat, and, with the three placed around her, forcing herself to hold back some tears that came to her eyes, in a calm, clear voice she began the story of her life in this manner:

"In this Andalusia there is a town from which a duke takes his title, which makes him one of those they call grandees in Spain. He has two sons: the elder, heir to his estate and, it seems, to his good ways; and the younger, I do not know what he is heir to, unless it is the treacheries of Vellido and the lies of Galalón. My parents are vassals of this lord, humble in lineage but so rich that, if the goods of their birth had equaled those of their fortune, neither would they have had anything more to desire nor would I have feared to see myself in the misfortune in which I now see myself; for perhaps my ill luck springs from theirs in not having been born illustrious. It is true that they are not so low that they need be ashamed of their state, nor so high as to rid me of the idea I have that my misfortune comes from their humbleness. They are, in short, farmers, plain people, with no mixture of any ill-sounding race, and, as the saying goes, Old Christians of the rankest, oldest stock; but so rich that their wealth and their lavish way of life are little by little gaining them the name of hidalgos, and even of gentlemen. Though the greatest wealth and nobility they prided themselves on was having me for a daughter; and, as much because they had no other daughter or son to inherit from them as because they were parents, and fond ones, I was one of the most pampered daughters parents ever pampered. I was the mirror in which they looked at themselves, the staff of their old age, and the object toward which they directed all their desires, measuring them by heaven; from which, since they were so good, mine did not stray one jot. And just as I was mistress of their hearts, so I

was of their estate: through me servants were taken on and dismissed; the reckoning and account of what was sown and harvested passed through my hands, and of the oil mills, the wine-presses, the number of the cattle large and small, and of the beehives. In short, of everything that so rich a farmer as my father can have and does have, I kept the account, and I was the steward and mistress, with such diligence on my part and such pleasure on theirs that I cannot well exaggerate it. The spare hours left me in the day, after I had given what was due to the head shepherds, the overseers, and the other day laborers, I spent in occupations as proper as they are necessary for maidens, such as those offered by the needle and the sewing cushion, and the distaff many times; and if I ever left these occupations to refresh my spirits, I took refuge in the pastime of reading some devout book or playing a harp, for experience showed me that music composes disordered spirits and eases the troubles that are born of the mind. Such, then, was my life under my parents' roof, and if I have told it so particularly, it has not been out of vanity or to let you know that I am rich, but so that it may be seen how blamelessly I have come from that good state I have spoken of to the unhappy one in which I now find myself. The case, then, is this: that, as I passed my life in so many occupations and in a seclusion that might be compared to that of a convent, seen, as I believed, by no other person than the servants of the house, for on the days I went to Mass it was so early, and I was so accompanied by my mother and other maidservants, and so covered and guarded, that my eyes hardly saw more ground than where I set my feet; even so, the eyes of love, or of idleness, to put it better, which a lynx's cannot equal, saw me, set as they were in the eager desire of Don Fernando, for this is the name of the duke's younger son of whom I have told you."

She who was telling the tale had scarcely named Don Fernando when the color of Cardenio's face changed and he began to sweat,

with such great agitation that the priest and the barber, who noticed it, feared that the fit of madness they had heard came upon him from time to time was coming on him. But Cardenio did nothing but sweat and keep still, staring fixedly at the farm girl, imagining who she was; and she, without noticing Cardenio's movements, went on with her story, saying:

"And they had scarcely seen me when, as he said afterward, he was as taken with love for me as his demonstrations showed clearly enough. But, to finish quickly with the account, which has no counting, of my misfortunes, I wish to pass over in silence the efforts Don Fernando made to declare his love to me. He bribed all the people of my house, he gave and offered gifts and favors to my relatives. The days were all feasting and rejoicing in my street; at night the music let no one sleep. The notes that came to my hands, without my knowing how, were countless, full of loving words and offers, with fewer letters in them than promises and oaths. All of which not only did not soften me but hardened me as if he were my mortal enemy, and as if everything he did to bring me round to his will he did for the opposite effect; not because Don Fernando's gallantry seemed bad to me, nor because I thought his attentions excessive; for it gave me some sort of pleasure to see myself so loved and esteemed by so distinguished a gentleman, and I was not sorry to see my praises in his papers: for in this, however ugly we women may be, it seems to me that it always pleases us to hear ourselves called beautiful. But against all this stood my modesty and the constant counsel my parents gave me, who by now knew Don Fernando's intentions quite openly, for he no longer cared a bit if the whole world knew them. My parents told me that in my virtue and goodness alone they left and placed their honor and good name, and that I should consider the inequality there was between Don Fernando and me, and that from this I would see that his thoughts, though he might say oth-

erwise, were aimed more at his own pleasure than at my good; and that if I wished in any way to set some obstacle in his path so that he would give up his unjust suit, they would marry me at once to whomever I liked best, from among the most distinguished men of our town as well as of all the towns around, since anything could be hoped for from their great wealth and my good name. With these sure promises, and with the truth they told me, I fortified my integrity, and I never would answer Don Fernando a word that might show him, even from very far off, any hope of attaining his desire.

"All these precautions of mine, which he must have taken for disdain, must have served to inflame his lustful appetite all the more, for that is the name I wish to give to the love he showed me; which, had it been as it should have been, you would not be hearing of now, for there would have been no occasion to tell it to you. In the end, Don Fernando learned that my parents were seeking to settle me in marriage, to take from him the hope of possessing me, or at least so that I might have more guards to guard me; and this news or suspicion was the cause of his doing what you shall now hear. And it was that one night, when I was in my room with no other company than a maid who served me, with the doors well shut for fear that through some carelessness my modesty might be put in danger, without my knowing or imagining how, in the midst of these precautions and safeguards, and in the solitude of this silence and seclusion, I found him standing before me, and the sight of him so disturbed me that it took away the sight of my eyes and struck my tongue dumb; and so I was not able to cry out, nor, I think, would he have let me, for at once he came up to me and, taking me in his arms (for I, as I say, had no strength to defend myself, so disturbed was I), he began to say such things to me that I do not know how it is possible for falsehood to have so much skill as to put them together so that they seem so true. The traitor

made his tears vouch for his words and his sighs for his intentions. I, poor thing, alone among my own people, ill practiced in such cases, began, I do not know how, to take so many falsehoods for truths, but not in such a way that his tears and sighs moved me to any compassion that was less than virtuous.

"And so, when that first alarm had passed, I began to recover my lost spirits somewhat, and with more courage than I thought I could have, I said to him: 'If, as I am now in your arms, sir, I were in those of a fierce lion, and my release from them were assured me on condition that I did or said something to the harm of my modesty, it would be as possible for me to do it or say it as it is possible for what has been not to have been. So, if you have my body clasped in your arms, I have my soul bound fast by my good desires, which are as different from yours as you will see if you try to go further with them by force. I am your vassal, but not your slave; nor has the nobility of your blood, nor should it have, any power to dishonor and hold cheap the humbleness of mine; and I, a peasant and a farmer's daughter, esteem myself as highly as you, a lord and a gentleman. With me your force shall have no effect, nor your riches any worth, nor shall your words be able to deceive me, nor your sighs and tears to soften me. If I saw any one of all these things I have said in the man my parents gave me for a husband, my will would conform itself to his, and my will would not depart from his; so that, provided I kept my honor, though I lost my pleasure, I would freely give you what you, sir, are now trying so hard to take. All this I have said because it is not to be thought that anyone who is not my lawful husband shall obtain anything from me.' 'If that is all that stops you, most beautiful Dorotea' (for that is the name of this unhappy woman), said the faithless gentleman, 'see: here I give you my hand to be yours, and let the heavens be witness to this truth, from which nothing is hidden, and this image of Our Lady that you have here.'"

When Cardenio heard her say that her name was Dorotea, he was thrown back into his agitation and became quite sure that his first opinion was true; but he did not want to interrupt the tale, so as to see how what he almost knew already would turn out; he only said:

"So Dorotea is your name, lady? I have heard tell of another of the same name, whose misfortunes perhaps run neck and neck with yours. Go on, for a time will come when I shall tell you things that will astonish you as much as they will grieve you." Dorotea took note of Cardenio's words and of his strange and wretched dress, and begged him, if he knew anything of her affairs, to tell her at once; for if fortune had left her anything good, it was the courage she had to bear any disaster that might befall her, sure as she was that, to her mind, none could come that would increase the one she had by a single jot. "I would not lose the chance, lady," answered Cardenio, "of telling you what I think, if what I imagine were true; and so far the opportunity is not lost, nor does it matter to you at all to know it."

"Be that as it may," answered Dorotea, "what happens next in my tale is that Don Fernando, taking an image that was in that room, set it up as witness to our betrothal. With most effective words and extraordinary oaths he gave me his word to be my husband, though, before he had finished saying them, I told him to look well at what he was doing and to consider the anger his father was bound to feel at seeing him married to a peasant girl, his vassal; that he should not let my beauty, such as it was, blind him, for it was not enough to excuse his error; and that if he wished to do me any good, for the love he bore me, it should be to let my fortune run level with what my rank could reach, for such unequal marriages are never enjoyed, nor do they last long in the pleasure with which they begin. All these words I have told you here I said to him, and many others I do not remember, but they were not

enough to make him give up his purpose, just like the man who does not mean to pay, who, in striking the bargain, sticks at no difficulty. At that moment I held a brief debate with myself, and said to myself: 'Yes, for I shall not be the first who has risen by way of marriage from a humble to a great estate, nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty, or blind fancy, which is the likelier, has made take a companion unequal to his greatness. Well, then, if I make neither a new world nor a new custom, it is well to seize this honor that fortune offers me, even if in him the love he shows me should last no longer than the fulfillment of his desire; for, in the end, before God I shall be his wife. And if I try to send him away with disdain, I see him in such a state that, not using the means he ought, he will use force, and I shall end up dishonored and without excuse for the blame that anyone might lay on me who does not know how blamelessly I have come to this pass. For what reasons would be enough to persuade my parents, and others, that this gentleman came into my room without my consent?'

"All these questions and answers I turned over in my imagination in an instant; and, above all, what began to press on me and incline me to what was, without my thinking it, my ruin were Don Fernando's oaths, the witnesses he called, the tears he shed, and, in the end, his fine figure and gallantry, which, accompanied by so many signs of true love, might have conquered any other heart as free and as guarded as mine. I called my maid, so that on earth she might join the witnesses of heaven; Don Fernando went on to repeat and confirm his oaths; to the first ones he added new saints as witnesses; he called down on himself a thousand curses for the future if he did not fulfill what he was promising me; he moistened his eyes again and redoubled his sighs; he pressed me closer in his arms, from which he had never let me go; and with this, and with my maid's going out of the room again, I ceased to be a maid and he finished becoming a traitor and a perjurer.

"The day that followed the night of my misfortune came on, though not as fast, I think, as Don Fernando wished, for, once what appetite demands has been fulfilled, the greatest pleasure that can come is to get away from the place where it was attained. I say this because Don Fernando made haste to leave me, and, by the contrivance of my maid, who was the same one who had brought him there, he found himself in the street before dawn. And, in taking leave of me, though not with as much eagerness and ardor as when he came, he told me I might be sure of his faith and that his oaths were firm and true; and, to confirm his word further, he took a rich ring from his finger and put it on mine. In effect, he went away and I was left, I do not know whether sad or glad; this I can well say: that I was left confused and thoughtful, and almost beside myself at what had newly happened, and I had not the heart, or it did not occur to me, to scold my maid for the treachery she had committed in shutting Don Fernando up in my own room, because I had not yet made up my mind whether what had befallen me was good or bad. I told Don Fernando, as he left, that he could see me on other nights by the same way as that one, since I was now his, until, when he wished, the deed should be made public. But he came on no other night, unless it was the next one, nor could I see him in the street or in church for more than a month; for in vain I wearied myself in seeking him, though I learned that he was in the town and went hunting most days, a pastime he was very fond of. Those days and those hours, I know well, were ill-starred and luckless for me, and I know well that in them I began to doubt, and even to disbelieve, Don Fernando's faith; and I know too that my maid heard then the words of reproof for her boldness that she had not heard before; and I know that I was forced to keep a watch over my tears and the composure of my face, so as not to give my parents occasion to ask me why I was unhappy and oblige me to look for lies to tell them. But all this came to an end in a moment,

when a moment came in which all respect was trampled underfoot and honorable reasoning came to an end, and in which patience was lost and my secret thoughts came out into the open. And this was because, a few days later, it was said in the town that in a city near by Don Fernando had married a maiden beautiful in the extreme, and of very distinguished parents, though not so rich that she could, by her dowry, have aspired to so noble a marriage. It was said that her name was Luscinda, along with other things worthy of wonder that had happened at their betrothal."

Cardenio heard the name of Luscinda, and did nothing but shrug his shoulders, bite his lips, arch his brows, and soon after let two fountains of tears fall from his eyes. But not for this did Dorotea stop going on with her tale, saying:

"This sad news reached my ears, and, instead of my heart freezing at hearing it, such was the anger and rage that kindled in it that it was little short of my running out into the streets crying aloud, proclaiming the perfidy and treachery that had been done me. But this fury was tempered for the time being by the thought of putting into practice that very night what I did put into practice: which was to put on this dress, which one of those they call lads in farmers' houses gave me, a servant of my father's, to whom I revealed all my misfortune, and I begged him to go with me as far as the city where I understood my enemy to be. He, after he had rebuked my boldness and condemned my resolve, seeing me set in my purpose, offered to keep me company, as he said, to the ends of the earth. At once, that very moment, I packed into a linen pillowcase a woman's dress, and some jewels and money, in case of what might happen. And in the silence of that night, without telling my treacherous maid, I left my house, accompanied by my servant and by many imaginings, and set out for the city on foot, carried on the wings of my wish to arrive, if not to prevent what I took to be done, at least to ask Don Fernando to tell me with what

soul he had done it. I arrived where I wanted in two and a half days, and, on entering the city, I asked for the house of Luscinda's parents, and the first person I put the question to answered me more than I would have wished to hear. He told me the house and everything that had happened at their daughter's betrothal, a thing so public in the city that people gathered in little knots to tell it all over town. He told me that on the night Don Fernando was betrothed to Luscinda, after she had given her yes to be his wife, a heavy faint had come over her, and that, as her husband went to unfasten her bodice to give her air, he found on her a paper written in Luscinda's own hand, in which she said and declared that she could not be Don Fernando's wife because she was Cardenio's, who, from what the man told me, was a gentleman of high standing of the same city; and that if she had given her yes to Don Fernando, it was so as not to depart from obedience to her parents. In short, he said the paper contained such words as gave it to be understood that she had intended to kill herself as soon as the betrothal was over, and gave there the reasons why she had taken her life. All of which, they say, was confirmed by a dagger they found somewhere or other in her clothes. When Don Fernando saw all this, it seeming to him that Luscinda had mocked and scorned him and held him cheap, he fell upon her, before she came out of her faint, and tried to stab her with the very dagger they had found on her; and he would have done it if her parents and those who were present had not prevented him. They said further that Don Fernando went away at once, and that Luscinda did not come out of her swoon until the next day, when she told her parents how she was the true wife of that Cardenio I have mentioned. I learned more: that Cardenio, so they said, had been present at the betrothal, and that, on seeing her betrothed, which he had never thought would happen, he had left the city in despair, first leaving a letter written for her in which he gave her to understand

the wrong Luscinda had done him, and how he was going where people would not see him.

"All this was public and notorious throughout the city, and everyone was talking about it; and they talked more when they learned that Luscinda was missing from her parents' house and from the city, for they could not find her anywhere in it, at which her parents were losing their minds and did not know what means to take to find her. What I learned set my hopes astir, and I held it better to have missed Don Fernando than to have found him a married man, since it seemed to me that the door to my remedy was not yet quite shut, as I gave myself to understand that it might be that heaven had put that impediment in the way of the second marriage so as to bring him to recognize what he owed to the first, and to realize that he was a Christian and more bound to his soul than to worldly considerations. All these things I turned over in my fancy, and I consoled myself without having consolation, feigning some long and fainting hopes to keep up a life that I now loathe.

"While I was in the city, then, not knowing what to do with myself, since I could not find Don Fernando, a public proclamation reached my ears in which a great reward was promised to whoever found me, giving the marks of my age and of the very dress I was wearing; and I heard it said that it was said that the lad who came with me had carried me off from my parents' house, a thing that cut me to the soul, seeing how low my good name had fallen, for it was not enough to lose it by my coming away but they must add with whom, he being a person so low and so unworthy of my good thoughts. The moment I heard the proclamation, I left the city with my servant, who was already beginning to show signs of wavering in the faith of loyalty he had promised me, and that night we went into the thick of these mountains, for fear of being found. But, as they say that one ill calls another, and that the end of one misfortune is usually the beginning of a greater one, so it hap-

pened to me, for my good servant, until then faithful and trustworthy, as soon as he saw me in this solitude, spurred on by his own villainy rather than by my beauty, wished to take advantage of the opportunity that these wilds, as he thought, offered him; and, with little shame and less fear of God or respect for me, he made love to me; and, seeing that I answered the shamelessness of his proposals with harsh and just words, he set aside the entreaties he had first thought to make use of and began to use force. But just heaven, which seldom or never fails to watch over and favor just intentions, favored mine, so that with my little strength, and with little trouble, I pushed him over a precipice, where I left him, I do not know whether dead or alive; and then, with more speed than my fright and weariness allowed, I went into these mountains, with no other thought or design than to hide in them and flee from my father and from those who were searching for me on his behalf.

"With this wish, I do not know how many months ago I came into them, where I found a herdsman who took me on as his servant to a village that lies in the heart of this sierra, and I have served him as a herd lad all this time, trying always to be out in the fields so as to hide this hair, which now, so unexpectedly, has given me away. But all my contriving and all my care was and has been of no use, for my master came to know that I was not a man, and the same wicked thought was born in him as in my servant; and, since fortune does not always give remedies along with troubles, I found no precipice or ravine from which to send the master headlong and out of his pain, as I found one for the servant; and so I thought it less of a hardship to leave him and hide myself again among these rugged places than to try my strength or my excuses on him. I say, then, that I took to the woods again, and to looking for a place where, without any hindrance, I might with sighs and tears beg heaven to pity my misfortune and give me the skill and favor

to get out of it, or else to leave my life among these wildernesses, without any memory remaining of this unhappy woman, who, through no fault of her own, will have given matter for being talked of and gossiped about in her own country and in others."

Chapter XXIX. Which deals with the wit of the beautiful Dorotea, with other things of great amusement and pastime

"This, gentlemen, is the true history of my tragedy: see and judge now whether the sighs you heard, the words you listened to, and the tears that came from my eyes had cause enough to show themselves in even greater abundance; and, when you have considered the nature of my misfortune, you will see that consolation will be in vain, since there is no possible remedy for it. I only beg you (and this you can easily do, and ought to) to advise me where I may spend my life without being finished off by the fear and alarm I live in of being found by those who are looking for me; for, though I know that the great love my parents bear me assures me that I would be well received by them, so great is the shame that fills me at the mere thought that I must appear before them not as they thought me to be, that I hold it better to banish myself forever from being seen than to see their faces while thinking that they look on mine as a stranger to the modesty they must have been promised of me."

She fell silent on saying this, and her face was covered with a color that showed very plainly the feeling and shame of her soul. In their own souls those who had listened to her felt as much pity as wonder at her misfortune; and, though the priest would have liked to console and advise her at once, Cardenio took the lead, saying:

"So, lady, you are the beautiful Dorotea, the only daughter of the rich Clenardo."

Dorotea was amazed when she heard her father's name, and to see how little was the man who named him, for it has already been said how wretchedly Cardenio was dressed; and so she said to him:

"And who are you, brother, who know my father's name in this way? For until now, if I remember right, in the whole course of the tale of my misfortune I have not named him."

"I am," answered Cardenio, "that luckless man who, as you, madam, have said, Luscinda declared to be her husband. I am the unhappy Cardenio, whom the wicked dealing of the same man who has put you in the state you are in has brought to the pass in which you see me: ragged, half naked, bereft of all human comfort and, what is worst of all, bereft of reason, for I have it only when heaven takes a fancy to give it to me for some brief space. I, Teodora, am the one who was present at Don Fernando's outrages, and the one who waited to hear the yes that Luscinda spoke to be his wife. I am the one who had not the courage to see what came of her fainting, or what followed from the paper that was found in her bosom, for my soul had not the endurance to see so many misfortunes together; and so I abandoned the house and my patience, and a letter which I left with a host of mine, whom I begged to put it into Luscinda's hands, and I came to these wildernesses, meaning to end in them my life, which from that moment I loathed as my mortal enemy. But fortune has not chosen to take it from me, content with taking away my reason, perhaps to keep me for the good fortune I have had in finding you; for, if what you have told here is true, as I believe it is, it might still be that heaven has a better outcome in store for both of us in our disasters than we think. For, granted that Luscinda cannot marry Don Fernando, since she is mine, nor Don Fernando her, since he is yours, and since she has declared it so plainly, we may well hope that heaven will restore to us what is ours, since it still exists and has been neither alienated

nor destroyed. And since we have this consolation, born of no very remote hope nor founded on wild imaginings, I beg you, madam, to take another resolution in your honorable thoughts, as I mean to take one in mine, and to make yourself ready to hope for better fortune; for I swear to you, on the faith of a gentleman and a Christian, not to forsake you until I see you in Don Fernando's possession, and, if I cannot with reasons bring him to recognize what he owes you, to use then the freedom my being a gentleman allows me and with just title challenge him, by reason of the unreason he does you, without remembering my own wrongs, whose vengeance I shall leave to heaven so as to attend on earth to yours."

What Cardenio said filled Dorotea with amazement, and, not knowing what thanks to return for such great offers, she tried to take his feet to kiss them; but Cardenio would not allow it, and the licentiate answered for both of them, and approved Cardenio's good reasoning, and, above all, begged, advised, and urged them to go with him to his village, where they could supply themselves with the things they lacked, and where plans would be made for seeking out Don Fernando, or for taking Dorotea to her parents, or for doing whatever seemed best to them. Cardenio and Dorotea thanked him and accepted the kindness offered them. The barber, who had been listening to it all in silent suspense, also made his fine little speech and offered himself, with no less goodwill than the priest, for everything that might serve them. He likewise told briefly the reason that had brought them there, with the strangeness of Don Quixote's madness, and how they were waiting for his squire, who had gone to look for him. Cardenio recalled, as if in a dream, the quarrel he had had with Don Quixote, and told the others about it, but he could not say what the cause of their dispute had been.

At this point they heard shouts, and recognized that the one who was giving them was Sancho Panza, who, not having found them in the place where he had left them, was calling for them at the top of his voice. They went out to meet him, and, when they asked him about Don Quixote, he told them how he had found him stripped to his shirt, thin, yellow, and dying of hunger, and sighing for his lady Dulcinea; and that, though he had told him she commanded him to leave that place and go to El Toboso, where she was waiting for him, he had answered that he was resolved not to appear before her beauteousness until he had done deeds that would make him worthy of her favor. And that if this went on, he ran the risk of not coming to be an emperor, as he was bound to, or even an archbishop, which was the least he could be. So they should see what was to be done to get him out of there.

The licentiate answered him not to worry, for they would get him out of there, whether he liked it or not. Then he told Cardenio and Dorotea what they had planned as a remedy for Don Quixote, or at least to take him home. To which Dorotea said that she would play the damsel in distress better than the barber, and besides, she had clothes there with which to do it to the life, and they should leave to her the business of knowing how to act out everything necessary to carry their plan forward, for she had read many books of chivalry and knew well the style the woeful damsels used when they begged their boons of knights-errant.

"Then nothing more is needed," said the priest, "but to put it into practice at once; for no doubt good fortune is showing itself in our favor, since, so unexpectedly, a door has begun to open for your remedy, gentlemen, and the one we needed has been made easy for us." Dorotea then took from her pillowcase a whole gown of some rich light stuff and a short mantle of another showy green cloth, and from a little box a necklace and other jewels, with which in an instant she adorned herself so that she looked like a rich and

great lady. All that, and more, she said she had brought from her house for whatever might come up, and until then no occasion had come up for needing it. Her great grace, charm, and beauty pleased them all exceedingly, and they confirmed Don Fernando as a man of little discernment, since he cast off so much beauty.

But the one who wondered most was Sancho Panza, for it seemed to him—as was indeed the truth—that in all the days of his life he had never seen so beautiful a creature; and so he asked the priest very earnestly to tell him who that so beauteous lady was, and what she was looking for in those out-of-the-way places. "This beautiful lady," answered the priest, "Sancho, brother, is, if you please, nothing less than the heiress, by straight descent in the male line, of the great kingdom of Micomicón, and she comes in search of your master to ask a boon of him, which is that he right a wrong or grievance that a wicked giant has done her; and, at the fame of a good knight that your master has throughout the known world, this princess has come all the way from Guinea to look for him."

"A happy seeking and a happy finding," said Sancho Panza at this, "and the more so if my master is lucky enough to right that grievance and straighten out that wrong, killing that son of a whore of a giant your grace speaks of; and he'll kill him, all right, if he meets him, unless he's a phantom, for against phantoms my master has no power at all. But I want to beg one thing of your grace, among others, Señor Licentiate, and it is this: so that my master won't take a fancy to be an archbishop, which is what I'm afraid of, your grace should advise him to marry this princess right away, and that way he'll be unable to receive archbishop's orders and he'll come easily to his empire and I to the end of my desires; for I've looked into it carefully and I find by my reckoning that it doesn't suit me for my master to be an archbishop, because I'm useless to the Church, since I'm married, and to go about now get-

ting dispensations so I can hold an income from the Church, having, as I do, a wife and children, would be never-ending. So, sir, the whole point is for my master to marry this lady right away, whose good name I don't know yet, and so I don't call her by it."

"Her name," answered the priest, "is Princess Micomicona, for, since her kingdom is called Micomicón, it is clear that she must be called so."

"There's no doubt about that," answered Sancho, "for I've seen plenty of people take their surname and family name from the place where they were born, calling themselves Pedro de Alcalá, Juan de Úbeda, and Diego de Valladolid; and this same thing must be the custom there in Guinea: the queens taking the names of their kingdoms."

"So it must be," said the priest; "and as for your master's marrying, I shall do my utmost in it."

At which Sancho was as pleased as the priest was amazed at his simplicity, and at seeing how firmly lodged in his fancy were the same absurdities as his master's, since he took it for granted beyond all doubt that his master was to become an emperor.

By now Dorotea was mounted on the priest's mule and the barber had his ox-tail beard fixed on his face, and they told Sancho to guide them to where Don Quixote was; and they warned him not to say that he knew the licentiate or the barber, for the whole point of his master's coming to be an emperor lay in his not knowing them; though neither the priest nor Cardenio would go with them, so that Don Quixote should not be reminded of the quarrel he had had with Cardenio, and the priest because his presence was not needed for the time being. And so they let the others go on ahead, and they followed them on foot, little by little. The priest did not fail to advise Dorotea of what she was to do; to which she said they need not worry, for everything would be done, without missing a point, as the books of chivalry required and depicted it.

They must have gone three quarters of a league when they caught sight of Don Quixote among some tangled rocks, dressed by now, though not in armor; and, as soon as Dorotea saw him and was told by Sancho that that was Don Quixote, she gave her palfrey a lash of the whip, followed by the well-bearded barber. And, on coming up to him, the squire leaped down from his mule and went to take Dorotea in his arms, and she, alighting with great ease, went and knelt before Don Quixote's knees; and, though he struggled to raise her, she, without rising, spoke to him in this wise:

"From this spot I shall not rise, O valiant and doughty knight, until a boon be granted me by your goodness and courtesy, one that shall redound to the honor and glory of your person and to the profit of the most disconsolate and aggrieved damsel the sun hath ever seen. And if the valor of your mighty arm answers to the voice of your immortal fame, you are bound to succor the luckless one who comes from lands so far away, drawn by the scent of your famous name, seeking you as the remedy of her misfortunes."

"I shall not answer you a word, fair lady," answered Don Quixote, "nor hear aught more of your affairs, until you rise from the ground."

"I shall not rise, sir," answered the afflicted damsel, "unless the boon I ask is first granted me by your courtesy."

"I grant and bestow it upon you," answered Don Quixote, "provided it is not to be fulfilled to the harm or detriment of my king, of my country, and of her who holds the key to my heart and my freedom."

"It shall not be to the harm or detriment of those you name, my good lord," replied the sorrowful damsel.

And while this was going on, Sancho Panza came up to his master's ear and said to him very softly:

"Your grace can very well grant her the boon she asks, sir, for it's a mere nothing: it's only killing a great big giant, and this one

who asks it is the high Princess Micomicona, queen of the great kingdom of Micomicón in Ethiopia."

"Be she who she may," answered Don Quixote, "I shall do what I am bound to and what my conscience dictates, in accordance with what I have professed."

And, turning to the damsel, he said:

"Let your great beauteousness arise, for I grant it the boon it may please to ask of me."

"Then the one I ask," said the damsel, "is that your magnanimous person come away at once with me wherever I may lead you, and promise me not to meddle in any other adventure or quest until you have given me vengeance on a traitor who, against all law divine and human, has usurped my kingdom."

"I say that I grant it so," answered Don Quixote, "and so, lady, from this day forth you may cast off the melancholy that oppresses you and let your fainting hope gather new spirit and strength; for, with the help of God and that of my arm, you shall soon see yourself restored to your kingdom and seated on the throne of your ancient and great estate, in spite and despite of the caitiffs who would gainsay it. And to work, for in delay, they say, lies danger."

The damsel in distress strove with great insistence to kiss his hands, but Don Quixote, who was in everything a courteous and well-mannered knight, would by no means allow it; rather, he made her rise and embraced her with great courtesy and good manners, and ordered Sancho to see to Rocinante's girths and arm him at once. Sancho took down the arms, which were hanging like a trophy from a tree, and, seeing to the girths, armed his master in an instant; and he, seeing himself armed, said:

"Let us go from here, in the name of God, to succor this great lady." The barber was still on his knees, taking great care to hide his laughter and to keep his beard from falling off, for if it had fallen they might all have failed to achieve their good purpose; and,

seeing that the boon was now granted, and the diligence with which Don Quixote was making ready to go and fulfill it, he got up and took his lady by the other hand, and between the two of them they put her up on the mule. Then Don Quixote got up on Rocinante, and the barber took his seat on his own mount, and Sancho was left on foot, where the loss of the gray came back to him afresh, with the want he felt of him then; but he bore it all gladly, for it seemed to him that his master was now well on the road, and very near, to becoming an emperor; for he thought beyond all doubt that he was to marry that princess and be at least king of Micomicón. The only thing that troubled him was the thought that that kingdom lay in the land of the blacks, and that the folk to be handed him as vassals would every one of them be black; for which he soon found a good remedy in his imagination, and he said to himself: "What do I care if my vassals are black? Will there be anything more to it than loading them up and bringing them to Spain, where I can sell them, and where they'll pay me cash for them, and with that money I can buy some title or some office to live at my ease on all the days of my life? Oh, no, go to sleep, why don't you, and have no wit or skill to manage things and sell thirty or ten thousand vassals before you can say hand me that straw! By God, I'll make them fly, small and big together, or however I can, and, black as they are, I'll turn them into white or yellow, silver or gold. Come on, then, do you think I suck my thumb?"

With this he went along so busy and so happy that he forgot the hardship of going on foot.

Cardenio and the priest were watching all this from among some brambles, and did not know what to do to join them; but the priest, who was a great schemer, soon thought of what they would do to get what they wanted; and it was that with some scissors he carried in a case he very quickly cut off Cardenio's beard, and dressed him in a little brown coat he had on and gave him a black

cape, while he himself was left in breeches and doublet; and Cardenio became so different from what he had looked like before that he would not have known himself, even if he had looked in a mirror. This done, though the others had got ahead of them during their disguising, they reached the highroad first without trouble, because in that thick brush and those bad passes the riders could not make the speed of the men on foot. In effect, they posted themselves on the plain, at the mouth of the sierra, and, as soon as Don Quixote and his comrades came out of it, the priest set himself to gaze at him very slowly, giving signs that he was beginning to recognize him; and, after he had been looking at him for a good while, he went up to him with open arms, saying aloud: "Well met, mirror of chivalry, my good compatriot Don Quixote of La Mancha, the flower and the cream of gentility, the shelter and remedy of the needy, the quintessence of knights-errant." And, saying this, he held Don Quixote clasped by the knee of his left leg; and Don Quixote, astonished at what he saw and heard that man say and do, set himself to look at him attentively, and at last recognized him, and was as if astonished to see him, and made a great effort to get down; but the priest would not allow it, at which Don Quixote said:

"Let me get down, your grace, Señor Licentiate, for it is not right that I should be on horseback and so reverend a person as your grace on foot." "That I shall by no means allow," said the priest: "let your greatness stay on horseback, for it is on horseback that you accomplish the greatest deeds and adventures our age has seen; as for me, an unworthy priest, it will be enough to get up on the haunches of one of the mules of these gentlemen who travel with your grace, if they take it not amiss. And I shall even consider that I ride mounted on the horse Pegasus, or on the zebra or charger that the famous Moor Muzaraque rode, who to

this day lies enchanted on the great slope of Zulema, not far from the great Compluto."

"I had not thought of that, my lord licentiate," answered Don Quixote, "and I know that my lady the princess will be pleased, for love of me, to order her squire to give your grace the saddle of his mule, for he can settle himself on the haunches, if the mule will bear it."

"She will bear it, I believe," answered the princess; "and I know too that there will be no need to order it of my lord squire, for he is so courteous and so courtly that he will not allow a person of the Church to go on foot when he might go mounted."

"That is so," answered the barber.

And, getting down in an instant, he invited the priest to take the saddle, and the priest took it without waiting to be much begged. And the trouble was that as the barber got up on the haunches, the mule, which was in fact a hired one, and that is enough to say it was a bad one, raised its hindquarters a little and let fly two kicks in the air, which, had they landed on Master Nicolás's chest, or on his head, would have made him send his coming in search of Don Quixote to the devil. Even so, they so startled him that he fell to the ground, with so little care for his beard that it fell to the ground; and, when he saw himself without it, he had no other remedy than to rush to cover his face with both hands and complain that his molars had been knocked out. Don Quixote, when he saw that whole bunch of beard, without jaw and without blood, lying far from the fallen squire's face, said:

"As God lives, this is a great miracle! It has knocked his beard off and torn it from his face as if it had been taken off on purpose!"

The priest, who saw the danger his scheme was in of being discovered, rushed at once to the beard and went with it to where Master Nicolás lay, still crying out, and with one movement, drawing his head to his own chest, he put it back on him, muttering

over him some words which he said were a certain charm suited for sticking on beards, as they would see; and, when he had it on him, he drew back, and the squire was left as well bearded and as sound as before, at which Don Quixote marveled exceedingly, and begged the priest to teach him that charm when he had the chance; for he understood that its virtue must extend to more than sticking on beards, since it was clear that where a beard was torn off the flesh must be left raw and battered, and that, since it healed everything, it was good for more than beards.

"So it is," said the priest, and he promised to teach it to him at the first opportunity. They agreed that for the time being the priest should ride, and that the three should take turns at intervals until they reached the inn, which would be some two leagues from there. With the three on horseback, that is to say, Don Quixote, the princess, and the priest, and the three on foot, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza, Don Quixote said to the damsel:

"Let your greatness, my lady, lead the way wherever it pleases you most."

And, before she could answer, the licentiate said:

"Toward what kingdom does your ladyship wish to lead us? Is it, perchance, toward that of Micomicón? For so it must be, or I know little of kingdoms."

She, who was well up on everything, understood that she was to answer yes; and so she said:

"Yes, sir, toward that kingdom lies my road."

"If that is so," said the priest, "we must pass through the middle of my village, and from there your grace will take the road to Cartagena, where you can take ship with good luck; and if there is a fair wind, a calm sea, and no storm, in a little less than nine years you will be able to come in sight of the great lagoon of Meona, the Piddler, I mean of Maeotis, which lies a little over a hundred days' travel short of your greatness's kingdom."

"Your grace is mistaken, sir," she said, "for it is not two years since I left it, and truly I never had good weather, and for all that I have come to see what I so much desired, which is Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, the news of whom reached my ears as soon as I set foot in Spain, and it moved me to seek him out, to commend myself to his courtesy and entrust my just cause to the valor of his invincible arm."

"No more: let my praises cease," said Don Quixote at this, "for I am an enemy of every kind of flattery; and, though this may not be flattery, such talk still offends my chaste ears. What I can say, my lady, is that whether I have valor or not, what I may or may not have shall be spent in your service until I lose my life; and so, leaving this for its proper time, I beg the señor licentiate to tell me what is the cause that has brought him to these parts, so alone, and so without servants, and so lightly equipped, that it fills me with alarm."

"To that I shall answer briefly," answered the priest, "for your grace must know, Señor Don Quixote, that Master Nicolás, our friend and our barber, and I were going to Seville to collect a certain sum of money that a relative of mine who went over to the Indies many years ago had sent me, and not so little either, for it comes to no less than sixty thousand assayed pesos, which is something else again; and, passing through these parts yesterday, four highwaymen came out to meet us and stripped us of everything down to our beards; and they took them so thoroughly that the barber had to put on a false one; and even this young man who is with us here"—pointing to Cardenio—"they gave a thorough going-over. And the best of it is that it is common talk throughout this country round about that those who robbed us are some of the galley slaves who, they say, were set free, almost on this very spot, by a man so valiant that, in spite of the commissary and the guards, he let them all loose; and, beyond any doubt, he must have

been out of his mind, or he must be as great a rogue as they are, or some man without soul or conscience, since he chose to turn the wolf loose among the sheep, the fox among the hens, and the fly into the honey; he chose to cheat justice, to go against his king and natural lord, since he went against his just commands. He chose, I say, to rob the galleys of their feet, to set the Holy Brotherhood in an uproar, which had been at rest for many years; he chose, in short, to do a deed by which his soul is lost and his body not won."

Sancho had told the priest and the barber about the adventure of the galley slaves, which his master had brought to an end with such glory to himself, and that was why the priest laid it on thick in telling it, to see what Don Quixote would do or say; and Don Quixote's color changed at every word, and he did not dare to say that he had been the liberator of those good people.

"These, then," said the priest, "were the ones who robbed us; and may God in his mercy forgive the man who would not let them be taken to the punishment they deserved."

Chapter XXX. Which deals with the clever device and plan that was used to draw our lovesick knight out of the very harsh penance he had taken upon himself

The priest had hardly finished when Sancho said:

"Well, upon my faith, Señor Licentiate, the one who did that deed was my master, and not because I didn't tell him beforehand and warn him to look at what he was doing, and that it was a sin to set them free, because they were all going there for being the biggest rogues." "Blockhead!" said Don Quixote at this. "It is no concern or business of knights-errant to find out whether the afflicted, the chained, and the oppressed whom they meet along the roads go that way, or are in that distress, for their faults or for their merits; their only concern is to help them as people in need, keeping their eyes on their sufferings and not on their roguery. I came upon a rosary and string of gloomy, wretched folk, and I did with them what my order requires of me, and as for the rest, let it sort itself out; and to whoever has taken it amiss, saving the holy dignity of the señor licentiate and his honorable person, I say that he knows little of the matter of chivalry, and that he lies like a son of a whore and a low-born churl; and this I shall make him acknowledge with my sword, wherein it is more fully set forth."

And this he said, setting himself firm in the stirrups and pulling down his morion; for the barber's basin, which by his reckoning was Mambrino's helmet, he carried hanging from the saddlebow until he could repair the ill treatment the galley slaves had given it.

Dorotea, who was quick-witted and full of grace, and who by now knew Don Quixote's crack-brained humor and that everyone was making fun of him except Sancho Panza, did not wish to be behind the rest, and, seeing him so angry, she said to him: "Sir knight, let your grace call to mind the boon you have promised me, and that, in keeping with it, you may not meddle in any other adventure, however urgent it may be; calm your breast, your grace, for if the señor licentiate had known that it was by that unconquered arm that the galley slaves had been freed, he would have put three stitches in his mouth, and even bitten his tongue three times, before he said a word that would redound to your grace's displeasure."

"That I swear indeed," said the priest, "and I would even have shaved off half my mustache." "I shall be silent, my lady," said Don Quixote, "and I shall curb the just anger that had already risen in my breast, and I shall go quiet and peaceable until I fulfill the boon I promised you; but, in payment for this good intention, I beg you to tell me, if it does not trouble you, what your woe is, and how many, who, and what manner of persons they are on whom I must take due, satisfying, and complete vengeance for you."

"That I shall do gladly," answered Dorotea, "if you are not wearied by hearing of sorrows and misfortunes."

"It will not weary me, my lady," answered Don Quixote.

To which Dorotea answered:

"Then, since that is so, let your graces give me your attention."

No sooner had she said this than Cardenio and the barber came up beside her, eager to see how the clever Dorotea would make up her story; and so did Sancho, who was as much deceived about her as his master. And she, after settling herself well in the saddle and preparing herself by coughing and making other gestures, very gracefully began to speak in this manner: "First of all, I want your graces to know, my lords, that I am called…"

And here she stopped for a moment, because she had forgotten the name the priest had given her; but he came to the rescue, for he understood what she was stuck on, and said:

"It is no wonder, my lady, that your greatness should be flustered and hindered in telling of your misfortunes, for they are often such that they take away the memory of those they ill-treat, so that they cannot even remember their own names, as they have done with your great ladyship, who no longer recalls that her name is Princess Micomicona and that she is the lawful heiress to the great kingdom of Micomicón; and with this prompting your greatness can now easily bring back to your sorrowing memory all you wish to tell." "That is the truth," answered the damsel, "and from here on I think there will be no need to prompt me in anything, for I shall bring my true history safe into harbor. Which is that the king my father, who is called Tinacrio the Sapient, was very learned in what they call the magic art, and he found out by his science that my mother, Queen Jaramilla by name, would die before he did, and that a short time after he too was to pass from this life and I would be left an orphan with neither father nor mother. But he said that this did not trouble him so much as it threw him into confusion to know, as a very certain thing, that a monstrous giant, lord of a great isle that almost borders on our kingdom, called Pandafilando of the Grim Gaze (for it is an established fact that, though his eyes are in their place and straight, he always looks askew, as if he were cross-eyed, and this he does out of malice and to put fear and terror into those he looks at); I say that he knew that this giant, on learning that I was an orphan, would come over with a great host against my kingdom and take it all from me, without leaving me a small village to take refuge in; but that all this ruin and misfortune could be escaped if I would consent to be his wife; though, as far as he could tell, he never thought it would come into my mind to make so unequal a mar-

riage; and in this he told the plain truth, for it has never entered my thoughts to marry that giant, nor any other, however great and monstrous he might be. My father also said that, after he was dead and I saw that Pandafilando was beginning to come over against my kingdom, I was not to wait to put myself in a state of defense, for that would be to destroy myself, but should freely leave the kingdom clear to him, if I wished to spare my good and loyal vassals from death and utter destruction, since it would not be possible to defend myself against the devilish strength of the giant; but that I should at once, with some of my people, set out for the Spains, where I would find the remedy for my ills by finding a knight-errant, whose fame at that time would extend over the whole of this kingdom, and whose name, if I remember right, was to be Don Azote or Don Gigote."

"Don Quixote she must mean, my lady," said Sancho Panza at this, "or, by another name, the Knight of the Sorry Figure."

"That is the truth," said Dorotea. "He said further that he was to be tall of body, lean of face, and that on his right side, under the left shoulder, or somewhere near there, he was to have a brown mole with some hairs like bristles."

On hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire:

"Here, Sancho, my son, help me undress, for I want to see whether I am the knight that wise king foretold."

"But why does your grace want to undress?" said Dorotea. "To see whether I have that mole your father spoke of," answered Don Quixote. "There's no need to undress," said Sancho, "for I know your grace has a mole of that description in the middle of your backbone, which is the sign of a strong man."

"That is enough," said Dorotea, "for with friends one should not look too closely at small things, and shoulder or backbone, it makes little difference; the mole is there, and that suffices, wherever it may be, since it is all the same flesh; and no doubt my good

father was right in everything, and I have done right in commending myself to Señor Don Quixote, for he is the one my father spoke of, since the marks of his face agree with those of the good fame this knight has, not only in Spain but in all La Mancha, for no sooner had I set foot ashore at Osuna than I heard tell of so many of his exploits that my soul told me at once he was the very one I had come to seek."

"But how did your grace land at Osuna, my lady," asked Don Quixote, "if it is not a seaport?"

But, before Dorotea could answer, the priest took up the word and said:

"The lady princess must mean that, after she landed at Málaga, the first place where she heard news of your grace was Osuna." "That is what I meant," said Dorotea.

"And that makes sense," said the priest, "and let your majesty go on." "There is nothing more to go on with," answered Dorotea, "except that, in the end, my luck has been so good in finding Señor Don Quixote that I already count and hold myself queen and lady of all my kingdom, since he, out of his courtesy and magnificence, has promised me the boon of going with me wherever I may take him, which will be nowhere else than to set him before Pandafilando of the Grim Gaze, so that he may kill him and restore to me what he has usurped from me so much against reason: for all this is to happen just as one could wish, since so it was foretold by Tinacrio the Sapient, my good father; who also left it said and written in Chaldean or Greek letters, for I cannot read them, that if this knight of the prophecy, after he had cut the giant's throat, should wish to marry me, I was to grant myself to him at once, without any demur, as his lawful wife, and give him possession of my kingdom, together with that of my person."

"What do you think of that, Sancho, my friend?" said Don Quixote at this point. "Do you not hear what is happening? Did I

not tell you so? See whether we have not a kingdom to rule now and a queen to marry."

"I swear it," said Sancho, "and the bugger who wouldn't marry, once he's slit Señor Pandahilado's little windpipe! And a bad sort the queen is, isn't she! I wish the fleas in my bed would all turn into such as she!"

And, saying this, he cut two capers in the air with signs of the greatest joy, and then went and took the reins of Dorotea's mule and, making her stop, knelt down before her, begging her to give him her hands to kiss, in token that he accepted her as his queen and lady. Who among the bystanders could have kept from laughing, seeing the madness of the master and the simplicity of the servant? In effect, Dorotea gave them to him, and promised that he should be a great lord in her kingdom once heaven did her the kindness of letting her recover and enjoy it. Sancho thanked her in such words that he set them all laughing again.

"This, gentlemen," Dorotea went on, "is my history: it only remains to tell you that of all the train of people I brought from my kingdom, none is left to me but this good bearded squire, for all were drowned in a great storm we met within sight of port, and he and I came ashore on two planks, as if by a miracle; and so the whole course of my life is miracle and mystery, as you will have noticed. And if I have gone too far in anything, or been less accurate than I should, lay the blame on what the señor licentiate said at the beginning of my tale: that continual and extraordinary troubles take away the memory of the one who suffers them."

"They shall not take mine away, O high and valiant lady," said Don Quixote, "all those I may undergo in serving you, however great and unheard-of they may be; and so once again I confirm the boon promised you, and I swear to go with you to the world's end, until I stand before that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head, with God's help and that of my arm, I mean to hew off with the

edges of this… I will not say good sword, for which I may thank Ginés de Pasamonte, who carried off mine."

This he said between his teeth, and then went on, saying:

"And after I have cut it off and put you in peaceful possession of your estate, it will rest with your will to do with your person whatever may be most to your pleasure; because, while my memory is occupied and my will captive, my understanding lost, to that one…, and I say no more, it is not possible for me to face, even in thought, the idea of marrying, even if it were the phoenix."

What his master had said last about not wishing to marry seemed so bad to Sancho that, in great anger, raising his voice, he said:

"I vow to myself and I swear to myself that your grace, Señor Don Quixote, is not in your right mind. Why, how is it possible that your grace has doubts about marrying so high a princess as this one? Do you think fortune is going to offer you, behind every little stone, such luck as is offered you now? Is my lady Dulcinea any more beautiful, by any chance? No, indeed, not by half, and I'm even ready to say she doesn't come up to the shoe of the one who's here in front of us. A fine chance I'll have, then, of getting the earldom I'm hoping for, if your grace goes about asking for groundnuts in the open sea. Marry, marry at once, Satan take you, I say, and take this kingdom that drops into your hands *de vobis*, *vobis*, for nothing, and once you're king, make me a marquis or a governor of a province, and then the devil can take it all, for all I care."

Don Quixote, who heard such blasphemies spoken against his lady Dulcinea, could not bear it, and, raising his long lance, without saying a word to Sancho, without so much as a by-your-leave, he gave him two such blows that he laid him on the ground; and if Dorotea had not cried out to him not to give him any more, he would no doubt have taken his life there and then.

"Do you think," he said to him after a while, "you vile peasant, that there is always to be room for you to take liberties with me, and that it is always to be your erring and my pardoning you? Well, do not think it, you excommunicated rogue, for that is surely what you are, since you have set your tongue on the peerless Dulcinea. And do you not know, you plowboy, you porter, you beggar, that, were it not for the valor she infuses into my arm, I would not have enough of it to kill a flea? Tell me, you sly dog with a viper's tongue, and who do you think it is that has won this kingdom, beheaded this giant, and turned you into a marquis, for all this I already take as done and as a matter passed into settled judgment, if not the valor of Dulcinea, taking my arm as the instrument of her deeds? She fights in me and conquers in me, and I live and breathe in her, and have life and being. Oh, you son of a whore of a rogue, what ingratitude: here you are lifted out of the dust of the earth to become a lord with a title, and you answer so good a deed by speaking ill of the one who did it for you!"

Sancho was not so battered that he did not hear everything his master said to him, and, getting up rather quickly, he went and put himself behind Dorotea's palfrey, and from there he said to his master:

"Tell me, sir: if your grace has made up your mind not to marry this great princess, it's clear the kingdom won't be yours; and, if it isn't, what favors can you do me? That's what I'm complaining of; marry this queen, your grace, once and for all, now that we have her here as if she'd rained down from heaven, and afterward you can go back to my lady Dulcinea; for there must have been kings in the world who kept mistresses. As for beauty, I don't meddle in that; for, truly, if I'm to tell it, they both seem fine to me, though I've never seen the lady Dulcinea." "What do you mean, you have never seen her, you blaspheming traitor?" said Don Quixote. "Why, have you not just brought me a message from her?"

"I mean I didn't see her at such leisure," said Sancho, "that I could have taken particular note of her beauty and her good parts point by point; but, just roughly, she seems fine to me."

"Now I excuse you," said Don Quixote, "and forgive me for the vexation I have caused you, for first impulses are not in a man's control."

"I can see that," answered Sancho, "and so with me the urge to talk is always a first impulse, and I can't keep from saying, at least once, what comes to my tongue."

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "mind what you say, Sancho, for the little pitcher goes so many times to the fountain…, and I say no more."

"Well, now," answered Sancho, "God is in heaven, who sees the tricks, and he'll be the judge of who does more harm: I in not speaking well, or your grace in not doing well."

"Let there be no more of this," said Dorotea: "run, Sancho, and kiss your master's hand, and ask his pardon, and from now on go more carefully in your praises and your abuse, and do not speak ill of that Tobosan lady, whom I do not know except to serve her, and trust in God, for you will not lack an estate where you may live like a prince."

Sancho went with his head hanging and asked his master for his hand, and he gave it to him with a composed countenance; and, after Sancho had kissed it, he gave him his blessing, and told Sancho that they should go on a little ahead, for he had things of great importance to ask him and to talk over with him. Sancho did so, and the two went a little way ahead, and Don Quixote said to him: "Since you came back, I have not had the chance or the leisure to ask you many particulars about the embassy you carried and the answer you brought; and now, since fortune has granted us time and place, do not deny me the happiness you can give me with such good news." "Let your grace ask whatever you like,"

answered Sancho, “for I’ll find as good a way out of everything as I had a way in. But I beg your grace, my master, not to be so vengeful from now on.”

“Why do you say that, Sancho?” said Don Quixote.

“I say it,” he answered, “because these blows just now were more for the quarrel the devil stirred up between the two of us the other night than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and revere like a relic, though there’s nothing of a relic about her, only because she’s something of your grace’s.”

“Do not go back to that talk, Sancho, on your life,” said Don Quixote, “for it grieves me; I forgave you then, and you know very well what they say: for a new sin, a new penance.”

While the two of them were going along in this talk, the priest told Dorotea that she had acted very cleverly, as much in the tale as in its brevity, and in its likeness to those of the books of chivalry. She said she had spent many hours amusing herself by reading them, but that she did not know where the provinces or the seaports were, and so she had said at random that she had landed at Osuna.

“I understood it so,” said the priest, “and that is why I rushed in at once to say what I said, which set everything right. But is it not a strange thing to see how easily this unfortunate hidalgo believes all these inventions and lies, only because they have the style and manner of the nonsense in his books?”

“It is,” said Cardenio, “and so rare and so unheard-of that I do not know whether, if one tried to invent and fabricate it as a lie, there would be a wit sharp enough to hit upon it.”

“Well, there is another thing in it,” said the priest: “that, apart from the simplicities this good hidalgo utters touching on his madness, if other matters are discussed with him, he reasons very soundly and shows a clear and pleasant understanding in everything. So that, as long as his chivalries are not touched on, there is

no one who would judge him to be anything but a man of very good understanding."

While they were going along in this conversation, Don Quixote went on with his and said to Sancho:

"Let us throw these little hairs into the sea, Panza, my friend, in this matter of our quarrels, and tell me now, without any thought of anger or rancor: Where, how, and when did you find Dulcinea? What was she doing? What did you say to her? What did she answer you? What face did she make when she read my letter? Who copied it out for you? And everything you see in this case that is worth knowing, asking, and answering, without adding or lying to please me, nor cutting it short so as not to rob me of pleasure."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "if the truth is to be told, nobody copied the letter for me, because I didn't carry any letter at all."

"It is as you say," said Don Quixote, "for I found the notebook in which I wrote it in my possession two days after you left, which caused me very great distress, not knowing what you would do when you found yourself without a letter, and I believed all along that you would come back from the place where you missed it."

"So I would have," answered Sancho, "if I hadn't learned it by heart when your grace read it to me, so that I said it to a sexton, who copied it out of my head so point by point that he said he had never in his whole life, for all the letters of excommunication he had read, seen or read so fine a letter as that one."

"And have you still got it in your memory, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"No, sir," answered Sancho, "because after I gave it, since I saw it was going to be of no more use, I set about forgetting it. And if I remember anything, it's that bit about the slovenly, I mean the sovereign lady, and the end: Yours until death, the Knight of the

Sorry Figure. And in between these two things I put in more than three hundred ‘my souls’ and ‘my lifes’ and ‘my eyes.’”

Chapter XXXI. Of the delightful conversations that passed between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire, with other events

"None of that displeases me; go on," said Don Quixote. "You arrived, and what was that queen of beauty doing? I'll wager you found her stringing pearls, or embroidering some device in gold purl for this captive knight of hers."

"I didn't find her doing anything," answered Sancho, "but winnowing two bushels of wheat in a yard of her house."

"Then you may take it," said Don Quixote, "that the grains of that wheat were grains of pearl, once her hands had touched them. And did you look, my friend, at the wheat? Was it fine white wheat, or spring wheat?"

"It was nothing but plain red wheat," answered Sancho.

"Then I assure you," said Don Quixote, "that, sifted by her hands, it made bread of the finest white flour, beyond any doubt. But go on: when you gave her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she lay it upon her head? Did she perform some ceremony worthy of such a letter, or what did she do?"

"When I was going to give it to her," answered Sancho, "she was in the full swing of shaking a good lot of wheat she had in the sieve, and she said to me: 'Put that letter down on that sack there, friend, for I can't read it until I've finished sifting everything here.'"

"A sensible lady!" said Don Quixote. "That must have been so that she could read it at leisure and take her delight in it. Go on,

Sancho: and, while she was busy at her task, what discourse did she hold with you? What did she ask you about me? And you, what did you answer her? Come, tell me everything; do not leave the least little thing behind in the inkwell."

"She didn't ask me anything," said Sancho, "but I told her how your grace, in her service, was doing penance, naked from the waist up, shut away in these mountains like a wild man, with the ground for a bed, not eating bread off a tablecloth or combing your beard, weeping and cursing your fortune."

"In saying that I cursed my fortune you said ill," said Don Quixote, "for, on the contrary, I bless it and shall bless it every day of my life, for having made me worthy to deserve to love so high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboso."

"So high she is," answered Sancho, "that on my faith she stands a good hand taller than I do."

"Why, Sancho, how is that?" said Don Quixote. "Have you measured yourself against her?" "I measured myself this way," answered Sancho: "going up to help her put a sack of wheat on a donkey, we came so close together that I could tell she topped me by more than a good long span."

"Well, and is it not true," replied Don Quixote, "that she accompanies that tallness and adorns it with a thousand million graces of the soul! But there is one thing, Sancho, you will not deny me: when you came close to her, did you not smell a Sabaean scent, an aromatic fragrance, and a certain something sweet that I cannot manage to put a name to? I mean, a breath or waft as though you were in the shop of some exquisite glover?"

"What I can tell you," said Sancho, "is that I smelled a faint smell, somewhat on the mannish side; and it must have been that, with all that hard work, she was sweaty and a bit sticky."

"That would not be it," answered Don Quixote, "but rather that you must have had a head cold, or must have smelled yourself; for

I know well what that rose among thorns smells of, that lily of the field, that liquid amber."

"It may all be," answered Sancho, "for that same smell often comes off me that I thought then was coming off her grace the lady Dulcinea; but there's nothing to wonder at in that, for one devil looks like another."

"Very well," Don Quixote went on, "so now she has finished cleaning her wheat and sending it to the mill. What did she do when she read the letter?"

"The letter," said Sancho, "she didn't read, because she said she couldn't read or write; instead she tore it up and made little pieces of it, saying she didn't want to give it to anyone to read, so that her secrets wouldn't be known in the village, and that what I had said to her by word of mouth of the love your grace bears her and the extraordinary penance you were doing on her account was enough. And, finally, she told me to tell your grace that she kissed your hands, and that she stayed there with more desire to see you than to write to you; and that, therefore, she begged and commanded you, on sight of these presents, to come out of those thickets and stop doing foolish things, and to set off at once, right away, on the road to El Toboso, unless something else of more importance should come up, because she had a great desire to see your grace. She laughed a lot when I told her how your grace was called the Knight of the Sorry Figure. I asked her whether the Biscayan from that business back then had gone there; she told me yes, and that he was a very decent man. I asked her about the galley slaves too, but she told me she hadn't seen any of them so far."

"So far all goes well," said Don Quixote. "But tell me: what jewel was it she gave you, at your leave-taking, for the news of me you brought her? For it is a long-used and ancient custom among knights-errant and ladies to give the squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring them news, of their ladies to the knights and of their

errant knights to the ladies, some rich jewel as a reward for good tidings, in thanks for their message."

"That may well be so, and I take it for a good custom; but that must have been in times gone by, for nowadays the custom must be just to give a piece of bread and cheese, since that's what my lady Dulcinea gave me, over the top of a yard wall, when I took my leave of her; and, to be exact about it, the cheese was sheep's cheese."

"She is liberal in the extreme," said Don Quixote, "and if she did not give you a jewel of gold, no doubt it must have been because she did not have one at hand there to give you; but sleeves are a good gift even after Easter: I shall see her, and everything will be set right. Do you know what I marvel at, Sancho? That it seems to me you went and came back through the air, for you have taken little more than three days to go and come from here to El Toboso, and it is more than thirty leagues from here to there; from which I gather that the sage necromancer who looks after my affairs and is my friend (for of necessity there is one, and there must be one, on pain of my not being a proper knight-errant); I say that this same sage must have helped you on your way without your feeling it; for there are sages of this sort who pick up a knight-errant asleep in his bed, and, though he never knows how or by what means, he wakes the next day more than a thousand leagues from where he lay down at nightfall. And were it not for this, knights-errant could not come to one another's aid in their perils, as they do at every turn. For it happens that one of them is fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some endriago, or with some fierce monster, or with another knight, where he is getting the worst of the battle and is now at the point of death, and when you least expect it, there appears over there, on top of a cloud or upon a chariot of fire, another knight, a friend of his, who a little before was in England, and he takes his part and delivers him from death, and

that night he finds himself back at his lodging, dining very much to his liking; and there are usually two or three thousand leagues from the one place to the other. And all this is done by the skill and wisdom of these sage enchanters who have the care of these valiant knights. So, Sancho, my friend, I find it no hard thing to believe that in so short a time you have gone and come from this place to El Toboso, since, as I have said, some friendly sage must have whisked you along through the air without your feeling it."

"That must be it," said Sancho, "because, on my faith, Rocinante went along like a Gypsy's donkey with quicksilver in his ears."

"And how could he not have quicksilver in him!" said Don Quixote. "Yes, and a legion of devils besides, for they are folk who travel, and make anything they please travel, without ever tiring. But, setting this aside, what do you think I ought to do now about my lady's command that I go to see her? For, although I see that I am bound to fulfill her command, I also see myself prevented by the boon I have promised the princess who travels with us, and the law of chivalry compels me to keep my word before I please myself. On the one hand, the desire to see my lady harries and wearies me; on the other, my pledged faith and the glory I am to win in this enterprise urge me and call me on. But what I mean to do is to travel fast and soon reach the place where this giant is, and, once there, I shall cut off his head and put the princess peaceably in possession of her estate, and at once I shall turn back to see the light that illumines my senses, to whom I shall make such excuses that she will come to approve of my delay, for she will see that it all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since all that I have won, win, and shall win by arms in this life comes to me wholly from the favor she grants me and from my being hers."

"Oh," said Sancho, "how cracked your grace is in the pate! Then tell me, sir: does your grace mean to make this journey for noth-

ing, and to let slip and lose so rich and noble a match as this one, where they give you a kingdom for a dowry, which, in all truth, I've heard say is more than twenty thousand leagues around, and is most abundant in all the things needed for the support of human life, and is bigger than Portugal and Castile put together? Be quiet, for the love of God, and be ashamed of what you've said, and take my advice, and forgive me, and marry right away in the first place that has a priest; and if not, there's our licentiate here, who'll do it beautifully. And mind you, I'm old enough now to give advice, and this advice I'm giving you fits you as if cast in a mold, and a bird in the hand is worth more than a vulture on the wing, because he who has the good and chooses the bad may get as angry as he likes, he'll get no revenge for it."

"Look here, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if the advice you give me to marry is so that I may be king at once, as soon as I have killed the giant, and have the means to do you favors and give you what was promised, I would have you know that I can fulfill your wish very easily without marrying, for, before I go into the battle, I shall make it a condition, as something over and above, that if I come out of it the victor, even if I do not marry, they must give me a part of the kingdom, so that I may give it to whomever I please; and, once they give it to me, to whom do you suppose I would give it but to you?"

"That's clear enough," answered Sancho, "but mind, your grace, that you choose it near the sea, so that, if I'm not happy living there, I can ship off my Black vassals and do with them what I've already said. And your grace shouldn't bother for now about going to see my lady Dulcinea, but go and kill the giant, and let's finish this business; for by God it strikes me it's going to bring great honor and great profit."

"I tell you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that you are right, and that I shall have to take your advice as to going with the princess

before going to see Dulcinea. And I warn you to say nothing to anyone, not even to those who are traveling with us, of what we have discussed and talked over here; for, since Dulcinea is so modest that she does not wish her thoughts to be known, it would not be well for me, or anyone on my behalf, to reveal them."

"Well, if that's so," said Sancho, "how is it that your grace makes everyone you conquer by your arm go and present himself before my lady Dulcinea, when this is as good as signing your name that you love her and are her lover? And since those who go must go down on bended knee in her presence and say they come from your grace to pay her homage, how can the thoughts of the two of you be kept hidden?" "Oh, what a fool you are, and what a simpleton!" said Don Quixote. "Do you not see, Sancho, that all this redounds to her greater exaltation? For you must know that in this our fashion of chivalry it is a great honor for a lady to have many knights-errant who serve her, without their thoughts reaching any further than serving her, for no other reason than that she is who she is, and without their hoping for any other reward for their many good desires than that she be content to accept them as her knights."

"That's the kind of love," said Sancho, "I've heard preached that we're to love our Lord with, for himself alone, without our being moved by hope of glory or fear of punishment. Though I'd rather love and serve him for what he could do for me." "The devil take you for a peasant," said Don Quixote, "and what sensible things you say at times! One would think you had studied."

"Well, on my faith, I can't even read," answered Sancho.

At this point Master Nicolás called out to them to wait a little, for they wanted to stop and drink at a small spring that was there. Don Quixote halted, to Sancho's no small pleasure, for he was tired by now of telling so many lies and was afraid his master might catch him out in his words; because, although he knew that

Dulcinea was a farm girl from El Toboso, he had never seen her in his whole life. Meanwhile Cardenio had put on the clothes Dorotea had been wearing when they found her, which, though they were not very good, were a great improvement on the ones he was leaving off. They dismounted beside the spring, and with what the priest had provided himself with at the inn they satisfied, though only a little, the great hunger they all had.

While they were at this, a boy who was on the road happened to pass by there, and, stopping to look very attentively at those who were at the spring, after a little while he rushed at Don Quixote, and, throwing his arms around his legs, began to weep in earnest, saying:

"Oh, my lord! Doesn't your grace know me? Look at me well, for I'm that lad Andrés your grace took down from the oak tree where I was tied." Don Quixote recognized him, and, taking him by the hand, turned to those who were there and said:

"So that your graces may see how important it is to have knights-errant in the world, to right the wrongs and grievances done in it by the insolent and wicked men who live in it, know, your graces, that some days ago, as I was passing through a wood, I heard cries and most pitiful voices, as of a person afflicted and in distress; I went at once, led by my duty, toward the place from which the doleful voices seemed to come, and I found tied to an oak this boy who now stands before you (at which I rejoice with all my soul, for he will be a witness who will not let me lie in anything); I say that he was tied to the oak, naked from the waist up, and a peasant, who I later learned was his master, was laying his flesh open with lashes from a mare's reins; and, as soon as I saw him, I asked him the reason for so atrocious a flogging; the lout answered that he was whipping him because he was his servant, and that certain lapses of his came more from the thief than from the simpleton; at which this child said: 'Sir, he's only whipping me

because I ask him for my wages.' The master replied with I know not what harangues and excuses, which, though heard by me, were not accepted. In short, I had him untied, and I took an oath from the peasant that he would take him with him and pay him one real on top of another, and perfumed into the bargain. Is not all this true, Andrés, my son? Did you not mark with what authority I commanded it of him, and with what humility he promised to do all that I enjoined, notified, and willed? Answer; do not be flustered or hesitate in anything: tell these gentlemen what happened, so that it may be seen and considered how profitable it is, as I say, to have knights-errant on the roads."

"Everything your grace has said is very true," answered the boy, "but the business ended up just the opposite of what your grace imagines."

"How, the opposite?" replied Don Quixote. "Then the peasant did not pay you?" "Not only did he not pay me," answered the boy, "but, as soon as your grace was out of the wood and we were left alone, he tied me again to the same oak and gave me so many fresh lashes that I was left like a flayed Saint Bartholomew; and, with every lash he gave me, he made some joke or jibe making fun of your grace, so that, if I hadn't been feeling so much pain, I'd have laughed at what he said. In fact, he left me in such a state that I've been in a hospital till now, getting cured of the harm the wicked peasant did me then. And your grace is to blame for all of it, because if you had gone on your way and not come where you weren't called, or meddled in other people's business, my master would have been satisfied with giving me one or two dozen lashes, and then he would have let me go and paid me all he owed me. But since your grace insulted him so out of all reason and called him so many vile names, his anger flared up, and, since he couldn't take his revenge on your grace, when he saw himself alone he let the whole storm break over me, so that it seems to me I'll never be a

man again as long as I live." "The harm lay," said Don Quixote, "in my going away from there; for I ought not to have gone until I had seen you paid, since I should have known full well, from long experience, that there is no peasant who keeps the word he has given if he sees it does not suit him to keep it. But you remember, Andrés, that I swore that if he did not pay you I would go looking for him, and that I would find him, even if he hid himself in the belly of the whale."

"That's the truth," said Andrés, "but it did no good at all."

"Now you shall see whether it does any good," said Don Quixote.

And, saying this, he got up in great haste and ordered Sancho to bridle Rocinante, who was grazing while they ate.

Dorotea asked him what it was he meant to do. He answered that he meant to go and look for the peasant and punish him for such wicked conduct, and to see Andrés paid down to the last maravedí, in spite and despite of every peasant there might be in the world. To which she answered that he should bear in mind that, under the boon he had promised, he could not involve himself in any enterprise until he had finished hers; and that, since he knew this better than anyone else, he should calm his heart until his return from her kingdom.

"That is true," answered Don Quixote, "and Andrés must have patience until my return, as you, my lady, say; for I swear and promise him again, anew, not to rest until I have seen him avenged and paid."

"I don't believe in those oaths," said Andrés. "I'd rather have something now to get me to Seville than all the revenges in the world: give me something to eat and take with me, if you have it there, and God be with your grace and all knights-errant; and may their errantry turn out as well for themselves as it has for me."

Sancho took a piece of bread and another of cheese out of his store, and, giving them to the lad, said to him:

"Here, brother Andrés, for a share of your misfortune falls to all of us." "Why, what share falls to you?" asked Andrés.

"This share of cheese and bread I'm giving you," answered Sancho, "for God knows whether I'll miss it or not; because I'd have you know, friend, that we squires of knights-errant are subject to a great deal of hunger and bad luck, and even to other things that are better felt than told."

Andrés took hold of his bread and cheese, and, seeing that no one was giving him anything else, he bowed his head and took the road in his hands, as the saying goes. It is true that, as he was leaving, he said to Don Quixote:

"For the love of God, sir knight-errant, should you run into me another time, even if you see them cutting me to pieces, don't come to my rescue or help me, but leave me with my misfortune; for it will never be so great that the one that will come to me from your grace's help won't be greater, and may God curse your grace, and every knight-errant that was ever born into the world."

Don Quixote was about to get up to punish him, but the boy started running in such a way that no one dared go after him. Don Quixote was left thoroughly mortified by Andrés's tale, and the others had to take great care not to laugh, so as not to mortify him altogether.

Chapter XXXII. Which deals with what befell Don Quixote's whole company at the inn

The good meal over, they saddled up at once, and, without anything worth telling happening to them, they reached the next day the inn that was the terror and dread of Sancho Panza; and, although he would have liked not to go in, he could not avoid it. The innkeeper's wife, the innkeeper, their daughter, and Maritornes, who saw Don Quixote and Sancho coming, went out to receive them with signs of great joy, and he received them with grave countenance and approval, and told them to make him up a better bed than the last time; to which the hostess answered that, provided he paid better than the other time, she would give him one fit for princes. Don Quixote said he would, and so they made him up a passable one in the same attic as before, and he lay down at once, because he arrived very battered and short of wits.

He had scarcely shut himself in when the hostess flew at the barber, and, seizing him by the beard, said:

"By the cross I sign myself with, you're not going to get any more use out of my tail for your beard, and you're going to give me back my tail; for my husband's thing is lying about on the floor, and it's a disgrace; I mean the comb, that I used to hang on my good tail."

The barber would not give it to her, however much she pulled, until the licentiate told him to give it up, for there was no further need to use that device; he could now uncover himself and show

himself in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote that when the thieving galley slaves robbed him he had fled to that inn; and that, if he asked after the princess's squire, they would tell him she had sent him ahead to let the people of her kingdom know that she was on her way and was bringing with her the liberator of them all. With this, the barber gladly gave the tail back to the innkeeper's wife, and they likewise returned to her all the gear she had lent for Don Quixote's deliverance. All the people at the inn were amazed at Dorotea's beauty, and even at the fine figure of the shepherd lad Cardenio. The priest had them prepare something to eat from whatever there was at the inn, and the host, in hope of better pay, diligently got them up a passable meal; and all this while Don Quixote slept, and they were of the opinion not to wake him, because sleeping would do him more good just then than eating.

Over the meal, with the innkeeper, his wife, his daughter, Maritornes, and all the travelers present, they talked of Don Quixote's strange madness and of the state in which they had found him. The hostess told them what had happened to them with him and with the muleteer, and, looking round to see whether Sancho happened to be there, and not seeing him, she told the whole story of his blanket-tossing, which gave them no small amusement. And when the priest said that the books of chivalry Don Quixote had read had turned his brain, the innkeeper said:

"I don't know how that can be; for in truth, as far as I can see, there's no better reading in the world, and I've got two or three of them in there, with some other papers, that have truly been the life of me, and not only of me but of many others. Because, when it's harvest time, a lot of reapers gather here on feast days, and there are always some who know how to read, and one of them takes one of these books in his hands, and more than thirty of us crowd around him, and we sit listening to him with so much plea-

sure that it takes a thousand gray hairs off us; at least, I can say for myself that when I hear tell of those furious and terrible blows the knights lay on, I get the urge to do as much myself, and I'd like to be hearing them night and day."

"And so would I, neither more nor less," said the innkeeper's wife, "because I never get a moment's peace in my house except while you're listening to the reading: you're so spellbound that you forget to scold for the time being."

"That's the truth," said Maritornes, "and on my faith I enjoy hearing those things a lot too, for they're very pretty; and most of all when they tell how some lady or other is under some orange trees in the arms of her knight, and a duenna is keeping watch for them, dying of envy and all of a fright. I say all that is pure honey."

"And you, young lady, what do you think?" said the priest, speaking to the innkeeper's daughter.

"Upon my soul, sir, I don't know," she answered. "I listen too, and in truth, though I don't understand it, I do enjoy hearing it; but it isn't the blows my father likes that I like, but the laments the knights make when they're away from their ladies: for in truth they sometimes make me cry for the pity I feel for them."

"Then you would soon give them relief, young lady," said Dorotea, "if they wept for you?"

"I don't know what I'd do," answered the girl; "all I know is that some of those ladies are so cruel that their knights call them tigers and lions and a thousand other nasty things. And, Jesus! I don't know what sort of people they are, so heartless and so without conscience, that sooner than look at an honorable man they'll let him die or lose his mind. I can't see what all that primness is for: if they do it because they're virtuous, let them marry them, for that's all the knights want."

"Hush, girl," said the innkeeper's wife, "for it seems you know a great deal about these things, and it isn't proper for maidens to

know or to talk so much."

"Since this gentleman asked me," she answered, "I couldn't help answering him."

"Well, then," said the priest, "bring me those books, Señor Host, for I want to see them."

"With pleasure," he answered.

And, going into his room, he brought out of it an old little trunk, shut with a small chain, and, opening it, he found in it three large books and some papers in a very fine hand, written out by pen. The first book he opened he saw was *Don Cirongilio of Thrace*; the second, *Felixmarte of Hircania*; and the third, the *History of the Great Captain Gonzalo Hernández de Córdoba, with the Life of Diego García de Paredes*. As soon as the priest read the first two titles, he turned his face toward the barber and said:

"What we lack here now is my friend's housekeeper and his niece."

"We lack nothing," answered the barber, "for I too know how to carry them out to the yard or to the fireplace; and there's a very good fire in it, to be sure."

"So your grace wants to burn more books?" said the innkeeper. "No more," said the priest, "than these two: the one of Don Cirongilio and the one of Felixmarte."

"Why, are my books by any chance heretics or phlegmatics," said the innkeeper, "that you want to burn them?"

"Schismatics, you mean, friend," said the barber, "not phlegmatics."

"That's it," replied the innkeeper, "but if you want to burn one, let it be that one about the Great Captain and that Diego García, for I'd sooner let a son of mine be burned than let either of those others burn."

"My brother," said the priest, "these two books are full of lies and stuffed with absurdities and idle fancies; and this one of the

Great Captain is true history, and contains the deeds of Gonzalo Hernández de Córdoba, who, for his many great exploits, deserved to be called by the whole world the Great Captain, a famous and illustrious title, and one deserved by him alone. And this Diego García de Paredes was a leading gentleman, a native of the city of Trujillo, in Estremadura, a most valiant soldier, and of such natural strength that he could stop a mill wheel in the midst of its fury with one finger; and, posted with a two-handed sword at the entrance to a bridge, he held back a whole countless army so that it did not cross it; and he did other such things that if, instead of his telling and writing them himself, with the modesty of a gentleman who is his own chronicler, another writer, free and dispassionate, had set them down, they would have put those of the Hectors, Achilleses, and Roldáns into oblivion."

"Go and tell that to my father!" said the said innkeeper. "Look at what amazes him: stopping a mill wheel! By God, your grace ought to read what Felixmarte of Hircania did, who with a single backstroke split five giants through the middle as if they were made of beans, like the little bean friars children make. And another time he charged a very great and very mighty army, with more than a million six hundred thousand soldiers in it, every one in armor from top to toe, and he scattered the lot of them as if they were flocks of sheep. Well, and what will they tell me about the good Don Cirongilio of Thrace, who was so valiant and bold, as will be seen in the book, where it tells that, as he was sailing on a river, a fiery serpent came up out of the middle of the water at him, and he, as soon as he saw it, threw himself on it and got astride its scaly back and squeezed its throat with both hands so hard that the serpent, seeing that it was being choked, had no help for it but to let itself go down to the riverbed, dragging the knight along behind it, for he would never let go of it? And once they reached the bottom, there he was among palaces and gardens so lovely

that it was a marvel; and then the serpent turned into an aged old man, who told him so many things that there's nothing more to hear. Hush, sir, for if you heard this you'd go mad with pleasure. Two figs for the Great Captain and for that Diego García you talk about!"

Hearing this, Dorotea said quietly to Cardenio:

"Our host is not far from making the second part of Don Quixote."

"So it seems to me," answered Cardenio, "for, by the signs he gives, he takes it for certain that everything these books tell happened neither more nor less than as they write it, and barefoot friars will not make him believe otherwise." "Look, brother," the priest said again, "there never was in the world any Felixmarte of Hircania or Don Cirongilio of Thrace, or other knights like them that the books of chivalry tell of, because it is all the invention and fiction of idle wits, who composed them for the purpose you speak of, to while away the time, as your reapers while it away by reading them; for I truly swear to you that no such knights ever existed in the world, nor did such exploits and absurdities ever happen in it."

"Throw that bone to some other dog!" answered the innkeeper. "As if I didn't know how many make five and where my shoe pinches! Don't let your grace think you can feed me pap, for by God I'm nobody's greenhorn. A fine thing, your grace wanting to make me believe that everything these good books say is nonsense and lies, when it's printed by license of the gentlemen of the Royal Council, as if those were the sort of people who would let so many lies be printed all together, and so many battles and so many enchantments that drive you out of your wits!"

"I have told you already, friend," replied the priest, "that this is done to entertain our idle thoughts; and, just as in well-ordered commonwealths chess, ball games, and billiards are permitted, to entertain some who neither have to work, nor ought to, nor can,

so it is permitted to print such books and to let them exist, in the belief, which is the truth, that there will be no one so ignorant as to take any of these books for true history. And if it were proper for me now, and the audience called for it, I would say things about what books of chivalry must have in order to be good, which might perhaps be of profit, and even of pleasure, to some; but I hope a time will come when I may communicate it to someone who can remedy the matter, and in the meantime, Señor Innkeeper, believe what I have told you, and take your books, and settle it as best you can with their truths or their lies, and much good may they do you, and God grant you do not limp on the same foot your guest Don Quixote limps on."

"Not that," answered the innkeeper, "for I won't be so mad as to turn knight-errant: I can see well enough that what was the custom in those days, when they say these famous knights went about the world, isn't the custom now."

Sancho had come in halfway through this talk, and was left very bewildered and thoughtful by what he had heard said, that knights-errant were not the custom now and that all books of chivalry were foolishness and lies, and he made up his mind, in his heart, to wait for the outcome of this journey of his master's, and that, if it did not end as happily as he expected, he was resolved to quit him and return to his usual work with his wife and children.

The innkeeper was carrying off the trunk and the books, but the priest said to him: "Wait, for I want to see what papers those are that are written in so fine a hand."

The host took them out, and, giving them to him to read, he saw some eight sheets or so written by hand, and at the beginning they had a large title that said: *The Novel of the Ill-Advised Curiosity*. The priest read three or four lines to himself and said:

"Indeed, I do not dislike the title of this novel, and I feel a wish to read it all."

To which the innkeeper answered:

"Well, your reverence may read it, for I can tell you that some guests who have read it here liked it very much and have begged me hard for it; but I wouldn't give it to them, because I mean to return it to the man who left this trunk here, forgotten, with these books and those papers; for it may very well be that its owner will come back this way sometime, and, although I know I'm going to miss the books, on my faith I'll give them back to him: for, innkeeper or not, I'm still a Christian."

"You are very right, friend," said the priest, "but, for all that, if the novel pleases me, you must let me copy it."

"With all my heart," answered the innkeeper.

While the two of them were saying this, Cardenio had taken the novel and begun to read in it; and, thinking the same of it as the priest, he begged him to read it so that they could all hear it.

"I would read it," said the priest, "if it were not better to spend this time sleeping than reading."

"It will be rest enough for me," said Dorotea, "to pass the time hearing some tale, since my spirit is not yet so calm that it will let me sleep when it would be right to."

"Then in that case," said the priest, "I will read it, out of curiosity if nothing else; perhaps it will have something pleasing in it."

Master Nicolás came to ask the same of him, and Sancho too; seeing which, and understanding that he would give pleasure to them all and receive it himself, the priest said: "Well, since that is how it is, give me your attention, all of you, for the novel begins in this manner:"

Chapter XXXIII. In which is told the novel of *The Ill-Advised Curiosity*

In Florence, that rich and famous Italian city, in the province called Tuscany, there lived Anselmo and Lotario, two wealthy gentlemen of rank, and such friends that, by way of excellence and antonomasia, they were called by all who knew them the two friends. They were unmarried, young men of the same age and of the same habits; all of which was cause enough for the two of them to return each other's friendship in equal measure. It is true that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to the pastimes of love than Lotario, who was drawn after the pleasures of the hunt; but, when occasion arose, Anselmo would give up pursuing his own pleasures to follow Lotario's, and Lotario would give up his to attend to Anselmo's; and in this way their wills went so much in step that no well-regulated clock ever kept such time. Anselmo was desperately in love with a young lady of rank and beauty in the same city, the daughter of such good parents and so good herself that he resolved, with the counsel of his friend Lotario, without whom he did nothing, to ask her parents for her hand, and so he carried it out; and the one who bore the embassy was Lotario, and the one who concluded the business so much to his friend's liking that in a short time Anselmo saw himself put in the possession he desired, and Camila so happy at having won Anselmo for her husband that she never ceased giving thanks to heaven, and to Lotario, through whose means so much good had come to her.

The first days, as all wedding days are apt to be merry, Lotario frequented his friend Anselmo's house as he used to, seeking to honor him, entertain him, and make merry with him in every way he could; but, once the wedding was over and the stream of visits and congratulations had subsided, Lotario began carefully to neglect his calls at Anselmo's house, because it seemed to him—as it is reasonable that it should seem to all who are sensible—that the houses of married friends are not to be visited and frequented in the same way as when they were bachelors; for, although good and true friendship neither can nor should be suspect in anything, the honor of a married man is nevertheless so delicate that it seems it may take offense even from his own brothers, how much more from friends.

Anselmo noticed Lotario's falling off, and made great complaints of him, telling him that if he had known that marrying was to be a reason for not seeing him as before, he would never have done it, and that if, through the good fellowship the two of them had kept while he was single, they had won so sweet a name as being called the two friends, he should not allow, from a wish to play the circumspect man and for no other reason, so famous and so pleasant a name to be lost; and that he therefore begged him, if such a manner of speaking might be used between them, to be master of his house once more and to come in and go out of it as before, assuring him that his wife Camila had no other pleasure or other will than the one he wished her to have, and that, since she knew how dearly the two of them loved each other, she was perplexed to see such aloofness in him. To all these and many other reasons that Anselmo gave Lotario to persuade him to come to his house as he used to, Lotario answered with such prudence, discretion, and good sense that Anselmo was satisfied with his friend's good intention, and they agreed that two days a week, and on feast days, Lotario should come and dine with him; and,

although this was so agreed between the two, Lotario resolved to do no more than he saw was most in keeping with the honor of his friend, whose good name he valued more than his own. He used to say, and say rightly, that a married man to whom heaven had granted a beautiful wife ought to take as much care over which friends he brought to his house as over seeing which women friends his wife kept company with, because what is not done or arranged in the squares, or in the churches, or at public festivities or the stations of the Cross—things that husbands are not always to deny their wives—is arranged and made easy in the house of the friend or kinswoman in whom one has most confidence.

Lotario also used to say that married men had need, each of them, of some friend who would point out to him any lapses he made in his conduct, because it often happens that, with the great love a husband has for his wife, he either does not warn her or does not tell her, so as not to vex her, to do or to leave undone certain things, the doing or not doing of which would bring him honor or reproach; whereas, if warned by his friend, he could easily put everything right. But where shall a friend be found as sensible and as loyal and true as Lotario asks for here? I do not know, to be sure; Lotario alone was such a one, who with all solicitude and watchfulness looked after his friend's honor and tried to thin out, trim, and cut short the agreed days for going to his house, so that the idle crowd and roving, malicious eyes might not think ill of the entry of a young man, rich, well-bred, and nobly born, and of the good parts he thought he had, into the house of a woman as beautiful as Camila; for, although her virtue and worth could bridle every slanderous tongue, still he did not want to bring her good name or his friend's into question, and for this reason he filled and took up most of the agreed days with other matters, which he made out to be unavoidable. And so many hours and parts of the

day went by in complaints from the one and excuses from the other.

It happened, then, that one day when the two were walking in a meadow outside the city, Anselmo spoke to Lotario in words to this effect: "You would think, Lotario, my friend, that for the favors God has done me in letting me be born to parents such as mine were, and in giving me, with no sparing hand, the goods both of nature, as they are called, and of fortune, I could never make a return of gratitude that would match the good received, and over and above that the favor he did me in giving me you for a friend and Camila for my own wife: two treasures that I value, if not in the degree I ought, at least in the degree I can. Well, with all these advantages, which are commonly the whole of what men commonly need, and can have, to live content, I live the most despondent and the most discontented man in the whole wide world; for I cannot say how many days now I have been wearied and oppressed by a desire so strange, and so far from the common way of others, that I marvel at myself, and I blame and scold myself when I am alone, and I try to keep it quiet and hide it from my own thoughts; and I have been as able to keep this secret as if I were trying on purpose to tell it to the whole world. And since, in effect, it must come out into the open, I want it to be into the archive of your discretion, trusting that, with that and with the diligence you will apply, as my true friend, to helping me, I shall soon see myself free of the anguish it causes me, and that my happiness will reach, through your care, the degree to which my discontent has reached through my folly." Anselmo's words held Lotario in suspense, and he did not know where so long a prelude or preamble was going to end; and, though he kept turning over in his imagination what desire it might be that so wearied his friend, he always fell very wide of the mark of the truth; and, to get out quickly of the agony that suspense was causing him, he told him that he did a plain

wrong to their great friendship in going about looking for roundabout ways to tell him his most hidden thoughts, since he knew for certain that he could count on him either for counsel to keep them in check or for help to fulfill them.

"That is the truth," answered Anselmo, "and with that confidence I tell you, Lotario, my friend, that the desire that wearies me is the wish to know whether Camila, my wife, is as good and as perfect as I think; and I cannot be assured of this truth except by testing her in such a way that the test shows the purity of her goodness, as fire shows the purity of gold. For I hold, my friend, that a woman is good only so far as she is or is not courted, and that she alone is strong who does not bend to the promises, the gifts, the tears, and the continual importunities of eager lovers. For what is there to be grateful for," he said, "in a woman's being good, if no one tells her to be bad? What wonder that she should be retiring and timid who is given no occasion to let herself go, and who knows that she has a husband who, if he catches her in the first wantonness, will take her life? So that the woman who is good out of fear, or for lack of opportunity, I will not hold in the esteem in which I shall hold the one who was courted and pursued and came out with the crown of victory. And so, for these reasons and for many others I could give you to support and strengthen the opinion I hold, I wish Camila, my wife, to pass through these trials and to be refined and assayed in the fire of finding herself wooed and courted, and by someone who has the worth to set his desires upon her; and if she comes out, as I believe she will, with the palm of this battle, I shall hold my good fortune to be without equal; I shall be able to say that the void of my desires is filled to the brim; I shall say that it fell to my lot to have the valiant woman of whom the Wise Man says, Who shall find her? And should this turn out the opposite of what I think, with the satisfaction of seeing that I was right in my opinion, I shall bear without grief the

grief that so costly an experiment may with reason cause me. And, taking it as settled that nothing you may say to me against my desire will be of any use in keeping me from putting it into effect, I want you, Lotario, my friend, to make ready to be the instrument that works this design of my pleasure; for I will give you the opportunity to do it, and you shall lack nothing that I see to be necessary for courting a modest, honorable, retiring, and disinterested woman. And among other things what moves me to entrust this so arduous an enterprise to you is seeing that if Camila is conquered by you, the conquest will not be carried to its utmost and final extreme, but only to the point of counting as done what is to be done, out of proper regard; and so I shall not be wronged except in the desire, and my injury will stay hidden in the virtue of your silence, which I know well, in whatever concerns me, will be as everlasting as that of death. So, if you want me to have a life that I can call a life, you must enter into this battle of love at once, not lukewarmly or lazily, but with the zeal and diligence my desire calls for, and with the confidence our friendship assures me of."

These were the words Anselmo said to Lotario, to all of which he listened so attentively that, apart from those already set down here, he did not open his lips until the other had finished; and, seeing that he said no more, after gazing at him a good while, as though he were looking at something he had never seen before, which filled him with wonder and amazement, he said: "I cannot bring myself to believe, Anselmo, my friend, that the things you have said to me are not jests; for, had I thought you were saying them in earnest, I would not have allowed you to go so far, since by not listening to you I would have cut your long harangue short. Surely I imagine either that you do not know me or that I do not know you. But no; for I know well that you are Anselmo, and you know that I am Lotario; the trouble is that I think you are not the Anselmo you used to be, and you must have thought that neither

am I the Lotario I ought to be, because the things you have said to me are not those of that Anselmo, my friend, nor are those you ask of me to be asked of that Lotario whom you know; for good friends are to test their friends and make use of them, as a poet said, *usque ad aras* (as far as the altar); which was meant to say that they were not to make use of their friendship in things that were against God. Well, if a heathen felt this about friendship, how much more fitting is it that the Christian should feel it, who knows that for no human friendship must he lose the friendship of God? And if a friend should go so far beyond the mark as to set aside his duties to heaven to serve those of his friend, it must not be for light things of small moment, but only for those on which his friend's honor and life depend. Well, tell me now, Anselmo: which of these two things have you in danger, that I should venture to please you and do so detestable a thing as you ask of me? Neither, assuredly; on the contrary, you ask me, as I understand it, to strive and endeavor to take away your honor and your life, and to take away my own along with them. For if I am to try to take away your honor, it is clear that I take away your life, since a man without honor is worse than a dead man; and, if I am the instrument, as you want me to be, of so much harm to you, do I not end up dishonored, and, by the same token, without life? Listen, Anselmo, my friend, and have the patience not to answer me until I have finished telling you what occurs to me about what your desire has asked of you; for there will be time left for you to reply to me and for me to listen to you."

"With pleasure," said Anselmo. "Say what you will."

And Lotario went on, saying:

"It seems to me, Anselmo, that you now have a mind like the one the Moors always have, to whom the error of their sect cannot be made clear by citations from Holy Scripture, or by arguments that rest on the speculation of the understanding, or by those

founded on articles of faith, but who must be brought examples that are tangible, easy, intelligible, demonstrative, indubitable, with mathematical demonstrations that cannot be denied, as when they say: 'If from two equal parts we take equal parts, those that remain are also equal'; and, when they do not understand this in words, as in fact they do not, it must be shown to them with the hands and set before their eyes, and, even with all this, no one can manage to persuade them of the truths of my holy religion. And this same method and manner I shall have to use with you, because the desire that has been born in you is so far astray and so remote from anything that has a shadow of reason that it seems to me the time I spend in making you understand your simplicity will be wasted, for I do not want to give it any other name for now, and I am even inclined to leave you in your folly as punishment for your wicked desire; but the friendship I bear you does not let me use such rigor, for it will not consent to my leaving you in such manifest danger of ruining yourself. And, so that you may see it clearly, tell me, Anselmo: have you not told me that I am to court a retiring woman, persuade a modest one, make offers to a disinterested one, pay court to a prudent one? Yes, you have told me so. Well, if you know that you have a wife who is retiring, modest, disinterested, and prudent, what are you looking for? And if you think she will come out victorious from all my assaults, as she no doubt will, what better titles do you think to give her afterward than those she has now, or what will she be afterward more than she is now? Either you do not hold her to be what you say, or you do not know what you are asking. If you do not hold her to be what you say, why do you want to test her, unless it is to treat her as a bad woman and do with her whatever you please? But if she is as good as you believe, it will be an ill-advised thing to make trial of the truth itself, since, once the trial is made, she must remain with the same esteem she had before. So it is a conclusive argument that to

attempt things from which harm rather than profit is likely to come to us belongs to judgments without reason and rash, and more so when they want to attempt things they are not forced or compelled to, and which show plainly from a long way off that to attempt them is manifest madness. Difficult things are attempted for God, or for the world, or for both together: those undertaken for God are those the saints undertook, undertaking to live the life of angels in human bodies; those undertaken out of regard for the world are those of men who cross such an infinity of water, such a diversity of climates, such strangeness of peoples, to acquire what they call the goods of fortune. And those attempted for God and for the world together are those of valiant soldiers, who no sooner see in the enemy's wall an opening as wide as a round cannonball could make than, putting aside all fear, without reasoning or heeding the manifest danger that threatens them, borne in flight on the wings of the desire to stand up for their faith, their nation, and their king, they hurl themselves fearlessly into the midst of a thousand deaths that oppose them and await them. These are the things that are usually attempted, and it is honor, glory, and profit to attempt them, though they are so full of hardships and dangers. But the thing you say you want to attempt and put into effect will win you neither glory from God, nor goods of fortune, nor fame among men; because, even if you come out of it as you wish, you will be neither prouder, nor richer, nor more honored than you are now; and if you do not, you will find yourself in the greatest misery that can be imagined, because it will be no use to you then to think that nobody knows the misfortune that has befallen you, for it will be enough to afflict and undo you that you know it yourself. And, in confirmation of this truth, I want to tell you a stanza that the famous poet Luigi Tansillo wrote at the end of the first part of his *Tears of Saint Peter*, which goes like this:

The grief grows, and the shame grows too,
in Peter, once the day has shown its face;
and though he sees no one, he is ashamed
of his own self, for seeing he has sinned:
for in a noble breast, to feel such shame,
it is not only being seen that moves it;
it feels ashamed before itself when it errs,
though no one see it but the heaven and earth.

"So you will not escape your grief by secrecy; on the contrary, you will have to weep without end, if not tears from your eyes, then tears of blood from your heart, such as that simple doctor wept who, as our poet tells us, made the test of the cup, which the prudent Reinaldos, reasoning better, excused himself from making; for, although that is a poetic fiction, it holds within it moral secrets worth noticing and understanding and imitating. All the more since, with what I now mean to tell you, you will finally come to know the great error you want to commit. Tell me, Anselmo, if heaven, or good luck, had made you the lord and lawful owner of a very fine diamond, with whose quality and carats every lapidary who saw it was satisfied, and if they all said with one voice and common opinion that in carats, quality, and fineness it reached as far as the nature of such a stone could go, and you yourself believed it so, knowing nothing to the contrary, would it be right for you to take a fancy to pick up that diamond and put it between an anvil and a hammer, and there, by sheer force of blows and arm, test whether it is as hard and as fine as they say? And more so, if you were to carry it out; for, even supposing the stone held out against so foolish a test, it would not on that account gain any more value or any more fame; and if it broke, a thing that might happen, would not everything be lost? Yes, assuredly, and its owner left to be considered a simpleton by everyone. Then take it,

Anselmo, my friend, that Camila is a very fine diamond, in your estimation as in that of others, and that it is not reasonable to put her at risk of breaking, since, though she should keep her integrity, she cannot rise to more value than she has now; and if she should fail and not hold out, consider now what you would be left without her, and with how much reason you could complain of yourself, for having been the cause of her ruin and your own. Consider that there is no jewel in the world worth as much as a chaste and honorable woman, and that the whole honor of women consists in the good opinion that is held of them; and, since your wife's is such that it reaches the extreme of goodness you know of, why do you want to put this truth in doubt? Consider, my friend, that woman is an imperfect creature, and that obstacles are not to be put in her way for her to stumble and fall over, but rather taken away and her path cleared of every hindrance, so that without trouble she may run lightly to attain the perfection she lacks, which consists in being virtuous. The students of nature say that the ermine is a small creature with a pure white skin, and that when hunters want to catch it they use this device: knowing the places where it usually passes and comes, they block them off with mud, and then, beating the bushes, they drive it toward that place, and as soon as the ermine reaches the mud, it stands still and lets itself be taken and captured, rather than pass through the mire and lose and soil its whiteness, which it values more than freedom and life. The modest and chaste woman is an ermine, and the virtue of modesty is whiter and cleaner than snow; and he who wants her not to lose it, but rather to keep and preserve it, must use a different method from the one used with the ermine, because the mire of the gifts and attentions of importunate lovers must not be put in front of her, since perhaps, and even without perhaps, she has not so much virtue and natural strength that she can trample over those obstacles and pass through them by herself, and it is necessary to

take them out of her way and put before her the cleanness of virtue and the beauty that good fame holds within it. The good woman is likewise like a mirror of shining, clear crystal; but it is liable to be clouded and dimmed by any breath that touches it. The modest woman must be treated as relics are: adored and not touched. The good woman must be guarded and prized as one guards and prizes a beautiful garden full of flowers and roses, whose owner allows no one to walk in it or handle it; it is enough that from afar, and through the iron railings, people enjoy its fragrance and beauty. Finally, I want to tell you some verses that have come to my memory, which I heard in a modern play, and which seem to me to fit the subject we are discussing. A prudent old man was advising another, the father of a maiden, to keep her in, guard her, and shut her away, and among other reasons he said these to him:

Woman is a thing of glass;
but no one ought to test her
to see whether she breaks or not,
since anything could happen.
And breaking comes more easily,
and it is not wisdom to expose
to the danger of being broken
what can never be mended.
And let all men hold this view,
for I found it upon reason:
if there are Danaës in the world,
there are golden showers too.

"All that I have told you so far, Anselmo, has concerned you; and now it is right that something be heard of what concerns me; and

if it is long, forgive me, for the labyrinth you have entered and from which you want me to rescue you requires it all. You hold me to be your friend, and you want to take away my honor, a thing contrary to all friendship; and not only do you aim at this, but you try to make me take yours from you. That you want to take mine from me is clear, since, when Camila sees me courting her, as you ask me to, she is certain to take me for a man without honor and of ill regard, since I attempt and do a thing so far from what being who I am and your friendship oblige me to. That you want me to take yours from you there is no doubt, because, seeing me court her, Camila must think I have seen some lightness in her that gave me the boldness to reveal my wicked desire to her; and, if she holds herself dishonored, her dishonor touches you, as something of yours. And from this arises what is commonly said: that the husband of an adulterous wife, though he does not know it, nor has given cause for his wife not to be what she should, nor has it been in his power, nor through his carelessness and lack of caution, to prevent his misfortune, is nonetheless called and named by a vile and shameful name; and in a certain way those who know of his wife's wickedness look at him with eyes of contempt instead of looking at him with eyes of pity, seeing that it is not through his fault but through the pleasure of his wicked partner that he is in that misfortune. But I want to tell you the reason why the husband of a bad wife is justly dishonored, though he does not know she is one, nor is to blame, nor has had a part in it, nor given occasion for her to be so. And do not weary of hearing me, for it will all redound to your benefit. When God created our first father in the earthly Paradise, Holy Scripture says that God cast sleep upon Adam, and that while he slept he took a rib from his left side, from which he formed our mother Eve; and as soon as Adam woke and looked at her, he said: 'This is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bones.' And God said: 'For her a man shall leave his father and

mother, and the two shall be one same flesh.' And then was instituted the divine sacrament of matrimony, with such bonds that death alone can untie them. And this miraculous sacrament has such force and virtue that it makes two different persons one same flesh; and in good married couples it does even more, for, though they have two souls, they have no more than one will. And from this it comes that, as the flesh of the wife is one and the same with that of the husband, the stains that fall on it, or the defects it seeks out, redound upon the husband's flesh, though he has not, as has been said, given occasion for that harm. For, just as the pain of the foot or of any member of the human body is felt by the whole body, because it is all of one same flesh, and the head feels the hurt of the ankle without having caused it, so the husband shares in the wife's dishonor, being one and the same thing with her. And since the honors and dishonors of the world are all of flesh and blood and are born of it, and those of the bad wife are of this kind, it follows of necessity that the husband has his share of them and is held to be dishonored without his knowing it. Consider, then, Anselmo, the danger you put yourself in by wanting to disturb the peace in which your good wife lives. Consider for what a vain and ill-advised curiosity you want to stir up the humors that now lie quiet in the breast of your chaste wife. Take note that what you venture to gain is little, and that what you will lose will be so much that I shall leave it as it stands, for I lack words to make it sound as great as it is. But if all I have said is not enough to move you from your wicked purpose, you may very well look for another instrument of your dishonor and misfortune, for I do not mean to be it, even if I lose your friendship for it, which is the greatest loss I can imagine."

Having said this, the virtuous and prudent Lotario fell silent, and Anselmo was left so bewildered and thoughtful that for a good while he could not answer him a word; but, at last, he said to him:

"With the attention you have seen, Lotario, my friend, I have listened to all you have wished to tell me, and in your reasons, examples, and comparisons I have seen the great good sense you have and the height of true friendship you have attained; and I likewise see and confess that if I do not follow your opinion and go after my own, I am fleeing from the good and running after the bad. This granted, you must consider that I am now suffering from the sickness some women commonly have, who take a craving to eat earth, plaster, charcoal, and other worse things, loathsome even to look at, let alone to eat; so it is necessary to use some device so that I may be cured, and this could be done easily, if only you begin, even lukewarmly and in pretense, to court Camila, who cannot be so tender that at the first encounters she lets her modesty fall to the ground; and with this beginning alone I shall be content, and you will have fulfilled what you owe to our friendship, not only giving me life but persuading me that I am not without honor. And you are obliged to do this for one reason only; and it is that, since I am, as I am, determined to put this trial into practice, you must not allow me to disclose my folly to another person, by which I would put at risk the honor you are trying to keep me from losing; and if yours does not stand where it should in Camila's mind while you are courting her, it matters little or nothing, since soon, seeing in her the integrity we hope for, you will be able to tell her the plain truth of our scheme, with which your good name will return to what it was before. And since you venture so little and can give me so much happiness by venturing, do not fail to do it, however many obstacles may set themselves before you, for, as I have said, if you only begin, I shall consider the case concluded."

Seeing Anselmo's resolute will, and not knowing what more examples to bring him or what more reasons to show him so that he would not follow it, and seeing that he threatened to disclose his wicked desire to someone else, Lotario, to avoid a greater evil,

decided to satisfy him and do what he asked, with the purpose and intention of guiding the business in such a way that, without unsettling Camila's thoughts, Anselmo would be left satisfied; and so he answered him that he should not share his thought with anyone else, for he was taking that enterprise upon himself, and would begin it when he pleased. Anselmo embraced him tenderly and lovingly, and thanked him for his offer as if he had done him some great favor; and the two of them agreed that the work should begin from the very next day; that he would give him the opportunity and time to talk to Camila alone, and would likewise give him money and jewels to give her and offer her. He advised him to serenade her and to write verses in her praise, and said that, if Lotario did not want to take the trouble of making them, he would make them himself. To everything Lotario agreed, with an intention very different from what Anselmo thought.

And with this agreement they went back to Anselmo's house, where they found Camila anxious and worried, waiting for her husband, because that day he was later in coming home than usual.

Lotario went off to his own house, and Anselmo stayed in his, as happy as Lotario was thoughtful, for he did not know what plan to devise to come out well from that ill-advised business. But that night he thought of a way to deceive Anselmo without offending Camila; and the next day he came to dine with his friend, and was well received by Camila, who received and entertained him with great goodwill, knowing the goodwill her husband bore him. They finished dining, the cloth was removed, and Anselmo told Lotario to stay there with Camila while he went on an urgent matter of business, for he would be back within an hour and a half. Camila begged him not to go, and Lotario offered to keep him company, but it was of no use with Anselmo; instead, he pressed Lotario to stay and wait for him, because he had a matter of great impor-

tance to discuss with him. He also told Camila not to leave Lotario alone until he came back. In fact, he knew how to feign the need, or the folly, of his absence so well that no one could have understood it was feigned. Anselmo went off, and Camila and Lotario were left alone at the table, because all the rest of the household had gone to their meal. Lotario saw himself set in the lists where his friend wished him to be, with the enemy before him, who could have conquered a squadron of armed knights with her beauty alone: consider whether Lotario had reason to fear her.

But what he did was to put his elbow on the arm of his chair and his open hand against his cheek, and, begging Camila's pardon for his ill manners, he said he would like to rest a little until Anselmo came back. Camila answered that he would rest better on the dais than in the chair, and so she begged him to go in and sleep there. Lotario would not, and he stayed there asleep until Anselmo returned, who, finding Camila in her room and Lotario sleeping, believed that, since he had been away so long, the two must already have had time to talk, and even to sleep, and he could not wait for Lotario to wake, so as to go out with him again and ask him about his luck. Everything turned out as he wished: Lotario woke, and then the two went out of the house, and so he asked him what he wanted to know, and Lotario answered that it had not seemed to him right to reveal himself fully the first time; and so he had done nothing but praise Camila for her beauty, telling her that in the whole city there was no other talk but of her beauty and good sense, and that this had seemed to him a good beginning for making his way into her goodwill and disposing her to listen to him with pleasure another time, using in this the device the devil uses when he wants to deceive someone who is on the watchtower, looking out for himself: he transforms himself into an angel of light, though he is one of darkness, and, putting fair appearances before him, in the end he reveals who he is and has his way, if his

deceit is not found out at the beginning. All this pleased Anselmo greatly, and he said he would give him the same opportunity every day, even if he did not leave the house, for he would busy himself in it with things such that Camila could not come to know of his scheme.

It happened, then, that many days went by in which, without Lotario saying a word to Camila, he answered Anselmo that he was talking to her and could never draw from her the slightest sign of yielding to anything that was wrong, nor even get one hint of a shadow of hope; on the contrary, he said she threatened him that if he did not put that wicked thought out of his head, she would tell her husband. "Very well," said Anselmo. "So far Camila has resisted words; we must see how she resists deeds: tomorrow I will give you two thousand gold escudos for you to offer her, and even give her, and as many more for you to buy jewels to lure her with; for women are usually fond, and more so if they are beautiful, however chaste they may be, of dressing well and going about in finery; and if she resists this temptation, I shall be satisfied and shall give you no more trouble."

Lotario answered that, since he had begun, he would carry that enterprise through to the end, though he expected to come out of it weary and defeated. The next day he received the four thousand escudos, and with them four thousand perplexities, because he did not know what to tell himself so as to lie anew; but, in the end, he decided to tell him that Camila was as untouched by gifts and promises as by words, and that there was no point in wearing himself out any further, because all the time was being spent in vain.

But fortune, which was guiding things another way, so ordered it that, Anselmo having left Lotario and Camila alone, as he used to do at other times, he shut himself up in a room and through the keyhole watched and listened to what the two were saying, and saw that in more than half an hour Lotario did not say a word to

Camila, nor would he have said one if he had been there a century, and he realized that all his friend had told him about Camila's answers was fiction and lies. And, to see whether this was so, he came out of the room, and, calling Lotario aside, asked him what news there was and in what temper Camila was. Lotario answered that he did not mean to put another stitch into that business, because she answered so harshly and sourly that he would not have the heart to say anything to her again.

"Ah, Lotario, Lotario," said Anselmo, "how badly you answer what you owe me and the great trust I place in you! I have just been watching you through the opening this key allows, and I have seen that you have not said a word to Camila, from which I gather that you have yet to say even the first ones to her; and if this is so, as it no doubt is, why do you deceive me, or why do you want to take from me by your craft the means I might find to achieve my desire?"

Anselmo said no more, but what he had said was enough to leave Lotario abashed and confused; and he, almost taking it as a point of honor to have been caught in a lie, swore to Anselmo that from that moment he would take it so much upon himself to satisfy him and not lie to him that he would see it, if he spied on him with care; all the more since there would be no need to take any pains, because the pains he meant to take in satisfying him would remove all suspicion. Anselmo believed him, and, to give him a more secure and less startled opportunity, he decided to absent himself from his house for eight days, going to the house of a friend of his in a village a short way from the city, with which friend he arranged that he should send for him very urgently, so as to have a pretext with Camila for his departure.

Unhappy and ill-advised that you are, Anselmo! What is it you are doing? What is it you are plotting? What is it you are arranging? Consider that you are working against yourself, plotting your

own dishonor and arranging your own ruin. Your wife Camila is good, you possess her quietly and peacefully, no one alarms your pleasure, her thoughts do not go beyond the walls of her house, you are her heaven on earth, the goal of her desires, the fulfillment of her pleasures, and the measure by which she measures her will, fitting it in everything to yours and to heaven's. Then if the mine of her honor, beauty, modesty, and retirement gives you without any labor all the wealth it holds and you can desire, why do you want to dig deeper into the earth and look for new veins of new and never-seen treasure, putting yourself in danger of the whole thing caving in, since, after all, it rests on the weak props of her frail nature? Consider that it is just that he who seeks the impossible should be denied the possible, as a poet put it better, saying:

> In death I go seeking life,
> in sickness I seek for health,
> in prison I seek for freedom,
> in what is closed a way out,
> and in the traitor, loyalty.
> But my fortune, from which
> I never hope for any good,
> has decreed it with the heavens
> that, since I ask the impossible,
> they will not give me the possible.

The next day Anselmo went to the village, leaving word with Camila that while he was away Lotario would come to see to the house and to take his meals with her; that she should take care to treat him as she would his own person. Camila, as a sensible and honorable woman, was distressed by the order her husband left her, and told him to bear in mind that it was not right for anyone, in his absence, to occupy his seat at table, and that if he did it

because he did not trust her to know how to manage his house, he should test her this once, and he would see by experience that she was equal to greater cares. Anselmo replied that this was his pleasure, and that she had nothing to do but bow her head and obey him. Camila said that she would do so, though against her will. Anselmo left, and the next day Lotario came to his house, where he was received by Camila with a loving and modest welcome; and she never put herself anywhere Lotario might see her alone, because she always went about surrounded by her menservants and maidservants, especially by a maid of hers named Leonela, whom she loved dearly, because the two had been brought up together from childhood in Camila's parents' house, and when she married Anselmo she brought her with her.

In the first three days Lotario never said anything to her, although he could have, when the cloth was removed and the servants went off in great haste to eat, for so Camila had ordered them. And Leonela even had orders to eat before Camila and never to leave her side; but she, who had her mind set on other matters to her own taste and needed those hours and that place to busy herself with her own pleasures, did not always carry out her mistress's command; on the contrary, she left them alone, as if that were what she had been ordered. But Camila's modest presence, the gravity of her face, the composure of her person were such that they put a bridle on Lotario's tongue.

But the good that Camila's many virtues did, by imposing silence on Lotario's tongue, redounded rather to the harm of them both, because if the tongue was silent, the mind ran on and had leisure to contemplate, part by part, all the perfections of goodness and beauty Camila possessed, enough to make a marble statue fall in love, let alone a heart of flesh.

Lotario gazed at her in the time and place in which he ought to have been speaking to her, and considered how worthy she was of

being loved; and this consideration began little by little to make assaults upon the respect he owed Anselmo, and a thousand times he wanted to leave the city and go where Anselmo would never see him, nor he see Camila; but by now the pleasure he found in looking at her held him back and stood in his way. He did violence to himself and fought with himself to cast off and not feel the delight that led him to look at Camila. He blamed himself when alone for his folly, called himself a bad friend and even a bad Christian; he made reasonings and comparisons between himself and Anselmo, and they all ended in saying that Anselmo's madness and trust had been greater than his own lack of faithfulness, and that if he had as good an excuse before God as before men for what he was thinking of doing, he would not fear punishment for his fault.

In effect, Camila's beauty and goodness, together with the opportunity the ignorant husband had put into his hands, brought Lotario's loyalty to the ground. And, heeding nothing but what his pleasure inclined him to, at the end of three days of Anselmo's absence, during which he was in continual battle to resist his desires, he began to woo Camila, with such agitation and such loving words that Camila was dumbfounded, and did nothing but rise from where she was and go into her room, without answering him a word. But this coldness did not make hope fail in Lotario, for hope is always born together with love; on the contrary, he prized Camila the more. She, having seen in Lotario what she would never have thought, did not know what to do. And, since it seemed to her neither safe nor right to give him occasion or opportunity to speak to her again, she decided to send that very night, as she did, a servant of hers with a note to Anselmo, in which she wrote these words:

Chapter XXXIV. In which the novel of *The Ill-Advised Curiosity* is continued

As the saying goes, an army without its general is an unsightly thing, and so is a castle without its castellan; and I say that a married woman, and a young one, is a far sorrier sight without her husband, when the most just occasions do not prevent his presence. I find myself so ill without you, and so unable to bear this absence, that if you do not come soon I shall have to go and stay at my parents' house, even if I leave yours unguarded; for the guard you left me, if indeed it was left with that title, I believe looks more to its own pleasure than to what concerns you; and, since you are a man of good sense, I have no more to say to you, nor is it even right that I should say more.

Anselmo received this letter, and understood from it that Lotario had now begun the enterprise and that Camila must have answered as he wished; and, overjoyed at such news, he sent word back to Camila, by mouth, that she should on no account leave her house, because he would return very soon. Camila was astonished at Anselmo's answer, which put her in greater confusion than before, for she neither dared to stay in her house nor, still less, to go to her parents'; because in staying her modesty ran a risk, and in going she went against her husband's command.

In the end she settled on what was worse for her, which was to stay, with the determination not to avoid Lotario's presence, so as not to give her servants anything to talk about; and she was already sorry she had written what she wrote to her husband,

fearing he might think Lotario had seen some forwardness in her that had moved him not to keep the decorum he owed her. But, trusting in her own goodness, she put her trust in God and in her own good intention, with which she meant to resist, by keeping silent, everything Lotario might want to say to her, without giving any further account to her husband, so as not to involve him in a quarrel and trouble. And she was even looking for a way to excuse Lotario to Anselmo when he asked her what had moved her to write him that note. With these thoughts, more honorable than wise or profitable, she sat the next day listening to Lotario, who pressed so hard that Camila's firmness began to waver, and her modesty had all it could do to rush to her eyes, so that they should not give some sign of the loving pity that Lotario's tears and words had awakened in her breast. Lotario noticed all this, and all of it inflamed him.

At last it seemed to him that he must, in the time and room that Anselmo's absence allowed, tighten the siege of that fortress. And so he attacked her self-regard with praises of her beauty, for there is nothing that more quickly overthrows and levels the castled towers of the vanity of beautiful women than that same vanity, set upon the tongues of flattery. In effect, he mined the rock of her integrity with such diligence and with such engines that, had Camila been made all of bronze, she would have come to the ground. Lotario wept, begged, offered, flattered, persisted, and feigned with so much feeling, with signs of such earnestness, that he wrecked Camila's reserve and came to triumph over what he least expected and most desired. Camila yielded, Camila surrendered; but what wonder, if Lotario's friendship did not stay standing? A plain example, which shows us that the passion of love is conquered only by fleeing from it, and that no one should come to grips with so powerful an enemy, because divine strength is needed to overcome its human strength. Only Leonela knew of her

mistress's weakness, because the two bad friends and new lovers could not hide it from her. Lotario would not tell Camila of Anselmo's scheme, or that he had given him the opportunity to reach that point, so that she would not think less of his love and think that he had courted her like that, by chance and without meaning to, and not of his own choosing.

A few days later Anselmo returned home, and did not notice what was missing from it, which was what he held least in his care and prized most. He went off at once to see Lotario, and found him at home; the two embraced, and the one asked for the news of his life or of his death.

"The news I can give you, Anselmo, my friend," said Lotario, "is that you have a wife who may worthily be the example and crown of all good women. The words I have said to her the wind has carried off, my offers have been held of no account, my gifts have not been accepted, some feigned tears of mine have been made a notable mockery of. In short, just as Camila is the sum of all beauty, she is the archive where modesty dwells and where courtesy and reserve live, and all the virtues that can make an honorable woman praiseworthy and fortunate. Take back your money, my friend, for I have it here, without having had any need to touch it; for Camila's integrity does not yield to things as base as gifts or promises. Be content, Anselmo, and do not seek to make more trials than those already made; and, since you have crossed dry-shod the sea of the difficulties and suspicions that women usually can and do arouse, do not seek to enter afresh into the deep ocean of new troubles, nor seek to test with another pilot the goodness and strength of the ship heaven gave you as your lot, so that in it you might cross the sea of this world; but take it that you are now in a safe harbor, and moor yourself with the anchors of sound reflection, and rest there until they come to ask of you the debt from whose payment no hidalgo rank on earth can claim exemption."

Anselmo was delighted with Lotario's words, and believed them as if they had been spoken by some oracle. But, for all that, he begged him not to abandon the enterprise, even if only out of curiosity and for amusement, though he need not from then on use such earnest efforts as before; and he said that all he wanted was for him to write some verses in her praise under the name of Clori, because he would give Camila to understand that Lotario was in love with a lady, to whom he had given that name so as to be able to celebrate her with the decorum due to her modesty; and that, if Lotario did not want to take the trouble of writing the verses, he would make them himself.

"That will not be needed," said Lotario, "for the Muses are not such enemies of mine that they do not visit me at some times of the year. Tell Camila what you have said about my pretended love, for I will make the verses; if not as good as the subject deserves, they will at least be the best I can."

So the ill-advised friend and the treacherous one agreed; and, when Anselmo was back home, he asked Camila what she had already been wondering at his not asking her: which was that she tell him the reason why she had written him the note she sent. Camila answered that it had seemed to her that Lotario looked at her a little more freely than when he was at home; but that she was now undeceived and believed it had been her imagination, because by now Lotario avoided seeing her and being alone with her. Anselmo told her that she might rest easy about that suspicion, because he knew that Lotario was in love with a young lady of rank in the city, whose praises he sang as Clori, and that, even if he were not, there was nothing to fear from Lotario's truth and the great friendship of the two of them. And had Camila not been warned by Lotario that those loves of Clori were feigned, and that he had told Anselmo of them so as to be able to spend some of his time in praising Camila herself, she would no doubt have fallen

into the desperate net of jealousy; but, being forewarned, she got past that alarm without distress.

The next day, as the three of them sat at table after the meal, Anselmo begged Lotario to recite something of what he had composed for his beloved Clori; for, since Camila did not know her, he could safely say whatever he liked.

"Even if she knew her," answered Lotario, "I would hide nothing, for when a lover praises his lady for her beauty and taxes her with cruelty, he does no injury to her good name. But, be that as it may, I can tell you this much: only yesterday I wrote a sonnet on this Clori's ingratitude, which goes like this: Sonnet

In the silence of the night, when sweet sleep
lies heavy on the eyes of mortal men,
the poor account of all my wealth of woes
I sit and render up to heaven and Clori.
And at the hour the sun begins to show
himself through the rosy portals of the east,
with sighs and broken, ill-according cries
I go on renewing my old complaint.
And when the sun, from his starry seat, sends down
his beams straight down upon the earth,
my weeping grows, and I redouble my groans.
Night comes again, and I return to my sad tale,
and always find, in my mortal persistence,
heaven deaf to me, and Clori without ears."

Camila liked the sonnet, but Anselmo liked it better, for he praised it and said that the lady who did not respond to such plain truths was excessively cruel. To which Camila said:

"Then is everything that poets in love say true?"

"As poets, they do not tell the truth," answered Lotario, "but, as lovers, they always fall as short as they are truthful."

"There is no doubt of that," replied Anselmo, wholly to support and lend credit to Lotario's thoughts with Camila, who was as heedless of Anselmo's scheme as she was already in love with Lotario.

And so, with the pleasure she took in everything of his, and still more, since she understood that his desires and writings were aimed at her and that she was the true Clori, she begged him that, if he knew another sonnet or other verses, he should say them:

"Yes, I do," answered Lotario, "but I do not think it is as good as the first, or, to put it better, it is less bad. And you will be able to judge it well, for here it is:

Sonnet

I know that I am dying; and if I am not believed,
my death is all the surer, as it is surer
that I shall lie dead at your feet, O fair ungrateful one,
before I lie repentant of adoring you.
I may come to find myself in the land of oblivion,
bereft of life and glory and of favor,
and there, within my breast laid open, may be seen
how your lovely face lies carved upon my heart.
For this relic I keep against the hard
ordeal with which my persistence threatens me,
which grows the stronger on your very rigor.
Alas for him who sails beneath a darkened sky
an untried sea upon a perilous course,
where neither north star nor harbor shows itself!"

Anselmo praised this second sonnet too, as he had the first, and in this way he kept adding link to link to the chain with which he was binding and fastening his own dishonor, for when Lotario was dishonoring him most, then he would tell him that he was most honored; and so every step that Camila went down toward the depths of her disgrace she climbed, in her husband's opinion, toward the summit of virtue and of her good fame. It happened meanwhile that, finding herself alone with her maid on one occasion among others, Camila said to her:

"I am ashamed, Leonela, my friend, to see how little I have known how to value myself, since I did not even make Lotario buy with time the full possession of my will that I gave him so quickly. I fear he will set it down to my readiness, or lightness, without considering the force he used on me, which left me unable to resist him."

"Don't let that trouble you, my lady," answered Leonela, "for it makes no difference, and it is no reason to lower the esteem, that what is given is given quickly, if, in effect, what is given is good and worthy in itself to be esteemed. And they even say that he who gives quickly gives twice."

"They also say," said Camila, "that what costs little is valued less."

"That reasoning doesn't apply to you," answered Leonela, "because love, as I have heard tell, sometimes flies and sometimes walks, runs with this one and goes slowly with that one, cools some and burns others, wounds some and kills others, at one and the same point begins the race of its desires and at that same point ends and concludes it, in the morning lays siege to a fortress and by night has it surrendered, for there is no strength that can withstand it. And, this being so, what are you frightened of, or what do you fear, if the same must have happened to Lotario, since love took my master's absence as the instrument for conquering

us? And it was bound to happen that what love had determined should be concluded during it, without giving time to time for Anselmo to have any to come back, and leave the work unfinished with his presence. For love has no better minister to carry out what it desires than opportunity: it makes use of opportunity in all its doings, especially at the beginning. All this I know very well, more from experience than from hearsay, and someday I'll tell you about it, my lady, for I too am of flesh and of young blood. All the more, Señora Camila, since you did not surrender and give yourself so soon that you had not first seen in Lotario's eyes, in his sighs, in his words, and in his promises and gifts his whole soul, seeing in it and in his virtues how worthy Lotario was of being loved. Well, if this is so, don't let those scrupulous and squeamish thoughts assail your imagination, but rest assured that Lotario esteems you as you esteem him, and live content and satisfied that, since you have fallen into the snare of love, the one that holds you fast is a man of worth and esteem. And that he has not only the four S's they say good lovers must have, but a whole ABC: if not, listen to me and you'll see how I say it to you by heart. He is, as I see it and as it seems to me, appreciative, bountiful, courtly, decent, enamored, faithful, gallant, honorable, illustrious, loyal, manly, noble, onest, prominent, of quality, rich, and the S's they speak of; and then tight-lipped, veracious. The X doesn't suit him, because it's a harsh letter; the Y has been said already; the Z, zealous guardian of your honor."

Camila laughed at her maid's ABC, and took her to be more practiced in matters of love than she let on; and so Leonela confessed it, revealing to Camila that she was carrying on a love affair with a wellborn young man of the same city; at which Camila was troubled, fearing that this was a road by which her honor might run a risk. She pressed her to say whether their dealings went beyond talk. Leonela, with little shame and much forwardness,

answered that they did go beyond it; for it is a thing well established that the lapses of mistresses take away the shame of maids, who, when they see their mistresses stumble, think nothing of limping themselves, nor of its being known.

Camila could do nothing but beg Leonela to say nothing of her affair to the man she said was her lover, and to conduct her own affairs in secret, so that they should not come to the knowledge of Anselmo or Lotario. Leonela answered that she would do so, but she kept her word in such a way that she made Camila's fear come true, that through her she would lose her good name. For the shameless and bold Leonela, once she saw that her mistress's conduct was not what it used to be, made bold to bring her lover in and keep him inside the house, trusting that, her mistress would not dare give him away, even if she saw him; for this is one of the harms the sins of mistresses bring with them, among others: that they make themselves the slaves of their own maids and bind themselves to cover up their wantonness and baseness, as happened with Camila; for, though she saw once and many times that her Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, not only did she not dare to scold her, but she gave her the chance to lock him in, and removed every obstacle, so that he should not be seen by her husband.

But she could not remove them so well that Lotario did not once see him leaving at the break of dawn; and Lotario, not knowing who he was, thought at first it must be some phantom; but, when he saw him walking, muffling himself up, and hiding his face with care and caution, he dropped his simple thought and fell into another, which would have been the ruin of them all if Camila had not remedied it. Lotario thought that the man he had seen leaving Anselmo's house at so unseasonable an hour had not gone in for Leonela, nor did he even remember whether there was a Leonela in the world; he believed only that Camila, in the same way she had

been easy and light with him, was so with another; for the wickedness of the wicked woman brings these extras with it: she loses the credit of her honor with the very man to whom she gave herself, begged and persuaded, and he believes that she gives herself to others with greater ease, and gives infallible credit to any suspicion of this that comes to him. And it seems that at this point Lotario lacked all his good understanding, and all his prudent reasonings went out of his memory, for, without making a single one that was good, or even reasonable, without more ado, before Anselmo was up, impatient and blinded by the jealous rage that gnawed at his vitals, dying to be revenged on Camila, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo and said to him:

"Know, Anselmo, that for many days I have been fighting with myself, forcing myself not to tell you what it is no longer possible or right to hide from you any longer. Know that Camila's fortress has now surrendered and is subject to whatever I may wish to do with it; and if I have been slow to reveal this truth to you, it has been to see whether it was some light whim of hers, or whether she was doing it to test me and see whether the love I began with her, with your leave, was pursued with a firm purpose. I believed, likewise, that if she were what she ought to be and what we both thought her, she would already have told you of my courtship; but, having seen that she delays, I know that the promises she has given me are true, that, the next time you are away from home, she will speak to me in the closet where your valuables are kept—and it was the truth that Camila used to talk to him there—; and I do not want you to rush headlong to take some revenge, since the sin is as yet committed only in thought, and it may be that, between this one and the time of putting it into effect, Camila's thought may change and repentance be born in its place. And so, since you have always followed my advice, in whole or in part, follow and keep one I shall give you now, so that without being

deceived and with fearful watchfulness you may satisfy yourself of whatever you see most suits you. Pretend to go away for two or three days, as you have done at other times, and arrange to stay hidden in your closet, since the tapestries there and other things you can hide behind offer you every convenience, and then you will see with your own eyes, and I with mine, what Camila wants; and if it is the wickedness that is to be feared rather than expected, with silence, shrewdness, and discretion you may be the executioner of your own wrong."

Anselmo was left absorbed, astounded, and amazed by Lotario's words, because they took him by surprise just when he least looked to hear such things, for by now he held Camila to be the victor over Lotario's feigned assaults and was beginning to enjoy the glory of the victory. He stood silent for a good while, looking at the ground without moving an eyelash, and at last he said:

"You have acted, Lotario, as I expected of your friendship; in everything I shall follow your advice: do what you will and keep the secret you see is called for in a case so unforeseen."

Lotario promised him, and, as soon as he left him, he repented wholly of everything he had said to him, seeing how foolishly he had acted, since he could have taken revenge on Camila, and not by a road so cruel and so dishonorable. He cursed his own understanding, condemned his hasty decision, and did not know what means to take to undo what was done, or to find some reasonable way out of it. At last he decided to tell Camila everything; and, as there was no lack of opportunity to do it, that same day he found her alone, and she, as soon as she saw she could speak to him, said to him:

"You must know, Lotario, my friend, that I have a grief in my heart that so oppresses it that it seems about to burst in my breast, and it will be a wonder if it does not, for Leonela's shamelessness has come to such a pass that every night she shuts a gal-

lant of hers up in this house and stays with him till daylight, so much at the cost of my good name that anyone who sees him leaving my house at such unusual hours will have an open field to judge it as he likes. And what wearies me is that I can neither punish nor scold her: for her being the secretary of our dealings has put a bridle on my mouth to keep silent about hers, and I fear some ill outcome will be born of this."

When Camila first began saying this, Lotario believed it was a trick to make him think the man he had seen leaving was Leonela's and not hers; but, seeing her weep and grieve and beg him for a remedy, he came to believe the truth, and, in believing it, was left utterly confused and wholly repentant. But, for all that, he answered Camila that she should not grieve, for he would arrange a remedy to cut short Leonela's insolence. He also told her what, spurred by the furious rage of jealousy, he had said to Anselmo, and how it was agreed that he should hide in the closet, to see plainly from there how little loyalty she kept toward him. He begged her pardon for this madness, and her advice on how to remedy it and come safely out of so tangled a labyrinth as his bad reasoning had put him in.

Camila was horrified to hear what Lotario was telling her, and with great anger and many sensible words she scolded him and reproached him for his wicked thought and the foolish and wicked decision he had made. But, as woman by nature has a readier wit for good and for ill than man, though it begins to fail her when she sets herself on purpose to reason things out, Camila at once, on the instant, found the way to remedy so seemingly irremediable a business, and told Lotario to see to it that the next day Anselmo should hide where he said, for she meant to draw from his hiding the convenience for the two of them to enjoy each other from then on without any alarm; and, without disclosing her thought to him fully, she warned him to take care that, once Anselmo was

hidden, he should come when Leonela called him, and that he should answer everything she said to him as he would answer if he did not know Anselmo was listening. Lotario insisted that she tell him her intention in full, so that he might observe with more certainty and care everything he saw was necessary.

"I say," said Camila, "that there is nothing more to observe, except to answer me as I shall question you" (Camila not wanting to tell him beforehand what she meant to do, fearing that he might not want to follow the plan that seemed so good to her, and might follow or look for others that could not be as good).

With this, Lotario went away; and Anselmo, the next day, on the pretext of going to that village of his friend's, set out, and came back to hide: which he could do easily, because Camila and Leonela gave him the chance on purpose. Anselmo being hidden, then, with that dread one can imagine in a man who expected to see with his own eyes the dissection of the entrails of his honor, he was on the point of losing the supreme good he thought he had in his beloved Camila. Camila and Leonela, now sure and certain that Anselmo was hidden, came into the closet; and Camila had hardly set foot in it when, heaving a great sigh, she said:

"Ah, Leonela, my friend! Would it not be better, before I come to carry out what I do not want you to know, lest you try to prevent it, for you to take Anselmo's dagger, which I asked you for, and run it through this infamous breast of mine? But do no such thing, for it will not be right that I should bear the penalty of another's fault. First I want to know what it was the bold and wanton eyes of Lotario saw in me that gave him the boldness to reveal to me so wicked a desire as the one he has revealed, in contempt of his friend and in dishonor of me. Go to that window, Leonela, and call him, for no doubt he must be in the street, waiting to carry out his wicked intention. But first my own will be carried out, as cruel as it is honorable."

"Ah, my lady!" answered the shrewd and wary Leonela. "And what is it you want to do with this dagger? Do you mean, perhaps, to take your own life or Lotario's? For whichever of these things you want must end in the loss of your good name and fame. It's better for you to hide your wrong, and not give this wicked man a chance to come into this house now and find us alone. Consider, my lady, that we are weak women, and he is a man, and a determined one; and, since he comes with that wicked purpose, blind and in the grip of passion, perhaps before you carry out yours he'll do what would be worse for you than taking your life. A curse on my master Anselmo, who has been willing to give so much rein to this brazen scoundrel in his house! And then, my lady, supposing you kill him, as I think you mean to do, what are we to do with him once he's dead?"

"What, my friend?" answered Camila. "We shall leave him for Anselmo to bury, for it will be just that he should take as a rest the labor of putting his own infamy under the earth. Call him, go on, for all the time I delay in taking due vengeance for my wrong I seem to offend against the loyalty I owe my husband."

Anselmo was listening to all this, and at every word Camila said his thoughts changed; but, when he understood that she was resolved to kill Lotario, he wanted to come out and show himself, so that such a thing should not be done; but he was held back by the desire to see where so much spirit and virtuous resolution would end, meaning to come out in time to prevent it.

At this point Camila was seized with a deep swoon, and, as she threw herself onto a bed that was there, Leonela began to weep very bitterly and to say: "Ah, woe is me if I should be so unlucky that the flower of the world's modesty should die here in my arms, the crown of good women, the pattern of chastity…!"

With other things like these, so that no one who heard her would not have taken her for the most grief-stricken and loyal

maid in the world, and her mistress for another, new, and persecuted Penelope. Camila was not long in coming out of her swoon; and, as she came to herself, she said:

"Why do you not go, Leonela, and call the most loyal friend to his friend that the sun ever saw or the night ever covered? Go on, run, hurry, be off, lest the fire of my anger burn itself out with the delay, and the just vengeance I hope for pass away in threats and curses."

"I'm going to call him now, my lady," said Leonela, "but first you must give me that dagger, so that while I'm gone you don't do something with it that will leave all who love you weeping their whole lives long."

"Go and fear nothing, Leonela, my friend, for I will not," answered Camila, "because, though I may be bold and simple in your opinion in standing up for my honor, I shall not be so much so as that Lucretia who, they say, took her own life though she had done nothing wrong, and without first having killed the man who was the cause of her misfortune. I shall die, if I die, but it must be when I am avenged and satisfied on the man who has given me cause to come to this place and weep over his boldness, born so without fault of mine."

Leonela made them beg her a long time before she went out to call Lotario, but at last she went; and, while she was coming back, Camila stayed saying, as though she were talking to herself:

"God help me! Would it not have been wiser to have sent Lotario away, as I have done many other times, than to put him in a position, as I have now put him, to take me for wanton and wicked, if only for the time I shall take to undeceive him? It would have been better, no doubt; but I would not be avenged, nor my husband's honor satisfied, if he went back out so easily, with his hands so clean and his way so smooth, from the place his wicked thoughts brought him into. Let the traitor pay with his life for

what he attempted with so lustful a desire: let the world know, if by chance it comes to know it, that Camila not only kept faith with her husband, but gave him vengeance on the man who dared to offend him. But, for all that, I think it would be better to tell Anselmo of this, but I did start to tell him in the letter I wrote to him at the village, and I think that his not coming to remedy the harm I pointed out to him there must have been because, from pure goodness and trust, he would not and could not believe that any kind of thought against his honor could find room in the breast of so steadfast a friend; nor did I believe it myself afterward, for many days, nor would I ever have believed it, had his insolence not gone so far that his open gifts and lavish promises and continual tears made it plain to me. But why am I making these reasonings now? Does a gallant resolution, by any chance, need any counsel? No, assuredly. Away, then, with traitors; here, vengeance! Let the false one come in, let him come, let him approach, let him die and be done with, and let come what may! Pure I came into the power of him whom heaven gave me for my own, pure I shall leave it; and, at worst, I shall leave it bathed in my own chaste blood, and in the impure blood of the falsest friend friendship has ever looked upon."

And, saying this, she paced up and down the room with the dagger unsheathed, taking such wild and disordered strides, and making such gestures, that it seemed nothing less than that she had lost her wits, and that she was no delicate woman but some desperate ruffian.

Anselmo watched it all, hidden behind some tapestries where he had concealed himself, and marveled at it all, and it already seemed to him that what he had seen and heard was satisfaction enough for greater suspicions; and by now he would have liked the test of Lotario's coming to fall through, fearing some sudden mishap. And, as he was on the point of showing himself and com-

ing out, to embrace and undeceive his wife, he stopped, because he saw Leonela coming back leading Lotario by the hand; and, as soon as Camila saw him, drawing with the dagger a great line on the floor in front of her, she said to him:

"Lotario, mark what I tell you: if by chance you dare to cross this line you see, or even come up to it, the moment I see you attempt it, in that same moment I shall pierce my breast with this dagger I hold in my hands. And, before you answer me a word to this, I want you to hear a few others from me; afterward you shall answer what you please. First, Lotario, I want you to tell me whether you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what opinion you hold him; and second, I want to know also whether you know me. Answer me this, and do not be flustered, or think long about what you are to answer, for these are no hard questions I am asking you."

Lotario was not so dull that, from the first moment Camila told him to make Anselmo hide, he had not seen what she meant to do; and so he played up to her intention so cleverly and so promptly that the two of them made that lie pass for more than certain truth; and so he answered Camila in this way:

"I did not think, beautiful Camila, that you were calling me to ask me things so remote from the intention with which I come here. If you do it to put off the promised favor, you might have held it off from farther away, for the longed-for good wearies the more the nearer the hope is of possessing it; but, so that you may not say I do not answer your questions, I say that I know your husband Anselmo, and that we have known each other from our tenderest years; and I will not speak of what you know so well of our friendship, so as not to make myself a witness to the wrong that love makes me do him, love, the powerful excuse for greater errors. You I know and hold in the same possession in which he holds you; for, were it not so, for lesser gifts than yours I would

not have gone against what I owe to being who I am and against the holy laws of true friendship, which I have now broken and violated because of so powerful an enemy as love."

"If you confess that," answered Camila, "mortal enemy of all that justly deserves to be loved, with what face do you dare appear before one who you know is the mirror in which he looks at himself in whom you ought to look at yourself, so as to see how little cause you have to wrong him? But now, ah, unhappy that I am, I see what it is that has made you take so little account of what you owe yourself, for it must have been some forwardness of mine, which I will not call wantonness, since it cannot have come from deliberate resolve, but from one of those lapses that women who think they have no one to be wary of commit without noticing. If not, tell me: when, O traitor, did I answer your pleas with any word or sign that could awaken in you any shadow of hope of fulfilling your infamous desires? When were your loving words not undone and rebuked by mine with rigor and harshness? When were your many promises and greater gifts believed or accepted by me? But, since it seems to me that no one can persevere long in the pursuit of love unless sustained by some hope, I will lay the blame for your ill-advised persistence on myself, since no doubt some carelessness of mine has kept your care alive for so long; and so I mean to punish myself and give myself the penalty your fault deserves. And, so that you might see that, being so inhuman to myself, I could not help being so to you, I chose to bring you here to witness the sacrifice I mean to make to the offended honor of my most honorable husband, wronged by you with all the care you could manage, and by me as well, through the little caution I have taken to avoid giving you occasion, if I gave you any, to favor and sanctify your wicked intentions. I say again that the suspicion I have that some carelessness of mine bred such wild thoughts in you is what wearies me most, and what I most desire to punish

with my own hands, because, if another executioner punished me, my fault might be more public; but, before I do this, I mean to kill as I die, and take with me one who will fully satisfy my desire for the vengeance I hope for and have, seeing there, wherever it may be, the penalty that justice, impartial and unbending, deals out to the man who has brought me to so desperate a pass."

And, saying these words, with incredible strength and swiftness she rushed at Lotario with the dagger unsheathed, with such signs of wanting to bury it in his breast that he himself was almost in doubt whether those demonstrations were false or true, for he was forced to use his skill and his strength to keep Camila from striking him. And she so vividly played out that strange deception and ugliness that, to give it the color of truth, she chose to stain it with her own blood; for, seeing that she could not reach Lotario, or pretending that she could not, she said:

"Since fortune will not fully satisfy my so just desire, at least it shall not be so powerful as to keep me from satisfying it in part." And, wrenching to free the hand with the dagger, which Lotario was holding, she pulled it away, and, guiding its point to a place where it could wound without going deep, she drove it in and buried it a little above the armpit on the left side, near the shoulder, and then let herself fall to the floor as if in a faint.

Leonela and Lotario stood astounded and aghast at such an event, and still doubted the truth of that deed, seeing Camila stretched on the floor and bathed in her blood. Lotario ran very quickly, terrified and breathless, to pull out the dagger, and, on seeing the small wound, came out of the fear he had felt until then, and marveled anew at the shrewdness, prudence, and great good sense of the beautiful Camila; and, to play the part that fell to him, he began to make a long and mournful lament over Camila's body, as if she were dead, calling down many curses, not only on himself but on the one who had been the cause of putting him in that pass.

And, since he knew that his friend Anselmo was listening, he said things such that anyone who heard him would have pitied him far more than Camila, even had he judged her dead.

Leonela took her in her arms and laid her on the bed, begging Lotario to go and find someone who might tend Camila in secret; she also asked him for counsel and his opinion as to what they should tell Anselmo about this wound of her mistress's, if by chance he should come back before it was healed. He answered that they should say what they liked, for he was in no state to give advice that would be of any use; he told her only to try to stanch the blood, for he was going where people would not see him. And, with signs of great grief and sorrow, he left the house; and, when he found himself alone and in a place where no one saw him, he never stopped crossing himself, marveling at Camila's ingenuity and at Leonela's so fitting gestures. He considered how convinced Anselmo must be left that he had a second Portia for a wife, and he longed to be with him so that the two of them might celebrate the lie and the truth most cunningly disguised that could ever be imagined.

Leonela, as has been said, stanched her mistress's blood, which was no more than enough to lend credit to her deception; and, after washing the cut with a little wine, she tied it up as best she could, saying such things while she tended her that, even if no others had gone before, they would have been enough to make Anselmo believe he had in Camila a very image of modesty. To Leonela's words were joined others of Camila's, calling herself a coward and faint of heart, since her courage had failed her at the moment when it was most needed, to take her own life, which she so abhorred. She asked her maid's advice as to whether or not she should tell her beloved husband the whole of what had happened; and the maid told her not to tell him, because it would put him under the obligation of taking revenge on Lotario, which could not

be done without great risk to himself, and that a good wife was bound not to give her husband cause to quarrel, but to take away from him every cause she could.

Camila answered that she thought her opinion very good and that she would follow it; but that in any case they must find something to tell Anselmo about the cause of that wound, which he could not fail to see; to which Leonela answered that she did not know how to lie, not even in jest.

"Then I, sister," replied Camila, "what am I to know about it, I who would not dare to forge or sustain a lie even if my life depended on it? And if we cannot find a way out of this, it will be better to tell him the naked truth than for him to catch us in a lying tale."

"Don't be troubled, my lady: between now and tomorrow," answered Leonela, "I'll think of what we're to tell him, and perhaps, since the wound is where it is, you'll be able to hide it without his seeing it, and heaven will be pleased to favor our so just and so honorable thoughts. Calm yourself, my lady, and try to calm your agitation, so that my master doesn't find you upset, and leave the rest to me, and to God, who always comes to the aid of good intentions." Anselmo had been most attentive in listening to and watching the performance of the tragedy of the death of his honor; which its players acted with such strange and powerful feeling that it seemed they had been transformed into the very truth of what they were feigning. He longed for night, and for the chance to slip out of his house and go and meet his good friend Lotario, rejoicing with him over the precious pearl he had found in the proof of his wife's goodness. The two women took care to give him the opportunity and the means to leave, and he, not losing it, went out and at once went to look for Lotario; and, once he had found him, there is no telling properly the embraces Anselmo gave him, the things he told him of his happiness, the praises he gave

Camila. Lotario listened to all of it without being able to show any sign of gladness, because there came into his memory how deceived his friend was and how unjustly he was wronging him. And, although Anselmo saw that Lotario was not glad, he believed the reason was that he had left Camila wounded and had himself been the cause of it; and so, along with much else, he urged him not to grieve over what had happened to Camila, because the wound was no doubt slight, since the women had agreed to hide it from him; and that, accordingly, there was nothing to fear, but that from then on Lotario should rejoice and be glad with him, since through his skill and his means he saw himself raised to the highest happiness anyone could think to wish for, and he wanted their pastimes to be nothing other than writing verses in praise of Camila that would make her eternal in the memory of ages to come. Lotario praised his good resolve and said that he, for his part, would help to raise so illustrious an edifice. With this, Anselmo was left the most delightfully deceived man there could be in the world: he himself led home by the hand, believing he was leading the instrument of his glory, the whole ruin of his good name. Camila received Lotario with a face that seemed displeased, though with a laughing soul. This deception lasted some days, until, a few months later, Fortune gave her wheel a turn, and the wickedness until then so artfully concealed came out into the open, and his ill-advised curiosity cost Anselmo his life.

Chapter XXXV. In which the novel of *The Ill-Advised Curiosity* is brought to an end

Little more of the novel was left to read when Sancho Panza came rushing out of the attic where Don Quixote was resting, all in an uproar, shouting:

"Come quick, gentlemen, and help my master, for he's caught up in the fiercest, hardest-fought battle my eyes have ever seen. As God lives, he's given the giant who's the enemy of the lady Princess Micomicona such a slash that he's sliced his head clean off, right through, as if it were a turnip!"

"What are you saying, brother?" said the priest, leaving off reading what remained of the novel. "Are you in your right mind, Sancho? How the devil can what you say be, when the giant is two thousand leagues from here?"

At this they heard a great noise in the room, and Don Quixote shouting:

"Hold, thief, miscreant, caitiff, for I have you here, and your scimitar shall not avail you!"

And it seemed he was dealing great slashes at the walls. And Sancho said:

"There's no call to stand there listening; go in and break up the fight, or help my master; though there'll be no need now, because, beyond any doubt, the giant is dead already and giving God an account of his past wicked life, for I saw the blood running over the floor, and the head cut off and fallen to one side, and it's as big as a great wineskin."

"May they kill me," said the innkeeper at this, "if Don Quixote, or Don Devil, hasn't slashed one of the skins of red wine that were standing full at the head of his bed, and the spilled wine must be what looks like blood to this good man."

And with this he went into the room, and all of them after him, and they found Don Quixote in the strangest attire in the world: he had nothing on but his shirt, which in front fell short of covering his thighs altogether and behind was six fingers shorter still; his legs, very long and thin, were hairy and none too clean; on his head sat a small, greasy red cap, the innkeeper's property; around his left arm he had wrapped the blanket from the bed, against which Sancho bore a grudge, and he knew very well why; and in his right hand he held his naked sword, with which he was slashing in every direction, uttering words as if he were truly fighting some giant. And the best of it is that his eyes were not open, because he was asleep and dreaming that he was in battle with the giant; for so intense was his imagining of the adventure he was going to bring to an end that he dreamed he was already in the kingdom of Micomicón and was already in the fight with his enemy. And he had dealt so many slashes at the wineskins, believing he was dealing them at the giant, that the whole room was full of wine; and the innkeeper, seeing this, flew into such a rage that he rushed at Don Quixote and began to rain so many blows on him with his clenched fist that, if Cardenio and the priest had not pulled him off, he would have finished the giant's war himself; and, with all that, the poor gentleman did not wake, until the barber fetched a big pot of cold well water and dashed the whole of it over him at once, at which Don Quixote woke; but not so fully awake as to notice the state he was in.

Dorotea, seeing how short and how thin his clothing was, would not go in to watch the battle between her champion and his adversary.

Sancho went searching all over the floor for the giant's head, and, since he could not find it, he said:

"Now I know that everything in this house is enchantment; for the other time, in this same place where I am now, they gave me a lot of punches and whacks without my knowing who was giving them to me, and I never could see anybody; and now this head I saw cut off with my very own eyes doesn't turn up anywhere around here, and the blood was running from the body as if from a fountain."

"What blood and what fountain are you talking about, you enemy of God and his saints?" said the innkeeper. "Can't you see, you thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing but these skins that are slit open here and the red wine this room is swimming in, and may I see the soul of the man who slit them swimming in hell!" "I don't know anything," answered Sancho. "All I know is that I'm going to end up so unlucky that, because I can't find this head, my earldom is going to melt away on me like salt in water."

And Sancho awake was worse than his master asleep: such was the state his master's promises had put him in. The innkeeper was beside himself to see the squire's sluggishness and the master's mischief, and he swore that it would not be like the last time, when they went off without paying; and that this time the privileges of his knighthood would not get him out of paying for the one thing and the other, even down to what the patches might cost that would have to be put on the torn skins.

The priest was holding Don Quixote by the hands, and he, believing that he had now finished the adventure and that he was standing before Princess Micomicona, went down on his knees before the priest, saying:

"Your greatness, high and famous lady, may well live from this day forth secure from any harm this ill-born creature could do you; and I too, from this day forth, am quit of the word I gave you,

since, with the help of God on high and by the favor of her for whom I live and breathe, I have fulfilled it so well."

"Didn't I say so?" said Sancho, hearing this. "I wasn't drunk, was I? Look whether my master hasn't got the giant salted down already! The bulls are a sure thing: my earldom's as good as made!"

Who would not have laughed at the nonsense of the two of them, master and man? Everyone laughed except the innkeeper, who was cursing himself to the devil. But at last the barber, Cardenio, and the priest managed, with no little trouble, to get Don Quixote into bed, where he fell asleep, showing signs of the greatest weariness. They left him to sleep, and went out to the gateway of the inn to console Sancho Panza for not having found the giant's head; though they had more to do in pacifying the innkeeper, who was in despair over the sudden death of his wine-skins. And the innkeeper's wife was crying out at the top of her voice: "It was an evil moment and an unlucky hour when this knight-errant came into my house, and I wish my eyes had never seen him, for he costs me so dear. The last time he went off with the cost of a night, of supper, bed, straw, and barley, for himself and for his squire, and a nag and a donkey, saying he was a knight-adventurer (and may God give bad venture to him and to every adventurer there is in the world) and that because of this he wasn't obliged to pay anything, for so it was written in the tariffs of knight-errantish chivalry. And now, on his account, this other gentleman came and carried off my tail, and he's given it back to me with more than two cuartillos' worth of damage, all plucked bare, so that it's no good for what my husband wants it for. And, to finish and crown it all, breaking my skins and spilling my wine; and may I see his blood spilled! Well, let him not think it; for, by my father's bones and by my mother's soul in glory, they're going to pay me for it one cuarto on top of another, or my name isn't what it is and I'm not my father's daughter!"

These and other such words the innkeeper's wife was saying in great anger, and her good servant Maritornes was helping her. The daughter was silent, and every now and then she smiled. The priest calmed everything down, promising to make good their loss as best he could, both of the skins and of the wine, and above all of the damage to the tail, which they made so much of. Dorotea consoled Sancho Panza, telling him that whenever it should turn out to be true that his master had beheaded the giant, she promised him, once she found herself in peaceful possession of her kingdom, to give him the best earldom there was in it. Sancho was consoled by this, and assured the princess that she could take it for certain that he had seen the giant's head, and that, to be exact about it, it had a beard that reached down to its waist; and that if it did not turn up, it was because everything that happened in that house happened by way of enchantment, as he had proved the other time he had lodged there. Dorotea said that she believed it, and that he should not grieve, for everything would turn out well and happen just as he could wish. When everyone had calmed down, the priest wanted to finish reading the novel, because he saw that little was left. Cardenio, Dorotea, and all the rest begged him to finish it. He, wishing to please them all, and for the pleasure he himself took in reading it, went on with the tale, which ran as follows:

It happened, then, that, because of the satisfaction Anselmo had in Camila's goodness, he lived a contented and carefree life, and Camila, on purpose, showed Lotario a sour face, so that Anselmo would understand the opposite of the feelings she had for him; and, to confirm the deed further, Lotario asked leave not to come to his house, since the distress Camila felt at the sight of him was plain to see; but the deceived Anselmo told him that on no account should he do such a thing. And so, in a thousand ways,

Anselmo was the fashioner of his own dishonor, believing he was fashioning his own pleasure.

Meanwhile Leonela's pleasure at seeing her love affair given countenance grew so great that, heeding nothing else, she went after it with a slack rein, trusting that her mistress covered for her, and even advised her how she might carry it on with little fear. At last, one night Anselmo heard footsteps in Leonela's room, and, wanting to go in to see who was making them, he felt the door being held against him, a thing that made him all the more eager to open it; and he pushed so hard that he opened it, and went in just in time to see a man jumping out of the window into the street; and, rushing quickly to catch him or recognize him, he could manage neither the one nor the other, because Leonela threw her arms around him, saying:

"Calm yourself, my lord, and don't be alarmed, and don't go after the man who jumped from here; it's my affair, and so much so that he's my husband."

Anselmo would not believe it; instead, blind with anger, he drew his dagger and was about to wound Leonela, ordering her to tell him the truth on pain of death. Frightened, and hardly knowing what she said, she told him:

"Don't kill me, my lord, for I'll tell you things of more importance than you can imagine."

"Tell them at once," said Anselmo; "otherwise you are dead."

"For now it will be impossible," said Leonela, "I'm so upset; leave me till tomorrow, for then you'll learn things from me that will astonish you; and rest assured that the one who jumped out of this window is a young man from this city who's given me his hand to be my husband."

Anselmo was calmed by this and was willing to wait for the time she asked, because he did not expect to hear anything that might be against Camila, being so satisfied and sure of her goodness; and

so he left the room and left Leonela locked in it, telling her she would not come out of it until she had told him what she had to tell.

He went at once to see Camila and to tell her, as he did, everything that had passed between him and her maid, and the word she had given him to tell him great things of importance. Whether Camila was alarmed or not there is no need to say, for so great was the fear that seized her, believing truly—and it was to be believed—that Leonela was going to tell Anselmo everything she knew of her faithlessness, that she had not the courage to wait and see whether her suspicion proved false or not. And that same night, when she thought Anselmo was asleep, she gathered up the best jewels she had and some money, and, without being heard by anyone, left the house and went to Lotario's, to whom she told what was happening, and begged him to put her in a safe place, or for the two of them to go away where they could be safe from Anselmo. The confusion Camila threw Lotario into was such that he could not answer her a word, still less make up his mind what to do.

At last he decided to take Camila to a convent, of which a sister of his was prioress. Camila consented to it, and, with the speed the case demanded, Lotario took her and left her in the convent, and he likewise left the city at once, without letting anyone know of his departure.

When day broke, Anselmo, without noticing that Camila was missing from his side, in his eagerness to know what Leonela wanted to tell him, got up and went to where he had left her locked in. He opened the door and went into the room, but did not find Leonela in it: he found only some knotted sheets tied to the window, a sign and token that she had let herself down that way and gone. He went back at once, very sad, to tell Camila of it, and, not finding her in her bed or anywhere in the house, he was thun-

derstruck. He asked the servants of the house about her, but no one could give him any account of what he was asking.

While searching for Camila, he happened to see that her chests were open and that most of her jewels were missing from them, and with this he finally understood his misfortune, and that Leonela was not the cause of his unhappiness. And, just as he was, without finishing dressing, sad and thoughtful, he went to tell his friend Lotario of his misfortune. But when he did not find him, and his servants told him that he had been missing from home since that night and had taken with him all the money he had, he thought he would lose his mind. And, to finish with everything, when he went back to his house, he found in it not one of all the menservants or maidservants he had, but only the house deserted and empty.

He did not know what to think, what to say, or what to do, and little by little his wits were turning. He saw himself and considered himself, in an instant, without wife, without friend, and without servants; forsaken, as it seemed to him, by the heaven that covered him, and above all without honor, because in Camila's absence he saw his ruin.

At last, after a long while, he resolved to go to his friend's village, where he had been when he gave room for the whole of that misfortune to be contrived. He shut the doors of his house, mounted his horse, and set off with failing spirit; and he had scarcely gone halfway when, harried by his thoughts, he had to get down and tether his horse to a tree, and he let himself drop at the foot of its trunk, heaving tender and sorrowful sighs, and there he stayed until almost nightfall; and at that hour he saw a man on horseback coming from the city, and, after greeting him, he asked him what news there was in Florence. The citizen answered:

"The strangest that have been heard there for many days; for it is said publicly that Lotario, that great friend of Anselmo the rich,

who lived by San Juan, carried off Camila, Anselmo's wife, last night, and Anselmo cannot be found either. All this was told by a maid of Camila's, whom the governor found last night letting herself down by a sheet from the windows of Anselmo's house. Indeed, I do not know exactly how the business went; I know only that the whole city is astonished at this event, because such a deed could not have been expected from the great and intimate friendship of the two, which they say was so great that they were called the two friends."

"Is it known, by any chance," said Anselmo, "which road Lotario and Camila have taken?"

"Not in the least," said the citizen, "though the governor has used great diligence in looking for them."

"God go with you, sir," said Anselmo.

"And may he stay with you," answered the citizen, and went on his way.

At such unhappy news Anselmo very nearly came to the point not only of losing his wits but of ending his life. He got up as best he could and reached his friend's house, who did not yet know of his misfortune; but, seeing him arrive pale, wasted, and withered, he understood that he came worn down by some grave trouble. Anselmo asked at once to be put to bed and to be given writing things. This was done, and they left him in bed and alone, because he wished it so, and even wished them to shut the door on him. Finding himself alone, then, he began to load his imagination so heavily with his misfortune that he saw clearly his life was coming to an end; and so he arranged to leave word of the cause of his strange death; and, beginning to write, before he had finished putting down all he wanted, his breath failed him and he gave up his life into the hands of the grief his ill-advised curiosity had caused him.

The master of the house, seeing that it was now late and that Anselmo did not call, decided to go in and learn whether his indisposition was getting worse, and found him stretched face down, half his body on the bed and the other half on the writing table, on which lay the paper written and open, and he still had the pen in his hand. His host came up to him, having first called to him; and, taking him by the hand, seeing that he did not answer and finding him cold, he saw that he was dead. He was amazed and distressed beyond measure, and called the people of the house to see the misfortune that had befallen Anselmo; and, finally, he read the paper, which he recognized as written in Anselmo's own hand, and which contained these words:

A foolish and ill-advised desire took away my life. If the news of my death should reach Camila's ears, let her know that I forgive her, for she was not obliged to work miracles, nor had I any need to want her to work them; and, since I was the fashioner of my own dishonor, there is no reason why…

Thus far Anselmo wrote, from which it could be seen that at that point, without being able to finish the sentence, he finished his life. The next day his friend informed Anselmo's kinsfolk of his death, who already knew of his misfortune, and knew the convent where Camila was, she being all but ready to follow her husband on that journey no one escapes, not because of the news of her dead husband but because of what she learned of the absent friend. It is said that, although she found herself a widow, she would not leave the convent, nor, still less, take the vows of a nun, until, not many days afterward, news came to her that Lotario had died in a battle that Monsieur de Lautrec fought at that time against the Great Captain Gonzalo Fernández de Córdoba in the kingdom of Naples, where the too-late-repentant friend had ended up; and Camila, learning this, took her vows, and in a few days ended her life at the harsh hands of sorrows and melancholy.

This was the end they all came to, born of so senseless a beginning.

"I like this novel well enough," said the priest, "but I cannot persuade myself that it is true; and if it is invented, the author invented badly, because it is impossible to imagine that there could be a husband so foolish as to want to make so costly an experiment as Anselmo. If this case were set between a gallant and his lady, it might pass, but between husband and wife it has something of the impossible about it; and, as for the manner of telling it, it does not displease me."

Chapter XXXVI. Which deals with the fierce and monstrous battle Don Quixote fought with some skins of red wine, with other strange things that befell him at the inn

While they were at this, the innkeeper, who was standing at the door of the inn, said:

"Here comes a fine troop of guests: if they stop here, it's *gaudeamus* for us, a time to rejoice."

"What sort of people are they?" said Cardenio.

"Four men," answered the innkeeper, "riding with short stirrups, with lances and leather shields, and all of them wearing black masks; and along with them comes a woman dressed in white, on a sidesaddle, with her face covered too, and two other lads on foot."

"Are they very near?" asked the priest.

"So near," answered the innkeeper, "that they're arriving now."

Hearing this, Dorotea covered her face, and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's room; and they had scarcely had time for this when all those the innkeeper had spoken of came into the inn; and the four horsemen, who were of very fine bearing and build, dismounted and went to help down the woman who rode on the sidesaddle; and one of them, taking her in his arms, set her on a chair that stood at the entrance to the room where Cardenio had hidden. In all this time neither she nor they had taken off their masks or spoken a word; only, as the woman sat down in the chair, she heaved a deep sigh and let her arms drop, like someone sick and fainting. The lads on foot led the horses to the stable.

Seeing this, the priest, eager to know what people these were who went in such dress and such silence, went to where the lads were, and asked one of them what he wanted to know; and the lad answered him:

"By God, sir, I couldn't tell you what people these are; all I know is that they seem to be very grand, especially the one who came and took that lady you've seen in his arms; and I say this because all the others treat him with respect, and nothing is done but what he orders and commands."

"And the lady, who is she?" asked the priest.

"I couldn't tell you that either," answered the lad, "because the whole way I haven't seen her face; sigh, yes, I've heard her sigh many times, and give such groans that it seems she means to give up her soul with each one of them. And it's no wonder we don't know more than we've said, because my companion and I have only been with them two days; for we met them on the road, and they begged and persuaded us to come with them as far as Andalusia, offering to pay us very well for it."

"And have you heard any of them named?" asked the priest.

"No, indeed," answered the lad, "because they all travel in such silence that it's a wonder, for nothing is heard among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity; and we truly believe she's being taken by force wherever she's going, and, as far as one can make out from her habit, she's a nun, or is going to be one, which is the likeliest, and perhaps because the nun's life can't be coming from her own choosing, she goes along sad, as it seems."

"All that may be," said the priest.

And, leaving them, he went back to where Dorotea was, who, having heard the veiled woman sigh, moved by natural compassion, went up to her and said:

"What ails you, my lady? See whether it is one of those ills that women are used to and have experience in curing, for on my part I offer you a good will to serve you."

To all this the grieving lady was silent; and, although Dorotea came again with greater offers, she still kept her silence, until the masked gentleman whom the lad had said the others obeyed came up and said to Dorotea:

"Do not trouble yourself, madam, to offer anything to that woman, for it is her custom to show no gratitude for anything done for her, nor try to make her answer you, unless you want to hear some lie from her mouth."

"I never told one," said, at this point, she who until then had been silent. "On the contrary, it is because I have been so truthful and so free of lying tricks that I now find myself in such misfortune; and of this I want you yourself to be the witness, since my pure truth makes you false and a liar."

Cardenio heard these words very clearly and distinctly, being so close to the one who spoke them that only the door of Don Quixote's room stood between them; and, as soon as he heard them, he cried out in a loud voice:

"God help me! What is this I hear? What voice is this that has reached my ears?"

At these cries the lady turned her head, all startled, and, not seeing who was giving them, she rose to her feet and was going to go into the room; but the gentleman, seeing this, held her back, without letting her move a step. In her agitation and distress the taffeta with which she had covered her face fell off, and revealed an incomparable beauty and a miraculous face, though pale and frightened, because her eyes kept roaming over every place her sight could reach, so eagerly that she seemed a person out of her mind; which signs, without anyone knowing why she made them, filled Dorotea and all who watched her with great pity. The gentle-

man held her tightly by the shoulders, and, being so busy holding her, he could not put up a hand to his mask, which was slipping, as in fact it slipped off altogether; and Dorotea, who had her arms around the lady, raising her eyes, saw that the man who likewise had his arms around her was her husband, Don Fernando; and scarcely had she recognized him when, letting out from the very depths of her being a long and most sorrowful "Ah!" she fell backward in a faint; and, had the barber not been close by and caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the floor.

The priest at once ran to take off her veil, so as to throw water in her face, and as soon as he uncovered her, Don Fernando, who was the one holding the other woman, recognized her and stood as if dead at the sight of her; but not, for all that, did he let go of Luscinda, for it was she who was struggling to free herself from his arms; she had recognized Cardenio by his cry, and he had recognized her. Cardenio likewise heard the "Ah!" that Dorotea gave when she fell fainting, and, believing it was his Luscinda, came rushing out of the room in terror, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando holding Luscinda in his arms. Nor was Don Fernando slow to recognize Cardenio; and the three of them, Luscinda, Cardenio, and Dorotea, stood dumb and astounded, hardly knowing what had happened to them.

They were all silent and all looking at one another: Dorotea's eyes on Don Fernando, Don Fernando's on Cardenio, Cardenio's on Luscinda, and Luscinda's on Cardenio. But the first to break the silence was Luscinda, speaking to Don Fernando in this way:

"Let me go, Señor Don Fernando, for what you owe to being who you are, since you will not do it out of any other regard; let me go to the wall whose ivy I am, to the prop that neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your gifts have been able to tear me away from. See how heaven, by unaccustomed ways hidden from us, has set my true husband before me.

And you know well, by a thousand costly experiences, that death alone would be enough to blot him from my memory. Let such plain proofs, then, serve to make you turn, since you can do nothing else, your love into rage and your desire into spite, and end my life with it; for, so long as I give it up before my good husband, I shall count it well spent: perhaps with my death he will be satisfied of the faith I kept with him to the last moment of my life."

Meanwhile Dorotea had come to herself, and had been listening to everything Luscinda said, by which she came to know who she was; and, seeing that Don Fernando still did not let her out of his arms or answer her words, she made the greatest effort she could, rose, and went and knelt at his feet; and, shedding a great many beautiful and piteous tears, she began to speak to him thus:

"Unless, my lord, the rays of this sun you hold eclipsed in your arms are taking away and darkening those of your eyes, you will already have seen that she who kneels at your feet is the unfortunate one, for as long as you wish it, and the unhappy Dorotea. I am that humble farm girl whom you, out of your goodness or for your pleasure, chose to raise to the height of being able to call herself yours. I am she who, shut within the bounds of modesty, lived a contented life until, at the voice of your importunities and of your seemingly just and loving feelings, she opened the gates of her reserve and handed you the keys of her freedom: a gift so ill repaid by you, as is shown plainly enough by my having been forced to be in the place where you find me, and by my seeing you in the way I see you. But, for all that, I would not want it to enter your imagination that I have come here on the footsteps of my dishonor, when only the footsteps of grief and of sorrow at seeing myself forgotten by you have brought me. You wanted me to be yours, and you wanted it in such a way that, even though you may now want me not to be, it will not be possible for you to stop being mine. Consider, my lord, that the incomparable love I bear you may make

up for the beauty and nobility for which you are leaving me. You cannot be the beautiful Luscinda's, because you are mine, nor can she be yours, because she is Cardenio's; and it will be easier for you, if you look into it, to bring your will round to loving one who adores you than to lead one who abhors you into loving you well. You courted my unwariness, you pleaded with my integrity, you were not ignorant of my station, you know well the manner in which I gave myself up wholly to your will: there is no room or refuge left you to claim you were deceived. And if this is so, as it is, and you are as much a Christian as a gentleman, why do you put off, by so many detours, making me as happy in the end as you made me at the beginning? And if you will not have me for what I am, which is your true and lawful wife, at least have me and accept me as your slave; for, so long as I am in your power, I shall count myself happy and fortunate. Do not allow, by leaving and abandoning me, little knots of gossips to gather and form over my dishonor; do not give my parents so wretched an old age, for the loyal services they have always rendered yours, as good vassals, do not deserve it. And if it seems to you that you will debase your blood by mixing it with mine, consider that there is little or no nobility in the world that has not traveled this road, and that the nobility that comes from women is not what counts in illustrious lineages; all the more since true nobility consists in virtue, and if you lack it, by denying me what you so justly owe me, I shall be left with greater claims to nobility than those you have. In short, my lord, what I tell you in the end is that, whether you will or no, I am your wife: your words are witnesses, which neither have been nor ought to be false, if indeed you prize the very thing for which you despise me; the signature you wrote will be a witness, and heaven a witness, which you called on as witness of what you were promising me. And, should all this fail, your own conscience will not fail to cry out

in silence in the midst of your joys, standing up for this truth I have told you and troubling your best pleasures and delights."

These and other words the grieving Dorotea spoke, with such feeling and such tears that the very men who were with Don Fernando, and all who were present, joined her in them. Don Fernando listened to her without answering a word, until she made an end of her words and a beginning of so many sobs and sighs that it would have had to be a heart of bronze that was not softened by such signs of grief. Luscinda stood looking at her, no less moved by her sorrow than amazed at her great good sense and beauty; and, though she would have liked to go up to her and say some words of comfort, Don Fernando's arms, which held her tight, would not let her. He, full of confusion and dismay, after a good while spent gazing intently at Dorotea, opened his arms, and, letting Luscinda go, said:

"You have conquered, beautiful Dorotea, you have conquered; for it is not possible to have the heart to deny so many truths together."

Luscinda, faint as she was, was about to fall to the ground as soon as Don Fernando let her go; but Cardenio, who was close by, having placed himself behind Don Fernando so that he would not recognize him, setting all fear aside and venturing every risk, ran to hold Luscinda up, and, taking her in his arms, said to her:

"If merciful heaven is pleased and willing that you should now have some rest, my loyal, constant, and beautiful lady, nowhere, I believe, will you have it more securely than in these arms that now receive you, and once received you, when fortune allowed me to call you mine."

At these words Luscinda set her eyes on Cardenio, and, having begun to know him, first by his voice, and making sure with her sight that it was he, almost beside herself and with no thought for

any modest regard, she threw her arms around his neck, and, laying her face against Cardenio's, said to him:

"You, yes, my lord, you are the true master of this your captive, however much contrary fortune may stand in the way, and however many threats are made against this life that is sustained in yours."

This was a strange spectacle for Don Fernando and for all the bystanders, who marveled at so unheard-of an event. It seemed to Dorotea that Don Fernando had lost the color in his face and was making as if to take revenge on Cardenio, because she saw him move his hand toward his sword; and, as soon as she thought it, with unexampled speed she threw her arms around his knees, kissing them and holding him so tightly that she would not let him move, and, without stopping her tears for a moment, she said to him:

"What is it you mean to do, my only refuge, at so unlooked-for a pass as this? You have your wife at your feet, and the one you want to be your wife is in the arms of her husband. Consider whether it will become you, or whether it will be possible for you, to undo what heaven has done, or whether it will suit you to want to raise up to your own level her who, setting every obstacle aside, confirmed in her truth and constancy, has her eyes before your eyes, bathing with the liquor of love the face and breast of her true husband. By who God is I beg you, and by who you are I implore you, that this so manifest an undeceiving should not only not increase your anger, but lessen it in such a way that you calmly and quietly allow these two lovers to have their peace, without any hindrance from you, for all the time heaven may be pleased to grant it to them; and in this you will show the generosity of your illustrious and noble heart, and the world will see that reason has more power over you than appetite."

While Dorotea was saying this, although Cardenio held Luscinda in his arms, he did not take his eyes off Don Fernando, determined that, if he saw him make any move to his harm, he would try to defend himself and strike as best he could at all who showed themselves against him, even if it cost him his life. But at this point Don Fernando's friends came up, and the priest and the barber, who had been present through everything, not forgetting the good Sancho Panza, and they all surrounded Don Fernando, begging him to be pleased to look upon Dorotea's tears; and, since what she had said in her words was true, as they no doubt believed it was, not to let her be cheated of her so just hopes. They told him to consider that it was not by chance, as it seemed, but by a particular providence of heaven, that they had all come together in the place where none of them would have thought; and to bear in mind—said the priest—that death alone could part Luscinda from Cardenio; and that, even if they were divided by the edge of a sword, they would hold their death most happy; and that in knots past undoing it was the height of wisdom, forcing and overcoming oneself, to show a generous heart, allowing the two by his will alone to enjoy the good heaven had already granted them; that he should likewise set his eyes on Dorotea's beauty, and he would see that few or none could equal it, let alone surpass it, and that he should add to her beauty her humility and the extreme of the love she bore him; and, above all, he should bear in mind that if he prided himself on being a gentleman and a Christian, he could do nothing other than keep the word he had given her, and that, keeping it, he would fulfill his duty to God and satisfy sensible people, who know and recognize that it is the prerogative of beauty, even in a humble subject, provided it goes hand in hand with modesty, to be able to rise and equal itself with any height, without any stain of loss upon him who raises it and makes it equal

to himself; and, when the strong laws of desire are fulfilled, provided no sin is involved, he who follows them is not to be blamed.

In effect, to these words they all added others, such and so many, that the valiant heart of Don Fernando (being, after all, nourished by illustrious blood) softened and let itself be conquered by the truth, which he could not have denied even if he had wanted to; and the sign he gave of having yielded and surrendered to the good counsel that had been put to him was to stoop and embrace Dorotea, saying to her:

"Rise, my lady, for it is not right that she should kneel at my feet whom I hold in my soul; and if until now I have given no sign of what I say, perhaps it has been by heaven's ordering, so that, seeing in you the faith with which you love me, I may know how to esteem you as you deserve. What I beg of you is that you not reproach me for my ill conduct and my great neglect, for the very same cause and force that moved me to take you for mine is the one that drove me to try not to be yours. And, to see that this is true, turn and look at the eyes of Luscinda, now happy, and in them you will find the excuse for all my errors; and since she has found and won what she desired, and I have found in you what I need, let her live secure and happy for long and happy years with her Cardenio, for I will pray heaven to let me live them with my Dorotea."

And, saying this, he embraced her again and laid his face against hers with such tender feeling that he had to take great care that his tears should not give unmistakable signs of his love and repentance. Not so with the tears of Luscinda and Cardenio, nor with those of almost everyone who was present, for they began to shed so many, some for their own happiness and some for another's, that it seemed nothing less than that some grave misfortune had befallen them all. Even Sancho Panza was weeping, though he said afterward that he was weeping only at seeing that

Dorotea was not, as he had thought, Queen Micomicona, from whom he had hoped for so many favors. The wonder lasted for some while in all of them, together with the weeping, and then Cardenio and Luscinda went and knelt before Don Fernando, thanking him for the favor he had done them with such courteous words that Don Fernando did not know what to answer them; and so he raised them up and embraced them with signs of great love and great courtesy.

He then asked Dorotea to tell him how she had come to that place so far from her own. She, in a few sensible words, told everything she had told Cardenio earlier, which Don Fernando and those who came with him enjoyed so much that they wished the tale had lasted longer: such was the grace with which Dorotea told her misfortunes. And, as soon as she had finished, Don Fernando told what had happened to him in the city after he found the paper in Luscinda's bosom in which she declared that she was Cardenio's wife and could not be his. He said that he had wanted to kill her, and would have done it had her parents not prevented him; and that so he had left the house, spiteful and ashamed, determined to take his revenge more at his ease; and that the next day he learned that Luscinda had disappeared from her parents' house, without anyone being able to say where she had gone, and that, in short, after some months he came to learn that she was in a convent, intending to stay there all her life if she could not spend it with Cardenio; and that, as soon as he learned it, choosing those three gentlemen for his company, he came to the place where she was, but had not wanted to speak to her, fearing that, once it was known he was there, there would be a closer guard kept at the convent; and so, waiting for a day when the porter's lodge would be open, he left two to guard the door, and he and another had gone into the convent looking for Luscinda, whom they found in the cloister talking with a nun; and, snatching her up, without giv-

ing her a chance to do anything else, they had come with her to a place where they furnished themselves with what they needed for taking her away. All of which they had been able to do in complete safety, because the convent stood in the open country, a good way outside the town. He said that, as soon as Luscinda saw herself in his power, she lost all her senses; and that, after coming to herself, she had done nothing but weep and sigh, without speaking a single word; and that so, accompanied by silence and tears, they had arrived at that inn, which for him was like arriving in heaven, where all the misfortunes of the earth are brought to a close and come to an end.

Chapter XXXVII. Which continues the story of the famous Princess Micomicona, with other amusing adventures

All this Sancho listened to, with no small grief of soul, seeing that his hopes of a title were vanishing and going up in smoke, and that the lovely Princess Micomicona had turned into Dorotea on him, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master lay sound asleep, quite unaware of everything that had happened. Dorotea could not be sure whether the happiness she possessed was a dream. Cardenio was in the same frame of mind, and Luscinda's thoughts ran the same way. Don Fernando gave thanks to heaven for the favor he had received and for having been brought out of that tangled labyrinth in which he had come so near to losing both his good name and his soul; and, in short, everyone in the inn was happy and delighted at the good outcome of affairs so knotted and so desperate.

The priest, as a sensible man, set everything in its proper place, and congratulated each of them on the good fortune they had come to; but the one who rejoiced and was best pleased of all was the innkeeper's wife, because of the promise Cardenio and the priest had made her to pay for all the damage and loss that had come to her on Don Quixote's account. Only Sancho, as has been said already, was the afflicted one, the unlucky one, the sorrowful one; and so, with a melancholy face, he went in to his master, who had just woken up, and said to him:

"Your grace may well sleep as long as you please, Señor Sorry Figure, without troubling yourself about killing any giant or giving the princess back her kingdom: it's all done and finished now."

"That I can well believe," answered Don Quixote, "for I have had with the giant the most monstrous and outrageous battle I expect to have in all the days of my life; and with one backstroke, whack! I brought his head down to the ground, and so much blood came out of him that it ran in streams over the earth as if it were water."

"As if it were red wine, your grace would do better to say," answered Sancho, "because I want your grace to know, if you don't know it already, that the dead giant is a punctured wineskin, and the blood is six arrobas of red wine it had in its belly, and the head cut off is the whore that bore me, and Satan take the lot of it."

"And what are you saying, you madman?" replied Don Quixote. "Are you in your right mind?"

"Let your grace get up," said Sancho, "and you'll see the fine mess you've made, and what we've got to pay; and you'll see the queen turned into a private lady called Dorotea, along with other happenings that, once you take them in, are bound to amaze you."

"I should marvel at none of that," replied Don Quixote, "for, if you remember rightly, the last time we were here I told you that everything that happened here was a matter of enchantment, and it would be no great wonder if the same were true now."

"I'd believe all of it," answered Sancho, "if my blanket-tossing had been something of that kind too; but it wasn't, it was real and true; and I saw with my own eyes that the innkeeper who's here today was holding one corner of the blanket and pitching me up toward the sky with a great deal of grace and vigor, and with as much laughing as strength; and where it comes down to knowing who people are, I hold, simple man and sinner that I am, that there's no enchantment at all, but a lot of bruising and a lot of bad luck."

"Well, now, God will set it right," said Don Quixote. "Give me my clothes and let me go out there, for I want to see these happenings and transformations you speak of."

Sancho gave him his clothes, and, while he was dressing, the priest told Don Fernando and the others about Don Quixote's mad doings, and about the trick they had used to bring him away from the Peña Pobre, where he imagined he was because of his lady's disdain. He also told them nearly all the adventures that Sancho had related, at which they marveled and laughed not a little, for it seemed to them what it seemed to everyone: the strangest kind of madness that could find room in a disordered mind. The priest said something more: that, since the lady Dorotea's good fortune now kept them from carrying their plan any further, they would have to invent and find another to be able to get him home to his own country. Cardenio offered to carry on with what had been begun, saying that Luscinda would take on and play the part of Dorotea.

"No," said Don Fernando, "it mustn't be that way: I want Dorotea to go on with her invention; for, provided this good gentleman's village is not very far from here, I shall be glad to see his cure attempted."

"It is no more than two days' journey from here."

"Well, even if it were farther, I would gladly travel it, in exchange for doing so good a deed."

At this point Don Quixote came out, armed with all his gear, Mambrino's helmet, dented as it was, crowning his head, the buckler slung on his arm, and propped on his trunk, or long lance. The strange presence of Don Quixote held Don Fernando and the others in suspense as they looked at his face half a league long, dry and yellow, his mismatched arms, and his measured bearing; and they stood silent, waiting to see what he would say; and he, with

great gravity and composure, his eyes fixed on the beautiful Dorotea, said:

"I am informed, beautiful lady, by this my squire, that your greatness has been brought to nothing and your being undone, for from the queen and great lady you were wont to be you have turned into a private damsel. If this has come about by order of the necromancer king your father, fearing that I would not give you the needful and due aid, I say that he knew not, nor knows, the half of the Mass, and that he was little versed in the histories of chivalry; for had he read them and gone through them as attentively and at as much leisure as I went through them and read them, he would have found at every step how other knights of lesser fame than mine had achieved harder things, it being no very hard thing to kill a mere giantling, however arrogant he may be; for not many hours ago I found myself face to face with him, and… I will hold my tongue, lest they say I lie; but time, the revealer of all things, will tell it when we least expect."

"What you came face to face with was two wineskins, not a giant," the innkeeper said at this point.

Don Fernando ordered him to be quiet and on no account to interrupt Don Quixote's discourse; and Don Quixote went on, saying:

"I say, in short, high and disinherited lady, that if for the cause I have named your father has worked this metamorphoses upon your person, you are to give it no credit whatever, for no peril exists on earth that my sword cannot cut its way through; and with it, laying the head of your enemy on the ground, I shall within a few days set your own crown upon your head."

Don Quixote said no more, and waited for the princess to answer him; and she, who knew by now that Don Fernando had resolved to carry the deception forward until Don Quixote was

brought home, answered him with a great deal of grace and gravity:

"Whoever told you, valiant Knight of the Sorry Figure, that I had changed and altered my being, told you what was not true, for the same that I was yesterday I am today. True it is that certain happy chances have wrought some change in me, for they have given me the best fortune I could have wished for myself; but not on that account have I ceased to be what I was before, nor to hold the same thoughts I have always held of availing myself of the valor of your valiant and invulnerable arm. And so, my lord, let your goodness give back his honor to the father who begot me, and hold him for a wise and prudent man, since by his science he found so easy and so sure a way to remedy my misfortune; for I believe that, had it not been for you, sir, I should never have come by the happiness I have now; and in this I speak so truly that most of these gentlemen here present are good witnesses to it. What remains is that tomorrow we set out on our way, for today we could make only a short day's journey; and as for the rest of the happy outcome I hope for, that I shall leave to God and to the valor of your heart."

So spoke the sensible Dorotea; and Don Quixote, on hearing it, turned to Sancho and, with signs of great anger, said to him:

"Now I tell you, Sanchuelo, that you are the biggest little rascal in Spain. Tell me, you vagabond thief, did you not tell me just now that this princess had turned into a damsel called Dorotea, and that the head I believe I cut off a giant was the whore that bore you, along with other nonsense that threw me into the greatest confusion I have ever been in in all the days of my life? I swear…"—and he looked up at heaven and clenched his teeth—"that I am of a mind to work such havoc on you as will put salt in the pate of every lying squire of knights-errant there may be in the world from now on!"

"Let your grace calm down, my master," answered Sancho, "for it may very well be that I was mistaken about the change in the lady Princess Micomicona; but as for the giant's head, or at least the puncturing of the skins and the blood being red wine, I'm not mistaken, as God lives! because the skins are right there, slashed, at the head of your grace's bed, and the red wine has made a lake of the room; and if you don't believe me, you'll see when the eggs are fried; I mean you'll see it when his grace the innkeeper here asks you to pay for all the damage. As for the rest, that the lady queen is just as she was, I'm glad of it with all my soul, because my share goes along with it, the same as every neighbor's son's."

"Now I tell you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that you are a numbskull; and forgive me, and enough."

"Enough," said Don Fernando, "and let nothing more be said about it; and, since the lady princess says we should set out tomorrow, because today it is already late, let it be so, and tonight we can spend in good conversation until the coming day, when we will all accompany Señor Don Quixote, for we wish to be witnesses of the valiant and unheard-of deeds he is to perform in the course of this great enterprise he has taken upon himself."

"It is I who must serve and accompany you," answered Don Quixote, "and I am most grateful for the favor done me and the good opinion held of me, which I shall endeavor to make good, or it shall cost me my life, and even more, if more it can cost me."

Many words of courtesy and many offers passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando; but all of it was brought to silence by a traveler who came into the inn just then, and who showed by his dress that he was a Christian lately come from the land of the Moors; for he wore a coat of blue cloth, short in the skirts, with half sleeves and no collar; his breeches were of blue linen too, with a cap of the same color; he had on a pair of date-colored half boots, and a Moorish cutlass hung from a baldric that crossed his

chest. Right behind him, riding on a donkey, came a woman dressed in the Moorish fashion, her face covered by a veil over her head; she wore a little brocade cap, and was dressed in an *almalafa*, a mantle that hung from her shoulders down to her feet. He was a man of sturdy and well-favored build, a little over forty years of age, rather dark of face, with long mustaches and a very well-kept beard. In short, his bearing showed that, in decent clothes, anyone would have judged him a man of quality and good birth.

As he came in he asked for a room, and, when they told him there was none to be had in the inn, he seemed distressed; and, going up to the one who by her dress appeared to be a Moorish woman, he lifted her down in his arms. Luscinda, Dorotea, the innkeeper's wife, her daughter, and Maritornes, drawn by the novelty of a costume they had never seen before, gathered round the Moorish woman; and Dorotea, who was always gracious, courteous, and sensible, thinking that both she and the man who had brought her were troubled by the want of a room, said to her:

"Do not be much distressed, my lady, at the lack of comfort here, for it is the nature of inns not to have any; but even so, if you would care to share with us"—pointing to Luscinda—"perhaps in the course of your journey you will have met with other welcomes not so good."

The veiled woman made no answer to this, nor did anything but rise from where she had been sitting; and, with both hands crossed upon her breast and her head bowed, she bent her body in token of her thanks. From her silence they imagined that she must certainly be a Moor and did not know how to speak Christian. Just then the captive came up, who until then had been busy with other things; and, seeing that they all had the woman who came with him surrounded, and that she met everything they said to her with silence, he said:

"Ladies, this maiden hardly understands my language, nor can she speak any other but the one of her own country, and that is why she must not have answered, nor answers now, what she has been asked."

"She is not being asked anything else," answered Luscinda, "but only being offered our company for tonight and a share of the place where we settle ourselves, where she will be looked after as well as the accommodation allows, with the goodwill that binds us to serve all strangers who stand in need of it, especially when it is a woman who is to be served."

"For her and for myself," answered the captive, "I kiss your hands, my lady, and I value the favor offered very highly, as is only right; for on such an occasion, and coming from such persons as your looks show you to be, it is plain to see that it must be very great."

"Tell me, sir," said Dorotea, "is this lady a Christian or a Moor? For her dress and her silence make us think she is what we would rather she were not."

"A Moor she is in her dress and in her body, but in her soul she is a very great Christian, for she has the greatest desire to be one."

"Then she has not been baptized?" replied Luscinda.

"There has been no opportunity for it," answered the captive, "since she left Algiers, her native country and land; and up to now she has not found herself in danger of death so close as to oblige us to baptize her before she had learned all the ceremonies that our Mother the Holy Church commands; but God will be pleased to see her baptized soon, with the decency that the quality of her person deserves, which is more than her dress or mine would show."

With these words he made all who were listening to him eager to know who the Moorish woman and the captive might be, but no one wished to ask them just then, seeing that the moment called

rather for getting them some rest than for asking about their lives. Dorotea took her by the hand and led her to sit down beside her, and begged her to take off her veil. She looked at the captive, as if asking him to tell her what they were saying and what she should do. He told her in Arabic that they were asking her to take off her veil, and that she should do so; and so she took it off, and uncovered a face so beautiful that Dorotea held her to be more beautiful than Luscinda, and Luscinda more beautiful than Dorotea, and all the bystanders recognized that, if any face could match those two, it was the Moorish woman's, and there were even some who rated hers above them in one respect or another. And, since beauty has the prerogative and grace of reconciling minds and winning hearts, all of them at once gave way to the desire to serve and make much of the beautiful Moorish woman.

Don Fernando asked the captive what the Moorish woman's name was, and he answered that it was Lela Zoraida; and, as soon as she heard this, she understood what they had asked the Christian, and said in great haste, full of distress and charm:

"No, no Zoraida: María, María!" giving them to understand that her name was María and not Zoraida.

These words, and the deep feeling with which the Moorish woman spoke them, drew more than one tear from some of those who heard her, the women especially, who are by nature tender and compassionate. Luscinda embraced her with great love, saying to her:

"Yes, yes: María, María."

To which the Moorish woman answered:

"Yes, yes: María; Zoraida *macange*!" which means "no."

By now night was coming on, and, on the orders of those who had come with Don Fernando, the innkeeper had taken pains and care to get them as good a supper as he possibly could. When the hour came, then, they all sat down at a long table like the ones in a

servants' hall, for there was neither a round one nor a square one in the inn; and they gave the head and chief seat, though he declined it, to Don Quixote, who wanted the lady Micomicona at his side, since he was her guardian. Then Luscinda and Zoraida sat down, and facing them Don Fernando and Cardenio, and then the captive and the other gentlemen, and, beside the ladies, the priest and the barber. And so they ate their supper in great contentment, which grew greater still when they saw that Don Quixote, leaving off eating, and moved by a spirit like the one that had moved him to talk as much as he talked when he supped with the goatherds, began to say:

"Truly, gentlemen, if one considers it well, great and unheard-of things are seen by those who profess the order of knight-errantry. If not, who among the living in this world, coming in now through the gate of this castle and seeing us as we are, would judge and believe that we are who we are? Who could say that this lady at my side is the great queen we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Sorry Figure who goes about out there in the mouth of fame? Now there can be no doubt that this art and calling surpasses every art and every calling that men have invented, and is to be held in esteem all the higher as it is exposed to greater dangers. Let them stand aside, those who say that letters have the advantage over arms, for I shall tell them, whoever they may be, that they do not know what they are saying. For the reason such people commonly give, and the one they lean on most, is that the labors of the mind exceed those of the body, and that arms are exercised with the body alone, as though their exercise were a porter's trade, for which nothing more is needed than good strength; or as though, in what we who profess them call arms, there were not contained the acts of fortitude, which ask a great deal of understanding to carry out; or as though the warrior who has an army in his charge, or the defense of a besieged city, did

not labor with his mind as much as with his body. If not, let us see whether bodily strength will serve to find out and guess the enemy's intent, his designs, his stratagems, the difficulties, or to forestall the harm that is feared: for all these things are works of the understanding, in which the body has no part at all. Since it is so, then, that arms require mind, as letters do, let us now see which of the two minds, the scholar's or the warrior's, labors more. And this will be known from the end and goal toward which each is directed, for that purpose is to be prized more highly which has the nobler end for its object. The end and goal of letters is… and I do not speak now of divine letters, whose aim is to lead and guide souls to heaven, for to an end so endless as that no other can be compared; I speak of human letters, whose end is to keep distributive justice in its proper place, to give each man what is his own, and to see to it that good laws are understood and kept. An end, certainly, generous and lofty and worthy of great praise, but not of so much as is due to the end that arms aim at, which have for their object and end peace, the greatest good that men can desire in this life. And so the first good news the world and mankind ever had was the news the angels brought on the night that was our day, when they sang in the air: 'Glory be in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will'; and the greeting that the best master of earth and heaven taught his close followers and favored ones was that when they entered any house they should say: 'Peace be on this house'; and many other times he said to them: 'My peace I give you, my peace I leave you: peace be with you,' as a jewel and pledge given and bequeathed by such a hand: a jewel lacking which no good of any kind can exist, on earth or in heaven. This peace is war's true end, for to say arms is the same as to say war. Granting, then, this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it has the advantage over the end of letters, let us come

now to the bodily labors of the scholar and those of the man who professes arms, and let us see which are greater."

In such a manner, and in such good terms, did Don Quixote go on with his discourse that for the time being none of those who were listening to him could take him for a madman; rather, since most of them were gentlemen, to whom arms belong by right, they listened to him very gladly; and he went on, saying:

"I say, then, that the hardships of the student are these: chiefly poverty (not because all of them are poor, but to put the case at the furthest extreme it can reach); and, having said that he suffers poverty, it seems to me that nothing more need be said of his ill fortune, for he who is poor has nothing good. This poverty he suffers in all its parts, now in hunger, now in cold, now in nakedness, now in all of them together; and yet, for all that, it is not so great that he does not eat, even if it is a little later than is the custom, even if it is from the leftovers of the rich; for the student's worst misery is this business they call among themselves 'going for the soup'; and they never lack some other man's brazier or fireplace which, if it does not warm them, will at least take the edge off their cold; and, in the end, at night they sleep under a roof. I will not go on to other small matters, namely, the shortage of shirts and the shoes in no great surplus, the thinness and threadbareness of their clothes, nor that gorging of themselves with such relish when good luck sets some banquet in their way. By this road I have painted, rough and hard, stumbling here, falling there, getting up farther on, falling down again back here, they reach the degree they long for; and, that once attained, we have seen many who, having passed through these Syrtes and these Scyllas and Charybdises, as if carried aloft on the wings of favoring fortune, I say we have seen them command and govern the world from a chair, their hunger turned into plenty, their cold into comfort, their nakedness into finery, and their sleeping on a mat into repos-

ing in holland linen and damask: a reward justly earned by their virtue. But their hardships, set against and compared with those of the soldier in the field, fall far behind in everything, as I shall now tell."

Chapter XXXVIII. Which deals with the curious discourse Don Quixote made on arms and letters

Going on, Don Quixote said:

"Since in the student's case we began with poverty and its parts, let us see whether the soldier is any richer. And we shall find that there is no one poorer in poverty itself, for he depends on the misery of his pay, which comes late or never, or on whatever he can lay his hands on, at no small risk to his life and his conscience. And sometimes his nakedness is so great that a slashed leather jerkin serves him for finery and shirt at once, and in the dead of winter, out in the open field, he commonly has nothing to shield him from the rigors of the sky but the breath of his mouth, which, since it comes out of an empty place, must surely come out cold, I am persuaded, against all nature. But wait, and see him wait, for night to fall, to make up for all these discomforts in the bed that awaits him, which, unless it is his own fault, will never err on the side of narrowness; for he may measure out on the ground as many feet as he likes and toss about on it to his heart's content, with no fear of the sheets shrinking on him. Then, after all this, let the day and the hour come for him to receive the degree of his calling; let a day of battle come, for there they will set the tassel on his head, made of lint, to dress some bullet wound that has perhaps gone through his temples, or that will leave him crippled in an arm or a leg. And if that does not happen, and merciful heaven keeps him and preserves him alive and whole, it may be that he

stays in the same poverty he was in before, and that there must come one skirmish after another, one battle after another, and he must come out of every one of them the victor, before he gets ahead in anything; but such miracles are seldom seen. But tell me, gentlemen, if you have ever looked into it: how much fewer are those whom war has rewarded than those who have perished in it? You will doubtless answer that there is no comparison, that the dead cannot be brought to any reckoning, and that the living who have been rewarded could be counted in three figures. With men of letters it is all the other way round; for, by the skirts of their gowns, not to say by their sleeves, every one of them has something to keep him going. So that, though the soldier's labor is greater, his reward is far smaller. But to this it may be answered that it is easier to reward two thousand men of letters than thirty thousand soldiers, for the first are rewarded by being given posts, which must of necessity go to men of their profession, while the second can be rewarded only out of the very estate of the lord they serve; and this impossibility makes my argument stronger still. But let us leave this aside, for it is a labyrinth with a very difficult way out, and return to the pre-eminence of arms over letters, a matter that remains unsettled to this day, such are the reasons each side alleges in its own favor. And among those I have mentioned, letters say that without them arms could not stand, for war too has its laws and is subject to them, and laws come under the heading of letters and lettered men. To this arms answer that laws could not stand without them, for by arms commonwealths are defended, kingdoms preserved, cities guarded, roads made safe, and seas swept clean of corsairs; and, in short, were it not for arms, commonwealths, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, the ways by sea and by land would all lie open to the harshness and confusion that war brings with it for as long as it lasts and is free to use its privileges and its might. And it is an established truth that what

costs most is esteemed, and ought to be esteemed, most highly. For a man to become eminent in letters costs him time, sleepless nights, hunger, nakedness, giddiness in the head, indigestion in the stomach, and other things that go along with these, some of which I have already mentioned; but for a man to become a good soldier by the proper steps costs him everything it costs the student, and in a degree so much greater that there is no comparison, for at every step he is on the verge of losing his life. And what fear of want and poverty can come upon the student, or wear him down, that comes anywhere near the fear of a soldier who, finding himself besieged in some stronghold and standing sentry, or on guard, on some ravelin or cavalier, hears the enemy digging a mine toward the spot where he stands, and may not leave that place on any account, nor run from the danger that threatens him so closely? All he can do is let his captain know what is happening, so that he may remedy it with some countermine, while he himself stays where he is, fearing and waiting for the moment when, without warning, he will fly up to the clouds without wings and come down into the depths against his will. And if this seems a small danger, let us see whether it is matched or outdone by that of two galleys ramming each other prow to prow in the middle of the open sea, which, once locked and grappled together, leave the soldier no more room than the two feet of plank the beak allows him; and yet, though he sees before him as many ministers of death threatening him as there are cannon aimed at him from the other side, not a lance's length from his body, and sees that at the first false step he would go down to visit Neptune's deep bosom, still, with a dauntless heart, carried on by the honor that spurs him, he offers himself as a mark for all that musketry and strives to cross by so narrow a way onto the enemy's vessel. And what is most to be marveled at is this: that hardly has one man fallen where he cannot rise again until the end of the world, when another takes

his very place; and if this one too falls into the sea, which waits for him like an enemy, another and another follows after him, not giving time to time between their deaths: the greatest valor and daring that can be found in all the trials of war. Happy were those blessed ages that knew nothing of the dreadful fury of these devilish engines of artillery, whose inventor, I am convinced, is being paid in hell the wages of his diabolical invention, by which he made it possible for some vile and cowardly arm to rob a valiant knight of his life, and for a stray bullet, without anyone knowing how or from where, to come in the very heat of the courage and spirit that fire and quicken brave hearts, shot by someone who perhaps took fright and ran at the flash of the accursed machine as it went off, and in a moment cut short and put an end to the thoughts and the life of one who deserved to enjoy it for ages to come. And so, considering this, I am ready to say that it grieves me to the soul to have taken up this calling of knight-errant in an age as detestable as the one we live in now; for though no danger puts fear into me, still it troubles me to think that powder and lead may rob me of the chance to make myself famous and renowned, by the valor of my arm and the edge of my sword, in all the known face of the earth. But let heaven do as it sees fit; for if I achieve what I aim at, I shall be all the more esteemed as I have faced greater dangers than the knights-errant of ages past ever faced."

All this long preamble Don Quixote delivered while the others ate their supper, forgetting to put a bite in his own mouth, although Sancho Panza had told him more than once to eat, for there would be time enough afterward to say all he liked. Those who had been listening to him were moved to fresh pity at seeing that a man who, to all appearances, had a good mind and sound reasoning in everything he dealt with should have lost them so utterly the moment the talk turned to his black and peppery chivalry. The priest told him that he was quite right in everything

he had said in favor of arms, and that he, a lettered man and a graduate though he was, held the very same view.

They finished their supper and the cloths were taken away; and while the innkeeper's wife, her daughter, and Maritornes were getting ready the attic of Don Quixote of La Mancha, where it had been settled that the women alone should sleep that night, Don Fernando asked the captive to favor them with the account of his life, since it could not help being rare and delightful, to judge by the signs of it he had begun to give by arriving in Zoraida's company. To this the captive replied that he would very gladly do as he was bidden, and that his only fear was that the tale would not be such as to give them the pleasure he could wish; but that, all the same, so as not to fail in obeying, he would tell it. The priest and all the rest thanked him and pressed him again; and he, seeing himself begged by so many, said that there was no need of pleading where a command carried such weight.

"And so let your graces be attentive, and you will hear a true story, which perhaps the lying ones, composed with careful and studied art, could not equal."

With these words he made them all settle themselves and listen to him in deep silence; and he, seeing that they were now quiet and waiting for what he would say, began in a pleasant and unhurried voice to speak in this manner:

Chapter XXXIX. In which the captive tells his life and adventures

"My family had its beginning in a village in the mountains of León, and nature was kinder and more generous to it than fortune; though, in the narrow means of those parts, my father still had the name of a rich man, and truly he would have been one had he been as skillful at keeping his property as he was at spending it. And this disposition of his to be open-handed and a spender came to him from having been a soldier in the years of his youth, for soldiering is a school where the stingy man becomes generous and the generous man prodigal; and if some soldiers are found to be misers, they are like monsters, which are seldom seen. My father went beyond the bounds of generosity and bordered on those of prodigality, a thing that is of no profit whatever to a married man who has children to succeed him in his name and his station. The children my father had were three, all sons, and all of an age to choose their course in life. Seeing, then, that, as he said, he could not keep his own nature in check, my father resolved to deprive himself of the instrument and cause that made him a spender and a giver, which was to deprive himself of his property, without which Alexander himself would have seemed tightfisted.

"And so, calling the three of us one day to a room by ourselves, he spoke to us words much like those I shall tell you now: 'My sons, to say that I love you, it is enough to know and say that you are my sons; and to understand that I wish you ill, it is enough to know that I do not hold myself back where keeping your inheri-

tance is concerned. So, then, that you may understand from now on that I love you as a father, and do not wish to ruin you as a stepfather would, I mean to do something with you that I have had in mind for many days now and have arranged after ripe consideration. You are now of an age to take up a station in life, or at least to choose a calling, such as will bring you honor and profit when you are older. And what I have thought of is to make four parts of my property: three I shall give to you, to each what falls to him, without the least difference, and the other I shall keep, to live and support myself on for the days of life that heaven may be pleased to grant me. But I should like each of you, once he has in his hands the part of the property that falls to him, to follow one of the roads I shall name to you. There is a proverb in this Spain of ours, a very true one to my mind, as all of them are, being short maxims drawn from long and wise experience; and the one I mean says: "Church, or sea, or royal household," as if it were saying more plainly: "Whoever would rise and be rich, let him follow the Church, or go to sea and practice the merchant's art, or enter the service of kings in their households"; for they say: "Better a king's crumb than a lord's favor." I say this because I should like, and it is my will, that one of you should follow letters, another trade, and the other serve the king in war, since it is a hard thing to enter his service in his household; for though war may not give much wealth, it commonly gives a great deal of worth and a great deal of fame. Within a week I shall give you your whole share in money, without cheating you of a single ardite, as you will see by the deed. Tell me now whether you are willing to follow my opinion and advice in what I have put before you.' And when he bade me answer, as the eldest, I first told him not to part with his property, but to spend as much of it as he pleased, for we were young enough to know how to earn our own; and then I ended by saying that I would do as he wished, and that my wish was to follow the profession of arms, serving

God and my king in it. The second brother made the same offers, and chose to go to the Indies, taking his share invested in goods. The youngest, and, as I believe, the wisest, said that he wished to follow the Church, or go to finish the studies he had begun at Salamanca. As soon as we had come to an agreement and chosen our callings, my father embraced us all, and, as promptly as he had said, carried out everything he had promised us; and, giving each of us his share, which, as I recall, came to three thousand ducats apiece in money (for an uncle of ours bought the whole estate and paid for it in cash, so that it should not pass out of the family stock), on one and the same day all three of us took leave of our good father; and on that same day, since it seemed to me inhuman that my father should be left old and with so little property, I made him take two thousand ducats out of my three thousand, for the rest was enough for me to furnish myself with what a soldier needs. My two brothers, moved by my example, each gave him a thousand ducats, so that my father was left with four thousand in money, plus another three thousand, which was apparently what the land that fell to his share was worth, for he would not sell it, but kept it in land. I say, in short, that we took our leave of him and of that uncle of ours I have mentioned, not without much feeling and many tears on all sides, they charging us to let them know, whenever there was a chance to do so, of our fortunes, good or ill. We promised it, and, after they had embraced us and given us their blessing, one of us took the road to Salamanca, the other to Seville, and I to Alicante, where I had word that there was a Genoese ship loading wool for Genoa.

"It will be twenty-two years this year since I left my father's house, and in all that time, though I have written some letters, I have had no news of him or of my brothers. And what I have gone through in the course of those years I shall tell you briefly. I took ship at Alicante, had a good voyage to Genoa, went from there to

Milan, where I furnished myself with arms and some soldier's finery, and from there I meant to go and enlist in Piedmont; and, being already on the road to Alessandria della Paglia, I had news that the great Duke of Alba was on his way to Flanders. I changed my plan, went with him, served him in his campaigns, was present at the deaths of the Counts of Egmont and Horn, rose to be ensign to a famous captain from Guadalajara named Diego de Urbina; and, some time after I reached Flanders, news came of the league that His Holiness Pope Pius the Fifth, of happy memory, had made with Venice and with Spain against the common enemy, which is the Turk; who at that very time had won with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which was under Venetian rule: a lamentable and unhappy loss. It was known for certain that the general of this league was to be the most serene Don Juan de Austria, natural brother of our good King Don Felipe. The news spread of the vast preparations for war that were being made. All this stirred my spirit and roused my desire to be present at the battle that was expected; and, though I had hints, and almost sure promises, that at the first opportunity that offered I would be promoted to captain, I chose to leave it all and come, as I came, to Italy. And my good luck had it that Señor Don Juan de Austria had just arrived in Genoa, on his way to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as he later did at Messina.

"I say, in short, that I was present at that most happy battle, already made a captain of infantry, to which honorable rank my good fortune raised me rather than my merits. And on that day, which was so fortunate for Christendom, because on it the world and all the nations learned how wrong they had been in believing that the Turks were invincible at sea: on that day, I say, when Ottoman pride and arrogance were broken, among so many who were fortunate there (for the Christians who died there had better fortune than those who were left alive and victorious), I alone was

the unfortunate one; for, instead of what I might have hoped for had it been in the days of the Romans, some naval crown, I found myself on the night that followed so famous a day with chains on my feet and manacles on my hands.

"And it came about in this way: Uchalí, the king of Algiers, a bold and lucky corsair, had attacked and taken the flagship of Malta, on which only three knights were left alive, and those badly wounded, when Juan Andrea's flagship, in which I was sailing with my company, came to her aid; and, doing what I ought on such an occasion, I leaped aboard the enemy galley, which, sheering off from the one that had attacked it, kept my soldiers from following me; and so I found myself alone among my enemies, whom I could not resist, they being so many; in the end they took me, covered with wounds. And since, gentlemen, you will have heard it said already that Uchalí got away with his whole squadron, I came to be left a captive in his power, and I alone was the sad one among so many glad, and the captive among so many free; for there were fifteen thousand Christians who on that day won the freedom they longed for, all of them pulling at the oar in the Turkish fleet.

"I was carried off to Constantinople, where Selim, the Grand Turk, named my master general of the sea, because he had done his duty in the battle, having carried off as a token of his valor the standard of the Order of Malta. The second year, the year of seventy-two, saw me at Navarino, pulling an oar in the flagship of the three lanterns. I saw and noted the chance that was lost there of catching the whole Turkish fleet in harbor, for all the levents and janissaries aboard it took it for certain that they would be attacked inside the very harbor, and had their clothes and their *pasamaques*, which are their shoes, ready to run off at once overland without waiting to be fought: so great was the fear they had taken of our fleet. But heaven ordained otherwise, not through the fault or carelessness of the general at the head of our forces, but

because of Christendom's sins, and because God wills and permits that we should always have executioners to punish us.

"In effect, Uchalí withdrew to Modon, which is an island close to Navarino, and, putting his men ashore, he fortified the mouth of the harbor and stayed quiet there until Señor Don Juan went back. On this voyage the galley called the *Prize* was taken, whose captain was a son of that famous corsair Barbarroja. She was taken by the flagship of Naples, called the *She-Wolf*, under the command of that thunderbolt of war, that soldiers' father, that fortunate and never-conquered captain Don Álvaro de Bazán, Marquis of Santa Cruz. And I must not fail to tell what happened at the taking of the *Prize*. Barbarroja's son was so cruel, and treated his captives so badly, that, as soon as the men at the oars saw that the *She-Wolf* was bearing down on them and overtaking them, they all let go of their oars at the same moment and seized their captain, who was standing on the poop rail shouting at them to row faster; and, passing him from bench to bench, from stern to prow, they took bites out of him, so that he had passed little beyond the mast before his soul had passed into hell: such, as I have said, was the cruelty with which he treated them and the hatred they bore him.

"We went back to Constantinople, and the following year, which was seventy-three, it became known there how Señor Don Juan had won Tunis and taken that kingdom from the Turks and put Muley Hamet in possession of it, cutting off the hopes Muley Hamida had of reigning there again, the cruelest and bravest Moor the world ever had. The Grand Turk felt this loss deeply, and, using the shrewdness all those of his house possess, he made peace with the Venetians, who wanted it far more than he did; and in the following year, seventy-four, he attacked La Goleta and the fort that Señor Don Juan had left half built near Tunis. Through all these trials I was at the oar, with no hope of freedom whatever; at least I

did not hope to win it by ransom, for I had made up my mind not to write the news of my misfortune to my father.

"La Goleta was lost, in the end; the fort was lost; and against these strongholds there came seventy-five thousand Turkish soldiers drawing pay, and over four hundred thousand Moors and Arabs out of every part of Africa, and this huge number of men came with so much ammunition and so many engines of war, and with so many sappers, that they could have buried La Goleta and the fort with their hands, in fistfuls of earth. La Goleta was lost first, though it had been held until then to be impregnable; and it was not lost through any fault of its defenders, who did in its defense everything they should and could, but because experience showed how easily trenches could be thrown up in that desert sand; for water had been found there two spans down, and the Turks did not strike it at two yards; and so, with a great many sandbags, they raised their trenches so high that they overtopped the walls of the fortress, and, firing down on the defenders from above, they left no one able to stand or take part in the defense. Most people held that our side ought never to have shut itself up inside La Goleta, but should have waited in the open at the landing place; and those who say this speak from far off and with little experience of such matters; for if La Goleta and the fort between them held barely seven thousand soldiers, how could so small a number, however brave they were, both take the field and hold the forts against a host as great as the enemy's? And how is it possible for a fortress not to fall when it is not relieved, and all the more when it is besieged by many stubborn enemies, and in their own country? But it seemed to many, and so it seemed to me, that it was a special grace and favor that heaven did Spain in allowing the destruction of that workshop and cloak of iniquities, that glutton, or sponge, or moth of the countless sums of money that were spent there to no purpose, serving for nothing but to preserve the

most happy memory of its having been won by the most invincible Charles the Fifth; as if those stones were needed to hold up that memory and make it eternal, as it is and will be.

"The fort was lost too; but the Turks had to win it from them span by span, for the soldiers who defended it fought so bravely and so stoutly that more than twenty-five thousand of the enemy were killed in twenty-two general assaults that were made on them. Of the three hundred who were left alive, not one was taken captive unwounded, a sure and clear sign of their courage and valor, and of how well they had defended and held their positions. A small fort or tower standing in the middle of the lagoon surrendered on terms; it was held by Don Juan Zanoguera, a gentleman of Valencia and a soldier of renown. They took captive Don Pedro Puertocarrero, general of La Goleta, who did everything possible to defend his fortress, and who felt its loss so keenly that grief killed him on the road to Constantinople, where he was being carried as a captive. They also took captive the general of the fort, whose name was Gabrio Cervellón, a gentleman of Milan, a great engineer and a most valiant soldier. Many persons of note died in these two strongholds, one of whom was Pagán de Oria, a knight of the Order of Saint John, of a generous disposition, as was shown by the very great liberality he used toward his brother, the famous Juan de Andrea de Oria; and what made his death all the more pitiful was that he died at the hands of some Arabs whom he had trusted, when he saw the fort was lost, and who offered to take him in Moorish dress to Tabarca, which is a little port or post that the Genoese who work at coral fishing keep on those shores; and these Arabs cut off his head and brought it to the general of the Turkish fleet, who fulfilled toward them our Castilian proverb, 'Though the treason may please, the traitor is loathed'; and so it is said that the general ordered those who brought him the present to be hanged, because they had not brought him the man alive.

"Among the Christians lost in the fort there was a certain Don Pedro de Aguilar, born in some place in Andalusia, I do not know which, who had been an ensign in the fort, a soldier of great account and rare intelligence: in particular, he had a special gift for what they call poetry. I mention it because his fate brought him to my galley and my bench, and to be the slave of my own master; and, before we left that port, this gentleman made two sonnets, in the manner of epitaphs, one to La Goleta and the other to the fort. And truly I must recite them, for I know them by heart and I believe they will give you more pleasure than pain."

The moment the captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his companions, and all three of them smiled; and when the captive got as far as the sonnets, one of them said:

"Before your grace goes any further, I beg you to tell me what became of this Don Pedro de Aguilar you have mentioned."

"What I know," answered the captive, "is that, after he had been two years in Constantinople, he escaped dressed as an Albanian, with a Greek spy, and I do not know whether he won his freedom, though I believe he did, because a year later I saw the Greek in Constantinople, but I could not ask him how that journey had turned out."

"Well, he did," answered the gentleman, "for that Don Pedro is my brother, and he is now in our village, well and rich, married, and with three children."

"Thanks be to God," said the captive, "for all the mercies he has shown him; for there is no happiness on earth, to my mind, that can equal regaining one's lost freedom."

"And what is more," replied the gentleman, "I know the sonnets my brother made."

"Then let your grace recite them," said the captive, "for you will know how to say them better than I."

“With pleasure,” answered the gentleman; “and the one on La Goleta went like this:”

Chapter XL. In which the story of the captive is continued

Sonnet

O happy souls, who from the mortal veil
set free and quit, for all the good you wrought,
rose up from the low regions of the earth
into the highest, best estate of heaven,
and, burning both with wrath and honored zeal,
put forth in action all your bodies' strength,
and with your own and others' blood you stained
the neighboring sea and all the sandy ground:
your life gave out before your valor did
in your exhausted arms, which, as they died,
conquered although they were, bore off the victory.
And this your mortal and lamented fall
between the wall and steel is winning you
fame that the world bestows, and heaven glory.

"That is just the way I know it," said the captive.

"Then the one on the fort, if I remember rightly," said the gentleman, "goes like this:"

Sonnet

From out of this barren, battered-down earth,
out of these clods that lie strewn on the ground,
the holy souls of three thousand soldiers
went up alive to a better dwelling place,
but first, in vain, they had put forth and spent
the strength that lay within their sturdy arms,
until at last, grown few and worn with toil,
they gave their lives up to the sword's sharp edge.
And this is the ground that has always been
filled with a thousand memories of grief
in ages that are past and ages now.
But from its hard bosom no juster souls
than these will ever rise to the clear heaven,
nor did it ever bear such valiant bodies.

The sonnets were well liked, and the captive was glad at the news they gave him of his comrade; and, going on with his tale, he said:

"La Goleta and the fort having surrendered, then, the Turks gave orders to dismantle La Goleta, for the fort was left in such a state that there was nothing in it to pull down; and, to do it more quickly and with less labor, they mined it in three places; but with none of the mines could they blow up what seemed least strong, which was the old walls, while everything left standing of the new fortifications that el Fratín had built came down very easily. In short, the fleet returned to Constantinople triumphant and victorious; and a few months later my master Uchalí died, whom they called Uchalí Fartax, which means, in the Turkish tongue, the scabby renegade, for that is what he was; and it is the custom among the Turks to take names from some defect they have or some virtue that is in them. And this is because among them there

are only four family surnames, which descend from the house of Osman, and the rest, as I have said, take their names and surnames now from the blemishes of the body and now from the virtues of the mind. And this Scabby One pulled an oar as a slave of the Grand Lord for fourteen years, and when he was over thirty-four years of age he turned renegade, out of spite because a Turk struck him a blow in the face while he was at the oar, and he gave up his faith to be able to take his revenge; and such was his valor that, without rising by the base means and roads by which most of the Grand Turk's favorites rise, he came to be king of Algiers, and later general of the sea, which is the third office in that empire. He was a Calabrian by birth, and morally he was a good man, and he treated his captives very humanely, of whom he came to have three thousand; and after his death these were divided, as he had left it in his will, between the Grand Lord (who is also the son and heir of all who die, and takes his share along with the other sons the dead man leaves) and his renegades; and I fell to a Venetian renegade whom Uchalí had captured when he was a cabin boy on a ship, and whom he loved so much that he was one of the most pampered of his boys; and he came to be the cruelest renegade that was ever seen. His name was Azán Agá, and he grew very rich and became king of Algiers; and with him I came from Constantinople, rather pleased at being so near Spain, not because I meant to write to anyone of my unhappy fortune, but to see whether luck would be kinder to me in Algiers than in Constantinople, where I had already tried a thousand ways of escaping and none had found its moment or its luck; and in Algiers I meant to look for other means of gaining what I so much desired, for the hope of freedom never forsook me; and whenever, in what I contrived and planned and put into action, the outcome did not answer to the intention, I at once, without giving up, would invent

and seek out some other hope to sustain me, however weak and slender it might be.

"With this I kept my life going, shut up in a prison or house that the Turks call a *baño*, where they shut up the Christian captives, both those who belong to the king and those of some private persons, as well as those they call 'of the *almacén*,' which is as much as to say captives of the town council, who serve the city in its public works and other tasks; and these captives find their freedom very hard to come by, for, since they belong to the community and have no private master, there is no one with whom to treat for their ransom, even if they have it. To these *baños*, as I have said, some private persons of the town are accustomed to bring their captives, especially when they are held for ransom, because there they keep them at ease and in safety until their ransom comes. The king's captives who are held for ransom do not go out to work with the rest of the rabble either, except when their ransom is slow in coming; for then, to make them write for it more urgently, they make them work and go for firewood with the others, which is no small labor.

"I, then, was one of those held for ransom; for, when it became known that I was a captain, although I spoke of my small means and lack of property, it did nothing to keep them from putting me among the gentlemen and people held for ransom. They put a chain on me, more as a mark of ransom than to keep me secure with it; and so I passed my life in that *baño*, with many other gentlemen and persons of rank who were marked out and held for ransom. And, although hunger and nakedness might trouble us at times, and indeed almost always, nothing troubled us so much as hearing and seeing at every turn the never-seen, never-heard-of cruelties my master used on the Christians. Every day he hanged one, impaled another, cut off the ears of a third; and this with so little cause, or so entirely without it, that the Turks knew he did it

only for the sake of doing it, and because it was his natural disposition to be the murderer of the whole human race. The only one who fared well with him was a Spanish soldier named something de Saavedra,[1] who, though he did things that will remain in the memory of those people for many years, and all of them to gain his freedom, was never struck by him, nor ordered struck, nor ever given a harsh word; and for the least of the many things he did, we all feared he would be impaled, and he feared it himself more than once; and, were it not that time does not allow, I would tell now something of what this soldier did, which would go a long way toward entertaining and astonishing you, far more than the telling of my own story.

"I say, then, that overlooking the courtyard of our prison were the windows of the house of a rich and prominent Moor; and these, as Moorish windows usually are, were more holes than windows, and even they were covered with very thick, close lattices. It happened, then, that one day, as I was on a flat roof of our prison with three other companions, trying how far we could jump in our chains, to pass the time, and we were alone, because all the other Christians had gone out to work, I happened to raise my eyes, and saw a cane appear through those closed little windows I have spoken of, with a cloth tied to the end of it; and the cane was waving and moving, almost as if it were making signs for us to come and take it. We kept watching, and one of those who were with me went and stood under the cane, to see whether they would let it go, or what they would do; but, as soon as he got there, they raised the cane and moved it from side to side, as if they were shaking their head to say no. The Christian came back, and they lowered it again and made the same movements as before. Another of my companions went, and the same thing happened to him as to the first. Finally the third went, and he fared as the first and the second had. When I saw this, I did not want to miss trying my luck,

and, as soon as I came and stood under the cane, they let it drop, and it fell at my feet inside the *baño*. I hurried to untie the cloth, in which I saw a knot, and inside it were ten *cianíis*, which are coins of base gold the Moors use, each of them worth ten of our reales. There is no need to say whether I was glad of the find, for my joy was as great as my wonder at thinking where that bounty could have come to us from, and to me especially, since their unwillingness to let the cane go to anyone but me said plainly that the favor was meant for me. I took my good money, broke the cane, went back to the little roof, looked at the window, and saw a very white hand come out of it, opening and closing very quickly. From this we understood, or imagined, that some woman who lived in that house must have done us that kindness; and, as a sign that we were grateful for it, we made *zalemas* in the Moorish fashion, bowing our heads, bending our bodies, and crossing our arms upon our breasts. A little after, they put out of the same window a small cross made of canes, and then drew it in again. This sign confirmed us in thinking that some Christian woman must be held captive in that house, and that she was the one who was doing us good; but the whiteness of the hand, and the bracelets we saw on it, undid this thought, though we imagined that she must be a Christian woman turned renegade, the kind that their own masters very often take as lawful wives, and even count themselves lucky to do so, for they value them above the women of their own nation.

"In all our reasoning we came nowhere near the truth of the matter; and so all our pastime from then on was to gaze at the window where the star of the cane had appeared to us, and to steer by it as by the north star; but a good fifteen days went by in which we did not see it, nor the hand either, nor any other sign. And, though in this time we tried with all diligence to find out who lived in that house, and whether there was any Christian renegade

woman in it, we never found anyone to tell us anything except that a prominent and rich Moor lived there named Agi Morato, who had once been warden of La Pata, which among them is an office of great standing. But when we least expected any more *cianíis* to rain down on us from there, we suddenly saw the cane appear, and another cloth on it, with another knot, a fatter one; and this was at a time when the *baño*, as on the earlier occasion, was empty and deserted. We made the usual trial, each of the same three of us going before me, but the cane surrendered to none of them but me, for, as I came up, they let it drop. I untied the knot, and found forty Spanish gold escudos and a sheet of paper with Arabic writing on it, and a large cross drawn below the writing. I kissed the cross, picked up the escudos, went back to the roof, we all made our *zalemas*, the hand appeared again, I made signs that I would read the paper, and they closed the window. We were all left bewildered and glad at what had happened; and, as not one of us understood Arabic, great was our desire to understand what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty of finding someone to read it.

"At last I resolved to trust a renegade, a native of Murcia, who had professed himself a great friend of mine, and who had given pledges between us that obliged him to keep any secret I entrusted to him; for some renegades, when they intend to go back to Christian lands, are in the habit of carrying with them signed statements from captives of rank, in which they testify, as best they can, that such and such a renegade is a good man, that he has always done good to Christians, and that he is eager to escape at the first chance that offers. There are some who procure these testimonials with a good intention; others make use of them by chance and by design: for, when they come raiding Christian lands, if they happen to be cast away or taken captive, they bring out their signed papers and say that those papers will show the

purpose they came with, which was to stay in Christian lands, and that this was why they had come raiding with the other Turks. In this way they escape that first fury and are reconciled with the Church without any harm being done them; and, when they see their chance, they go back to Barbary to be what they were before. There are others who use these papers, and procure them, with a good intent, and stay in Christian lands.

"Well, this friend of mine was one of the renegades I have described, and he had signed statements from all our comrades, in which we vouched for him as much as was possible; and had the Moors found these papers on him, they would have burned him alive. I found out that he knew Arabic very well, and not only to speak it, but to write it; but, before I opened my mind to him fully, I asked him to read me that paper, which I said I had found by chance in a hole in my quarters. He opened it, and spent a good while looking at it and construing it, muttering under his breath. I asked him whether he understood it; he told me he did, very well, and that, if I wanted him to give it to me word for word, I should give him pen and ink, so that he could do it better. We gave him at once what he asked for, and little by little he put it into Spanish; and, when he had finished, he said: 'All that is set down here in Spanish, without missing a letter, is what this Moorish paper contains; and you must know that where it says Lela Marién it means Our Lady the Virgin Mary.'

"We read the paper, and it went like this:

"'When I was a little girl, my father had a slave woman, who taught me the Christian *zalá* in my own language, and told me many things about Lela Marién. The Christian woman died, and I know that she did not go to the fire, but to Allah, because afterward I saw her twice, and she told me to go to Christian country and see Lela Marién, who loved me very much. I do not know how to go: I have seen many Christians from this window, and none of

them has seemed to me a gentleman but you. I am very beautiful and young, and I have a great deal of money to take with me: see if you can find a way for us to go, and you will be my husband there, if you want; and if you do not want, I shall not mind, for Lela Marién will give me someone to marry. I wrote this; be careful whom you give it to read: do not trust any Moor, for they are all *marfuces*, all traitors. This worries me very much: I would rather you did not tell anyone, because if my father knows of it, he will throw me down a well at once and cover me with stones. I shall put a thread on the cane: tie the answer there; and if you have no one to write Arabic for you, tell me by signs, for Lela Marién will make me understand you. May she and Allah keep you, and that cross, which I kiss many times; for so the captive woman told me to do.'

"Consider, gentlemen, whether we had reason to be amazed and delighted at what this paper said. And indeed we were both, so much so that the renegade understood that the paper had not been found by chance, but had really been written to one of us; and so he begged us, if what he suspected was true, to trust him and tell him, for he would risk his life for our freedom. And, saying this, he drew a metal crucifix from his breast, and with many tears swore by the God that image represented, in whom he, sinner and wicked man though he was, truly and faithfully believed, to keep faith with us and keep secret everything we might choose to reveal to him; for it seemed to him, and he almost divined, that by means of the woman who had written that paper he and all of us were to have our freedom, and he was to see himself where he so much desired to be, which was restored to the bosom of the Holy Church, his mother, from whom, like a rotten limb, he was cut off and separated by his ignorance and sin.

"So many were the renegade's tears as he said this, and such the signs of his repentance, that all of us, of one mind, agreed to

tell him the truth of the matter; and so we gave him an account of everything, hiding nothing from him. We showed him the little window where the cane appeared, and from there he marked the house and undertook to take special and great care to find out who lived in it. We also agreed that it would be well to answer the Moorish woman's note; and, since we now had someone who knew how to do it, the renegade at once wrote down the words I dictated to him, which were exactly those I shall tell you; for of all the essential points that happened to me in this affair, not one has slipped from my memory, nor will slip from it as long as I live.

"In effect, the answer given to the Moorish woman was this:

"'May the true Allah keep you, my lady, and that blessed Marién, who is the true mother of God, and who is the one who has put it into your heart to go to Christian country, because she loves you. Pray to her that she may be pleased to show you how you can carry out what she commands you, for she is so good that she will do it. On my part, and on the part of all these Christians who are with me, I offer to do for you everything we can, even to death. Do not fail to write to me and let me know what you think to do, for I will always answer you; for great Allah has sent us a Christian captive who speaks and writes your language as well as this paper will show you. So, without being afraid, you can let us know anything you wish. As for what you say, that if you go to the land of the Christians you are to be my wife, I promise it to you as a good Christian; and know that Christians keep their promises better than Moors. May Allah and Marién, his mother, have you in their keeping, my lady.'

"When this paper was written and closed, I waited two days for the *baño* to be empty, as it usually was, and then went out to the usual spot on the little roof to see whether the cane would appear, and it was not long in showing itself. As soon as I saw it, though I could not see who was putting it out, I showed the paper, as if to

let them know they should put on the thread; but it was already on the cane, and I tied the paper to it; and a little while later our star appeared again, with the little bundle's white flag of peace. They let it drop, and I picked it up, and found in the cloth, in every kind of silver and gold coin, more than fifty escudos, which doubled our joy fifty times over and confirmed our hope of gaining our freedom.

"That same night our renegade came back and told us he had learned that in that house lived the very Moor we had been told was named Agi Morato, rich beyond all measure, who had one only daughter, heiress to all his wealth, and that it was the common opinion in the whole city that there was no more beautiful woman in all Barbary; and that many of the viceroys who came there had asked for her hand, and she had never been willing to marry; and that he had also learned that the Moor had had a Christian woman captive, who was now dead; all of which agreed with what was in the paper. We took counsel at once with the renegade on what plan to follow to get the Moorish woman out and all of us away to the land of the Christians; and in the end it was agreed for the time being that we should wait for the second message from Zoraida, for that was the name of the one who now wishes to be called María; because we saw clearly that she, and no one else, was the one who must find the means to overcome all those difficulties. When we had settled this, the renegade told us not to be troubled, for he would lose his life or set us free.

"For four days the *baño* was full of people, which was the reason the cane was four days in appearing; at the end of which, when the *baño* was deserted as usual, it appeared with the cloth so big with child that it promised a most happy birth. The cane and the cloth bent down toward me; I found in it another paper and a hundred gold escudos, with no other coin at all. The renegade was there;

we gave him the paper to read inside our quarters, and he said that this is what it said:

"'I do not know, my lord, how to arrange for us to go to Spain, nor has Lela Marién told me, though I have asked her. What can be done is that I will give you a great deal of gold money through this window: ransom yourself with it, and your friends, and let one of you cross over to Christian country and buy a boat there and come back for the others; and they will find me in my father's garden, which is by the gate of Babazón, near the shore, where I am to stay all this summer with my father and my servants. From there, at night, you can take me away without fear and carry me to the boat; and remember that you are to be my husband, for if not, I will ask Marién to punish you. If you do not trust anyone to go for the boat, ransom yourself and go, for I know you will come back more surely than anyone else, since you are a gentleman and a Christian. Try to find out where the garden is, and when you walk about over there I shall know that the *baño* is empty, and I will give you a great deal of money. May Allah keep you, my lord.'

"This is what the second paper said and contained. When everyone had seen it, each of us offered to be the one ransomed, and promised to go and come back with all punctuality, and I too offered the same; all of which the renegade opposed, saying that on no account would he consent to any one of us going free until we all went together, because experience had shown him how badly free men keep the promises they made in captivity; for many times some captives of rank had tried that remedy, ransoming one man to go to Valencia or Majorca with money to fit out a boat and come back for those who had ransomed him, and he had never come back; because freedom won, and the fear of losing it again, wiped from their memories every obligation in the world. And, in confirmation of the truth he was telling us, he related briefly a case that had happened almost at that very time to some Christian

gentlemen, the strangest that ever happened in those parts, where at every step things happen that cause great fear and wonder.

"In effect, what he came to say was that what could and should be done was that the money that was to be given to ransom the Christian should be given to him, to buy a boat there in Algiers, under the pretext of becoming a merchant and trader in Tetuán and along that coast; and that, once he was master of the boat, a way would easily be found to get them out of the *baño* and put them all aboard. All the more so since, if the Moorish woman, as she said, gave money to ransom them all, it would be the easiest thing in the world, once they were free, to go aboard even at midday; and that the chief difficulty lay in this, that the Moors will not let a renegade buy a boat or keep one, unless it is a large vessel for going raiding, because they fear that whoever buys a boat, especially if he is a Spaniard, wants it for nothing but to go off to the land of the Christians; but that he would get round this difficulty by making a Tagarino Moor his partner in the ownership of the boat and in the profit of the goods, and under this cover he would come to be master of the boat, with which he took all the rest as done.

"And, though I and my comrades had thought it better to send to Majorca for the boat, as the Moorish woman said, we dared not contradict him, fearing that, if we did not do what he said, he would betray us and put us in danger of losing our lives, if he revealed Zoraida's dealings, for whose life we would all have given our own. And so we resolved to put ourselves in the hands of God and in those of the renegade, and at that same moment an answer was sent to Zoraida, telling her that we would do everything she advised, for she had seen it as clearly as if Lela Marién had told her, and that it rested with her alone to put the business off or carry it out at once. I offered myself again to be her husband; and, with this, on another day when the *baño* happened to be empty, at

different times, by means of the cane and the cloth, she gave us two thousand gold escudos, and a paper in which she said that on the first *jumá*, which is Friday, she was going to her father's garden, and that before she went she would give us more money, and that, if that was not enough, we should let her know, for she would give us as much as we asked her for: her father had so much that he would not miss it, and what is more, she had the keys to everything.

"We at once gave the renegade five hundred escudos to buy the boat; eight hundred went to ransom me, the money being handed to a merchant from Valencia who was in Algiers at the time, who ransomed me from the king, taking me on his word, and pledging it that with the first ship that came from Valencia he would pay my ransom; for, had he paid the money at once, it would have made the king suspect that my ransom had been in Algiers for many days and that the merchant, for the sake of his own dealings, had kept quiet about it. In short, my master was so suspicious that on no account did I dare to have the money paid out at once. On the Thursday before the Friday when the beautiful Zoraida was to go to the garden, she gave us another thousand escudos and let us know of her departure, begging me, if I ransomed myself, to find out at once where her father's garden was, and in any case to look for an opportunity to go there and see her. I answered in a few words that I would do so, and that she should take care to commend us to Lela Marién with all those prayers the captive woman had taught her.

"This done, they arranged for our three companions to be ransomed, to make it easier to get out of the *baño*, and so that, seeing me ransomed and themselves not, when there was money for it, they would not grow restless and the devil persuade them to do something to Zoraida's harm; for, though their being who they were could have relieved me of this fear, still I did not want to put

the business at risk; and so I had them ransomed in the same way I had ransomed myself, handing over all the money to the merchant so that he could stand surety with certainty and safety; but we never revealed our plan and secret to him, because of the danger there was.

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1. Cervantes's own second surname. Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra was himself a captive in Algiers from 1575 to 1580 and made four attempts to escape.

Chapter XLI. In which the captive still continues his story

"Not fifteen days had gone by before our renegade had already bought a very good boat, able to carry more than thirty people; and, to make his business safe and give it color, he chose to make, as he did make, a voyage to a place called Sargel, which lies thirty leagues from Algiers in the direction of Oran, where there is a great trade in dried figs. He made this voyage two or three times, in company with the Tagarino I mentioned. In Barbary they call the Moors of Aragon Tagarinos, and those of Granada Mudéjares; and in the kingdom of Fez they call the Mudéjares Elches, and they are the people that king makes most use of in war.

"I say, then, that each time he passed with his boat he anchored in a little cove less than two crossbow shots from the garden where Zoraida waited; and there the renegade would very deliberately settle himself with the Moorish lads who pulled the oars, either to say the *zalá* or to rehearse in jest, as it were, what he meant to do in earnest; and so he would go to Zoraida's garden and ask for fruit, and her father would give it to him without knowing who he was; and, though he would have liked to speak to Zoraida, as he told me afterward, and tell her that he was the one who by my order was to take her to the land of the Christians, and that she should be glad and easy in her mind, he never managed it, for Moorish women do not let themselves be seen by any Moor or Turk unless their husband or their father bids them. With Christian captives they allow dealings and conversation, even

more than would be reasonable; and I should have been sorry if he had spoken to her, for perhaps it would have alarmed her to see that her affair was in the mouths of renegades. But God, who ordained it otherwise, gave no room to our renegade's good intention; and he, seeing how safely he came and went to Sargel, and that he cast anchor when and how and where he pleased, and that the Tagarino, his partner, had no will but what his own ordered, and that I was now ransomed, and that all that was left was to find some Christians to pull the oars, told me to consider which ones I wished to bring with me, besides those who were ransomed, and to have them spoken to for the first Friday, which was when he had determined our departure should be. Seeing this, I spoke to twelve Spaniards, all of them stout oarsmen, and of those who could most freely leave the city; and it was no small thing to find so many at that juncture, for twenty ships were out raiding and had taken all the rowing hands with them, and these would not have been found had it not been that their master stayed home from raiding that summer to finish a galliot he had on the stocks. I told them nothing more than that on the first Friday, in the evening, they should slip out one by one, without drawing notice, and make their way toward Agi Morato's garden, and wait for me there until I came. I gave each of them this message separately, with orders that, even if they saw other Christians there, they should say nothing to them except that I had told them to wait in that place.

"This step taken, there was another left for me to take, the one that mattered most to me: and that was to let Zoraida know how matters stood, so that she would be ready and on the alert and not take fright if we came upon her suddenly before the time when she might imagine the Christians' boat could return. And so I resolved to go to the garden and see whether I could speak to her; and, on the pretext of gathering some herbs, one day before my

departure I went there, and the first person I met was her father, who spoke to me in a language that is found all over Barbary, and even in Constantinople, between captives and Moors, which is neither Moorish nor Castilian nor the tongue of any one nation, but a jumble of every language, and with it we all make ourselves understood; I say, then, that in this kind of speech he asked me what I was looking for in that garden of his, and whose I was. I answered that I was the slave of Arnaúte Mamí (and this because I knew for very certain that he was a very great friend of his), and that I was looking for all sorts of herbs to make a salad. He asked me next whether I was a man held for ransom or not, and how much my master was asking for me. While we were in the midst of all these questions and answers, the beautiful Zoraida came out of the garden house, who had seen me long before; and, since Moorish women make no fuss at all about showing themselves to Christians, nor do they shy away from them, as I have said, she thought nothing of coming to where her father was with me; on the contrary, as soon as her father saw that she was coming, and coming slowly, he called her and bade her come up.

"It would be too much for me to tell now of the great beauty, the grace, the gallant and rich array in which my beloved Zoraida appeared before my eyes: I shall say only that there were more pearls hanging from her lovely throat, her ears, and her hair than there were hairs on her head. Round her ankles, which, as is their custom, she wore bare, she had two *carcajes* (for so they call anklets or foot bracelets in Moorish) of purest gold, set with so many diamonds that she told me afterward her father valued them at ten thousand doblas, and the ones she wore on her wrists were worth as much again. The pearls were many and very fine, for the greatest finery and pride of Moorish women is to adorn themselves with rich pearls and seed pearls; and so there are more pearls and seed pearls among the Moors than among all the other

nations; and Zoraida's father had the name of owning many, and the best there were in Algiers, and of having besides more than two hundred thousand Spanish escudos, of all of which she was mistress who is now mistress of me. Whether, in all this array, she was beautiful then or not, from the remnants left to her after so many hardships it may be guessed what she must have been in her prosperity. For it is well known that the beauty of some women has its days and seasons, and needs particular circumstances to diminish or increase it; and it is a natural thing that the passions of the mind should raise it or lower it, though most often they destroy it.

"I say, in short, that she came then adorned to the utmost and beautiful to the utmost, or at least she seemed to me the most beautiful I had ever seen till then; and with this, seeing what I owed her, I felt that I had before me a goddess from heaven come down to earth for my delight and my deliverance. As soon as she came up, her father told her in their language that I was a captive of his friend Arnaúte Mamí, and that I had come to look for salad. She took up the talk, and in that mixture of languages I have spoken of asked me whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I told her that I had been ransomed already, and that from the price she could see how highly my master valued me, since fifteen hundred *zoltanís* had been paid for me. To which she replied: 'Truly, if you belonged to my father, I would see to it that he did not let you go for twice as much again, because you Christians always lie in everything you say and make yourselves out to be poor to cheat the Moors.' 'That may well be, my lady,' I answered her, 'but truly I have dealt honestly with my master, and I deal and shall deal so with every person in the world.' 'And when are you going?' said Zoraida. 'Tomorrow, I believe,' I said, 'for there is a ship from France here that sets sail tomorrow, and I mean to go in her.' 'Is it not better,' replied Zoraida, 'to wait for ships to

come from Spain, and go with them, and not with the French, who are not your friends?' 'No,' I answered, 'though if the news that a ship from Spain is already on its way is true, I will still wait for it, even though it is more certain that I shall leave tomorrow; for my longing to see myself in my own country, and with the people I love, is so great that it will not let me wait for any other chance, if it is slow in coming, however good it may be.' 'You must be married in your own country, no doubt,' said Zoraida, 'and that is why you want to go and be with your wife.' 'I am not married,' I answered, 'but I have given my word to marry as soon as I get there.' 'And is the lady you gave it to beautiful?' said Zoraida. 'So beautiful,' I answered, 'that, to praise her and tell you the truth, she looks very much like you.' At this her father laughed heartily, and said: '*Gualá*, by Allah, Christian, she must be very beautiful if she looks like my daughter, who is the most beautiful in all this kingdom. If you don't believe it, look at her well, and you will see that I am telling you the truth.' Zoraida's father acted as our interpreter for most of these words and speeches, being the better linguist; for, though she spoke the mongrel tongue that, as I have said, is used there, she made her meaning plain more by signs than by words.

"While we were in the midst of this and much other talk, a Moor came running up and shouted at the top of his voice that four Turks had jumped over the fences or walls of the garden and were picking the fruit, though it was not ripe. The old man took fright, and so did Zoraida, for the fear the Moors have of the Turks is common and almost natural, especially of the soldiers, who are so insolent and have such power over the Moors subject to them that they treat them worse than if they were their slaves. I say, then, that her father said to Zoraida: 'Daughter, go back into the house and shut yourself in, while I go and speak to these dogs; and you, Christian, look for your herbs, and go in good time, and may Allah bring you safely to your country.' I bowed, and he went off to

look for the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who began to make as if to go where her father had sent her. But hardly had he disappeared among the trees of the garden when she, turning to me, her eyes full of tears, said to me: '*Ámexi*, Christian, *ámexi*?' which means: "Are you going, Christian, are you going?" I answered her: 'My lady, yes, but on no account without you: wait for me on the first *jumá*, and do not be frightened when you see us; for without any doubt we shall go to the land of the Christians.'

"I said this to her in such a way that she understood me very well in everything that passed between us; and, throwing one arm round my neck, she began with faltering steps to walk toward the house; and fortune willed, and it might have gone very ill had heaven not ordained it otherwise, that, as the two of us were going in the manner and posture I have told you, with her arm round my neck, her father, who was now coming back from sending the Turks away, saw us in the way and fashion in which we were going, and we saw that he had seen us; but Zoraida, quick-witted and sensible, would not take her arm from my neck; rather, she pressed nearer and rested her head against my chest, letting her knees give a little, giving clear signs and tokens that she was fainting, and I, for my part, made it appear that I was holding her up against my will. Her father came running to where we were, and, seeing his daughter in that state, asked her what was the matter; but, as she did not answer him, her father said: 'No doubt she has fainted from the fright of these dogs' coming in.' And, taking her from my arms, he held her to his breast; and she, heaving a sigh, her eyes still wet with tears, said again: '*Ámexi*, Christian, *ámexi*': "Go, Christian, go." To which her father answered: 'It does not matter, daughter, whether the Christian goes, for he has done you no harm, and the Turks are gone now. Let nothing frighten you, for there is nothing that can give you any trouble, since, as I have told you, the Turks went back the way they came at my request.' 'It was

they, sir, who frightened her, as you have said,' I said to her father; 'but since she says I should go, I do not wish to trouble her: stay in peace, and, with your leave, I will come back to this garden for herbs if I need them; for, as my master says, there are none better for salad in any garden than in this one.' 'You may come back for all you want,' answered Agi Morato, 'for my daughter does not say this because you or any of the Christians were annoying her; but, meaning to say that the Turks should go, she said that you should go, or else because it was time for you to look for your herbs.'

"With this I took my leave of them both at once; and she, as if her soul were being torn out of her, went off with her father; and I, on the pretext of looking for the herbs, went all round the garden very thoroughly and at my leisure: I took good note of the ways in and out, and the strength of the house, and every advantage that might offer to make our whole business easier. This done, I came away and gave an account of all that had happened to the renegade and my companions; and I could hardly wait for the hour when I would see myself enjoying without alarm the happiness that fortune held out to me in the lovely and beautiful Zoraida.

"At last the time went by, and the day and the appointed hour we had so longed for arrived; and, all of us following the order and plan that, with sensible consideration and long debate, we had many times agreed on, we had the success we desired; for on the Friday that followed the day I spoke with Zoraida in the garden, our renegade, at nightfall, cast anchor with the boat almost opposite the place where the most beautiful Zoraida was. The Christians who were to pull the oars were ready by now and hidden in various places all round about. They were all in suspense and in high excitement, waiting for me, eager by now to fall upon the vessel that lay in front of them; for they knew nothing of the renegade's arrangement, but thought that they would have to win

and gain their freedom by force of arms, taking the lives of the Moors who were in the boat.

"It happened, then, that as soon as I and my companions showed ourselves, all the others who were hidden, seeing us, came up to us. By this time the city gates were already shut, and not a soul was to be seen in all that countryside. When we were together, we were in doubt whether it would be better to go first for Zoraida or first to overpower the *bagarino* Moors who pulled the oars in the boat. And, while we were in this doubt, our renegade came up to us, asking us what we were waiting for, for it was time now, and all his Moors were careless and most of them sleeping. We explained what was holding us back, and he said that what mattered most was to take the vessel first, which could be managed very easily and with no risk at all, and that afterward we could go for Zoraida. We all thought well of what he said; and so, without waiting any longer, with him as our guide, we reached the vessel, and he, jumping in first, laid hold of a cutlass and said in Moorish: 'Let none of you move from here, unless you want it to cost you your life.' By this time almost all the Christians had got aboard. The Moors, who were men of little spirit, seeing their captain speak in that way, were struck with terror, and, without a single one of them laying hand to his weapons, of which they had few or almost none, they let themselves be bound hand and foot by the Christians without a word; and the Christians did it very quickly, threatening the Moors that if they raised their voices in any way or manner they would put every one of them to the sword on the spot.

"This done, and half our men staying to guard them, those of us who were left, again with the renegade as our guide, went to Agi Morato's garden; and good fortune would have it that, when we came to open the gate, it opened as easily as if it had not been locked; and so, in great quiet and silence, we reached the house

without being heard by anyone. The most beautiful Zoraida was waiting for us at a window, and, as soon as she heard people, she asked in a low voice whether we were *nizarani*, as though she were saying or asking whether we were Christians. I answered yes, and that she should come down. When she recognized me, she did not wait a moment, for, without answering me a word, she came down in an instant, opened the door, and showed herself to all of us so beautiful and so richly dressed that I cannot do it justice. As soon as I saw her, I took one of her hands and began to kiss it, and the renegade did the same, and my two comrades; and the others, who did not know the story, did what they saw us doing, so that it looked for all the world as if we were thanking her and acknowledging her as the lady of our freedom. The renegade asked her in the Moorish tongue whether her father was in the garden. She answered that he was, and that he was asleep. 'Then we shall have to wake him,' replied the renegade, 'and take him with us, and everything of value in this beautiful garden.' 'No,' she said, 'my father is not to be touched in any way, and in this house there is nothing but what I am taking with me, which is so much that there will be enough to leave you all rich and content; wait a little and you will see.' And, saying this, she went back in, saying she would return very soon, and that we should keep still and make no noise. I asked the renegade what had passed between them, and he told me, and I said to him that nothing at all was to be done beyond what Zoraida wished; and just as she was coming back, laden with a little chest full of gold escudos, so many that she could barely hold it up, ill luck would have it that her father woke in the meantime and heard the noise that was going on in the garden; and, looking out of the window, he knew at once that all those who were in it were Christians; and, raising great, loud, and furious shouts, he began to cry out in Arabic: 'Christians, Christians! Thieves, thieves!' and at those cries we all found ourselves thrown

into the greatest and most fearful confusion. But the renegade, seeing the danger we were in, and how much it mattered to him to bring off that enterprise before anyone heard, went up with the greatest speed to where Agi Morato was, and some of us went with him; for I did not dare to leave Zoraida, who had dropped into my arms as if in a faint. In short, those who went up managed so well that in a moment they came down with Agi Morato, bringing him with his hands tied and a handkerchief in his mouth that would not let him speak a word, threatening him that a single word would cost him his life. When his daughter saw him, she covered her eyes so as not to see him, and her father was dumbfounded, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands. But, our feet being more needed then than anything, we made for the boat with all diligence and speed; for those who had stayed in it were already waiting for us, afraid that some mishap had befallen us.

"It could hardly have been two hours past nightfall when we were all in the boat, where Zoraida's father had the cord taken from his hands and the cloth from his mouth; but the renegade told him again not to speak a word, or they would take his life. When he saw his daughter there, he began to sigh most tenderly, and all the more when he saw that I was holding her close in my arms, and that she, without resisting, complaining, or drawing away, stayed quietly where she was; but, for all that, he kept silent, lest they carry out the many threats the renegade was making him. Zoraida, then, seeing herself in the boat at last, and that we were about to put our oars in the water, and seeing her father there and the other Moors who were bound, told the renegade to ask me to do her the favor of letting those Moors go and setting her father free, for she would sooner throw herself into the sea than see a father who had loved her so much carried off captive before her eyes and on her account. The renegade told me this; and I

answered that I was quite willing; but he replied that it would not do, because, if they left them there, they would at once raise the countryside and stir up the city, and cause some light frigates to come out in search of them and cut them off by land and sea, so that we could not escape; and that what could be done was to give them their freedom on reaching the first Christian land. We all agreed to this, and Zoraida, who was told of it, with the reasons that moved us not to do at once what she wished, was satisfied too; and then, in joyful silence and with cheerful diligence, each of our stout oarsmen took up his oar, and, with our whole hearts commending ourselves to God, we set out to make our way toward the islands of Majorca, which is the nearest Christian land.

"But because a little north wind was blowing and the sea was rather rough, it was not possible to hold our course for Majorca, and we were forced to let ourselves run along the coast toward Oran, not without great uneasiness, for fear of being discovered from the town of Sargel, which lies on that coast sixty miles from Algiers. And we were afraid, too, of meeting in those waters one of the galliots that commonly come with merchandise from Tetuán, though each of us for himself, and all of us together, reckoned that, if we met a merchant galliot, so long as it was not one of those that go raiding, not only would we not be lost, but we would take a vessel in which we could finish our voyage more safely. All through the voyage Zoraida had her head between my hands, to keep from seeing her father, and I could hear her calling on Lela Marién to help us.

"We must have gone a good thirty miles when dawn found us some three musket shots off the land, all of which we saw to be deserted, with no one to discover us; but, for all that, we pulled hard to get a little farther out to sea, which was now somewhat calmer; and, when we had gone out almost two leagues, orders were given to row by turns while we ate something, for the boat

was well stocked; though those who were rowing said that this was no time to take any rest, that those who were not rowing should feed them, for they would not let go of the oars on any account. This was done, and at that point a fair wind began to blow, which obliged us at once to make sail and leave off rowing and steer for Oran, since no other course was possible. Everything was done with the greatest speed; and so, under sail, we went along at more than eight miles an hour, with no other fear but that of meeting some raiding vessel.

"We gave the *bagarino* Moors something to eat, and the renegade comforted them, telling them that they were not going as captives, that at the first chance they would be set free. The same was said to Zoraida's father, who answered: 'Anything else I might hope for and believe of your generosity and good conduct, O Christians, but as for setting me free, do not take me for so simple as to imagine it; for you never put yourselves in danger of taking my freedom from me only to give it back so freely, especially knowing who I am and the profit that may come to you from giving it back; and that profit, if you will put a name to it, I here and now offer you, whatever you like for myself and for this unhappy daughter of mine, or else for her alone, who is the greater and the better part of my soul.' Saying this, he began to weep so bitterly that he moved us all to pity and forced Zoraida to look at him; and she, seeing him weep, was so softened that she rose from my feet and went to embrace her father, and, laying her face against his, the two of them began such tender weeping that many of us who were there joined them in it. But when her father saw her dressed for a feast and with so many jewels on her, he said to her in their language: 'What is this, daughter? Yesterday at nightfall, before this terrible misfortune we find ourselves in befell us, I saw you in your ordinary everyday clothes; and now, without your having had time to dress, and without your having had any happy news to cel-

ebrate by adorning and decking yourself, I see you arrayed in the best clothes I knew how to give you and could give you when fortune was kinder to us. Answer me this, for it leaves me more bewildered and astonished than the misfortune itself in which I find myself.'

"Everything the Moor said to his daughter the renegade explained to us, and she did not answer him a word. But when he saw at one side of the boat the little chest in which she used to keep her jewels, which he knew very well he had left in Algiers and not brought to the garden, he was more bewildered still, and asked her how that chest had come into our hands and what was inside it. To which the renegade, without waiting for Zoraida to answer him, replied: 'Do not tire yourself, sir, asking Zoraida, your daughter, so many things, for with one answer I shall satisfy you on all of them; and so I would have you know that she is a Christian, and that she is the one who has been the file to our chains and the freedom of our captivity; she comes here of her own free will, as glad, to my thinking, to see herself in this state as one who comes out of darkness into light, out of death into life, and out of suffering into glory.' 'Is what this man says true, daughter?' said the Moor. 'It is,' answered Zoraida. 'So, in truth,' replied the old man, 'you are a Christian, and the one who has put her father into the power of his enemies?' To which Zoraida answered: 'A Christian I am, but I am not the one who has brought you to this pass, for my desire never reached as far as leaving you or doing you harm, but only as far as doing myself good.' 'And what good is it that you have done yourself, daughter?' 'That,' she answered, 'you must ask Lela Marién, for she will know how to tell you better than I.'

"Hardly had the Moor heard this when, with incredible speed, he threw himself headfirst into the sea, where without any doubt he would have drowned had not the long and cumbersome robe he wore kept him afloat for a little. Zoraida cried out to us to pull him

out, and so we all rushed to him at once and, catching hold of his *almalafa*, pulled him out half drowned and senseless, at which Zoraida felt such grief that she wept over him tenderly and sorrowfully, as if he were already dead. We turned him face down, he brought up a great deal of water, and came to himself at the end of two hours, in which, the wind having changed, we had to turn back toward the land and pull hard at the oars so as not to run onto it; but our good fortune had it that we reached an inlet formed beside a small promontory or cape which the Moors call that of La Cava Rumía, which in our language means the wicked Christian woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors that in that place lies buried the Cava, through whom Spain was lost to the Moors, for *cava* in their language means wicked woman, and *rumía*, Christian; and they even hold it a bad omen to come to anchor there when necessity forces them to it, for they never do so without such necessity; though for us it was no shelter of a wicked woman but a safe harbor for our deliverance, so rough was the sea.

"We posted our sentries on land and never let the oars out of our hands; we ate some of what the renegade had provided, and prayed to God and Our Lady with all our hearts to help us and favor us, so that we might bring so happy a beginning to a happy end. At Zoraida's entreaty, orders were given for us to put her father and all the other Moors who were bound there ashore, for she had not the heart, nor could her tender breast endure, to see her father bound and those of her own country prisoners before her eyes. We promised her to do so at the time of our departure, since there was no danger in leaving them in that place, which was uninhabited. Our prayers were not so vain that heaven did not hear them; for in our favor the wind soon turned and the sea grew calm, inviting us to go joyfully on again with the voyage we had begun.

"Seeing this, we untied the Moors and put them ashore one by one, at which they were astonished; but when we came to land Zoraida's father, who was now fully himself again, he said: 'Why do you think, Christians, that this wicked female is glad that you are setting me free? Do you think it is out of the pity she feels for me? No, indeed, but she does it because of the hindrance my presence would be to her when she wants to carry out her wicked desires; and do not think that what has moved her to change her religion is her understanding that yours is better than ours, but her knowing that in your country lewdness is practiced more freely than in ours.' And, turning to Zoraida, as I and another Christian held her by both arms so that she would not do anything rash, he said to her: 'O infamous girl and ill-advised child! Where are you going, blind and witless, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies? Cursed be the hour in which I begot you, and cursed be the comforts and delights in which I have reared you!' But, seeing that he was in no way of finishing soon, I made haste to put him ashore, and from there, shouting, he went on with his curses and laments, praying Muhammad to pray Allah to destroy us, confound us, and make an end of us; and when, having set sail, we could no longer hear his words, we saw his deeds, which were tearing out his beard, plucking at his hair, and dragging himself along the ground; but once he raised his voice so loud that we could make out what he was saying: 'Come back, beloved daughter, come back to land, for I forgive you everything; give those men the money, for it is theirs already, and come back to comfort this sad father of yours, who will leave his life on this deserted sand if you leave him!' All of which Zoraida heard, and all of which she felt and wept over, and she could find no word to say or answer him but this: 'May it please Allah, my father, that Lela Marién, who has been the cause of my becoming a Christian, may comfort you in your sorrow. Allah knows well that I could do nothing other than what I have done,

and that these Christians owe nothing to my good will; for, even if I had wished not to come with them and to stay at home, it would have been impossible for me, such was the haste my soul was in to carry out this deed, which seems to me as good as you, beloved father, judge it to be bad.' This she said when her father could no longer hear her, nor could we see him any more; and so, while I comforted Zoraida, we all attended to our voyage, which the wind itself made so easy for us that we took it for certain we would see ourselves on the shores of Spain at dawn the next day.

"But, since good seldom or never comes pure and simple, without being accompanied or followed by some evil to disturb or alarm it, our fortune willed, or perhaps the curses the Moor had heaped on his daughter, which are always to be feared from any father whatever; it willed, I say, that when we were already out on the open sea, and almost three hours of the night had passed, as we were going with the sail spread full and the oars lashed, for the fair wind spared us the labor of needing them, by the light of the moon, which was shining brightly, we saw close to us a square-rigged ship, which, with all sails spread and the helm put a little to windward, was crossing ahead of us; and this so close that we were forced to strike sail so as not to run into her, and they, for their part, put the helm hard over to give us room to pass.

"They had come to the ship's side to ask us who we were, and where we were bound, and where we came from; but, since they asked us this in French, our renegade said: 'Let no one answer; for these, no doubt, are French corsairs, who take whatever they can lay hands on.' Because of this warning no one answered a word; and, when we had gone on a little ahead, so that the ship was now to leeward, they suddenly fired two pieces of artillery, and, as it seemed, both had chain shot in them, for one of them sheared our mast through the middle and sent it down into the sea along with the sail; and the next moment, firing another piece, the ball struck

our boat amidships and split it wide open without doing any other harm; but, when we saw ourselves going to the bottom, we all began to cry out loudly for help and to beg those on the ship to take us in, for we were sinking. Then they struck sail, and, lowering their skiff or boat into the sea, as many as twelve Frenchmen, well armed, with their harquebuses and their matches lit, got into it and so came alongside ours; and, seeing how few we were and that the vessel was going down, they took us in, saying that this had happened to us for our discourtesy in not answering them. Our renegade took the chest with Zoraida's riches and threw it into the sea without anyone noticing what he was doing. In short, we all went over to the French, who, after informing themselves of everything they wanted to know about us, stripped us of everything we had, as though they were our mortal enemies, and from Zoraida they took even the *carcajes* she wore on her ankles. But the distress they were causing Zoraida did not grieve me so much as the fear I had that from taking her very rich and precious jewels they would go on to take the jewel that was worth most and that she valued most. But the desires of those people go no further than money, and of that their greed is never sated; and it went so far then that they would have taken even our captives' clothes if they had been of any use to them. And there was an opinion among them that they should throw us all into the sea wrapped in a sail, because they meant to trade in some Spanish ports under the name of Bretons, and if they took us alive they would be punished when their theft was discovered. But the captain, who was the one who had stripped my beloved Zoraida, said that he was satisfied with the prize he had, and that he did not want to touch at any port in Spain, but to pass through the Strait of Gibraltar by night, or however he could, and go to La Rochelle, where he had sailed from; and so they agreed to give us their ship's skiff, and everything we needed for the short voyage that remained to us, as

they did the next day, when we were now in sight of the land of Spain; at which sight all our sorrows and poverty were utterly forgotten, as if they had never befallen us: so great is the joy of regaining one's lost freedom.

"It might have been about noon when they set us in the boat with two kegs of water and a little biscuit; and the captain, stirred by some pity or other, I cannot say what, gave the most beautiful Zoraida, as she went aboard, as many as forty gold escudos, and would not let his soldiers take from her these very clothes she has on now. We got into the vessel; we thanked them for the good they were doing us, showing ourselves more grateful than aggrieved; they stood out to sea, following the course for the strait; we, looking to no other north star than the land that showed itself before us, made such haste at the oars that by sunset we were so close that we could well have reached it, as it seemed to us, before it was very late at night; but, because the moon did not show that night and the sky was dark, and because we did not know the place we were at, it did not seem safe to us to run ashore, as many of us thought we should, saying that we ought to land, even if it were on some rocks and far from any town, for in that way we would put to rest the fear we reasonably had that corsair vessels from Tetuán might be about, which leave Barbary at nightfall and are off the coasts of Spain by dawn, and commonly take a prize and go back home to sleep. But of the opposing opinions the one that was adopted was that we should draw near little by little, and, if the calm of the sea allowed it, land wherever we could.

"This was done, and it must have been a little before midnight when we reached the foot of a huge and very high mountain, not so close to the sea that it did not leave a little space where we could land comfortably. We ran onto the sand, went ashore, kissed the ground, and, with tears of the most joyful happiness, we all gave thanks to God, our Lord, for the incomparable good he had

done us. We took out of the boat the provisions it held, hauled it up on land, and climbed a very long way up the mountain, for, even being where we were, we could not yet set our hearts at rest, nor could we quite believe that it was Christian land that now bore us up. Day dawned later, to my thinking, than we would have wished. We climbed the whole mountain to see whether any town could be seen from there, or any shepherds' huts; but, however far we strained our eyes, we saw neither town, nor person, nor path, nor road. For all that, we resolved to go on inland, for it could not be but that we would soon come across someone who would tell us where we were. But what weighed on me most was watching Zoraida make her way on foot over such rough country; for, though I sometimes carried her on my shoulders, my weariness wearied her more than her rest rested her; and so she would never again let me take that labor on myself; and, with great patience and signs of cheerfulness, I always leading her by the hand, we must have gone a little less than a quarter of a league when the sound of a small bell reached our ears, a clear sign that there were flocks somewhere close by; and, all of us looking carefully to see whether anyone could be seen, we saw a young shepherd at the foot of a cork oak, who with great calm and unconcern was whittling a stick with a knife. We shouted, and he, raising his head, sprang nimbly to his feet; and, as we learned afterward, the first who came into his sight were the renegade and Zoraida, and, since he saw them in Moorish dress, he thought all Barbary was upon him; and, plunging with amazing speed into the wood ahead, he began to raise the loudest shouts in the world, crying: 'Moors, there are Moors in the land! Moors, Moors! To arms, to arms!'

"At these cries we were all at a loss, and did not know what to do with ourselves; but, considering that the shepherd's cries would rouse the countryside, and that the coast cavalry would soon come to see what it was, we agreed that the renegade should

strip off his Turkish clothes and put on a *gilecuelco*, or captive's jacket, which one of us gave him at once, though it left that man in his shirt; and so, commending ourselves to God, we went along the same road we had seen the shepherd take, expecting at every moment that the coast cavalry would fall upon us. And our thought did not deceive us, for not even two hours could have passed when, having come out of that brushwood onto a plain, we caught sight of as many as fifty horsemen, who were coming toward us at great speed at a half gallop; and, as soon as we saw them, we stood still and waited for them; but, when they came up and saw, instead of the Moors they were looking for, so many poor Christians, they were at a loss, and one of them asked us whether we were by any chance the reason a shepherd had raised the call to arms. 'Yes,' I said; and, as I was about to begin telling him what had happened to me, and where we came from and who we were, one of the Christians who came with us recognized the horseman who had asked us the question, and said, without letting me say another word: 'Thanks be to God, gentlemen, who has brought us to so good a place! For, if I am not mistaken, the land we are treading is that of Vélez Málaga, unless the years of my captivity have taken from my memory the recollection that you, sir, who are asking us who we are, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle.' Hardly had the Christian captive said this when the horseman threw himself from his horse and came to embrace the young man, saying to him: 'Nephew of my soul and of my life, I know you now, and I have wept for you as dead, I and my sister, your mother, and all your family, who are still alive; and God has been pleased to give them life so that they may enjoy the pleasure of seeing you: we knew already that you were in Algiers, and from the signs and look of your clothes, and those of all this company, I gather that you have had a miraculous deliverance.' 'So it is,' answered the young man, 'and there will be time for us to tell you all of it.'

"The moment the horsemen grasped that we were Christian captives, they got down from their saddles, and every one of them offered us his own to carry us to the city of Vélez Málaga, which was a league and a half from there. Some of them went back to bring the boat to the city, once we had said where it lay; others mounted us on their cruppers behind them, and Zoraida rode on the crupper of the Christian's uncle's horse. The whole town came out to meet us, for they had already heard the news of our coming from someone who had ridden on ahead. They did not marvel at seeing captives freed or Moors made captive, for all the people of that coast are used to seeing both the one and the other; but they marveled at the beauty of Zoraida, which at that moment and season was at its height, as much from the weariness of the journey as from the joy of seeing herself at last in the land of the Christians, with no fear of being lost; and this had brought such color into her face that, unless my love deceived me then, I will venture to say that there was no more beautiful creature in the world; at least, none that I had seen.

"We went straight to the church to give thanks to God for the mercy we had received; and, as soon as Zoraida went in, she said that there were faces there that looked like Lela Marién's. We told her they were images of her, and the renegade explained to her as best he could what they signified, so that she might worship them as though each of them were truly the very Lela Marién who had spoken to her. She, who has a good understanding and an easy, clear nature, at once understood everything that was told her about the images. From there they took us and divided us all among different houses in the town; but the renegade, Zoraida, and I were taken by the Christian who came with us to the house of his parents, who were moderately well provided with the goods of fortune, and they treated us with as much love as their own son.

"We stayed six days in Vélez, at the end of which the renegade, having drawn up the statement of everything he needed, went to the city of Granada to be restored, through the Holy Inquisition, to the most holy bosom of the Church; the other freed Christians went off each where he thought best; Zoraida and I alone were left, with nothing but the escudos the Frenchman's courtesy had given Zoraida, out of which I bought this animal she rides on; and, serving her until now as father and squire, and not as husband, we are going with the intention of seeing whether my father is alive, or whether either of my brothers has had better fortune than mine; though, since heaven has made me Zoraida's companion, it seems to me that no other lot could come to me, however good it might be, that I would value more. The patience with which Zoraida bears the hardships that poverty brings with it, and the desire she shows to see herself a Christian at last, are such and so great that they fill me with admiration and move me to serve her all the days of my life; though the happiness I feel at seeing myself hers and her mine is troubled and undone by not knowing whether I shall find in my own country any corner in which to shelter her, and whether time and death will have made such a change in the fortune and the lives of my father and my brothers that, if they are no longer living, there will scarcely be anyone to recognize me. I have nothing more to tell you of my story, gentlemen; whether it is pleasing and out of the ordinary, let your good judgment decide; for my part I can say that I would have liked to tell it to you more briefly, though the fear of wearying you has kept more than a few details off my tongue."

Chapter XLII. Which deals with what further happened at the inn, and with many other things worth knowing

With these words the captive fell silent, and Don Fernando said to him:

"Truly, Señor Captain, the way in which you have told this strange story has been such that it matches the novelty and strangeness of the events themselves. It is all extraordinary and rare, and full of incidents that amaze and hold in suspense whoever hears them; and so great is the pleasure we have had in listening to it that, even if tomorrow's dawn found us still occupied with the same tale, we should be glad to have it begun over again."

And, as he said this, Don Fernando and all the others offered him their services with everything in their power, in words and speeches so warm and so sincere that the captain was well satisfied of their goodwill. Don Fernando above all made him an offer: if he cared to return with him, Don Fernando would have his brother the marquis stand godfather at Zoraida's baptism, and, for his own part, would fit him out in such a way that he could enter his own country with the dignity and comfort due to his person. The captive thanked him most courteously for all of it, but would not accept any of his generous offers.

By now night was coming on, and, as it closed in, a coach arrived at the inn with some men on horseback. They asked for lodging; to which the innkeeper's wife replied that there was not a span of space free in the whole inn.

"Well, even so," said one of the horsemen who had come in, "there must be room for the lord judge who is coming here."

At this title the hostess was flustered, and said:

"Sir, the trouble is that I have no beds: if his grace the lord judge brings one with him, as he surely must, let him come in and welcome, for my husband and I will move out of our own room to make his grace comfortable."

"So be it, then," said the squire.

But by this time a man had already stepped out of the coach whose clothes at once declared his office and position, for the long gown he wore, its sleeves ruffled, showed him to be a judge, as his servant had said. He was leading by the hand a young lady of about sixteen, as it seemed, dressed for traveling, so elegant, so beautiful, and so graceful that the sight of her filled everyone with admiration; so much so that, had they not seen Dorotea and Luscinda and Zoraida, who were in the inn, they would have believed that another such beauty as this young lady's would hardly be found. Don Quixote was present when the judge and the young lady came in, and, as soon as he saw him, he said:

"Your grace may enter and take your ease in this castle in all security; for, though it is cramped and poorly furnished, there is no cramping or discomfort in the world that will not make room for arms and letters, and all the more if arms and letters have beauteousness for their guide and leader, as your grace's letters have it in this fair damsel, before whom not only should castles open and show themselves, but crags should part asunder and mountains divide and bow down to give her welcome. Enter, your grace, I say, into this paradise, for here you will find stars and suns to keep company with the heaven your grace brings with you; here you will find arms at their height and beauty at its utmost."

The judge was amazed at Don Quixote's speech, and began to look at him very closely, marveling no less at his figure than at his

words; and, before he could find any words of his own with which to answer him, he was amazed all over again when he saw before him Luscinda, Dorotea, and Zoraida, who, at the news of the new guests and at what the innkeeper's wife had told them of the young lady's beauty, had come out to see her and receive her. But Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest made him plainer and more courtly offers. In effect, the lord judge went in bewildered as much by what he saw as by what he heard, and the beauties of the inn bade the beautiful young lady welcome.

In short, the judge saw clearly that all those who were there were people of rank; but Don Quixote's build, face, and bearing baffled him; and, when courteous offers had passed among them all and the accommodation of the inn had been looked into, what had been arranged before was arranged again: that all the women should go into the attic already mentioned, and that the men should stay outside, as if on guard over them. And so the judge was content that his daughter, for that was who the young lady was, should go with those ladies, which she very gladly did. And with part of the innkeeper's narrow bed, and half of the one the judge had brought, they made themselves more comfortable that night than they had expected.

The captive, whose heart had leaped from the moment he saw the judge, with a foreboding that this was his brother, asked one of the servants who had come with him what his name was and whether he knew what part of the country he was from. The servant answered that his name was the licentiate Juan Pérez de Viedma, and that he had heard that he was from a village in the mountains of León. With this report, and with what he himself had seen, he was fully convinced that this was his brother, who had followed letters on his father's advice; and, excited and happy, calling Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest aside, he told them what was going on, assuring them that the judge was his brother.

The servant had also told him that he was on his way to the Indies, appointed judge of the High Court of Mexico. He learned as well that the girl was the judge's daughter, that her mother had died bringing her into the world, and that he had been left very rich with the dowry that stayed with him in the house along with the daughter. He asked their advice on what means he should use to make himself known, or to find out first whether, once he had made himself known, his brother, seeing him poor, would be ashamed of him or would receive him with a kind heart.

"Leave it to me to make that trial," said the priest; "all the more since there is no reason to think anything but that you, Señor Captain, will be very well received; for the worth and good sense your brother shows in his fine looks give no sign that he is arrogant or ungrateful, or that he will not know how to give the turns of fortune their proper weight."

"For all that," said the captain, "I should like to make myself known to him not all at once, but in a roundabout way."

"I tell you," answered the priest, "that I will contrive it in such a way that we shall all be satisfied."

By this time supper was ready, and everyone took a seat at the table but the captive and the ladies, who had their supper apart in their own room. In the middle of the meal the priest said:

"I had a comrade of the same name as your grace, Señor Judge, in Constantinople, where I was a captive for some years; and this comrade was one of the bravest soldiers and captains in the whole Spanish infantry; but as much as he had of courage and valor, so much did he have of ill fortune."

"And what was this captain's name, sir?" asked the judge.

"His name was," answered the priest, "Ruy Pérez de Viedma, and he was a native of a village in the mountains of León; and he told me something that had happened to his father and his brothers which, had it not been told me by a man as truthful as he was, I

would have taken for one of those tales old women tell by the fire in winter. For he told me that his father had divided his property among the three sons he had, and had given them certain advice better than Cato's. And I can tell you that the son who chose to go to the wars had done so well that in a few years, by his valor and courage, with no other arm to help him than that of his own great merit, he rose to be a captain of infantry, and saw himself on the road and in the running to be made a camp master before long. But fortune was against him, for where he might have hoped to find it good, there he lost it, losing his freedom in that most happy battle where so many won theirs back, which was the battle of Lepanto. I lost mine at La Goleta, and afterward, by different turns of fortune, we found ourselves comrades in Constantinople. From there he went to Algiers, where I know that one of the strangest things that ever happened in the world befell him."

From here the priest went on, and, with brief concision, told what had happened between Zoraida and his brother; to all of which the judge was so attentive that never had he been such an *oidor*, such a hearer, as then. The priest went only as far as the point when the French stripped the Christians who were in the boat, and the poverty and want in which his comrade and the beautiful Moorish woman had been left; of whom he had never learned what had become, whether they had reached Spain or the French had taken them away to France.

The captain was listening to everything the priest said from a little way off, and watching every movement his brother made; and the judge, seeing that the priest had now come to the end of his story, heaved a deep sigh, and, his eyes filling with tears, said:

"Oh, sir, if you only knew what news you have told me, and how closely it touches me, so that I am forced to show it by these tears that, against all my judgment and restraint, are coming from my eyes! That valiant captain you speak of is my elder brother, who,

being stronger and of higher thoughts than I or another younger brother of mine, chose the honorable and worthy calling of war, which was one of the three roads our father put before us, as your comrade told you in what, to your mind, was an old wives' tale you heard from him. I followed letters, in which God and my own diligence have brought me to the rank you see me in. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich that with what he has sent to my father and to me he has well repaid the share he took with him, and has even put in my father's hands enough to satisfy his natural generosity; and I, likewise, have been able to keep myself with greater decency and dignity in my studies and to reach the post in which you see me. My father is still alive, dying with the desire to have news of his eldest son, and he begs God in continual prayers that death may not close his eyes until he sees his son's eyes alive; and I marvel that my brother, being so sensible, should, amid so many hardships and afflictions, or prosperous fortunes, have neglected to send word of himself to his father; for had he known it, or any of us, he would not have needed to wait for the miracle of the cane to gain his ransom. But what I fear now is to think whether those Frenchmen will have set him free, or will have killed him to hide their theft. All this will mean that I go on with my journey, not with the happiness with which I began it, but in utter melancholy and sadness. Oh my good brother, if only I knew now where you were, for I would go and seek you and free you from your hardships, even at the cost of my own! Oh, if only someone could bring news to our old father that you were alive, even if you were in the most hidden dungeons of Barbary; for his riches, my brother's, and mine would get you out of there! Oh, beautiful and generous Zoraida, if only one could repay the good you did a brother! If only one could be present at the rebirth of your soul, and at the wedding, which would give us all such joy!"

These and other such words the judge spoke, so full of feeling at the news they had given him of his brother that all who heard him joined him in showing how deeply they were moved by his grief.

The priest, then, seeing that he had succeeded so well in his intention and in what the captain wished, would not keep them all sad any longer; and so he rose from the table and, going in to where Zoraida was, took her by the hand, and after her came Luscinda, Dorotea, and the judge's daughter. The captain was waiting to see what the priest meant to do, which was this: taking him too by the other hand, he went with the two of them to where the judge and the other gentlemen were, and said:

"Let your tears cease, Señor Judge, and let your wish be crowned with all the good that can be wished for, since you have before you your good brother and your good sister-in-law. This man you see here is Captain Viedma, and this is the beautiful Moorish woman who did him so much good. The Frenchmen I told you of have left them in the want you see, so that you may show the generosity of your good heart."

The captain went forward to embrace his brother, and the judge put both hands on his chest to look at him from a little farther off; but, when he knew him at last, he embraced him so closely, shedding such tender tears of joy, that most of those present could not help joining him in them. The words the two brothers said to each other, the feelings they showed, can hardly be imagined, I believe, much less written. There, in a few words, they gave each other an account of their fortunes; there they showed the true affection of two brothers at its fullest; there the judge embraced Zoraida; there he offered her his property; there he had his daughter embrace her; there the beautiful Christian and the most beautiful Moor drew fresh tears from everyone.

There Don Quixote stood attentive, without saying a word, considering these very strange events and putting them all down to the fancies of knight-errantry. There they agreed that the captain and Zoraida should go back with his brother to Seville and let their father know he had been found and freed, so that he might come as best he could to be present at Zoraida's wedding and baptism, since it was not possible for the judge to leave the road he was on, because he had news that a month from then the fleet was sailing from Seville for New Spain, and it would have been a great inconvenience to him to miss the voyage.

In short, everyone was happy and delighted at the captive's good fortune; and, as the night had now gone nearly two thirds of its course, they agreed to retire and rest for what was left of it. Don Quixote offered to keep guard over the castle, lest they be attacked by some giant or other ill-errant caitiff, greedy for the great treasure of beauty that castle held. Those who knew him thanked him, and told the judge about Don Quixote's strange humor, at which he was not a little amused.

Only Sancho Panza was in despair at how long it took them to go to bed, and only he found himself a better place than anyone, stretching out on his donkey's trappings, which cost him so dear, as will be told later on.

The ladies, then, having retired to their room, and the others having settled themselves as least badly as they could, Don Quixote went out of the inn to stand sentry over the castle, as he had promised.

It happened, then, that when dawn was not far off, a voice so tuneful and so fine reached the ladies' ears that it made them all listen closely, especially Dorotea, who was awake, and beside whom Doña Clara de Viedma was sleeping, for that was the name of the judge's daughter. No one could imagine who the person was who sang so well, and it was a voice alone, without any instrument

to accompany it. At times it seemed to them that the singing was in the courtyard, at other times in the stable; and, while they were in this uncertainty, listening very closely, Cardenio came to the door of the room and said:

"Whoever is not asleep, listen; for you will hear the voice of a mule boy who chants in such a way that he enchants."

"We hear it already, sir," answered Dorotea.

And with this Cardenio went away; and Dorotea, giving it all the attention she could, made out that what was being sung was this:

Chapter XLIII. In which is told the pleasant story of the mule boy, with other strange happenings at the inn

"I am a mariner of love,
and on its deep and open sea
I sail along without a hope
of ever coming into port.
I follow onward toward a star
that I can make out from afar,
more beautiful and shining bright
than any Palinurus saw.
I do not know where it may lead,
and so I sail in sore confusion,
my soul intent on watching it,
full of care and yet careless.
Restraints that have no cause or need,
a modesty beyond all use,
are clouds that hide it from my sight
the more I strive to see it shine.
O clear and brightly shining star,
whose light I suffer and am tried by,
the moment you are hid from me
will be the moment of my death."

When the singer reached this point, it seemed to Dorotea that it would not be right for Clara to miss hearing so fine a voice; and so, shaking her this way and that, she woke her, saying:

"Forgive me, child, for waking you; I do it so that you can enjoy hearing the best voice you have perhaps ever heard in all your life."

Clara woke up all drowsy, and at first did not understand what Dorotea was telling her; and, when she asked her again, Dorotea told her again, at which Clara listened closely. But hardly had she heard two lines of what the singer went on with when such a strange trembling seized her that it was as though she were sick with some bad attack of quartan fever; and, clinging tightly to Teodora, she said to her:

"Oh, lady of my soul and of my life, why did you wake me? For the greatest kindness fortune could do me just now was to keep my eyes and my ears shut, so that I would neither see nor hear that unhappy musician."

"What is it you are saying, child? Look here, they say the one who is singing is a mule boy."

"He is no such thing, but a lord of places," answered Clara, "and the place he holds in my soul he holds so securely that, unless he wishes to leave it, it will never be taken from him for all eternity."

Dorotea was astonished at the girl's heartfelt words, which seemed to her to go far beyond the good sense her few years promised; and so she said to her:

"You speak in such a way, Señora Clara, that I cannot understand you: explain yourself further, and tell me what you mean about souls and places, and about this musician whose voice has you so troubled. But tell me nothing for now, for I would not lose, by tending to your alarm, the pleasure I am taking in hearing the singer; for it seems to me that he is going back to his song with new verses and a new tune."

"As you please," answered Clara.

And, so as not to hear him, she stopped both her ears with her hands, at which Dorotea marveled too; and she, listening to what was being sung, heard it go on in this way:

"Sweet hope of mine,
who, breaking through impossibles and thorns,
keep steadfast on the road
that you yourself imagine and lay out:
let it not daunt you when you find yourself
at every step beside the step of death.
The slothful never win
an honored triumph or a victory,
nor can those men be happy
who, never standing up to fortune's blows,
yield up, all helplessly,
their every sense to soft and easy idleness.
That love should sell its glories
dear is right reason and a bargain fair,
for there's no richer pledge
than one whose worth is weighed by its delight;
and it is plain to all
that what costs little is not held of worth.
Love's long persistence
at times achieves things that are impossible;
and so, though with my own
I follow the hardest of love's enterprises,
not on that account I fear
that I shall fail to reach heaven from the earth."

Here the voice came to its end, and Clara's sobs to a fresh beginning. All of which inflamed Dorotea's desire to know the cause of so sweet a song and so sad a weeping. And so she asked her again what it was she had meant to tell her a while ago. Then Clara, afraid that Luscinda might hear her, and holding Dorotea tightly in her arms, put her mouth so close to Dorotea's ear that she could speak safely without being heard by anyone else, and said to her:

"This boy who is singing, my lady, is the son of a gentleman from the kingdom of Aragon, the lord of two villages, who lived across the street from my father's house at court; and, although my father kept the windows of his house covered with linen in the winter and with lattices in the summer, I don't know how it was, or how it wasn't, but this gentleman, who was a student, saw me, whether in church or somewhere else I don't know. In the end he fell in love with me, and made it known to me from his own windows by so many signals and so many tears that I had to believe him, and even love him, without knowing what he wanted of me. Among the signs he made me, one was to join one hand to the other, giving me to understand that he would marry me; and, though I would have been very glad if it were so, being alone and without a mother I didn't know whom to talk it over with; and so I let it be, without giving him any other favor except, when my father was out of the house and his was too, to lift the linen or the lattice a little and let him see all of me, at which he made such rejoicing that he seemed to be going out of his mind. Then the time came for my father to leave, which he found out, though not from me, for I was never able to tell him. He fell ill, as I understand it, from grief; and so on the day we left I could not see him to say goodbye, not even with my eyes. But after we had been on the road two days, as we were going into a lodging house in a village a day's journey from here, I saw him at the door of the tavern,

dressed as a mule boy, and so true to life that if I did not carry his portrait so clearly in my soul it would have been impossible to recognize him. I knew him, I was amazed, and I was glad; he looked at me on the sly, so that my father would not notice, for he always hides from him when he crosses in front of me on the roads and in the inns we come to; and, since I know who he is, and think how for love of me he comes on foot and with so much hardship, I am dying of grief, and where he sets his feet I set my eyes. I don't know what he intends by coming, or how he has managed to get away from his father, who loves him beyond all measure, because he has no other heir, and because he deserves it, as your grace will see when you see him. And I can tell you more: everything he sings he makes up out of his own head; for I have heard that he is a very great scholar and poet. And there is more: whenever I catch sight of him or hear his singing, I shake from head to foot and take fright, afraid that my father will recognize him and come to know of our wishes. Never in my life have I spoken a word to him, and, for all that, I love him in such a way that I shall not be able to live without him. This, my lady, is all I can tell you about this musician whose voice has pleased you so much; for by that alone you will see very well that he is no mule boy, as you say, but a lord of souls and places, as I have told you."

"Say no more, Señora Doña Clara," said Dorotea at this point, kissing her a thousand times as she said it; "say no more, I tell you, and wait for the new day to come, for I trust in God to guide your affairs in such a way that they will have the happy end that such honest beginnings deserve."

"Oh, my lady!" said Doña Clara. "What end can be hoped for, if his father is of such high rank and so rich that he will think I am not fit even to be his son's maid, let alone his wife? And as for marrying behind my father's back, I won't do it for anything in the world. All I want is for this boy to go back and leave me; perhaps by

not seeing him, and with the great distance of the journey we are making, the pain I feel now would ease, though I can tell you that this remedy I imagine will do me very little good. I don't know what the devil this has been, or how this love I have for him got in, I being so young and he so young; for truly I believe we are the very same age, and I haven't turned sixteen yet, because my father says I will turn sixteen this coming Saint Michael's Day."

Dorotea could not help laughing to hear how like a child Doña Clara talked, and she said to her:

"Let us rest, my lady, for what little I think is left of the night; God will bring the day, and we shall thrive, or my hands will serve me badly."

With this they settled down, and throughout the inn a deep silence was kept; only the innkeeper's daughter and Maritornes, her servant, were not asleep; and the two of them, knowing by now what humor Don Quixote suffered from, and that he was outside the inn, armed and on horseback, keeping guard, made up their minds to play some trick on him, or at least to pass the time a little listening to his nonsense.

The fact is, then, that in the whole inn there was no window that looked out on the fields, except a hole in a hayloft through which they pitched the straw in from outside. At this hole the two would-be damsels stationed themselves, and they saw that Don Quixote was on horseback, leaning on his long lance, heaving from time to time such deep and doleful sighs that it seemed his soul was being torn out of him with each one. And they heard him say, too, in a soft, tender, and loving voice:

"O my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, height of all beauty, last word and crown of good sense, archive of the finest grace, treasury of modesty, and, lastly, the ideal of everything profitable, virtuous, and delightful there is in the world! And what doth your grace now? Can it be that by any chance your mind is on your captive

knight, who, only to serve you, has of his own free will chosen to expose himself to so many perils? Give me news of her, O luminary of the three faces! Perhaps you are gazing on her now in envy of her face; for she, either strolling along some gallery of her sumptuous palaces or leaning her breast upon some balcony, is considering how, saving her modesty and her greatness, she may calm the storm that this my woeful heart endures for her sake, what glory she will give my pains, what rest my care, and, in short, what life my death and what reward my services. And you, sun, who must by now be hastily saddling your horses, to rise early and go forth to see my lady, as soon as you see her, I beg you to greet her on my behalf; but beware lest, on seeing her and greeting her, you kiss her face, for I shall be more jealous of you than you were of that fleet ungrateful one who made you sweat and run so over the plains of Thessaly, or along the banks of the Peneus, for I do not well remember where it was you ran then, jealous and enamored."

Don Quixote had come this far in his most piteous speech when the innkeeper's daughter began to go "psst" at him and to say to him:

"My lord, may your grace come hither, if it please you."

Hearing the voice and seeing the signs, Don Quixote turned his head and made out, by the moonlight, which was then at its fullest brightness, that they were calling him from the hole, which seemed to him a window, and even one with gilded bars, as befits castles as rich as he imagined that inn to be; and at once, in that very instant, it came into his mad imagination that once again, as on the last occasion, the fair damsel, daughter of the lady of that castle, overcome by love for him, was coming back to woo him; and with this thought, so as not to seem discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rocinante round by the reins and went up to the hole, and, as soon as he saw the two girls, said:

"I pity you, fair lady, that you should have set your amorous thoughts where it is not possible to return them as your great worth and grace deserve; for which you must not blame this wretched knight-errant, whom love has made unable to yield his will to any other than her whom he made sole and absolute mistress of his soul in the instant his eyes first beheld her. Forgive me, good lady, and withdraw to your chamber, and do not seek, by further declaring your desires, to make me seem more ungrateful still; and if, in return for the love you bear me, you find in me anything else with which to satisfy you, provided it is not love itself, ask it of me; for I swear by that sweet enemy of mine who is absent that I will give it you forthwith, even though you should ask me for a lock of the hair of Medusa, which was all snakes, or the very rays of the sun shut up in a flask."

"My lady needs none of that, sir knight," said Maritornes at this point.

"Then what does your lady need, wise duenna?" answered Don Quixote.

"Only one of your beautiful hands," said Maritornes, "so she can ease with it the great longing that has brought her to this hole, and so much at the risk of her honor that if her lord father had heard her, the smallest slice he'd have taken off her would have been her ear."

"I should like to see that!" answered Don Quixote. "But he will take good care not to, unless he wishes to come to the most disastrous end that ever father came to in the world, for having laid hands on the delicate limbs of his lovelorn daughter."

It seemed to Maritornes that Don Quixote would certainly give the hand they had asked for, and, working out in her mind what she was going to do, she got down from the hole and went to the stable, where she took the halter of Sancho Panza's donkey, and came back very quickly to her hole, just when Don Quixote had

stood up on Rocinante's saddle to reach the barred window where he imagined the wounded damsel to be; and, as he gave her his hand, he said:

"Take, lady, this hand, or, to put it better, this executioner of the evildoers of the world; take this hand, I say, which no woman's hand has ever touched, not even hers who has entire possession of my whole body. I do not give it to you to kiss, but so that you may observe the texture of its sinews, the knitting of its muscles, the breadth and spaciousness of its veins; from which you will gather what the strength of the arm must be that has such a hand."

"We'll see about that now," said Maritornes.

And, making a running noose in the halter, she slipped it over his wrist, and, getting down from the hole, tied what was left of it very tightly to the bolt of the hayloft door. Don Quixote, feeling the roughness of the cord on his wrist, said:

"It seems rather that your grace is grating my hand than gracing it; do not treat it so ill, for it is not to blame for the ill my will does you, nor is it right that on so small a part you should vent the whole of your anger. Consider that one who loves well does not take such ill revenge."

But by now not a soul was hearing these speeches of Don Quixote's, for the moment Maritornes had him tied, she and the other girl took themselves off, dying of laughter, and left him fastened in such a way that he could not possibly get loose.

He was standing, then, as has been said, on Rocinante, his whole arm thrust through the hole and tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in very great fear and anxiety that, if Rocinante moved to one side or the other, he would be left hanging by the arm; and so he did not dare to make any movement at all, although from Rocinante's patience and stillness it could well be expected that he would stand without moving for a whole century.

In short, Don Quixote, seeing himself tied, and that the ladies had gone, began to imagine that all this was being done by way of enchantment, as on the last occasion, when in that same castle that enchanted Moor of a muleteer had pounded him; and he cursed to himself his lack of good sense and judgment, since, having come off so badly from that castle the first time, he had ventured to go into it a second, it being a maxim of knights-errant that, when they have tried an adventure and not come off well in it, it is a sign that it is not reserved for them but for others; and so they have no need to try it a second time. For all that, he kept pulling at his arm to see whether he could get loose; but it was so well fastened that all his attempts were in vain. True it is that he pulled carefully, so that Rocinante would not move; and, though he would have liked to sit down and settle himself in the saddle, he could do nothing but stand, or wrench off his hand.

There came the longing for Amadís's sword, against which no enchantment whatever had any power; there came the cursing of his fortune; there came the magnifying of the loss the world would suffer from his absence for as long as he stayed there enchanted, for he had no doubt at all come to believe that he was; there came the remembering once more of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso; there came the calling on his good squire Sancho Panza, who, buried in sleep and stretched out on his donkey's packsaddle, did not at that moment remember the mother who bore him; there he called on the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife to help him; there he invoked his good friend Urganda to come to his aid; and, finally, there the morning found him, so desperate and bewildered that he was bellowing like a bull; for he did not hope that with the day his woe would be remedied, since he took it to be eternal, believing himself enchanted. And what made him believe this was seeing that Rocinante did not stir, little or much; and he believed that in that state, without eating or drinking or sleeping, he and his horse

would have to remain until that evil influence of the stars had passed, or until some other, wiser enchanter disenchanted him.

But he was much mistaken in his belief, for hardly had day begun to break when four men on horseback came to the inn, very well turned out and equipped, with their firelocks across their saddlebows. They knocked loudly at the door of the inn, which was still shut; and Don Quixote, seeing this from where he had not yet given up standing sentry, said in a loud and arrogant voice:

"Knights, or squires, or whoever you may be: you have no business knocking at the gates of this castle; for it is plain enough that at such an hour either those within are sleeping or it is not the custom for fortresses to be opened until the sun has spread over all the ground. Stand back, and wait for the day to clear, and then we shall see whether it will be right or not that they open to you."

"What the devil of a fortress or castle is this," said one of them, "that we should have to keep such ceremonies? If you're the innkeeper, have them open up for us, for we're travelers who want nothing more than to give our mounts some barley and go on our way, because we're in a hurry."

"Does it seem to you, gentlemen, that I have the look of an innkeeper?" answered Don Quixote.

"I don't know what you have the look of," answered the other, "but I know you're talking nonsense when you call this inn a castle."

"A castle it is," replied Don Quixote, "and one of the best in this whole province; and it has people inside who have held the scepter in their hand and worn the crown on their head."

"It would be better the other way round," said the traveler: "the scepter on the head and the crown in the hand. And it may be, if it comes to that, that there's some company of players inside, who often have those crowns and scepters you speak of; for in so small an inn, and one where they keep as quiet as they do in this one, I

don't believe any persons worthy of crown and scepter are lodging."

"You know little of the world," replied Don Quixote, "since you are ignorant of the things that commonly happen in knight-errantry."

The companions who had come with the questioner grew tired of the colloquy he was holding with Don Quixote, and so they began to knock again with great fury; so much so that the innkeeper woke up, and indeed everyone in the inn; and so he got up to ask who was knocking. It happened at this point that one of the mounts the four who were knocking were riding came up to sniff at Rocinante, who, melancholy and sad, with drooping ears, was holding up his outstretched master without moving; and since, after all, he was flesh, though he seemed to be made of wood, he could not help feeling it and sniffing back at the one who had come to caress him; and so he had hardly moved at all when Don Quixote's feet, which were close together, slid apart, and, slipping off the saddle, they would have brought him down to the ground had he not been left hanging by the arm: a thing that caused him such pain that he thought either his wrist was being cut off or his arm torn from its socket; for he was left so close to the ground that he was kissing the earth with the very tips of his toes, which was to his harm, because, feeling how little he lacked to set the soles of his feet on the ground, he wore himself out straining and stretching as far as he could to reach the floor: just like those who are put to the torture of the pulley, hoisted so that they touch and do not touch, and who themselves increase their pain by the eagerness with which they stretch, deceived by the hope that comes to them that, if they stretch only a little more, they will reach the ground.

Chapter XLIV. In which the unheard-of events at the inn are continued

In effect, Don Quixote shouted so loudly that the innkeeper, flinging open the gates of the inn in haste, came out in alarm to see who was raising such a cry, and those outside did the same. Maritornes, who had already been woken by the same shouting, guessing what it might be, went to the hayloft and, without anyone seeing her, untied the halter that was holding Don Quixote up, and he dropped at once to the ground, in full view of the innkeeper and the travelers, who came up to him and asked what ailed him that he was shouting so. Without answering a word, he slipped the cord off his wrist and, rising to his feet, mounted Rocinante, braced his shield on his arm, couched his long lance, and, taking a good stretch of ground, came back at a half gallop, saying:

"Should any man say that I was justly enchanted, so long as my lady Princess Micomicona grants me leave, I give him the lie, I call him out, and I defy him to single combat."

The new travelers were astonished at Don Quixote's words, but the innkeeper relieved them of their astonishment by telling them that this was Don Quixote, and that there was no need to take any notice of him, because he was out of his wits.

They asked the innkeeper whether a boy of about fifteen had happened to come to that inn, dressed as a mule boy, with such and such features, and they gave the very ones that Doña Clara's lover had. The innkeeper answered that there were so many people in the inn that he had not noticed the one they were asking

about. But one of them, having caught sight of the coach in which the judge had come, said:

"He must be here, no doubt about it, because this is the coach they say he's following. Let one of us stay at the door and the rest go in to look for him; and it would be just as well for one of us to go all the way around the inn, so that he doesn't slip away over the yard walls."

"So it shall be," answered one of them.

And two of them went inside, while one stayed at the door and the other went off to circle the inn; all of which the innkeeper watched, unable to make out why such pains were being taken, although he did believe they were looking for the lad whose description they had given him.

By this time day was breaking; and, as much for that reason as because of the noise Don Quixote had made, everyone was awake and getting up, especially Doña Clara and Dorotea, who, the one in alarm at having her lover so near and the other in her eagerness to see him, had slept very poorly that night. Don Quixote, seeing that none of the four travelers paid him any heed or answered his challenge, was dying and raging with spite and fury; and if he had found in the ordinances of his chivalry that a knight-errant might lawfully take up and undertake another enterprise when he had given his word and faith not to engage in any until he had finished the one he had promised, he would have charged at them all and made them answer whether they liked it or not. But, since it did not seem to him fitting or proper to begin a new enterprise until he had set Micomicona on her throne, he had to hold his tongue and keep still, waiting to see what would come of the search those travelers were making; one of whom found the young man he was looking for, asleep beside a mule boy, without the least thought that anyone might be looking for him, much less that anyone might find him. The man caught him by the arm and said:

"Upon my word, Señor Don Luis, the clothes you have on are very becoming to who you are, and the bed I find you in does great credit to the pampering your mother brought you up with."

The lad rubbed his sleepy eyes and looked long at the man who had hold of him, and then he saw that it was one of his father's servants, which gave him such a start that for a good while he could not find, or could not manage, a word to say to him. And the servant went on:

"There's nothing for it here, Señor Don Luis, but to be patient and make the journey home, unless your grace would like your father, my master, to make his journey to the other world, for nothing else can be expected from the grief your absence has left him in."

"But how did my father know," said Don Luis, "that I was traveling this road and in these clothes?"

"A student," answered the servant, "whom you had told of your plans was the one who gave them away, moved to pity by the pitiful state he saw your father in the moment he missed you; and so your father sent four of his servants out in search of you, and here we all are at your service, happier than can be imagined at the happy outcome we shall go home with, bringing you back before the eyes that love you so dearly."

"That will be as I wish, or as heaven ordains," answered Don Luis.

"What can you wish, or what can heaven ordain, except that you agree to go back? For nothing else is going to be possible."

All these words that passed between the two were overheard by the mule boy beside whom Don Luis had been lying; and he got up from there and went to tell Don Fernando and Cardenio and the rest, who were already dressed, what was going on; he told them how that man was giving the boy the title of Don, and what words were passing, and how he wanted to take him back to his

father's house, and the lad refused. And with this, and with what they already knew of him from the fine voice heaven had given him, they were all seized with a great desire to know more particularly who he was, and even to help him if anyone tried to take him by force; and so they went over to where he was still talking and arguing with his servant.

At this point Dorotea was coming out of her room, and behind her Doña Clara, all in a flutter; and Dorotea, calling Cardenio aside, gave him, in brief, the story of the musician and Doña Clara, and he in turn told her what was happening, how servants of the lad's father had come in search of him; and he did not tell it so softly that Clara failed to hear, at which she was so beside herself that, had Dorotea not reached her in time to hold her up, she would have fallen to the ground. Cardenio told Dorotea that the two of them should go back to their room, and that he would try to put everything right; and they did so.

By now all four of the men who had come in search of Don Luis were inside the inn and standing around him, urging him to go back at once, without a moment's delay, to console his father. He answered that he could by no means do so until he had brought to an end a business on which his life, his honor, and his soul depended. Then the servants pressed him harder, saying that on no account would they go back without him, and that they would take him whether he would or no.

"That you will not do," replied Don Luis, "unless you carry me off dead; though, in whatever way you carry me off, you will be carrying me off without life."

By this time most of the others in the inn had come running to the dispute, especially Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the judge, the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, who now thought there was no longer any need to guard the castle. Cardenio, since he already knew the lad's story, asked the men

who meant to take him away what moved them to want to carry that boy off against his will.

"What moves us," answered one of the four, "is to give life back to his father, who, through this gentleman's absence, is in danger of losing his own."

To this Don Luis said:

"There is no need to give an account of my affairs here. I am free, and I will go back if I please; and if not, none of you shall force me."

"Reason will force your grace," answered the man; "and, if reason is not enough for your grace, it will be enough for us to do what we came for and what we are bound to do."

"Let us get to the root of this," said the judge at this point.

But the man, who recognized him as a neighbor of his master's house, answered:

"Does your grace not know this gentleman, Señor Judge? He is your neighbor's son, and he has run off from his father's house in a dress as unbecoming to his rank as your grace can see."

The judge then looked at him more closely and recognized him; and, embracing him, he said:

"What childishness is this, Señor Don Luis, or what causes can be so powerful that they have moved you to come in this fashion, and in this dress, which sorts so ill with your rank?"

Tears came into the lad's eyes, and he could not answer a word. The judge told the four to be easy, for all would turn out well; and he took Don Luis by the hand, led him to one side, and asked him what this coming of his meant.

And while he was putting this and other questions to him, they heard loud shouting at the door of the inn, and the cause of it was that two guests who had lodged there that night, seeing everyone busy finding out what the four were looking for, had tried to leave without paying what they owed; but the innkeeper, who paid more

attention to his own business than to other people's, laid hold of them as they went out the door and demanded his money, and he scolded them for their bad intent in such terms that he provoked them into answering him with their fists; and so they began to give him such a beating that the poor innkeeper was driven to shout and call for help. The innkeeper's wife and her daughter could see no one so free to come to his aid as Don Quixote, to whom the innkeeper's daughter said:

"Help, your grace, sir knight, by the strength God gave you, help my poor father, for two wicked men are grinding him like grain at the mill."

To which Don Quixote answered, very slowly and with a great deal of phlegm:

"Fair damsel, your petition cannot be granted at present, because I am prevented from involving myself in any other adventure until I have brought to completion one to which my word has bound me. But what I can do to serve you is what I shall now tell you: run and tell your father to hold out in that battle as best he can, and on no account to let himself be beaten, while I ask Princess Micomicona for leave to succor him in his woe; for if she grants it me, you may rest assured that I shall deliver him from it."

"Sinner that I am!" said Maritornes, who was standing by. "Before your grace gets this leave you talk of, my master will be in the other world already."

"Only let me obtain the leave I speak of, lady," answered Don Quixote, "for, once I have it, it will matter little whether he is in the other world; for I shall bring him back from there in spite of the world itself, should it gainsay me; or, at the least, I shall give you such vengeance on those who sent him there that you will be more than moderately satisfied."

And without another word he went and knelt before Dorotea, begging her in knightly and knight-errantly language that her

greatness might be pleased to grant him leave to aid and succor the castellan of that castle, who had fallen into grievous straits. The princess gave it to him with right good will, and he at once, bracing his shield on his arm and putting his hand to his sword, hurried to the door of the inn, where the two guests were still handling the innkeeper roughly; but the moment he got there he stopped short and stood still, although Maritornes and the innkeeper's wife kept asking him why he was holding back, and telling him to help their master and husband.

"I hold back," said Don Quixote, "because it is not lawful for me to put my hand to my sword against persons of squirely rank; but call my squire Sancho here to me, for to him this defense and vengeance belongs and pertains."

This was what was going on at the door of the inn, and there the punches and cuffs were flying thick and fast, all to the innkeeper's cost and to the fury of Maritornes, the innkeeper's wife, and her daughter, who were in despair to see Don Quixote's cowardice and how badly it was going with their husband, master, and father.

But let us leave him here, for there will be no lack of someone to help him, or, if not, let him suffer in silence who dares to take on more than his strength promises; and let us go back fifty paces to see what answer Don Luis gave the judge, whom we left to one side asking him the cause of his coming on foot and dressed in such mean clothes. To which the lad, gripping his hands hard, as a sign that some great sorrow was wringing his heart, and shedding tears in great abundance, said to him:

"My lord, I can tell you nothing else than this: from the moment heaven willed it, and our living as neighbors made it easy, that I should see my lady Doña Clara, your daughter and my lady, in that same instant she became the mistress of my will; and unless your own will, my true lord and father, stands in the way, this very day

she shall be my wife. It was for her that I left my father's house and for her that I put on this dress, to follow her wherever she might go, as the arrow flies to the mark or the sailor steers by the North Star. She knows no more of my desires than she may have gathered from the few times she has seen my eyes weeping at a distance. You already know, sir, the wealth and nobility of my parents, and that I am their only heir: if you think these qualities enough for you to venture on making me fortunate in every way, receive me at once as your son; for if my father, led by other designs of his own, should not be pleased with the blessing I have contrived to find for myself, time has more power to undo and change things than human wills have."

With these words the enamored young man fell silent, and the judge, on hearing him, was left in suspense, confused and astonished, as much at the manner and good sense with which Don Luis had opened his heart to him as at finding himself in a position where he did not know which course to take in a matter so sudden and so unlooked-for; and so he gave no other answer than that Don Luis should be calm for the present, and keep his servants in play, so that they would not take him back that day and there would be time to consider what would be best for all. Don Luis kissed the judge's hands, which he had to seize by force, and even bathed them in tears, a thing that might have softened a heart of marble, let alone the judge's, who, as a sensible man, had already seen how good a match this would be for his daughter; though, were it possible, he would have liked to bring it about with the consent of Don Luis's father, who, he knew, was aiming to get his son a title.

By this time the guests had made their peace with the innkeeper, for, persuaded by Don Quixote's fair words rather than by threats, they had paid him all he asked, and Don Luis's servants were waiting for the end of the judge's talk and their young

master's decision, when the devil, who never sleeps, so arranged it that at that very moment there came into the inn the very barber whom Don Quixote had relieved of Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho Panza of his donkey's trappings, which Sancho had exchanged for his own; and this barber, leading his donkey to the stable, saw Sancho Panza mending something or other on the packsaddle, I do not know what; and no sooner did he see it than he recognized it, and he was bold enough to rush at Sancho, saying:

"Ah, Don Thief, now I've got you! Hand over my basin and my packsaddle, and all the trappings you stole from me!"

Sancho, finding himself set upon so suddenly and hearing the abuse that was being hurled at him, seized the packsaddle with one hand, and with the other gave the barber a punch that bathed his teeth in blood; but not for that did the barber let go the grip he had on the packsaddle; instead, he raised his voice so loud that everyone in the inn came running at the noise and the brawl, and he was crying:

"Help, in the name of the king and justice! Here I am getting back my property, and this thief, this highway robber, wants to kill me for it!"

"You lie," answered Sancho, "I'm no highway robber; these are spoils my master Don Quixote won in fair war."

Don Quixote was there already, greatly pleased to see how well his squire held his own, in defense and in attack; and from then on he took him for a man of mettle, and resolved in his heart to dub him a knight at the first opportunity that offered, for it seemed to him that the order of chivalry would be well bestowed on him. Among other things the barber said in the course of the brawl, he came out with this:

"Gentlemen, this packsaddle is as surely mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if I had given birth to it; and

there's my donkey in the stable, who won't let me lie. If you don't believe me, try it on him, and if it doesn't fit him to a hair, call me a scoundrel. And there's more: the very same day it was taken from me, they also took a brass basin of mine, brand-new, never once used, that cost me a whole escudo."

Here Don Quixote could not hold back from answering; and, stepping between the two and parting them, and setting the pack-saddle down on the ground in plain view until the truth should be made clear, he said:

"Let your graces see clearly and plainly the error this good squire is in, since he calls a basin what was, is, and will be Mambrino's helmet, which I took from him in fair war and of which I made myself master by legitimate and lawful possession! In the matter of the packsaddle I do not meddle; for all I can say of it is that my squire Sancho asked my leave to strip the trappings from the horse of this vanquished coward and adorn his own with them; I gave it him, and he took them; and as for their having turned from trappings into a packsaddle, I can give no other reason than the usual one: that such transformations are seen in the affairs of chivalry. In confirmation of which, run, Sancho, my son, and bring out here the helmet that this good man says is a basin."

"By God, sir," said Sancho, "if we've no other proof of our case than the one your grace mentions, then the helmet of Malino is just as much a basin as this good man's trappings are a packsaddle!"

"Do as I bid you," replied Don Quixote, "for not everything in this castle can be ruled by enchantment."

Sancho went to where the basin was and brought it back; and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands and said:

"See, your graces, what face this squire can have to say that this is a basin and not the helmet I have named; and I swear by the

order of chivalry that I profess that this helmet is the very one I took from him, with nothing added to it and nothing taken away."

"There's no doubt about that," said Sancho at this point, "because from the day my master won it until now he's fought only one battle in it, when he freed those poor wretches in chains; and if it hadn't been for this basin-helmet he wouldn't have come off too well that time, because there were stones enough flying in that scrape."

Chapter XLV. In which the doubt about Mambrino's helmet and the packsaddle is finally settled, with other adventures that truly happened

"What do your graces think, gentlemen," said the barber, "of what these fine gentlemen claim, since they still insist that this is not a basin but a helmet?"

"And whoever says the contrary," said Don Quixote, "I shall make him know that he lies, if he is a knight; and if he is a squire, that he lies and lies again a thousand times."

Our own barber, who was present at all of this and knew Don Quixote's humor so well, wanted to egg on his folly and carry the joke further so that everyone could laugh, and he said, addressing the other barber:

"Señor Barber, or whoever you are, you should know that I am of your trade too, and have held my certificate of examination for more than twenty years, and I know every instrument of the barber's craft very well, without missing a single one; and, no more and no less, I was a soldier for a time in my youth, and so I also know what a helmet is, and what a morion is, and a visored helmet, and other things that have to do with soldiering, I mean, with the kinds of arms soldiers carry; and I say, saving a better opinion and always deferring to a better judgment, that this piece here before us, here in this good gentleman's hands, is not merely no barber's basin; it stands as far from being one as black is from white and a

lie from the truth; I say, too, that this, although it is a helmet, is not a whole helmet."

"No, indeed," said Don Quixote, "for half of it is missing, namely the beaver."

"That is so," said the priest, who had already grasped what his friend the barber was about.

And Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions confirmed the same; and even the judge, had he not been so lost in thought over the affair of Don Luis, would have lent a hand on his side to the joke; but the serious matter he was thinking of kept him so absorbed that he paid little or no attention to these pleasantries.

"God help me!" said the barber who was being made a fool of at this point. "Can it be possible that so many honorable people say that this is not a basin but a helmet? This seems a thing that could astonish a whole university, however learned it might be. Enough: if this basin is a helmet, then this packsaddle must be a horse's trappings too, as this gentleman has said."

"To me it looks like a packsaddle," said Don Quixote, "but I have already said that I do not meddle in that."

"Whether it is a packsaddle or trappings," said the priest, "rests on nothing more than Señor Don Quixote's saying so; for in these matters of chivalry all these gentlemen and I yield him the advantage."

"By God, gentlemen," said Don Quixote, "so many and so strange are the things that have befallen me in this castle, in the two times I have lodged in it, that I would not dare state anything for certain about any question asked concerning what it contains, for I imagine that everything that goes on in it is done by way of enchantment. The first time, I was sorely troubled by an enchanted Moor who is in it, and Sancho did not fare very well with some of his followers; and last night I was hung up by this arm for almost two hours, without knowing how or why I came to

fall into that misfortune. So that for me to give my opinion now on a matter of such confusion would be to fall into rash judgment. As regards their saying that this is a basin and not a helmet, I have already answered; but as for declaring whether that is a packsaddle or trappings, I do not venture to give a final verdict: I leave it entirely to your graces' good judgment. It may be that, since you have not been dubbed knights as I have, the enchantments of this place will have nothing to do with your graces, and you will have your understanding free and be able to judge the things of this castle in their real and true being, and not as they seemed to me."

"There is no doubt," answered Don Fernando, "but that Señor Don Quixote has spoken very well today in saying that the deciding of this case falls to us; and, so that it may proceed on firmer ground, I shall take the votes of these gentlemen in secret, and of the result I shall give a full and clear report."

For those who knew Don Quixote's humor, all this was matter for the greatest laughter; but those who did not know it thought it the greatest nonsense in the world, especially Don Luis's four servants, and Don Luis no more and no less, and three other travelers who had happened to arrive at the inn and who had the look of troopers of the Holy Brotherhood, as in fact they were. But the one in the deepest despair was the barber, whose basin, there before his very eyes, had turned into Mambrino's helmet, and whose packsaddle he no doubt thought was about to turn into a horse's rich trappings; and one and all were laughing as they watched Don Fernando make the rounds and gather the votes, whispering into each ear so that each could declare in secret whether that jewel over which there had been so much fighting was a packsaddle or trappings. And after he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said in a loud voice:

"The fact is, my good man, that I am tired now of collecting so many opinions, because I find there is not one person I ask what I

want to know who does not tell me it is nonsense to say that this is a donkey's packsaddle and not a horse's trappings, and those of a thoroughbred horse at that; and so you will have to be patient, because, in spite of you and your donkey, this is trappings and not a packsaddle, and you have pleaded and proved your side very badly."

"May I never have a place in heaven," said the extra barber, "if your graces are not all mistaken; and as surely as my soul may appear before God, so surely does this look to me like a packsaddle and not trappings; but laws go…, et cetera; and I say no more; and truly I'm not drunk, for I've had nothing this morning to break my fast, unless it was sin."

The barber's foolish talk caused no less laughter than Don Quixote's nonsense, and Don Quixote said at this point:

"There is nothing more to be done here but for each man to take what is his, and whom God gave it to, may Saint Peter bless it for him."

One of the four said:

"Unless this is some heavy joke, I cannot bring myself to believe that men of such good understanding as all those here are, or seem to be, would dare to say and affirm that this is not a basin nor that a packsaddle; but, since I see that they do affirm it and say it, I can only conclude that there is some mystery behind insisting on a thing so contrary to what truth itself and experience itself show us; for, I swear by—and he swore it out in full—not all the people living in the world today will make me believe anything other than that this is a barber's basin and that an ass's packsaddle."

"It might well be a she-ass's," said the priest.

"It comes to the same thing," said the servant, "for the case doesn't turn on that, but on whether it is or is not a packsaddle, as your graces say."

Hearing this, one of the troopers who had come in, and who had heard the quarrel and dispute, said, full of anger and annoyance:

"It's as much a packsaddle as my father is my father; and whoever has said or says anything else must be soaked in the grape."

"You lie like a base-born knave," answered Don Quixote.

And, raising the long lance, which he never let out of his hands, he was about to bring down such a blow on the man's head that, had the trooper not dodged it, it would have laid him out flat on the spot. The long lance shattered on the ground, and the other troopers, seeing their comrade so ill-treated, raised their voices calling for help in the name of the Holy Brotherhood.

The innkeeper, who belonged to the brotherhood, ran in at once for his staff of office and his sword, and took his stand beside his comrades; Don Luis's servants surrounded Don Luis, so that he would not slip away from them in the uproar; the barber, seeing the house turned upside down, laid hold of his packsaddle again, and Sancho did the same; Don Quixote put his hand to his sword and charged at the troopers. Don Luis was shouting to his servants to leave him alone and go to the help of Don Quixote, and of Cardenio, and of Don Fernando, who were all taking Don Quixote's side. The priest was shouting, the innkeeper's wife was screaming, her daughter was in distress, Maritornes was weeping, Dorotea was bewildered, Luscinda stunned, and Doña Clara in a faint. The barber was pummeling Sancho, Sancho was pounding the barber; Don Luis, when one of his servants made bold to seize him by the arm so that he should not get away, gave him a punch that bathed his teeth in blood; the judge was defending him; Don Fernando had a trooper under his feet and was measuring the man's body with them to his heart's content. The innkeeper raised his voice again, calling for help in the name of the Holy Brotherhood: so that the whole inn was all weeping, shouting, screaming, confusion, fears,

alarms, mishaps, sword cuts, punches, cudgelings, kicks, and shedding of blood. And in the midst of this chaos, this tangle and labyrinth of things, it came into Don Quixote's memory that he found himself plunged headlong into the discord of King Agramante's camp; and so he said, in a voice that thundered through the inn:

"Hold, everyone; everyone sheathe; everyone be still; everyone hear me, if everyone wishes to stay alive!"

At this great voice they all stopped, and he went on:

"Did I not tell you, gentlemen, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legion of demons must dwell in it? In confirmation of which, I would have you see with your own eyes how the discord of Agramante's camp has passed over and been transported here among us. Look how there they fight over the sword, here over the horse, over yonder for the eagle, and here again for the helmet, and all of us are fighting, and none of us understands the others. Come, then, your grace, Señor Judge, and your grace, Señor Priest, and let the one serve as King Agramante and the other as King Sobrino, and bring us to peace; for, by God Almighty, it is a great piece of villainy that so many persons of quality as are here should kill one another for such trifling causes."

The troopers, who did not understand Don Quixote's turns of phrase and saw themselves being roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, refused to be calmed; the barber was willing, for in the quarrel he had had both his beard and his packsaddle torn to pieces; Sancho, at the least word from his master, obeyed like a good servant; Don Luis's four servants also kept quiet, seeing how little they stood to gain by not doing so. Only the innkeeper insisted that the insolence of that madman, who turned his inn upside down at every step, ought to be punished. At last the uproar died down for the time being; in Don

Quixote's imagination the packsaddle stayed trappings until doomsday, the basin stayed a helmet, and the inn a castle.

Once things were quiet, then, and they had all been made friends at the persuasion of the judge and the priest, Don Luis's servants began again to press him to come away with them at once; and, while he was coming to terms with them, the judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the priest as to what he ought to do in the case, telling them what Don Luis had said to him. In the end it was agreed that Don Fernando should tell Don Luis's servants who he was, and that it was his wish that Don Luis should go with him to Andalusia, where his brother the marquis would esteem him as Don Luis's worth deserved; for it was clear from what Don Luis intended that he would not go back before his father's eyes this time, though they cut him to pieces. When the four, then, had understood Don Fernando's rank and Don Luis's intention, they decided among themselves that three of them should go back and tell his father what had happened, and that the other should stay to serve Don Luis and keep by his side until they returned to fetch him, or until he learned what his father ordered them to do.

In this way that whole contraption of quarrels was calmed, by the authority of Agramante and the prudence of King Sobrino; but the enemy of concord and the rival of peace, seeing himself scorned and mocked, and seeing how little fruit he had reaped from having thrown them all into so confused a labyrinth, made up his mind to try his hand again and raise up new quarrels and new unrest.

It so happened, then, that the troopers calmed down, having caught something of the rank of those they had been fighting with, and withdrew from the fray, since it seemed to them that, however things turned out, they were bound to come off worst in the battle; but one of them, the one who had been pounded and trampled

by Don Fernando, remembered that among certain warrants he was carrying for the arrest of some criminals, there was one against Don Quixote, whose arrest the Holy Brotherhood had ordered on account of the freedom he had given the galley slaves, just as Sancho, with very good reason, had feared.

With this in mind, then, he wanted to make sure whether the description of Don Quixote he carried fitted him; and, drawing a parchment from his bosom, he came upon the one he was looking for; and, setting himself to read it slowly, for he was not a good reader, at every word he read he looked up at Don Quixote, comparing the marks in the warrant with Don Quixote's face, and he found that he was beyond any doubt the man the warrant described. And no sooner had he made sure than, folding up his parchment, he held the warrant in his left hand while his right hand gripped Don Quixote's collar so hard that he could not draw breath, shouting loudly:

"Help for the Holy Brotherhood! And so that you may see I ask it in earnest, read this warrant, which says that this highway robber is to be arrested."

The priest took the warrant and saw that everything the trooper said was true, and that the description matched Don Quixote; who, finding himself so ill-used by that base miscreant, with his anger at its height and every bone in his body cracking, seized the trooper by the throat with both hands as best he could, so that, had the trooper not been rescued by his comrades, he would have given up his life there before Don Quixote gave up his hold. The innkeeper, who was bound to take the part of those of his calling, ran at once to the trooper's help. The innkeeper's wife, seeing her husband in a brawl again, raised her voice again, and Maritornes and her daughter at once took up the same tune, calling for help to heaven and to those who were there. Sancho, seeing what was happening, said:

"As the Lord lives, everything my master says about the enchantments of this castle is true, for it isn't possible to live in it for one hour in peace!"

Don Fernando parted the trooper and Don Quixote, and, to the satisfaction of both, unpinned their hands, which they had firmly locked, the one in the collar of the other's doublet, and the other on the throat of the first; but the troopers did not stop demanding their prisoner for all that, and calling on the others to help them hand him over bound and delivered entirely to their will, for so it was fitting for the service of the king and of the Holy Brotherhood, in whose name they once more asked for help and assistance in making the arrest of that robber and footpad of paths and highways. Don Quixote laughed to hear these words; and, with great composure, he said:

"Come hither, base and ill-born rabble: do you call it highway robbery to give freedom to those in chains, to set prisoners loose, to succor the wretched, to raise the fallen, to relieve the needy? Ah, infamous crew, deserving, for your low and vile understanding, that heaven should never impart to you the worth contained in knight-errantry, nor give you to understand the sin and ignorance you are in by not revering the very shadow, let alone the presence, of any knight-errant! Come hither, ye thieves in a troop and no troopers, highwaymen licensed by the Holy Brotherhood; tell me: what ignoramus put his name to a warrant for the arrest of a knight such as I? Who was it that did not know that knights-errant are exempt from every jurisdiction of the courts, and that their law is their sword, their charters their mettle, their decrees their will? Who was the dolt, I say again, who does not know that there is no patent of hidalgo rank with as many privileges and exemptions as a knight-errant acquires on the day he is dubbed a knight and gives himself up to the hard exercise of chivalry? What knight-errant ever paid poll tax, sales tax, the queen's-slipper levy,

crown money, road toll, or ferry fee? What tailor ever charged him for the making of a suit he made him? What castellan ever took him into his castle and made him pay his share of the reckoning? What king did not seat him at his table? What damsel did not fall in love with him and yield herself to him, surrendered, at his pleasure and will? And, finally, what knight-errant has there been, is there, or will there be in the world, who has not the mettle to give, all by himself, four hundred blows to four hundred troopers who might stand before him?"

Chapter XLVI. Of the remarkable adventure of the troopers, and the great ferocity of our good knight Don Quixote

While Don Quixote was saying all this, the priest was trying to persuade the troopers that Don Quixote was out of his wits, as they could see from his deeds and his words, and that there was no reason for them to carry the matter further, since, even if they arrested him and took him away, they would have to let him go at once as a madman; to which the man with the warrant replied that it was not for him to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to do what his superior ordered, and that once the man was in custody they could let him go three hundred times over for all he cared.

"For all that," said the priest, "you are not to take him this time, nor, as far as I can see, will he let himself be taken."

In effect, the priest found so much to say to them, and Don Quixote found so many mad things to do, that the troopers would have been madder than he if they had not seen what was lacking in Don Quixote; and so they thought it best to calm down, and even to act as go-betweens in making peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who were still keeping up their quarrel with great rancor. In the end they, as officers of the law, mediated the case and arbitrated it, in such a way that both parties were left, if not entirely content, at least somewhat satisfied, for the packsaddles were exchanged, though not the girths and halters; and as for the matter of Mambrino's helmet, the priest, on the quiet and without Don Quixote's noticing, gave the barber eight reales for the basin,

and the barber made him out a written receipt, with a promise not to claim he had been cheated, then or for ever and ever, amen.

These two quarrels, then, which were the chief ones and of the greatest weight, having been settled, it remained for Don Luis's servants to agree that three of them should go back and that the other should stay to go with him wherever Don Fernando wished to take him; and, since good luck and better fortune had already begun to break lances and smooth away difficulties on behalf of the lovers of the inn and its men of valor, fortune chose to carry the thing through and give everything a happy outcome, for the servants agreed to whatever Don Luis wished; at which Doña Clara was so delighted that no one who looked her in the face at that moment could have failed to see the joy in her soul.

Zoraida, though she did not well understand all the events she had seen, grew sad or glad by guesswork, according as she saw and read the faces of each of them, and especially of her Spaniard, on whom her eyes were always fixed and her soul hung. The innkeeper, who had not overlooked the gift and compensation the priest had made the barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, together with the harm done to his wineskins and the wine that was lost, and he swore that neither Rocinante nor Sancho's donkey would leave the inn until he had been paid down to the last ardite. The priest smoothed it all over and Don Fernando paid it, although the judge had also offered, very willingly, to pay; and they were all left so much at peace and at rest that the inn no longer looked like the discord of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had said, but like the very peace and quiet of the time of Octavian; and it was the common opinion that thanks for all of this were owed to the good intentions and great eloquence of the priest and to the incomparable liberality of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote, then, finding himself free and clear of so many quarrels, his squire's as well as his own, thought it would be well to

continue the journey he had begun and bring to an end that great adventure to which he had been called and chosen; and so, with resolute determination, he went and knelt before Dorotea, who would not allow him to say a word until he stood up; and he, to obey her, rose to his feet and said to her:

"It is a common proverb, fair lady, that diligence is the mother of good luck, and in many grave matters experience has shown that the attentiveness of the party to a suit brings a doubtful case to a good end; but nowhere is this truth more plainly shown than in the matters of war, where speed and promptness forestall the enemy's designs and win the victory before the adversary can put himself on the defensive. All this I say, high and precious lady, because it seems to me that our stay in this castle is now to no purpose, and it might do us such harm that we would come to see it one day; for who knows whether, through secret and diligent spies, your enemy the giant may not have learned already that I am coming to destroy him? And, time giving him room, he might fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress against which my efforts and the might of my untiring arm would avail little. So, my lady, let us forestall his designs, as I have said, with our diligence, and let us set out at once, and good luck go with us; for your greatness is no further from having it as you desire than I am delayed in coming face to face with your adversary."

Don Quixote fell silent and said no more, and waited very calmly for the fair princess's answer; and she, with a lordly bearing suited to Don Quixote's style, answered him in this manner:

"I thank you, sir knight, for the desire you show to aid me in my great woe, even as befits a knight, to whom it is proper and pertaining to aid orphans and the needy; and may heaven grant that your desire and mine be fulfilled, so that you may see there are grateful women in the world. And as for my departure, let it be at once; for I have no will but yours: dispose of me entirely at your

own wish and pleasure; for she who once entrusted to you the defense of her person and placed in your hands the restoration of her domains will not wish to go against whatever your prudence may ordain."

"In God's hands, then," said Don Quixote. "Since a lady humbles herself before me, I will not lose the occasion of raising her up and setting her on her inherited throne. Let us leave at once, for what is commonly said, that in delay lies danger, is spurring on my desire and my journey. And since heaven has not created, nor hell seen, anyone who can frighten or daunt me, saddle Rocinante, Sancho, and harness your donkey and the queen's palfrey; we shall bid farewell to the castellan and to these gentlemen, and go hence this very moment."

Sancho, who was present at all of this, said, shaking his head from side to side:

"Oh, sir, sir, how much more mischief there is in the little village than gets noised about, begging pardon of all honest coifed ladies!"

"What mischief can there be in any village, or in all the cities in the world, that could be noised about to my discredit, you peasant?"

"If your grace gets angry," answered Sancho, "I'll keep quiet, and leave unsaid what I'm bound to say as a good squire, and what a good servant ought to tell his master."

"Say what you will," replied Don Quixote, "so long as your words are not aimed at frightening me; for if you are afraid, you act like what you are, and if I am not, I act like what I am."

"It isn't that, as I'm a sinner before God!" answered Sancho. "It's that I take it as sure and certain that this lady who says she's queen of the great kingdom of Micomicón is no more a queen than my mother; because, if she were what she says she is, she wouldn't

go about nuzzling with one of the company here, every time you turn your head and behind every corner."

Dorotea turned red at Sancho's words, because it was true that her husband, Don Fernando, had now and then, out of sight of other eyes, gathered with his lips some part of the reward his desires deserved (which Sancho had seen, and it had seemed to him that such forwardness was more that of a courtesan than of the queen of so great a kingdom); and she could not and would not answer Sancho a word, but let him go on with his speech, and he continued:

"I say this, sir, because if, after we've traveled roads and highways and spent bad nights and worse days, the fruit of our labors is going to be gathered by somebody who sits taking his ease in this inn, there's no reason for me to hurry to saddle Rocinante, put the packsaddle on the donkey, and get the palfrey ready, for it'll be better for us to stay where we are, and let every whore spin, and let's eat."

Oh, God save us, and how great was the anger Don Quixote felt on hearing his squire's unmannerly words! I say it was so great that, in a stumbling voice and with a stammering tongue, his eyes shooting living fire, he said:

"Oh, you villainous peasant, you ill-bred, unmannerly, ignorant, ill-spoken, foul-mouthed, insolent, backbiting slanderer! Have you dared to say such words in my presence and in that of these illustrious ladies, and have you dared to harbor such indecencies and insolences in your muddled imagination? Out of my presence, you monster of nature, you storehouse of lies, you cupboard of deceits, you granary of villainies, you inventor of wickedness, you publisher of nonsense, you enemy of the respect owed to royal persons! Begone; do not appear before me, on pain of my wrath!"

And, saying this, he arched his eyebrows, puffed out his cheeks, looked all about him, and stamped hard on the floor with his right

foot, all signs of the wrath pent up in his bowels. At these words and furious gestures Sancho was left so cowed and frightened that he would have been glad if the earth had opened under his feet that instant and swallowed him. And he did not know what to do but turn his back and take himself out of his master's angry presence. But the sensible Dorotea, who by now understood Don Quixote's humor so well, said, to temper his wrath:

"Do not take offense, Sir Knight of the Sorry Figure, at the foolish things your good squire has said, for perhaps he does not say them without cause, nor can it be suspected, given his good understanding and Christian conscience, that he would bear false witness against anyone; and so it must be believed, without any doubt, that, since in this castle, as you, sir knight, say, all things go and happen by way of enchantment, it might be, I say, that Sancho saw by this diabolical means what he says he saw, so much to the offense of my modesty."

"By almighty God I swear," said Don Quixote at this, "that your greatness has hit the mark, and that some evil vision rose up before this sinner Sancho and made him see what could not possibly have been seen except by way of enchantment; for I know well the goodness and innocence of this unfortunate fellow, who does not know how to bear false witness against anyone."

"So it is, and so it shall be," said Don Fernando, "for which reason your grace, Señor Don Quixote, ought to forgive him and restore him to the bosom of your favor, *sicut erat in principio* (as it was in the beginning), before such visions drive him out of his wits."

Don Quixote answered that he forgave him, and the priest went for Sancho, who came very humbly and, going down on his knees, asked his master for his hand; and he gave it to him, and, after letting him kiss it, gave him his blessing, saying:

"Now you will finally come to know, Sancho, my son, that what I have told you many other times is true: that all the things in this castle are done by way of enchantment."

"So I believe," said Sancho, "except for that business of the blanket, which really happened in the ordinary way."

"Do not believe it," answered Don Quixote, "for if that were so, I would have avenged you then, and would avenge you even now; but neither then nor now could I see anyone on whom to take vengeance for the wrong done you."

They all wished to know what that business of the blanket was, and the innkeeper told it, point by point: Sancho Panza's flights through the air, at which they all laughed not a little; and Sancho would have been no less mortified by it if his master had not assured him again that it was enchantment; though Sancho's simplicity never went so far that he did not believe it was the plain and certain truth, with no admixture of deceit at all, that he had been tossed in a blanket by persons of flesh and blood, and not by phantoms dreamed or imagined, as his master believed and declared.

Two days had now gone by since all that illustrious company had been at the inn; and, as it seemed to them that it was time to leave, they made arrangements so that, without Dorotea and Don Fernando's having to go to the trouble of returning with Don Quixote to his village under the fiction of freeing Queen Micomicona, the priest and the barber could take him away, as they wished, and see to curing his madness at home. And what they arranged was that they came to terms with an ox-carter who happened to be passing that way, for him to carry Don Quixote in this fashion: they made a sort of cage of latticed poles, big enough for Don Quixote to fit in it comfortably; and then Don Fernando and his companions, with Don Luis's servants and the troopers, together with the innkeeper, all by the priest's direction and

advice, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in one way and some in another, so that they would seem to Don Quixote to be different people from those he had seen in that castle.

This done, they went in very silently to where he lay sleeping and resting from the recent frays. They came up to him as he slept, free from any fear of such a thing, and, seizing him firmly, they bound his hands and feet very securely, so that when he woke with a start he could not stir, nor do anything but marvel and stare in wonder at the strange faces before him; and at once he fell to imagining what his constant, wandering fancy set before him, and he believed that all those figures were phantoms of that enchanted castle, and that he himself was beyond any doubt enchanted already, since he could neither stir nor defend himself: all exactly as the priest, the contriver of this scheme, had thought it would turn out. Of all those present, only Sancho was in his own wits and his own shape; and although he was not far from having his master's very disease, he did not fail to recognize who all those counterfeit figures were; but he dared not unstitch his lips until he saw what would come of this assault upon his master and his capture; nor did his master say a word, waiting to see where his misfortune would end; and it ended in their bringing the cage there and shutting him up inside it, and nailing the bars so tightly that two good wrenches would not have broken them.

Then they hoisted him on their shoulders, and as they went out of the room a fearsome voice was heard, as fearsome as the barber could make it (not the barber of the packsaddle, but the other one), saying:

"O Knight of the Sorry Figure, let not the prison you go in distress you, for so it must be, that the adventure your great valor has thrust you into may be the sooner achieved; and it shall be achieved when the furious spotted lion of La Mancha and the white Tobosan dove shall lie together as one, their lofty necks

bowed beneath the soft matrimonious yoke; and from this unheard-of union shall come forth to the light of the world the brave whelps, who shall imitate the rumpant claws of their valiant sire. And this shall be ere the pursuer of the fleeing nymph shall twice have made his visit to the shining signs in his swift and natural course. And you, O the most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword at belt, beard on face, and smell in nose, be not dismayed or downcast to see the flower of knight-errantry carried off thus before your very eyes; for soon, if it please the Fashioner of the world, you shall see yourself so high and so exalted that you shall not know yourself, and the promises your good lord hath made you shall not prove false. And I assure you, on behalf of the sage Mentironiana, Mistress of Lies, that your wages shall be paid you, as you shall see in the event; and follow in the footsteps of the valiant and enchanted knight, for it is fitting that you go where you both shall stop. And, since it is not lawful for me to say more, God be with you, for I return whither I know."

And at the end of the prophecy he raised his voice to its highest pitch and then lowered it, with so tender an accent that even those who were in on the joke were ready to believe that what they heard was true.

Don Quixote was comforted by the prophecy he had heard, for he at once gathered its whole meaning; and he saw that it promised he would see himself joined in holy and lawful wedlock to his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb would come forth the whelps, who were his sons, to the everlasting glory of La Mancha. And, believing this well and firmly, he raised his voice and, heaving a great sigh, said:

"O you, whoever you may be, who have foretold so much good for me! I beg you to ask on my behalf the sage enchanter who has my affairs in his charge not to let me perish in this prison in which they are now carrying me, until I see fulfilled promises as joyful

and incomparable as those that have been made me here; for, if this be so, I shall count the pains of my prison as glory, and these chains that bind me as relief, and this bed on which they lay me not as a hard field of battle but as a soft couch and a happy bridal bed. And as for the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I trust in his goodness and good conduct that he will not forsake me in good fortune or in bad; for, should it not come about, through his ill luck or mine, that I am able to give him the isle, or some other equivalent thing I have promised him, at least his wages cannot be lost; for in my will, which is already made, I have set down what is to be given him, not in keeping with his many and good services, but with my means."

Sancho Panza bowed to him with great courtesy and kissed both his hands, for he could not have kissed one alone, since both were tied together.

Then those apparitions took the cage on their shoulders and settled it on the ox-cart.

Chapter XLVII. Of the strange manner in which Don Quixote of La Mancha was enchanted, with other famous events

When Don Quixote found himself caged in that fashion and set on top of the cart, he said:

"Many and most grave histories of knights-errant have I read, but never have I read, or seen, or heard of enchanted knights being carried off in this fashion, and at the pace these lazy, sluggish animals promise; for they are always carried through the air with wondrous swiftness, shut up in some dark and dusky cloud, or in some chariot of fire, or else upon some hippogriff or other such beast; but that they should carry me off now on an ox-cart, by the living God, it fills me with confusion! But perhaps the chivalry and the enchantments of these times of ours must follow another road than the ancients followed. And it might also be that, since I am a new knight in the world, and the first who has revived the long-forgotten exercise of adventuring chivalry, other kinds of enchantment and other ways of carrying the enchanted have been newly invented as well. What do you think of this, Sancho, my son?"

"I don't know what I think," answered Sancho, "not being as well read as your grace in the errant scriptures; but, for all that, I'd dare to state and swear that these visions going about here are not altogether Catholic."

"Catholic? By my father!" answered Don Quixote. "How can they be Catholic if they are all demons who have taken on phan-

tom bodies to come and do this and put me in this state? And if you wish to see the truth of it, touch them and feel them, and you will see that they have no bodies but of air, and that there is nothing to them but the appearance."

"By God, sir," replied Sancho, "I've touched them already; and this devil going about here so busily is plump and well fleshed, and he has another property very different from the one I've heard demons are supposed to have; because, from what people say, they all smell of brimstone and other foul smells; but this one smells of ambergris half a league off."

Sancho said this of Don Fernando, who, being so great a lord, must have smelled as Sancho said.

"Do not marvel at that, Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "for I would have you know that devils know a great deal, and, although they carry smells about with them, they themselves smell nothing, because they are spirits; and if they do smell, they cannot smell good things, only bad and stinking ones. And the reason is that, since wherever they are they carry hell with them, and can receive no kind of relief in their torments, and a good smell is a thing that delights and pleases, it is not possible for them to smell anything good. And if you think that this demon you speak of smells of ambergris, either you are deceiving yourself or he wants to deceive you by making you think he is not a demon."

All these colloquies passed between master and man; and Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing that Sancho might see through their scheme altogether, for he was already hard on its heels, decided to hasten the departure; and, calling the innkeeper aside, they told him to saddle Rocinante and put the packsaddle on Sancho's donkey; which he did with great speed.

By this time the priest had come to terms with the troopers for them to go with him as far as his village, for so much a day. Cardenio hung the shield from one side of the saddlebow of

Rocinante's saddle and the basin from the other, and by signs ordered Sancho to mount his ass and take Rocinante by the reins, and he posted the two troopers with their firelocks on either side of the cart. But before the cart moved off, the innkeeper's wife, her daughter, and Maritornes came out to say goodbye to Don Quixote, making a show of tears over his misfortune; and Don Quixote said to them:

"Weep not, my good ladies, for all these misfortunes go with the calling of those who profess what I profess; and if these calamities did not befall me, I would not count myself a famous knight-errant; for to knights of small name and fame such things never happen, since there is no one in the world who remembers them. To the valiant, yes, for they have many princes and many other knights who envy their virtue and valor and seek by foul means to destroy the good. But for all that, virtue is so mighty that, by itself alone, in spite of all the necromancy known to its first inventor, Zoroastes, it will come out the victor in every trial and shed its light upon the world as the sun sheds it in the heavens. Forgive me, fair ladies, if through any carelessness of mine I have done you any foul wrong, for willingly and knowingly I never did one to anyone; and pray to God to deliver me from these bonds, in which some ill-intentioned enchanter has placed me; for if I see myself free of them, the favors you have done me in this castle shall not fall from my memory, that I may repay, requite, and reward them as they deserve."

While the ladies of the castle were taking their leave of Don Quixote, the priest and the barber said goodbye to Don Fernando and his companions, and to the captain and his brother, and to all those happy ladies, especially Dorotea and Luscinda. They all embraced and promised to send one another news of how things went, Don Fernando telling the priest where he was to write to let him know what became of Don Quixote, assuring him that nothing

would give him greater pleasure than to know it; and he, for his part, would let the priest know of everything he thought might please him, about his marriage, Zoraida's baptism, how things turned out for Don Luis, and Luscinda's return to her home. The priest promised to do all that was asked of him, to the letter. They embraced once more, and once more made fresh offers of service.

The innkeeper came up to the priest and gave him some papers, telling him that he had found them sewn into a lining of the same trunk that had held the *Novel of the Ill-Advised Curiosity*, and that, since its owner had never come back that way, the priest should take them all; for, since he himself could not read, he did not want them. The priest thanked him, and, opening them at once, saw that at the head of the writing it said: *Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*,[1] from which he gathered that it was some novel, and concluded that, since the one of the *Ill-Advised Curiosity* had been good, this one would be good too, for they might well be all by the same author; and so he kept it, intending to read it when he had the leisure.

He mounted his horse, and so did his friend the barber, with their masks on, so that Don Quixote would not recognize them at once, and they set off after the cart. And the order they kept was this: first went the cart, led by its owner; on either side went the troopers, as has been said, with their firelocks; then came Sancho Panza on his ass, leading Rocinante by the rein. Behind all this went the priest and the barber on their mighty mules, their faces covered, as has been said, with a grave and sober bearing, going no faster than the slow pace of the oxen allowed. Don Quixote rode seated in the cage, his hands tied, his feet stretched out, leaning against the bars, with as much silence and as much patience as if he were not a man of flesh but a statue of stone.

And so, at that slow and silent pace, they traveled some two leagues, until they came to a valley, which seemed to the ox-driver

a convenient place to rest and to graze the oxen; and when he spoke of it to the priest, the barber was of the opinion that they should go on a little farther, because he knew that behind a slope that could be seen not far off there was a valley with more grass and much better than the one where they wanted to stop. The barber's advice was taken, and so they went on their way again.

At this point the priest turned his head and saw that some six or seven men on horseback were coming up behind them, well mounted and well turned out, who soon overtook them, for they were traveling not with the phlegm and leisure of oxen but like men riding canons' mules and eager to get quickly to the inn, which could be seen less than a league away, for their midday rest. The diligent came up with the sluggish and they greeted one another courteously; and one of the newcomers, who, as it turned out, was a canon of Toledo and master of the others who were with him, seeing the orderly procession of the cart, the troopers, Sancho, Rocinante, the priest and the barber, and above all Don Quixote caged and imprisoned, could not help asking what it meant to carry that man in that way; though he had already concluded, seeing the troopers' badges, that he must be some desperate highwayman or other criminal whose punishment belonged to the Holy Brotherhood. One of the troopers, to whom the question was put, answered thus:

"Sir, what it means for this gentleman to go along this way, let him tell you himself, for we don't know."

Don Quixote heard the conversation and said:

"Are your graces, sir knights, by any chance versed and expert in matters of knight-errantry? Because if you are, I shall share my misfortunes with you; and if not, there is no reason for me to weary myself telling them."

And by this time the priest and the barber had come up, seeing that the travelers were in conversation with Don Quixote of La

Mancha, in order to answer in such a way that their trick would not be found out.

To what Don Quixote had said the canon replied:

"In truth, brother, I know more about books of chivalry than about Villalpando's *Summulae* of logic. So, if that is all it takes, you may safely share with me whatever you wish."

"In God's hands, then," replied Don Quixote. "That being so, sir knight, I would have you know that I am carried in this cage under enchantment, through the envy and fraud of wicked enchanters; for the wicked persecute virtue more than the good love it. A knight-errant am I, and not one of those whose names Fame never remembered so as to make them eternal in her memory, but one of those who, in spite and despite of envy itself, and of all the magi Persia ever bred, the Brahmins of India, and the gymnosophists of Ethiopia, shall set his name in the temple of immortality, to serve as an example and pattern in ages to come, wherein knights-errant may see the steps they must follow if they would reach the summit and honorable height of arms."

"Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha speaks the truth," said the priest at this point, "for he goes enchanted in this cart, not for his faults and sins, but through the ill will of those whom virtue vexes and valor angers. This, sir, is the Knight of the Sorry Figure, if you have ever heard him named, whose valiant exploits and great deeds shall be written on hard bronze and eternal marble, however much envy may weary itself trying to darken them and malice to hide them."

When the canon heard the prisoner and the free man talking in this style, he was ready to cross himself in amazement, and could not make out what had happened to the man; and all those who had come with him fell into the same amazement. At this point Sancho Panza, who had come closer to hear the conversation, said, to season the whole dish:

"Now, gentlemen, whether you like me or dislike me for what I'm going to say, the fact of the matter is that my master Don Quixote is as much enchanted as my mother; he has his wits whole, he eats and drinks and does his business like other men, and as he did yesterday, before they caged him. This being so, how do they want to make me believe he's enchanted? Because I've heard plenty of people say that the enchanted neither eat nor sleep nor talk, and my master, if nobody stops him, will talk more than thirty attorneys."

And, turning to look at the priest, he went on:

"Ah, Señor Priest, Señor Priest! Did your grace think I don't know you, and will you go on thinking I don't see through these new enchantments and guess where they're headed? Well, let me tell you I know you, however much you hide your face, and let me tell you I understand you, however much you disguise your tricks. In short, where envy reigns virtue can't live, nor liberality where there's stinginess. Devil take it! If it weren't for your reverence, by this time my master would be married to Princess Micomicona, and I'd be a count at the very least, for nothing else could be expected, both from the goodness of my master, him of the Sorry Figure, and from the greatness of my services. But now I see that what they say around here is true: that Fortune's wheel turns faster than a mill wheel, and those who were up on the pinnacle yesterday are on the ground today. It's my children and my wife I'm sorry for, because when they could and should have expected to see their father come in at their door made governor or viceroy of some isle or kingdom, they'll see him come in made a stable boy. All I've said, Señor Priest, is only to urge your paternity to have a conscience about the bad treatment my master is getting, and to take care that God doesn't call you to account in the next life for this imprisonment of my master, and charge you with all the help

and good my master Don Quixote is leaving undone all the time he's locked up."

"Well, here's a pretty thing!" said the barber at this point. "So you, too, Sancho, are of your master's brotherhood? As the Lord lives, I begin to see that you'll have to keep him company in the cage, and be left as enchanted as he is, for the share you have of his humor and his chivalry! It was an evil hour when you got yourself big with his promises, and an evil hour when that isle you long for so much got into your head."

"I'm not big with child by anybody," answered Sancho, "and I'm not a man to let myself be got with child, not by the king himself; and, poor though I am, I'm an Old Christian, and I don't owe anybody anything; and if I long for isles, others long for worse things; and every man is the son of his own deeds; and, being a man, I could come to be pope, let alone governor of an isle, especially when my master can win so many that he'll be short of people to give them to. Your grace had better watch how you talk, Señor Barber; for it isn't all shaving beards, and there's a difference between Pedro and Pedro. I say this because we all know each other, and nobody's going to throw loaded dice on me. And as for this enchantment of my master's, God knows the truth; and let it rest there, because stirring it only makes it worse."

The barber chose not to answer Sancho, lest with his simplicity he should give away what he and the priest were taking such pains to hide; and, for this same fear, the priest had asked the canon to ride on a little ahead, saying he would tell him the mystery of the caged man, along with other things that would amuse him. The canon did so, and went on ahead with his servants and with the priest, and listened closely to everything the priest chose to tell him of Don Quixote's character, life, madness, and habits, as he briefly related the beginning and cause of his derangement and the whole course of his adventures, until he had been put in that

cage, and the plan they had of taking him home to see whether by some means they might find a cure for his madness. The servants and the canon marveled anew at hearing the strange story of Don Quixote, and, when he had heard it out, the canon said:

"Truly, Señor Priest, I find for my part that these things called books of chivalry are harmful to the commonwealth; and, although I have read, led by an idle and false taste, the beginning of nearly all of them that are in print, I have never been able to bring myself to read any of them from beginning to end, because it seems to me that, some more, some less, they are all one and the same thing, and this one has no more in it than that one, nor the next than the other. And, as it seems to me, this kind of writing and composition falls under the heading of those fables called Milesian, which are nonsensical tales that aim only to delight and not to teach: the contrary of what is done by the moral fables called apologues, which delight and teach at once. And, granted that the chief aim of such books is to delight, I do not know how they can achieve it, full as they are of so many monstrous absurdities; for the delight conceived in the soul must come from the beauty and harmony it sees or contemplates in the things that the eyes or the imagination set before it; and nothing that has ugliness and disorder in it can give us any pleasure. Then what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole and of the whole to the parts, in a book or fable in which a lad of sixteen deals a giant as tall as a tower one stroke of the sword and splits him in two halves as if he were made of sugar paste? And when they mean to paint us a battle, after telling us that on the enemy's side there are a million combatants, provided the hero of the book is against them, we must needs understand, like it or not, that the said knight won the victory by the sole valor of his mighty arm. And what shall we say of the ease with which a queen or an empress, heiress to a throne, delivers herself into the arms of a wandering and unknown knight?

What wit, unless it is wholly barbarous and uncultivated, can be satisfied by reading that a great tower full of knights sails out over the sea like a ship with a fair wind, and tonight sees nightfall in Lombardy and tomorrow sees daybreak in the lands of Prester John of the Indies, or in others that Ptolemy never discovered nor Marco Polo ever saw? And if I were answered that those who compose such books write them as things of falsehood, and so are not bound to attend to niceties or truths, I would answer them that falsehood is the better the more it looks like truth, and the more it pleases the more it has of the doubtful and the possible. Lying fables must be married to the understanding of those who read them, and written in such a way that, by making the impossible easy, smoothing over the extravagant, and holding the mind in suspense, they astonish, hold, excite, and entertain, so that wonder and delight go along together at one pace; and none of these things can be done by one who shuns verisimilitude and imitation, in which lies the perfection of what is written. I have never seen a book of chivalry that makes a whole body of fable with all its members, so that the middle answers to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and the middle; instead they compose them of so many members that they seem to aim rather at forming a chimera or a monster than at making a well-proportioned figure. Besides this, they are harsh in style, incredible in their exploits, lascivious in their loves, ill-mannered in their courtesies, long in their battles, foolish in their speeches, absurd in their journeys, and, in short, devoid of all intelligent art, and for that reason deserving to be banished from the Christian commonwealth as a useless people."

The priest listened to him with great attention, and he seemed to him a man of good understanding who was right in everything he said; and so he told him that, being of the same opinion himself and bearing a grudge against books of chivalry, he had burned all

of Don Quixote's, which were many. And he told him of the inquisition he had held over them, and which he had condemned to the fire and which he had spared, at which the canon laughed not a little, and said that, for all the ill he had spoken of such books, he found one good thing in them: the subject they offered for a good mind to show itself in, for they gave a broad and spacious field where the pen could run without any hindrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, skirmishes, and battles; painting a valiant captain with all the qualities required to be one, showing himself prudent in foreseeing the wiles of his enemies, and an eloquent orator in persuading or dissuading his soldiers, ripe in counsel, quick in what he has resolved, as brave in waiting as in attacking; painting now a lamentable and tragic event, now a joyful and unlooked-for happening; there a most beautiful lady, chaste, sensible, and modest; here a Christian knight, valiant and courteous; yonder a monstrous, boastful barbarian; over here a prince, courteous, valiant, and considerate; portraying the goodness and loyalty of vassals, the greatness and generosity of lords. The writer may show himself now an astrologer, now an excellent cosmographer, now a musician, now one versed in matters of state, and perhaps the occasion will come for him to show himself a necromancer, if he likes. He can show the cunning of Ulysses, the piety of Aeneas, the valor of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treacheries of Sinon, the friendship of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valor of Caesar, the clemency and truthfulness of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the prudence of Cato; and, in short, all those actions that can make an illustrious man perfect, now placing them all in one man, now dividing them among many.

"And if this is done with a pleasing style and ingenious invention that aims as far as possible at the truth, he will without doubt weave a web of many beautiful strands, which, once finished, will show such perfection and beauty that it will attain the best end

that writing aims at, which is to teach and delight at once, as I have already said. For the loose and unbound writing of these books allows the author to show himself epic, lyric, tragic, comic, with all those qualities contained in the most sweet and pleasing sciences of poetry and oratory; for the epic may be written in prose as well as in verse."

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1. A novella by Cervantes himself, later published among his *Exemplary Novels* (1613).

Chapter XLVIII. In which the canon continues on the subject of books of chivalry, with other things worthy of his wit

"It is just as your grace says, Señor Canon," said the priest, "and for this reason those who have composed such books until now are all the more to be blamed, for they have paid no heed to any sound reasoning, nor to the art and rules by which they might have guided themselves and won the same fame in prose that the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry won in verse."

"I myself, at least," replied the canon, "have felt a certain temptation to write a book of chivalry, keeping in it all the points I have mentioned; and, if I am to confess the truth, I have more than a hundred pages written. And to test whether they came up to my own opinion of them, I have shown them to men who are fond of this kind of reading, learned and sensible men, and to other, ignorant ones, who care only for the pleasure of hearing nonsense, and from all of them I have had a pleasing approval; but, for all that, I have not gone on with it, both because it seems to me that I am doing something foreign to my profession, and because I see that the simple outnumber the prudent; and that, although it is better to be praised by the wise few than mocked by the foolish many, I do not wish to submit myself to the muddled judgment of the giddy public, to whom for the most part the reading of such books falls. But what most took it out of my hands, and even out of my mind, to finish it, was an argument I had with myself, drawn from

the plays that are performed nowadays, and it went like this: 'If those now in fashion, the invented ones as well as the historical, are all or most of them notorious nonsense, things without head or tail, and, for all that, the public listens to them with pleasure and holds and approves them as good, when they are so far from being so; and if the authors who compose them and the actors who perform them say that so they must be, because so the public wants them and no other way; and that those that have a plan and follow the plot as art requires serve only for a handful of discerning people who understand them, while all the rest go hungry for any understanding of their art, and that it suits them better to earn their bread with the many than reputation with the few, then this will be the fate of a book of mine, after I have burned my eyebrows keeping the precepts I have mentioned, and I shall end up like the tailor at the corner, who sews for nothing and puts in his own thread.' And, though I have sometimes tried to persuade the actors that they are mistaken in holding the opinion they hold, and that they will draw more people and win more fame by performing plays that keep to art than with the nonsensical ones, they are so attached to their opinion and so wedded to it that no reason or evidence will get them out of it. I remember saying to one of these stubborn fellows one day: 'Tell me, do you not remember that a few years ago three tragedies were performed in Spain, composed by a famous poet of these kingdoms, which were such that they astonished, delighted, and held in suspense everyone who heard them, simple as well as wise, common people as well as the select, and those three alone brought the players more money than thirty of the best that have been made since?' 'No doubt,' answered the manager I speak of, 'your grace must mean *La Isabela*, *La Filis*, and *La Alejandra*.' 'Those are the ones I mean,' I replied, 'and see whether they did not keep the precepts of art well, and whether by keeping them they failed to seem what they were or to please

the whole world. So the fault is not in the public, which asks for nonsense, but in those who do not know how to put on anything else. No, there was no nonsense in *Ingratitude Avenged*, nor was there any in *La Numancia*, nor was any found in *The Merchant Lover*, still less in *The Friendly Enemy*, nor in certain others that have been written by some intelligent poets, bringing renown to their authors and profit to the companies that played them.' And I added other things to these, with which, as it seemed to me, I left him somewhat confused, but not satisfied or convinced enough to be brought out of his mistaken notion."

"You have touched on a subject, Señor Canon," said the priest at this point, "that has awakened in me an old grudge I bear against the plays now in fashion, as great as the one I bear against books of chivalry; for, whereas a play ought to be, as Tully thinks, a mirror of human life, an example of manners, and an image of the truth, those that are performed nowadays are mirrors of nonsense, examples of folly, and images of lewdness. In the subject we are discussing, could anything be more absurd than a child in swaddling clothes appearing in the opening scene of act one, and in the next scene appearing as a bearded man? And what greater nonsense than to paint us a valiant old man and a cowardly youth, a rhetorical lackey, a page who gives counsel, a king who is a porter, and a princess who is a scullery maid? Then what shall I say of the regard they pay to the time in which the actions they present can or could happen, except that I have seen a play whose first act began in Europe, its second in Asia, and its third ended in Africa, and, had there been four acts, the fourth would have ended in America, and so it would have been played in all four parts of the world? And if imitation is the chief thing a play must have, how is it possible for any middling understanding to be satisfied when, in a plot that is supposed to take place in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, the very man who plays the principal person in

it is given out as the Emperor Heraclius, who carried the Cross into Jerusalem, and as the one who won the Holy Sepulcher, like Godfrey of Bouillon, when there were endless years between the one and the other; and, when the play is founded on something invented, to give it truths from history, and to mix into it bits of other things that happened to different persons at different times, and this not with any plausible design but with glaring errors wholly inexcusable? And the worst of it is that some ignorant folk call this perfection, and say that wanting anything else is hunting for dainties. And what if we come to the religious plays? What false miracles they invent in them, what apocryphal and misunderstood things, attributing to one saint the miracles of another! And even in the secular ones they dare to work miracles, with no more respect or consideration than their thinking that such a miracle and stage effect, *apariencia*, as they call it, will go well there, so that ignorant people will marvel and come to the play; and all of this is to the prejudice of the truth and the discredit of history, and even to the shame of Spanish wits; for foreigners, who keep the laws of the drama very scrupulously, take us for barbarous and ignorant when they see the absurdities and nonsense of the plays we make. And it would not be excuse enough for this to say that the chief purpose well-ordered commonwealths have in permitting public plays is to entertain the community with some honest recreation and divert it at times from the ill humors that idleness tends to breed; and that, since this is achieved by any play at all, good or bad, laws are unnecessary, and so is constraining those who compose and perform them to make them as they ought to be made, since, as I have said, what is sought by them is achieved by any of them. To which I would answer that this end would be achieved far better, beyond all comparison, by good plays than by those that are not; for after hearing a play that is skillful and well ordered, the listener would come away cheered by the jests,

instructed by the serious parts, amazed at the events, made wiser by the speeches, forewarned by the tricks, made shrewd by the examples, angry at vice and in love with virtue; for all these feelings a good play must awaken in the mind of whoever hears it, however rustic and dull he may be; and it is of all impossibilities impossible that a play with all these qualities should not cheer and entertain, satisfy and please, far more than one that lacks them, as for the most part those that are commonly performed now do lack them. And the poets who compose them are not to blame for this, for some of them know very well where they go wrong, and know perfectly what they ought to do; but, since plays have become a salable commodity, they say, and they say truly, that the players would not buy them if they were not of that stamp; and so the poet tries to accommodate himself to what the player who is to pay him for his work asks of him. And that this is true may be seen in the many, indeed countless, plays composed by a most happy genius of these kingdoms, with such elegance, such grace, such polished verse, such good speeches, such grave sentences, and, in short, so full of eloquence and loftiness of style that his fame fills the world; and yet, because he wished to suit the taste of the players, not all of them have reached, as some have, the point of perfection they require. Others compose them so heedlessly that after they are performed the actors are obliged to flee and go into hiding, for fear of being punished, as they often have been, for having performed things to the prejudice of certain kings and the dishonor of certain families. And all these drawbacks would cease, and many more besides that I do not mention, if there were at court an intelligent and discerning person to examine all plays before they were performed (not only those to be put on at court, but all that anyone wished to perform in Spain), without whose approval, seal, and signature no magistrate in his town should allow any play to be performed; and in this way the actors would

take care to send their plays to court, and could perform them safely, and those who compose them would look with more care and study at what they were doing, fearing to have their works pass through the rigorous examination of someone who understands the matter; and in this way good plays would be made and what is sought in them would be most happily achieved: the entertainment of the people, the good name of the wits of Spain, the profit and safety of the players, and the saving of the trouble of punishing them. And if the same person, or another, were given the charge of examining the books of chivalry newly composed, no doubt some might come out with the perfection your grace has described, enriching our language with the pleasing and precious treasure of eloquence, and causing the old books to be eclipsed by the light of the new ones as they came out, for the honest pastime not only of the idle but of the busiest; for the bow cannot always be kept bent, nor can human nature and weakness sustain itself without some lawful recreation."

The canon and the priest had reached this point in their colloquy when the barber, riding ahead, came up to them and said to the priest:

"Here, Señor Licentiate, is the place I said was good for us to take our midday rest while the oxen had fresh and plentiful pasture."

"So it seems to me," answered the priest.

And when he told the canon what he meant to do, the canon decided to stay with them too, drawn by the charm of a beautiful valley that lay before their eyes. And, as much to enjoy it as to enjoy the conversation of the priest, to whom he was already growing attached, and to learn Don Quixote's exploits in more detail, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which was not far from there, and bring from it whatever there was to eat for all of them, for he had decided to take his rest in that place that

afternoon; to which one of his servants answered that the sumpter mule with the provisions, which must have reached the inn by now, carried enough victuals that they need take nothing from the inn but barley.

"That being so," said the canon, "take all the mounts there, and have the sumpter mule brought back."

While this was going on, Sancho, seeing that he could speak to his master without the constant presence of the priest and the barber, whom he held in suspicion, went up to the cage in which his master was riding and said to him:

"Sir, to ease my conscience, I want to tell you what's going on about this enchantment of yours; and it's this: those two coming along here with their faces covered are the priest of our village and the barber; and I imagine they've hit on this scheme of carrying you off like this out of pure envy, because your grace gets ahead of them in doing famous deeds. Taking this truth, then, as given, it follows that you're not enchanted, but bamboozled and befooled. To prove which, I want to ask you one thing; and if you answer me as I believe you will, you'll lay your hand on this trick and see that you're not enchanted, only turned in the head."

"Ask what you will, Sancho, my son," answered Don Quixote, "for I shall satisfy you and answer you to your heart's content. And as for what you say, that those who go and come with us there are the priest and the barber, our fellow townsmen and acquaintances, it may well be that they seem to be the very men; but that they really and in fact are, that you must by no means believe. What you must believe and understand is that if they look like them, as you say, it must be that those who have enchanted me have taken on that appearance and likeness; for it is easy for enchanters to take on whatever shape they please, and they will have taken on those of these friends of ours to give you occasion to think what you think, and to set you in a labyrinth of fancies from which you could

not find your way out, though you had the rope of Theseus. And they will also have done it to make me waver in my understanding and be unable to tell where this harm comes to me from; for if, on the one hand, you tell me that the barber and the priest of our village are with me, and, on the other, I see myself caged, and know of myself that no human strength, unless it were supernatural, could have sufficed to cage me, what would you have me say or think, except that the manner of my enchantment exceeds all I have read of in all the histories that deal with knights-errant who have been enchanted? So you may well set your mind at rest and be easy about believing that they are who you say, for they are those men as much as I am a Turk. And as for your wanting to ask me something, speak, for I will answer you, though you go on asking me from now till tomorrow."

"Our Lady help me!" answered Sancho, with a great shout. "And is it possible that your grace is so thick in the skull and so short of brains that you can't see that what I'm telling you is the plain truth, and that malice has more of a hand than enchantment in this prison and misfortune of yours? But, since that's how it is, I want to prove to you plainly that you're not enchanted. Otherwise, tell me, so may God get you out of this storm, and so may you find yourself in the arms of my lady Dulcinea when you least expect it..."

"Have done with conjuring me," said Don Quixote, "and ask what you will; for I have told you already that I shall answer you with all exactness."

"That's what I ask," replied Sancho, "and what I want to know is for you to tell me, without adding or taking away anything at all, but in all truth, as all those who profess arms are expected to tell it, and do tell it, as your grace professes them, under the title of knights-errant..."

"I say I shall lie in nothing," answered Don Quixote. "Now finish asking, for truly you weary me with so many salvos, supplications, and preliminaries, Sancho."

"I say I'm sure of my master's goodness and truthfulness; and so, because it's to the point in our story, I ask, speaking with respect, whether by any chance, since your grace has been caged and, as you think, enchanted in this cage, you've had the wish and the will to do your greater or lesser waters, as the saying goes."

"I do not understand this doing of waters, Sancho; speak more plainly, if you want me to answer you straight."

"Is it possible your grace doesn't understand doing the lesser or greater waters? Why, at school they wean the boys on it. Well, then, let me tell you I mean whether you've had the wish to do what can't be put off."

"Ah, now I understand you, Sancho! And many times; and I have it even now. Get me out of this danger, for not everything is quite clean!"

Chapter XLIX. Which deals with the sensible colloquy Sancho Panza had with his master Don Quixote

"Ah," said Sancho, "I've caught you! This is what I wanted to know, as much as I want my soul and my life. Come here, sir: can you deny what people commonly say around here when somebody is out of sorts: 'I don't know what's the matter with So-and-so, he doesn't eat, or drink, or sleep, or give a sensible answer to anything you ask him; you'd think he was enchanted'? From which it comes to be gathered that the ones who don't eat, or drink, or sleep, or do the natural doings I'm talking about, those are the enchanted ones; but not those who have the urge your grace has, and drink when they're given a drink, and eat when they have food, and answer everything they're asked."

"You speak the truth, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "but I have already told you that there are many kinds of enchantment, and it may be that in the course of time they have changed from one kind to another, and that now it is the custom for the enchanted to do everything I do, though formerly they did not. So there is no arguing against the custom of the times, nor drawing conclusions from it. I know and hold it for certain that I am enchanted, and this is enough to set my conscience at ease; for it would trouble me greatly if I thought I was not enchanted and let myself stay in this cage, lazy and cowardly, defrauding of the succor I could give them the many needy and distressed who must at

this very hour be in urgent and extreme need of my help and protection."

"Well, for all that," replied Sancho, "I say that, for greater abundance and satisfaction, it would be a good thing for your grace to try to get out of this jail, and I bind myself with all my might to make it easy, and even to get you out of it, and for you to try once more to mount your good Rocinante, who also looks as if he were enchanted, he goes along so melancholy and sad; and, that done, we could try our luck again at looking for more adventures; and if things didn't go well for us, there'll be time enough to go back to the cage, in which I promise, on the word of a good and loyal squire, to shut myself up together with your grace, if your grace should turn out to be so unlucky, or I so simple, that I don't manage to bring off what I say."

"I am content to do as you say, brother Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "and when you see the moment to set about my freedom, I shall obey you in everything and for everything; but you will see, Sancho, how mistaken you are in your understanding of my misfortune."

The knight-errant and his ill-errant squire passed the time in these conversations until they reached the place where the priest, the canon, and the barber, already dismounted, were waiting for them. The ox-driver at once unyoked the oxen from the cart and let them wander at will over that green and pleasant spot, whose freshness invited enjoyment, not from persons as enchanted as Don Quixote, but from those as alert and sensible as his squire; who begged the priest to let his master out of the cage for a while, because, if they did not let him out, that prison would not stay as clean as the decency of such a knight as his master required. The priest understood him, and said that he would very gladly do as he asked, if he were not afraid that, once his master found himself at

liberty, he would be up to his old tricks and go off where no one would ever set eyes on him again.

"I'll stand surety that he won't run away," answered Sancho.

"And I as well," said the canon, "and all the more if he gives me his word, as a knight, not to leave us until it is our pleasure."

"I do give it," answered Don Quixote, who was listening to everything, "all the more since one who is enchanted, as I am, has no freedom to do as he will with his person, for the one who enchanted him can make him stay without stirring from one place for three centuries; and if he has fled, he will bring him back flying through the air." And that, this being so, they might well set him loose, especially as it would be to the advantage of them all; and that, if they did not set him loose, he gave them due notice that he could not help offending their sense of smell, unless they moved away from there.

The canon took his hand, though both hands were tied, and on his good faith and word they uncaged him, at which he rejoiced infinitely and greatly to find himself out of the cage. And the first thing he did was to stretch his whole body, and then he went to where Rocinante was and, giving him two slaps on the haunches, said:

"O flower and mirror of horses, I still have hope in God and in His blessed Mother that before long the two of us shall see ourselves as we desire: you with your master on your back, and I on top of you, exercising the calling for which God sent me into the world."

And, saying this, Don Quixote went off with Sancho to a remote spot; and when he returned from there he was greatly eased, and keener than before to carry out whatever his squire might arrange.

The canon watched him and marveled to see the strangeness of his great madness, and that in everything he said and answered he showed a very good understanding: he only lost his stirrups, as has

been said at other times, when the talk turned to chivalry. And so, moved by compassion, after they had all sat down on the green grass to wait for the canon's provisions, he said to him:

"Is it possible, Señor Hidalgo, that the bitter, idle reading of books of chivalry has had such power over your grace that it has turned your wits, so that you come to believe you are enchanted, along with other things of the same stamp, as far from being true as falsehood itself is from the truth? And how is it possible that there is a human understanding that can persuade itself that there have been in the world that infinity of Amadíses, and that rabble and rout of so many famous knights, so many emperors of Trebizond, so many Felixmartes of Hircania, so many palfreys, so many wandering damsels, so many serpents, so many dragons, so many giants, so many unheard-of adventures, so many kinds of enchantment, so many battles, so many furious encounters, such splendor of dress, so many princesses in love, so many squires made counts, so many witty dwarfs, so many love letters, so many gallantries, so many valiant women; and, in short, so many and such nonsensical goings-on as books of chivalry contain? For my own part I can say that when I read them, so long as I do not set my imagination to thinking that they are all lies and frivolity, they give me some pleasure; but when I realize what they are, I fling the best of them against the wall, and would even fling it into the fire if I had one near or at hand, as deserving such a penalty for being false and lying and outside the course that common nature requires, and as inventors of new sects and a new way of life, and as giving occasion for the ignorant public to come to believe and hold as true all the follies they contain. And they are so bold that they even dare to unsettle the wits of sensible and well-born hidalgos, as is plainly to be seen from what they have done to your grace, since they have brought you to such a pass that it has been necessary to shut you up in a cage and carry you on an ox-cart,

the way someone carries some lion or tiger about from place to place to make money by letting people see it. Come, Señor Don Quixote, take pity on yourself, and return to the bosom of good sense, and learn to use the great share of it that heaven was pleased to give you, employing the most happy talent of your wit in other reading that may redound to the benefit of your conscience and the increase of your honor! And if, still led by your natural inclination, you wish to read books of exploits and chivalry, read in Holy Scripture the Book of Judges; for there you will find grand truths and deeds as true as they are valiant. Lusitania had its Viriatus; Rome its Caesar; Carthage its Hannibal; Greece its Alexander; Castile its Count Fernán González; Valencia its Cid; Andalusia its Gonzalo Fernández; Extremadura its Diego García de Paredes; Jerez its Garci Pérez de Vargas; Toledo its Garcilaso; Seville its Don Manuel de León; and the reading of their valiant deeds can entertain, teach, delight, and astonish the loftiest minds that read them. This, indeed, will be reading worthy of your grace's good understanding, my dear Señor Don Quixote, from which you will come away learned in history, in love with virtue, schooled in goodness, improved in manners, brave without rashness, bold without cowardice; and all this to the honor of God, your own profit, and the fame of La Mancha, whence, as I have learned, your grace draws your birth and origin."

Don Quixote listened most attentively to the canon's words; and when he saw that he had now finished, after gazing at him for a good while, he said to him:

"It seems to me, Señor Hidalgo, that your grace's discourse has been aimed at giving me to understand that there have never been knights-errant in the world, and that all books of chivalry are false, lying, harmful, and useless to the commonwealth; and that I have done ill in reading them, worse in believing them, and worse still in imitating them, having set myself to follow the most arduous pro-

fession of knight-errantry, which they teach; and you deny me that there have ever been in the world any Amadíses, of Gaul or of Greece, or any of the other knights of whom the writings are full."

"It is all to the letter as your grace has been setting it out," said the canon at this point.

To which Don Quixote answered:

"Your grace also added that such books had done me great harm, since they had turned my wits and put me in a cage, and that it would be better for me to mend my ways and change my reading, reading other books that are truer and that delight and teach better."

"That is so," said the canon.

"Well, I," replied Don Quixote, "find for my part that the one out of his wits and enchanted is your grace, since you have set yourself to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so accepted in the world and held to be so true that whoever denied it, as your grace denies it, would deserve the same penalty your grace says you give the books when you read them and they annoy you. For to try to make anyone believe that Amadís never existed in the world, nor any of the other adventuring knights the histories are crammed with, would be like trying to persuade him that the sun does not give light, nor ice cool, nor the earth bear us up; for what wit can there be in the world that could persuade another that there is no truth in the tale of Princess Floripes and Guy of Burgundy, or in that of Fierabrás at the bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne, and which, I swear, is as true as it is now day? And if that is a lie, then it must also be a lie that there was a Hector, or an Achilles, or a Trojan War, or the Twelve Peers of France, or King Arthur of England, who goes about to this day turned into a raven, and is looked for in his kingdom at any moment. And they will also dare to say that the history of Guarino Mezquino is a lie, and that of the Quest of the Holy Grail,

and that the loves of Don Tristán and Queen Iseo are apocryphal, like those of Guinevere and Lancelot, when there are people who can almost remember having seen the duenna Quintañona, who was the best pourer of wine Great Britain ever had. And this is so true that I remember a grandmother of mine on my father's side used to say to me, whenever she saw some duenna in a reverend coif: 'That one, grandson, looks like the duenna Quintañona'; from which I argue that she must have known her, or at least must have managed to see some portrait of her. Then who can deny that the history of Pierres and the fair Magalona is true, since even to this day there can be seen in the royal armory the peg with which the valiant Pierres steered the wooden horse on which he rode through the air, and it is a little bigger than a cart pole? And next to the peg is Babieca's saddle, and at Roncesvalles there is Roldán's horn, as big as a great beam: from which it follows that there were Twelve Peers, that there were Pierreses, that there were Cids, and other such knights, of those of whom the people say / that they ride forth on their adventures. If not, let them tell me also that it is not true that the valiant Portuguese Juan de Merlo was a knight-errant, who went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Arras with the famous lord of Charny, called Mosén Pierres, and afterward, in the city of Basel, with Mosén Enrique de Remestán, coming out of both enterprises the victor and covered with honorable fame; and the adventures and challenges that the valiant Spaniards Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (from whose lineage I descend in the direct male line) also achieved in Burgundy, defeating the sons of the Count of Saint-Pol. Let them deny me, likewise, that Don Fernando de Guevara went in search of adventures to Germany, where he fought with Micer Jorge, a knight of the household of the Duke of Austria; let them say that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones, he of the Pass, were a joke, and the enterprises of Mosén Luis de Falces against Don Gonzalo de Guzmán, a Castilian knight, along

with many other exploits performed by Christian knights, of these kingdoms and of foreign ones, so authentic and true that I say again that whoever denied them would be devoid of all reason and good sense."

The canon was astonished to hear the mixture Don Quixote made of truths and lies, and to see the knowledge he had of all those things touching and concerning the deeds of his knight-errantry; and so he answered him:

"I cannot deny, Señor Don Quixote, that some of what your grace has said is true, especially as regards the Spanish knights-errant; and I am willing, too, to grant that there were Twelve Peers of France, but I am not willing to believe that they did all those things Archbishop Turpin writes of them; for the truth of the matter is that they were knights chosen by the kings of France, who called them peers because they were all peers, all equals, in worth, in rank, and in valor; or at least, if they were not, it was right that they should be; and it was like one of the orders now in use, of Santiago or of Calatrava, whose members are presumed to be, or ought to be, valiant, brave, and well-born knights; and just as people now say a knight of Saint John, or of Alcántara, in those days they said a knight of the Twelve Peers, because those chosen for this military order were twelve equals. That there was a Cid there is no doubt, nor a Bernardo del Carpio either; but that they did the exploits people say, I think there is very great doubt. As for that other matter of Count Pierres's peg, which your grace says is next to Babieca's saddle in the royal armory, I confess my sin; for I am so ignorant, or my sight so poor, that I have seen the saddle and yet never noticed the peg, and that, big as your grace says it is."

"Well, there it is, beyond any doubt," replied Don Quixote, "and, what is more, they say it is kept in a cowhide case so that it will not get moldy."

"All things are possible," answered the canon, "but, by the holy orders I took, I have no memory of seeing it. But even granting that it is there, I am not therefore bound to believe the stories of so many Amadíses, nor those of the whole rabble and rout of knights they tell us about; nor is it right for a man like your grace, so honorable and of such good parts, and endowed with so good an understanding, to persuade himself that so many and such strange follies as are written in the nonsensical books of chivalry are true."

Chapter L. Of the sensible disputes Don Quixote and the canon had, with other events

"That is a fine thing to say!" answered Don Quixote. "Books that are printed under royal license and with the approval of those to whom they were submitted, and that are read with general pleasure and praised by great and small, by poor and rich, by the learned and the ignorant, by commoners and gentlemen, in short, by every kind of person of whatever estate and condition, are they to be lies? And all the more when they bear such an appearance of truth, since they tell us the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the age, the place, and the exploits, point by point and day by day, that such a knight or such knights performed. Be silent, your grace, utter no such blasphemy (and believe me, I am advising you in this to do what a sensible man ought), but read them, and you will see the pleasure you get from reading them. If not, tell me: is there any greater delight than to see, as we might say, here and now, a great lake of pitch appearing before us, boiling and bubbling, with a multitude of serpents, snakes, and lizards, and many other kinds of fierce and fearsome animals swimming about and crossing it in every direction, and from the middle of the lake a most mournful voice coming forth and saying: 'You, knight, whoever you may be, who are gazing on this fearful lake, if you wish to attain the good that lies hidden beneath these black waters, show the valor of your stout heart and cast yourself into the midst of its black and burning liquor; for if you do not, you

shall not be worthy to see the high marvels contained and enclosed within the seven castles of the seven fays that lie beneath this blackness'? And the knight has scarcely finished hearing the fearful voice when, without further reckoning with himself, without stopping to consider the danger he is running, and without even stripping off the burden of his heavy armor, commending himself to God and to his lady, he flings himself into the middle of the boiling lake, and, when he least expects it and does not know where he is going to stop, he finds himself among flowering meadows with which the Elysian Fields bear no comparison at all. There it seems to him that the sky is more transparent and the sun shines with a newer brightness; there meets his eyes a pleasant grove made of trees so green and leafy that their verdure gladdens the sight, while his ears are entertained by the sweet and untaught song of the countless little painted birds that flit across the tangled boughs. Here he comes upon a brook whose cool waters, like liquid crystal, run over fine sands and little white pebbles that look like sifted gold and purest pearls; yonder he sees a cunningly wrought fountain of mottled jasper and smooth marble; over here he sees another adorned in the grotto style, where the tiny shells of clams, with the twisted white and yellow houses of the snail, set in disordered order, and pieces of shining crystal and counterfeit emeralds mixed among them, make a work of many colors, so that art, imitating nature, seems there to surpass it. Yonder, all of a sudden, a strong castle or a splendid palace appears before him, whose walls are of solid gold, its battlements of diamonds, its gates of jacinth; in short, it is of such marvelous construction that, though the material of which it is made is nothing less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, its workmanship is of greater worth. And is there anything more to see, after seeing this, than to see a goodly number of damsels come out of the castle gate, whose gallant and splendid dresses, if I set

myself now to describe them as the histories describe them to us, I should never be done; and then the one who seemed the chief of them all taking by the hand the bold knight who cast himself into the boiling lake, and leading him without a word into the rich palace or castle, and having him stripped as naked as his mother bore him, and bathing him in warm waters, and then anointing him all over with sweet-smelling ointments, and putting on him a shirt of the finest sendal, all fragrant and perfumed; and another damsel coming and throwing over his shoulders a mantle that, at the very least of leasts, is said to be worth a city, and even more? Then what is it to see, when they tell us that after all this they lead him to another hall, where he finds the tables laid in such order that he is left lost in wonder? What, to see them pour water over his hands, all distilled from ambergris and fragrant flowers? What, to see them seat him on a chair of ivory? What, to see all the damsels serve him, keeping a marvelous silence? What, to see them bring him such a variety of dishes, so deliciously prepared, that his appetite does not know which to reach for? What will it be to hear the music that plays while he eats, without anyone knowing who sings it or where it sounds from? And, when the meal is over and the tables cleared, as the knight sits leaning back in his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, as the custom is, for another damsel, far more beautiful than any of the first, to come in unexpectedly at the door of the hall and sit down beside the knight, and begin to tell him what castle that is, and how she lies enchanted in it, with other things that hold the knight in suspense and astonish the readers who are reading his history? I will not dwell on this any longer, for from it may be gathered that any part one reads of any history of a knight-errant must bring pleasure and wonder to whoever reads it. And let your grace believe me, and, as I have said to you before, read these books, and you will see how they banish whatever melancholy you may have and improve your disposition,

if by chance it is a bad one. For my own part I can say that, since I became a knight-errant, I am valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, polite, bold, gentle, patient, an endurer of hardships, of imprisonments, of enchantments; and, although only a short while ago I saw myself shut up in a cage like a madman, I expect, through the valor of my arm, with heaven's favor and fortune not against me, to see myself in a few days king of some kingdom, where I may show the gratitude and liberality my heart holds. For, by my faith, sir, a poor man is barred from showing the virtue of liberality to anyone, however richly he may possess it; and a gratitude that lives only in the wish is a dead thing, as faith without works is dead. For this reason I should like fortune to offer me soon some occasion of becoming an emperor, so that I may show my heart by doing good to my friends, especially to this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best man in the world, and I should like to give him a county that I promised him a long while ago; except that I fear he will not have the ability to govern his estate."

Sancho heard almost these last words of his master's, and said to him:

"Your grace just work at giving me that county, Señor Don Quixote, as much promised by your grace as looked forward to by me, and I promise you I won't be short of the ability to govern it; and, if I should be short of it, I've heard tell that there are men in the world who take lords' estates on lease and pay them so much a year, and they take care of the governing themselves, and the lord lies with his legs stretched out, enjoying the rent they give him, without bothering about anything else; and that's what I'll do, and I won't haggle over a bit more or a bit less, but I'll hand it all over straightaway and enjoy my rent like a duke, and that's their business."

"That, brother Sancho," said the canon, "holds as far as enjoying the rent goes; but the administering of justice is something the lord of the estate must attend to himself, and here is where ability and good judgment come in, and above all a good intention to do right; for if this is lacking at the start, the means and the ends will always go astray; and so God usually helps the good intentions of the simple as much as He frustrates the bad ones of the clever."

"I don't know about those philosophies," answered Sancho Panza, "but I do know that as soon as I had the county I'd know how to rule it; for I've as much soul as the next man, and as much body as the biggest, and I'd be as much king of my estate as anybody is of his; and being king, I'd do as I liked; and doing as I liked, I'd have my own way; and having my own way, I'd be content; and when a man's content, he's nothing more to wish for; and having nothing more to wish for, that's that; and let the estate come, and goodbye and be seeing you, as one blind man said to the other."

"Those are not bad philosophies, as you say, Sancho; but, for all that, there is a great deal to be said on this matter of counties."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"I do not know that there is more to be said; I am guided only by the example of the great Amadís of Gaul, who made his squire count of the Firm Isle; and so I may, without any scruple of conscience, make Sancho Panza a count, for he is one of the best squires that knight-errant ever had."

The canon was astonished at the well-ordered nonsense Don Quixote had uttered, at the way he had painted the adventure of the Knight of the Lake, and at the impression the studied lies of the books he had read had made on him; and, finally, he was astonished at the foolishness of Sancho, who longed so eagerly to obtain the county his master had promised him.

At this point the servants the canon had sent to the inn for the sumpter mule with the provisions came back, and, making a table

of a carpet and the green grass of the meadow, they sat down in the shade of some trees and ate there, so that the ox-driver should not lose the advantage of that spot, as has been said. And while they were eating, they suddenly heard a loud crashing and the sound of a bell coming from among some brambles and thick bushes close by, and at the same instant they saw come out of that undergrowth a beautiful she-goat, her whole hide spotted with black, white, and brown. Behind her came a goatherd shouting at her and calling to her in the words goatherds use, to make her stop or go back to the flock. The runaway goat, fearful and terrified, came up to the company as if seeking their protection, and stopped there. The goatherd came up and, seizing her by the horns, as if she were capable of reasoning and understanding, said to her:

"Ah, you wild one, you wild one, Spotty, Spotty, how lame you go about these days! What wolves are frightening you, my daughter? Won't you tell me what this is, my beauty? But what can it be except that you're a female and can't keep still? Bad luck to your nature, and to the nature of all those you take after! Come back, come back, my friend; for if you won't be as happy, at least you'll be safer in your fold or with your companions; for if you, who are supposed to guard them and lead them, go about so unguided and so misguided, what will become of them?"

The goatherd's words gave great amusement to those who heard them, especially to the canon, who said to him:

"On your life, brother, calm yourself a little and do not be in such a hurry to get that goat back to her flock; for, since she is a female, as you say, she must follow her natural instinct, however much you set yourself to hinder it. Take this mouthful and have a drink, and that will cool your temper, and meanwhile the goat will rest."

And saying this and handing him the loins of a cold rabbit on the point of his knife were one and the same. The goatherd took it and thanked him; he drank and calmed down, and then said:

"I wouldn't want your graces to take me for a simpleton because I talked so sensibly to this animal; for, truly, the words I said to her are not without a hidden meaning. I'm a countryman, but not so much of one that I don't know how to deal with men and with beasts."

"That I can well believe," said the priest, "for I know already from experience that the mountains breed scholars and shepherds' huts hold philosophers."

"At least, sir," replied the goatherd, "they shelter men who have learned their lesson; and so that you may believe this truth and lay your hand on it, though it may seem that I am inviting myself without being asked, if it does not annoy you and you are willing, gentlemen, to lend me an attentive ear for a short while, I will tell you a true story that will bear out what that gentleman" (pointing to the priest) "has said, and my own words too."

To this Don Quixote answered:

"Since I see that this case has a certain something of the shadow of an adventure of chivalry about it, I, for my part, shall hear you, brother, most gladly, and so will all these gentlemen, for they are very sensible and fond of curious novelties that hold, gladden, and entertain the senses, as I have no doubt your tale will do. Begin, then, friend, for we shall all listen."

"Count me out," said Sancho, "for I'm off to that brook with this pie, where I mean to stuff myself enough for three days; because I've heard my master Don Quixote say that the squire of a knight-errant must eat whenever he gets the chance, until he can eat no more, because they often happen to wander into a forest so tangled that they can't find their way out of it for six days; and if a

man hasn't eaten his fill, or his saddlebags aren't well stocked, there he may stay, as he often does, turned into mummy meat."

"You are in the right, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Go where you will and eat what you can; for I am satisfied already, and all I lack is to give my soul its refreshment, as I shall by listening to this good man's tale."

"So shall we all give ours," said the canon.

And then he asked the goatherd to begin what he had promised. The goatherd gave the goat, whom he was holding by the horns, two pats on the back, saying to her:

"Lie down beside me, Spotty, for we have time enough to go back to our fold."

The goat seemed to understand him, for as soon as her master sat down, she stretched out beside him very calmly and, looking up into his face, seemed to show that she was paying attention to what the goatherd was saying; and he began his story in this manner:

Chapter LI. Which deals with what the goatherd told all those who were carrying Don Quixote away

"Three leagues from this valley there is a village which, small as it is, is one of the richest in all these parts; and in it there lived a farmer of great honor, so much so that, although honor goes along with riches, he had more of it from the virtue he possessed than from the wealth he had acquired. But what made him happiest, as he used to say, was having a daughter of such surpassing beauty, rare good sense, grace, and virtue that whoever knew her and looked at her marveled to see the surpassing gifts with which heaven and nature had enriched her. As a child she was beautiful, and she kept growing in loveliness, and at the age of sixteen she was most beautiful. The fame of her beauty began to spread through all the neighboring villages; but why do I say only the neighboring ones, when it reached far-off cities, and found its way even into royal halls and into the ears of every kind of people, who came from every quarter to see her as a rare thing, or as a wonder-working image? Her father guarded her, and she guarded herself; for there are no padlocks, guards, or locks that guard a maiden better than those of her own modesty.

"The father's wealth and the daughter's beauty moved many, from the village and from outside it, to ask for her hand; but he, as the one whose part it was to dispose of so rich a jewel, was perplexed, unable to make up his mind to which of the countless suitors who pestered him he would give her. And among the many

who had so good a desire, I was one, and I was given many great hopes of success by knowing that her father knew who I was: a native of the same village, of clean blood, in the flower of my age, very rich in property and no less accomplished in wit. Another man of the same village, with all these same qualities, also asked for her, which caused the father's will to hang in suspense and in the balance, for it seemed to him that his daughter would be well bestowed on either of us; and, to get out of this perplexity, he decided to tell Leandra, for that is the name of the rich girl who has left me in misery, pointing out that, since the two of us were equal, it was right to leave it to the will of his beloved daughter to choose as she pleased: a thing all fathers who mean to settle their children in life would do well to copy; I am not saying that they should let them choose among things base and bad, but that they should set good ones before them, and of the good ones let them choose as they please. What Leandra's pleasure was I do not know; I only know that her father put us both off with his daughter's youth and with general words that neither bound him nor released us either. My rival is called Anselmo, and I Eugenio, so that you may know the names of the persons this tragedy contains, the end of which is still pending; though it is plain enough that it will be disastrous.

"At this time there came to our village one Vicente de la Rosa, the son of a poor farmer of the same place; and this Vicente was coming back from the Italies and various other parts, where he had been a soldier. He had been taken from our village when he was a boy of about twelve by a captain who happened to pass that way with his company, and the young man came back twelve years later, dressed in soldier's fashion, painted in a thousand colors, hung with a thousand trinkets of crystal and fine chains of steel. One day he would put on one finery and the next day another; but all of them flimsy, gaudy, of little weight and less worth. The coun-

try people, who are naturally malicious, and, when idleness gives them room, are malice itself, took note of it and counted up his finery and trappings point by point, and found that the suits of clothes were three, of different colors, with their garters and stockings; but he made so many combinations and contrivances out of them that, had they not been counted, there would have been those who would swear he had shown off more than ten suits of clothes and more than twenty plumes. And let not what I am telling you about the clothes seem irrelevant and superfluous, for they play a good part in this story.

"He used to sit on a stone bench that stands under a great poplar in our square, and there he would keep us all open-mouthed, hanging on the exploits he went on telling us. There was no land in all the world he had not seen, nor battle he had not been in; he had killed more Moors than Morocco and Tunis hold, and fought more single combats, according to him, than Gante and Luna, Diego García de Paredes, and a thousand others he named; and he had come out of all of them victorious, without their having spilled a single drop of his blood. On the other hand, he would show us the marks of wounds which, though they could not be made out, he gave us to understand were harquebus shots received in various skirmishes and actions. In short, with unheard-of arrogance he called his equals, and the very people who knew him, *vos*, as one speaks to inferiors, and said that his arm was his father, his deeds his lineage, and that, being a soldier, he owed nothing to the king himself. On top of these arrogances he was something of a musician and strummed a guitar in such a way that some said he made it talk; but his graces did not stop there, for he had the grace of a poet too, and so out of every trifle that happened in the village he would compose a ballad a league and a half long in the writing.

"This soldier, then, whom I have painted here, this Vicente de la Rosa, this bravo, this gallant, this musician, this poet, was seen and watched many times by Leandra from a window of her house that looked out on the square. She was smitten by the tinsel of his showy clothes, his ballads enchanted her, for of each one he composed he gave out twenty copies, the exploits he had related of himself reached her ears, and, in short, for so the devil must have ordained it, she came to fall in love with him before he had even presumed to court her. And since, in matters of love, none is more easily brought about than one that has the lady's desire on its side, Leandra and Vicente came to an understanding easily; and before any of her many suitors realized what she desired, she had already fulfilled it, having left the house of her dear and beloved father, for she has no mother, and run away from the village with the soldier, who came out of this enterprise with more triumph than out of all the many he claimed for himself.

"The event astonished the whole village, and even everyone who heard of it; I was stunned, Anselmo thunderstruck, the father grieved, her kinsfolk shamed, the law on the alert, the troopers at the ready; the roads were watched, the woods and every other place were searched, and at the end of three days they found the willful Leandra in a cave in the mountains, stripped to her shift, and without the large sum of money and the very precious jewels she had taken from her home. They brought her back into the presence of her stricken father; they asked her about her misfortune; she confessed without being pressed that Vicente de la Roca had deceived her, and under his promise to be her husband had persuaded her to leave her father's house; that he would take her to the richest and most pleasure-loving city in the whole wide world, which was Naples; and that she, ill-advised and worse deceived, had believed him; and, robbing her father, had given herself up to him the very night she had disappeared; and that he took

her to a rugged mountain and shut her up in the cave where they had found her. She also told how the soldier, without taking her honor, had robbed her of all she had, and left her in that cave, and gone away: a turn of events that set everyone marveling anew.

"The young man's continence was hard for us to believe, but she affirmed it so earnestly that it helped the disconsolate father to console himself, taking no account of the riches that had been carried off, since his daughter had been left to him with the jewel that, once lost, leaves no hope of ever being recovered. The same day Leandra appeared, her father made her disappear from our sight, and took her to be shut up in a convent in a town not far from here, hoping that time will wear away some part of the bad name his daughter brought on herself. Leandra's youth served as an excuse for her fault, at least with those who had no stake in whether she was bad or good; but those who knew her good sense and great intelligence did not put her sin down to ignorance, but to her forwardness and to the natural inclination of women, which for the most part tends to be wayward and ill-regulated.

"With Leandra shut away, Anselmo's eyes were left blind, or at least without anything to look at that gave them pleasure, and mine in darkness, with no light to guide them to anything pleasant; with Leandra's absence our sadness grew, our patience shrank, we cursed the soldier's finery and execrated the carelessness of Leandra's father. In the end Anselmo and I resolved to quit the village and make our way to this valley, where he, grazing a great number of sheep of his own, and I a large flock of goats, also mine, pass our lives among the trees, giving vent to our passions, or singing together the praises or the blame of the beautiful Leandra, or sighing alone and alone confiding our complaints to heaven.

"In imitation of us, many others of Leandra's suitors have come to these rugged mountains, following the same pursuit as ours; and there are so many of them that it seems as if this place has

become the pastoral Arcadia, it is so crowded with shepherds and sheepfolds, and there is no part of it where the name of the beautiful Leandra is not heard. This one curses her and calls her willful, fickle, and wanton; that one condemns her as easy and light; one acquits and pardons her, another passes judgment on her and reviles her; one celebrates her beauty, another denounces her nature; and, in short, all dishonor her and all adore her, and the madness of them all goes so far that there is one who complains of her disdain without ever having spoken to her, and even one who laments and feels the raging sickness of jealousy, which she never gave to anyone; for, as I have said, her sin was known before her desire. There is no hollow in the rocks, no brookside, no shade of a tree that is not taken up by some shepherd telling his misfortunes to the winds; the echo repeats the name of Leandra wherever it can form itself: Leandra the mountains ring, Leandra the brooks murmur, and Leandra holds us all in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope and fearing without knowing what we fear. Among all these madmen, the one who shows the least and the most sense is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many other things to complain of, complains only of absence; and he sings his complaints to a rebeck, on which he is an admirable player, in verses that show his good understanding. I follow another road, easier and, in my opinion, the wisest, which is to speak ill of the fickleness of women, of their inconstancy, their double dealing, their dead promises, their broken faith, and, in short, the little judgment they have in knowing where to place their thoughts and the intentions they have. And this, gentlemen, was the reason for the words and remarks I addressed to this goat when I came here; for, being a female, I hold her cheap, though she is the best of all my herd. This is the story I promised to tell you; if I have been long-winded in the telling, I shall not be short in serving you: near here I have my fold, and in it I have fresh milk and the very tastiest cheese,

with various other ripe fruits, no less pleasing to the eye than to the taste."

Chapter LII. Of the quarrel Don Quixote had with the goatherd, with the rare adventure of the penitents, which he brought to a happy end at the cost of his sweat

The goatherd's tale gave general pleasure to all who had heard it; it pleased the canon most of all, who noted with uncommon interest the manner in which he had told it, as far from seeming a rustic goatherd as it was close to showing him a polished courtier; and so he said that the priest had been quite right in saying that the mountains bred scholars. They all offered Eugenio their services; but the one who showed himself most liberal in this was Don Quixote, who said to him:

"Truly, brother goatherd, if I found myself in a position to undertake any adventure, I would set out at once, at once, so that things might go well for you; for I would take Leandra out of the convent, where beyond any doubt she must be against her will, in spite of the abbess and of all who might try to hinder it, and I would put her into your hands, for you to do with her entirely at your will and pleasure, observing, however, the laws of chivalry, which command that no foul wrong be done to any damsel; though I trust in God our Lord that the might of one malicious enchanter cannot be so great that the might of another, better-intentioned enchanter cannot prevail over it; and for that day I

promise you my favor and help, as my profession obliges me, which is none other than to aid the helpless and the needy."

The goatherd looked at him, and, seeing Don Quixote so shabby in coat and countenance, he was astonished, and asked the barber, who was next to him:

"Sir, who is this man who has such a look about him and talks in such a way?"

"Who should he be," answered the barber, "but the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the shield of damsels, the terror of giants, and the winner of battles?"

"That sounds to me," answered the goatherd, "like what you read in the books of knights-errant, who did all those things your grace says of this man; though for my part I take it that either your grace is joking or this gentleman must have the rooms of his head to let."

"You are a most enormous villain," said Don Quixote at this, "and it is you who are the empty one and the half-wit, for I am fuller than ever was the most whoreson whore that bore you."

And no sooner said than done: he snatched up a loaf that was beside him and hit the goatherd full in the face with it, with such fury that it squashed his nose flat; but the goatherd, who was no man for jokes, seeing how much in earnest he was being mistreated, and with no regard for the carpet, or the tablecloths, or all those who were eating, leaped on Don Quixote, got both hands around his neck, and would not have hesitated to throttle him if Sancho Panza had not come up at that moment and grabbed him by the shoulders and thrown him down on top of the table, breaking plates, smashing cups, and spilling and scattering everything on it. Don Quixote, finding himself free, rushed to get on top of the goatherd, who, his face covered with blood and pounded by Sancho's kicks, was crawling about on all fours looking for a knife

from the table to take some bloody vengeance; but the canon and the priest prevented him; the barber, however, managed it so that the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, and on him rained down so many punches that from the poor knight's face there rained as much blood as from the goatherd's own.

The canon and the priest were bursting with laughter, the troopers were jumping for joy, and both sides were egging them on, as people do with dogs when they are locked in a fight; only Sancho Panza was in despair, because he could not get loose from one of the canon's servants, who kept him from going to help his master.

In short, while everyone was enjoying the fun and the feast, except for the two pummelers who were mauling each other, they heard the sound of a trumpet so mournful that it made them turn their faces toward where it seemed to be coming from; but the one most excited at hearing it was Don Quixote, who, although he was lying under the goatherd, very much against his will and more than moderately battered, said to him:

"Brother devil, for it is impossible that you should be anything else, since you have had the valor and strength to overcome mine, I pray you let us make a truce, for no more than an hour; for the doleful sound of that trumpet that reaches our ears seems to me to be calling me to some new adventure."

The goatherd, who by now was tired of pounding and being pounded, let him go at once, and Don Quixote got to his feet, turning his face likewise toward where the sound was heard, and suddenly saw a great many men dressed in white, in the manner of penitents, coming down a slope.

The fact was that that year the clouds had denied their dew to the earth, and in all the villages of that district processions, rogations, and scourgings were being held, asking God to open the hands of His mercy and send them rain; and for this purpose the

people of a village close by were coming in procession to a holy hermitage that stood on a slope of that valley.

Don Quixote, seeing the strange garments of the penitents, and without its crossing his mind how many times he must have seen them before, imagined that this was a matter of adventure, and that undertaking it was his task alone, as a knight-errant; and he was further confirmed in this fancy by thinking that an image they were carrying, covered in mourning, must be some great lady whom those caitiffs and discourteous miscreants were carrying off by force; and, as soon as this came into his mind, he ran with great speed to Rocinante, who was grazing nearby, took the bridle and the shield from the saddlebow, bridled him in an instant, and, asking Sancho for his sword, mounted Rocinante, braced his shield on his arm, and said in a loud voice to all who were present:

"Now, valiant company, ye shall see how much it matters that there be knights in the world who profess the order of knight-errantry; now, I say, ye shall see, in the freeing of that good lady who goes captive yonder, whether knights-errant are to be held in esteem."

And with these words he pressed his thighs to Rocinante, for he had no spurs, and at a full gallop, since nowhere in all this true history do we read that Rocinante ever ran flat out, he went to meet the penitents, though the priest and the canon and the barber ran to stop him; but they could not, nor did the shouts Sancho sent after him stop him either:

"Where are you going, Señor Don Quixote? What demons have you got in your breast, that drive you to go against our Catholic faith? Look, curse me, that's a procession of penitents, and that lady they're carrying on the stand is the most blessed image of the spotless Virgin; mind what you're doing, sir, for this time it can truly be said you don't know what you're about."

Sancho wore himself out in vain, for his master was so set on reaching the sheeted men and freeing the lady in mourning that he did not hear a word; and even if he had heard it, he would not have turned back if the king had ordered him to. He reached the procession, then, and reined in Rocinante, who was already longing to rest a little, and in a troubled, hoarse voice he said:

"You who hide your faces, perhaps because you are not good men, attend and hearken to what I would say to you."

The first to stop were those carrying the image; and one of the four clerics who were chanting the litanies, seeing Don Quixote's strange appearance, Rocinante's leanness, and other laughable circumstances he noted and discovered in Don Quixote, answered him, saying:

"Brother, sir, if you wish to say something to us, say it quickly, because these brethren are laying their flesh open, and we cannot stop to hear anything, nor is it right that we should, unless it is so brief that it can be said in two words."

"I shall say it in one," replied Don Quixote, "and it is this: that you set that beautiful lady free at once, this very instant, for her tears and her sorrowful countenance are clear signs that you are carrying her off against her will and that ye have done her some notorious foul wrong; and I, who was born into the world to undo such injuries, will not consent that you go one step farther without giving her the longed-for freedom she deserves."

From these words all who heard them gathered that Don Quixote must be some madman, and they began to laugh very heartily; and their laughter was like putting gunpowder to Don Quixote's anger, for, without another word, he drew his sword and charged at the stand. One of those carrying it, leaving the load to his companions, came out to meet Don Quixote, brandishing a forked prop, or staff, with which he held up the stand when they rested; and, catching on it a great slash Don Quixote aimed at him,

which cut it in two, with the last third, which was left in his hand, he dealt Don Quixote such a blow on the shoulder, on his sword side, which his shield could not cover against such churlish force, that poor Don Quixote came to the ground in very sorry shape.

Sancho Panza, who was coming up panting behind him, seeing him fallen, shouted to his pounder not to give him another blow, because he was a poor enchanted knight who had never done anyone any harm in all the days of his life. But it was not Sancho's shouts that stopped the peasant; it was the sight of Don Quixote lying without moving hand or foot; and so, believing he had killed him, he hastily hitched his tunic up to his waist and took off across the countryside like a deer.

By this time all Don Quixote's company had come up to where he lay; and those in the procession, seeing them come running, and the troopers with their crossbows among them, feared some ill outcome, and they all bunched together in a huddle around the image; and, with their hoods raised, gripping their scourges, and the clerics their processional candlesticks, they awaited the assault, determined to defend themselves, and even to attack their assailants if they could; but fortune managed things better than anyone expected, for Sancho did nothing but throw himself on his master's body, raising over it the most doleful and laughable lament in the world, in the belief that he was dead.

Our priest was recognized by another priest who was walking in the procession, and this recognition put to rest the fear the two squadrons had conceived. The first priest gave the second, in a few words, an account of who Don Quixote was, and so he and the whole crowd of penitents went to see whether the poor knight was dead, and they heard Sancho Panza saying, with tears in his eyes:

"O flower of chivalry, who with a single blow of a cudgel ended the course of your so well-spent years! O honor of your lineage,

honor and glory of all La Mancha, and even of the whole world, which, with you gone from it, will be left full of evildoers with no fear of being punished for their evil deeds! O liberal above all the Alexanders, since for only eight months of service you had as good as given me the best isle the sea girds and surrounds! O humble with the proud and arrogant with the humble, undertaker of dangers, sufferer of affronts, in love without cause, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the base; in short, a knight-errant, which is all there is to say!"

At Sancho's cries and moans Don Quixote revived, and the first word he spoke was:

"He who lives absent from you, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater miseries than these. Help me, Sancho, my friend, onto the enchanted cart, for I am in no state now to press the saddle of Rocinante, because I have this whole shoulder broken to pieces."

"That I'll do very gladly, my master," answered Sancho, "and let's go back to my village in the company of these gentlemen, who wish you well, and there we'll make arrangements for another sally that will bring us more profit and fame."

"You speak well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and it will be great prudence to let the evil influence of the stars that now prevails pass by."

The canon and the priest and the barber told him he would do very well to do as he said; and so, having been greatly amused by Sancho Panza's simplicities, they put Don Quixote in the cart as he had been before. The procession formed up again and went on its way; the goatherd took his leave of them all; the troopers did not want to go any farther, and the priest paid them what was owed them. The canon asked the priest to let him know what became of Don Quixote, whether he was cured of his madness or went on in it, and with that he took his leave and went on with his journey. In the end the whole party broke up and scattered, and there

remained only the priest and the barber, Don Quixote and Panza, and the good Rocinante, who bore everything he had seen with as much patience as his master.

The ox-driver yoked his oxen and settled Don Quixote on a bundle of hay, and with his accustomed phlegm followed the road the priest chose, and six days later they arrived at Don Quixote's village, which they entered at noon on what happened to be a Sunday, when the people were all in the square, through the middle of which Don Quixote's cart passed. Everyone came running to see what was in the cart, and when they recognized their fellow townsman they were amazed, and a boy ran to carry word to his housekeeper and his niece that their master and uncle was coming home thin and sallow, stretched out on a heap of hay on an ox-cart. It was a pitiful thing to hear the cries the two good women raised, the slaps they gave themselves, the curses they heaped anew on the accursed books of chivalry; all of which was renewed when they saw Don Quixote come in at their door.

At the news of Don Quixote's coming, Sancho Panza's wife came running, for she had already learned that he had gone with him to serve as his squire, and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she asked him was whether the donkey had come back well. Sancho answered that he had come back better than his master.

"Thanks be to God," she replied, "who has been so good to me; but tell me now, my friend, what good have you got out of your squirings? What Savoyard skirt have you brought for me? What little shoes for your children?"

"I'm not bringing any of that, wife," said Sancho, "though I am bringing other things of more moment and consideration."

"That I'm very glad to hear," answered his wife. "Show me those things of more consideration and more moment, my friend, for I want to see them, so that this heart of mine may be cheered,

which has been so sad and discontented through all the ages of your absence."

"I'll show them to you at home, wife," said Panza, "and for now be content; for, if it is God's will that we set out on our travels again in search of adventures, you'll soon see me a count or governor of an isle, and not one of the run-of-the-mill ones, but the best that can be found."

"May heaven will it so, husband, for we need it badly enough. But tell me, what's this about isles? I don't understand it."

"Honey isn't for the donkey's mouth," answered Sancho. "You'll see in good time, woman, and you'll even be amazed to hear all your vassals call you your ladyship."

"What's this you're saying, Sancho, about ladyships, isles, and vassals?" answered Juana Panza, for that was the name of Sancho's wife, though they were not kin, but because it is the custom in La Mancha for wives to take their husbands' surnames.

"Don't be in such a hurry to know all this, Juana; it's enough that I'm telling you the truth, and sew up your mouth. I'll only tell you, in passing, that there's nothing more pleasant in the world than being an honored squire to a knight-errant who goes looking for adventures. It's true enough that most of the ones you find don't turn out as well as a man would like, because out of a hundred you run into, ninety-nine usually turn out crooked and contrary. I know it from experience, for out of some I've come off tossed in a blanket, and out of others pounded to a pulp; but, for all that, it's a fine thing to go looking for what will happen, crossing mountains, searching forests, treading rocks, visiting castles, lodging in inns at your own sweet will without paying a single maravedí, the devil take it."

All these conversations passed between Sancho Panza and Juana Panza, his wife, while Don Quixote's housekeeper and niece received him, undressed him, and laid him in his old bed. He

looked at them askance and could not quite make out where he was. The priest charged the niece to take great care to make much of her uncle and to keep watch so that he did not escape them again, telling them what it had taken to bring him home. At this the two raised their cries to heaven once more; then the curses on the books of chivalry were renewed, then they begged heaven to confound in the depths of the abyss the authors of so many lies and absurdities. In the end they were left bewildered and afraid that they would find themselves without their master and uncle the moment he was any better; and it turned out just as they imagined.

But the author of this history, although he has searched with care and diligence for the deeds Don Quixote performed on his third sally, has not been able to find any account of them, at least in authentic writings; fame alone has preserved, in the memories of La Mancha, that Don Quixote, the third time he left home, went to Zaragoza, where he took part in some famous jousts held in that city, and there things befell him worthy of his valor and good understanding. Nor could he learn anything of his end and passing, nor would he have learned or known of it had good fortune not brought him an old physician who had in his keeping a lead box which, he said, had been found in the demolished foundations of an old hermitage that was being rebuilt; in which box had been found some parchments written in Gothic letters, but in Castilian verse, which contained many of his exploits and gave an account of the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the shape of Rocinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the tomb of Don Quixote himself, with various epitaphs and eulogies of his life and character.

And those that could be read and made out clearly are the ones the trustworthy author of this new and never-before-seen history sets down here. And this author asks of those who read it, in reward for the immense labor it cost him to investigate and search

all the archives of La Mancha to bring it to light, only that they give it the same credit that sensible people usually give to the books of chivalry that are so much in favor in the world; for with this he will consider himself well paid and satisfied, and will be encouraged to seek out and bring forth others, if not as true, at least of as much invention and entertainment.

The first words that were written on the parchment that turned up in the lead box were these:

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA,
A PLACE IN LA MANCHA,
UPON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA,

HOC SCRIPSERUNT (WROTE THIS):

THE MONICONGO (KING OF THE CONGO), ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,
ON THE TOMB OF DON QUIXOTE

Epitaph

The harebrained madcap who adorned La Mancha
with richer spoils than Jason out of Crete;
the judgment that, just like a weathervane,
was sharp where it had served him better broad;
the arm whose strength stretched out so wide a span
that it reached all the way from Cathay to Gaeta;
the most horrendous and most knowing Muse
that ever carved its verses on a plate of brass;
he who left all the Amadíses in the rear
and held the Galaors of little worth,
propped on his love and on his gallantry;
he who struck all the Belianíses dumb;
he who went wandering errant on Rocinante,
lies here beneath this cold slab of stone.

BY THE PANIAGUADO (THE HANGER-ON), ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,

In laudem Dulcineae del Toboso (In praise of Dulcinea del Toboso)

Sonnet

She whom you see here with the tripe-puffed face,
high in the bosom, spirited in mien,
is Dulcinea, El Toboso's queen,
with whom the great Quixote fell in love.
For her he trod the one side and the other
of the great Sierra Negra, and the famed
plain of Montiel, as far as the grassy
meadows of Aranjuez, on foot and weary.
The fault was Rocinante's! O hard star!
For this Manchegan lady and this knight,
unconquered and errant, in their tender years,
she, in her dying, ceased to be a beauty;
and he, though he stands written still in marble,
could not escape from love, from wrath, from guile.

BY THE CAPRICHOSO (THE WHIMSICAL), MOST LEARNED ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,
IN PRAISE OF ROCINANTE, HORSE OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

Sonnet

Upon the proud and adamantine throne
that Mars treads down with feet that drip with blood,
the frenzied Manchegan flies his standard high
and waves it with a valor rare and strange.
He hangs his arms up, and the fine steel with which
he shatters, lays to waste, and cleaves, and splits:
new feats of prowess! But art now invents
a new style for this new paladin.
And if Gaul takes such pride in its Amadís,
through whose brave offspring Greece a thousand times
triumphed, and spread her fame on every side,
today the hall where Bellona presides
crowns Quixote, and, more than Greece or Gaul,
lofty La Mancha takes her pride in him.
Oblivion never blots his glories, since
even Rocinante, in his gallantry,
outdoes both Brilladoro and Bayardo.

BY THE BURLADOR (THE MOCKER), ARGAMASILLESQUE ACADEMICIAN,
TO SANCHO PANZA

Sonnet[1]

This, whom you see, is Sancho Panza: small
of body, but a giant in his soul;
no squire the round world ever knew was found
more plain and simple, or more free of guile.
He came within a hair of being count,
and would have been, had not the spite and venom
of this mean, grudging age conspired against him,
an age that will not even spare an ass.
For on an ass (forgive me for the word)
this gentle squire, by Rocinante's side,
went in attendance on his roving master.
O idle hopes, that lead the crowd along
with promises of rest and heart's content,
in shadow, smoke, and dream you always end!

BY THE CACHIDIABLO (THE HOBGOBLIN), ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,
ON THE TOMB OF DON QUIXOTE

Epitaph

Here lies buried the knight,
well pounded and ill-errant,
whom Rocinante carried
along this path and that.
Sancho Panza, the dolt,
lies also at his side,
the most faithful squire
the squiring trade has seen.

BY THE TIQUITOC (TICKTOCK), ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA,
ON THE TOMB OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

Epitaph

Here Dulcinea rests;
and, though she was plump of flesh,
frightful and ugly death
has turned her to dust and ash.
She came of a pure-bred stock,
and had something of the lady;
she was the great Quixote's flame,
and the glory of her village.

These were the verses that could be read; the rest, because the writing was worm-eaten, were handed over to an academician to make them out by conjecture. It is known that he has done so, at the cost of many sleepless nights and much toil, and that he intends to bring them to light, in hope of Don Quixote's third sally.

Forsi altro canterà con miglior plectio. (Perhaps another will sing with a better plectrum.)

Finis (The End)

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1. The fourteen lines of this sonnet are missing from the Spanish text this translation follows, which gives only its heading. In this edition they are supplied in new English after the sense of John Ormsby's English version of 1885, so these lines reach the reader through an English translation rather than directly from Cervantes's Spanish.

Second Part of the Ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha

Part Two · 1615

Certificate of Price

I, Hernando de Vallejo, clerk of the Chamber of the King our lord, one of those who sit in his Council, attest that, the lords of the Council having seen a book composed by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, entitled *Don Quixote of La Mancha*, *Second Part*, which was printed with His Majesty's license, they assessed it at four maravedís a sheet in loose sheets; and the book has seventy-three sheets, which at that rate adds up and amounts to two hundred and ninety-two maravedís; and they ordered that this assessment be placed at the beginning of each volume of the said book, so that it may be known and understood what is to be asked and charged for it, without exceeding it in any way, as is set down and appears in the original writ and decree issued on the matter, which remains in my keeping and to which I refer; and by order of the said lords of the Council and at the request of the said Miguel de Cervantes, I gave this attestation in Madrid, on the twenty-first day of the month of October, in the year one thousand six hundred and fifteen.

Hernando de Vallejo.

Certificate of Errata

I have seen this book entitled *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*, composed by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, and there is nothing in it worthy of note that does not correspond to its original. Given in Madrid, on the twenty-first of October, one thousand six hundred and fifteen.

The licentiate Francisco Murcia de la Llana.

Approvals

APPROVAL

By commission and order of the lords of the Council, I have had the book contained in this petition examined: it contains nothing against the faith or good morals; rather, it is a book of much lawful entertainment, mixed with much moral philosophy; license may be given to print it. In Madrid, on the fifth of November, one thousand six hundred and fifteen.

Doctor Gutierre de Cetina.

APPROVAL

By commission and order of the lords of the Council, I have seen the *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*, by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra: it contains nothing against our holy Catholic faith or good morals; rather, it contains many things of decent recreation and agreeable diversion, which the ancients judged fitting for their commonwealths, since even in the stern commonwealth of the Lacedaemonians they raised a statue to laughter, and the people of Thessaly dedicated festivals to it, as Pausanias says, as cited by Bosius, book II of *De signis Ecclesiae* (On the Signs of the Church), chapter 10, for laughter revives withered minds and melancholy spirits, as Tully remembered in the first book of *De legibus* (On the Laws), and the poet too, when he says:

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis (Now and then set joys among your cares),

which the author does by mingling the earnest with the jest, the sweet with the profitable, and the moral with the witty, hiding the hook of reproof in the bait of wit, and carrying out the well-chosen aim by which he seeks the expulsion of the books of chivalry, for with his good diligence he is skillfully cleansing these kingdoms of their contagious disease; it is a work most worthy of his great genius, the honor and luster of our nation, the wonder and envy of foreign ones. This is my opinion, saving etc. In Madrid, on the 17th of March, 1615.

The master Josef de Valdivielso.

APPROVAL

By commission of the lord Doctor Gutierre de Cetina, vicar general of this town of Madrid, seat of His Majesty's court, I have seen this book of the *Second Part of the Ingenious Knight Don Quixote of La Mancha*, by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, and I find in it nothing unworthy of Christian zeal, nor anything out of keeping with the decency owed to good example, or with the moral virtues; rather, much learning and profit, both in the restraint with which it pursues its well-followed aim of rooting out the vain and lying books of chivalry, whose contagion had spread further than was right, and in the smoothness of its Castilian language, not adulterated by tiresome and studied affectation, a vice rightly abhorred by sensible men; and in the correction of vices that it touches on in general, prompted by its sharp discourses, it keeps the laws of Christian reproof with such good judgment that whoever is touched by the illness it means to cure will, when he least imagines it, have gladly drunk down in the sweet and savory part of its medicines, without any qualm or disgust, the profit of loathing his vice, so that he will find himself, which is the hardest thing of all to achieve, both pleased and reproved. There have been many who, for not knowing how to temper or blend the useful with the sweet as they should, have brought all their tiresome labor tumbling to the ground; for, unable to imitate Diogenes as philosopher and man of learning, they boldly, not to say licentiously and blindly, try to imitate him as cynic, giving themselves over to slander and inventing cases that never happened, to make the vice they touch on a fit subject for their harsh reproof, and perhaps they open up ways of following it that were unknown until then, so that they end up, if not its reprovers, at least its teachers. They make themselves hateful to men of good understanding; with the common people they lose whatever credit they may have had for getting their writings accepted; and the vices that they would rashly and imprudently correct they leave in a far worse state than before; for not all abscesses are ready at the same moment to take prescriptions or cauteries; on the contrary, some take much better to gentle and soothing medicines, by the application of which the careful and learned physician achieves his end of dispersing them, an outcome often better than the one reached by the rigor of the knife. Very differently have both our nation and foreign ones judged the writings of Miguel de Cervantes, for they long to see, as a marvel, the

author of books which Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders have received with general applause, as much for their propriety and decency as for the gentleness and mildness of their discourse. I certify in truth that on the twenty-fifth of February of this year of six hundred and fifteen, when the most illustrious lord Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, cardinal archbishop of Toledo, my lord, went to return the visit paid to His Illustrious Lordship by the ambassador of France, who had come to treat of matters touching the marriages of his princes and those of Spain, many French gentlemen, of those who had come in the ambassador's company, as courteous as they were intelligent and fond of good letters, came up to me and to other chaplains of the cardinal my lord, wishing to know which books of wit were most in favor; and, the talk happening to touch on this one that I was censoring, they had scarcely heard the name of Miguel de Cervantes when they began to sing his praises, extolling the esteem in which his works were held both in France and in the kingdoms bordering on it: the *Galatea*, the first part of which one of them has almost by heart, and the *Novels*. So many were their praises that I offered to take them to see the author of these works, an offer they welcomed with a thousand signs of eager desire. They questioned me in great detail about his age, his profession, his rank, and his means. I found myself obliged to say that he was old, a soldier, a hidalgo, and poor, to which one of them answered in these very words: "Then does Spain not keep such a man very rich and maintained from the public treasury?" Another of those gentlemen took up this thought and said, with great sharpness: "If it is necessity that obliges him to write, God grant he may never have abundance, so that with his works, poor as he is, he may make the whole world rich." I well believe that, for a censure, this is a little long; someone will say that it touches the limits of flattering praise; but the truth of what I say so briefly undoes the suspicion in the critic and the worry in me; besides, these days no one flatters a man who has nothing with which to feed the flatterer's beak, for the flatterer, though he speaks fondly and falsely in jest, expects to be rewarded in earnest. In Madrid, on the twenty-seventh of February, one thousand six hundred and fifteen.

The licentiate Márquez Torres.

Royal Privilege

Whereas on your behalf, Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, report was made to us that you had composed the *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*, which you presented to us, and, since it is a book of pleasant and decent history and had cost you much labor and study, you petitioned us to order that you be given license to print it and a privilege for twenty years, or as might please our grace; which having been seen by the members of our Council, and since in the said book the procedures were carried out that are laid down by the decree issued by us on the matter, it was agreed that we ought to order this our warrant to be issued in the said matter; and we have thought it good. By this warrant we give you license and authority so that, for the term and space of ten years, complete and next following, to run and be counted from the day of the date of this our warrant onward, you, or the person holding your power for it, and no other, may print and sell the said book mentioned above; and by the present we give license and authority to any printer of our kingdoms whom you may name so that during the said time he may print it from the original that was examined in our Council, which bears the flourish and, at the end, the signature of Hernando de Vallejo, our Clerk of the Chamber, and one of those who sit there; on condition that before and prior to its being sold you bring it before them, together with the said original, so that it may be seen whether the said printing conforms to it, or bring attestation in public form of how a corrector appointed by us saw the said printing and corrected it against the said original; and further, that the said printer who prints the said book shall not print the beginning and first sheet of it, nor deliver more than a single book with the original to the author and to the person at whose expense it is printed, or to anyone else, for the purpose of the said correction and assessment, until first and before all else the said book has been corrected and assessed by the members of our Council; and, this being done, and not otherwise, he may

print the said beginning and first sheet, in which he shall immediately set this our license and the approval, assessment, and errata; nor may you or any other person sell it, or offer it for sale, until the said book is in the form aforesaid, under penalty of falling into and incurring the penalties contained in the said decree and in the laws of our kingdoms that provide on the matter; and further, that during the said time no person may print or sell it without your license, under penalty that whoever prints and sells it shall have lost and shall lose whatever books, type, and equipment he has for it, and shall further incur a fine of fifty thousand maravedís each time he acts to the contrary, of which said fine one third shall go to our Chamber, another third to the judge who passes sentence, and the other third to the person who brings the charge; and further we order the members of our Council, the presidents and judges of our Audiencias, the mayors and constables of our Household, Court, and Chancelleries, and any other justices whatever of all the cities, towns, and villages of our kingdoms and dominions, each in his jurisdiction, both those who hold office now and those who shall hold it hereafter, to keep and fulfill for you this our warrant and grace, which we thus grant you, and not to go or act against it in any way, under penalty of our displeasure and of ten thousand maravedís for our Chamber. Given in Madrid, on the thirtieth day of the month of March, in the year one thousand six hundred and fifteen.

I, THE KING.

By command of the King our lord:

Pedro de Contreras.

Prologue to the Reader

God save us, and how eagerly you must be waiting for this prologue now, illustrious reader, or plebeian, as the case may be, expecting to find in it revenge, quarrels, and abuse of the author of the second Don Quixote; I mean of the one who, they say, was begotten in Tordesillas and born in Tarragona![1] Well, in truth I am not going to give you that satisfaction; for though injuries rouse anger in the humblest breasts, in mine this rule must suffer an exception. You would like me to call him an ass, a fool, and an insolent upstart, but such a thing does not even cross my mind: let his sin be his punishment, let him eat it with his own bread, and that is his business. What I could not help resenting is that he taxes me with being old and maimed, as if it had been in my power to hold back time and keep it from passing over me, or as if my maimed hand had come to me in some tavern, and not on the loftiest occasion that past centuries have seen, or present ones, or that those to come can hope to see. If my wounds do not shine in the eyes of whoever looks at them, they are esteemed, at least, in the esteem of those who know where they were won; for a soldier looks better dead in battle than safe in flight; and I feel this so strongly that if someone now proposed an impossible thing to me and made it possible, I would rather have been present in that prodigious action than be whole of my wounds today without having been there. The wounds a soldier shows on his face and breast are stars that guide others to the heaven of honor and to the desire of just praise; and it should be noted that one does not

write with gray hairs but with the understanding, which usually grows better with the years.

I have also resented his calling me envious and explaining to me, as to an ignorant man, what envy is; when, in all truth, of the two kinds there are, I know only the holy kind, the noble and well-meaning one; and, this being so, as it is, I have no cause to persecute any priest, all the more if he has, besides, the standing of a familiar of the Holy Office;[2] and if he said it on behalf of the man for whom he seems to have said it, he was entirely mistaken: for I adore that man's genius and admire his works and his constant and virtuous occupation. But in effect I am grateful to this gentleman author for saying that my novels, though more satirical than exemplary, are good ones; and good they could not be if they did not have a bit of everything.

You seem to be telling me that I am holding myself in very tightly and keeping too much within the bounds of my modesty, since I know that affliction should not be added to the afflicted, and the affliction this gentleman must suffer is no doubt great, since he does not dare come out in the open field and under the clear sky, but hides his name and feigns his homeland, as if he had committed some treason against the king's majesty. If by chance you should come to know him, tell him from me that I do not consider myself injured: for I know well how the devil tempts us, and that among his greatest temptations is to put it into a man's head that he can compose and print a book that will bring him fame and money in equal measure, as much money as fame; and, in confirmation of this, I want you, with your good wit and grace, to tell him this tale:

"There was in Seville a madman who took up the most amusing piece of nonsense and the oddest mania that ever a madman in the world took up. It was this: he made a tube of cane sharpened at one end, and whenever he caught a dog in the street, or anywhere

else, he would pin one of its hind legs under his foot and lift the other with his hand, and fit the tube as best he could into the place where, by blowing hard, he swelled the dog up round as a ball; and, having it in this state, he would give it two little pats on the belly and let it go, saying to the bystanders, who were always many: 'Do your graces suppose now that it is little work to blow up a dog?'"

Does your grace suppose now that it is little work to make a book?

And if this tale does not suit him, you shall tell him this one, friendly reader, which is also about a madman and a dog:

"There was in Córdoba another madman, who had the habit of carrying on top of his head a piece of marble slab, or a stone that was none too light, and, when he came upon some unwary dog, he would place himself right beside it and let the weight drop plumb on top of it. The dog would take offense, and, barking and howling, would not stop for three streets. It happened, then, that among the dogs he dropped his load on was a dog belonging to a cap-maker, whose master loved it dearly. Down came the stone, struck it on the head, the battered dog raised a howl, its master saw it and felt it, seized a measuring rod, went out at the madman, and left him not a bone unbroken; and with every blow he gave him he said: 'Thieving dog, my hound? Did you not see, you cruel brute, that my dog was a hound?' And, repeating the word hound to him many times, he sent the madman off ground as fine as henna. The madman learned his lesson and withdrew, and for more than a month he did not show himself in the square; at the end of that time he came back with his invention and with a heavier load. He would go up to where the dog was, and, looking it over very carefully, staring hard at it, and neither willing nor daring to drop the stone, he would say: 'This one is a hound: watch out!' In effect,

every dog he came upon, even if they were mastiffs or curs, he said were hounds; and so he never let the stone drop again."

Perhaps the same thing may befall this historian: that he will not dare to let loose the load of his wit again in books that, being bad, are harder than rocks.

Tell him also that I do not care a copper about the threat he makes me, that he will take away my profits with his book; for, borrowing from the famous interlude of *La Perendenga*, I answer him: long live my lord the Twenty-four, the alderman, and Christ be with us all. Long live the great Count of Lemos, whose Christian charity and liberality, well known as they are, keep me on my feet against all the blows of my scant fortune, and long live for me the supreme charity of the most illustrious lord of Toledo, Don Bernardo de Sandoval y Rojas, and never mind if there are no printing presses in the world at all, or if more books are printed against me than the *Verses of Mingo Revulgo* have letters. These two princes, without any flattery of mine or any other kind of applause soliciting them, out of their goodness alone, have taken it upon themselves to do me favor and help me; and in this I count myself happier and richer than if fortune had raised me by the ordinary road to its summit. Honor the poor man can have, but not the vicious one; poverty can cloud nobility, but not darken it altogether; but as virtue gives off some light of its own, even if only through the hindrances and chinks of straitened means, it comes to be esteemed by lofty and noble spirits, and, consequently, favored.

And say no more to him, nor do I wish to say more to you, except to advise you to consider that this second part of *Don Quixote* that I offer you is cut by the same craftsman and from the same cloth as the first, and that in it I give you Don Quixote at greater length, and, in the end, dead and buried, so that no one may dare to raise new false witness against him, since the old ones

are enough, and it is enough, too, that an honest man has given an account of these witty follies, without wishing to get into them all over again: for abundance of things, even of good ones, makes them less esteemed, and scarcity, even of bad ones, makes them valued at something. I forgot to tell you to look out for the *Persiles*, which I am now finishing, and the second part of the *Galatea*.

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1. The spurious *Second Part* of 1614, printed at Tarragona under the name of Alonso Fernández de Avellaneda, a pseudonym never securely identified; its prologue mocked Cervantes as old, maimed, and envious.

2. Lope de Vega, the most famous playwright of the day, who had taken holy orders and was a familiar (lay officer) of the Inquisition.

Dedication to the Count of Lemos

When I sent Your Excellency my plays some days ago, printed before they were performed, I said, if I remember rightly, that Don Quixote had his spurs on and was ready to go and kiss Your Excellency's hands; and now I say that he has put them on and set out on the road, and if he arrives there, it seems to me that I shall have done Your Excellency some service, because from countless quarters I am being pressed in great haste to send him, to take away the loathing and nausea caused by another Don Quixote, who, under the name of a second part, has gone about the globe in disguise; and the one who has shown the greatest desire for him has been the great emperor of China, for about a month ago he wrote me a letter in the Chinese tongue by a special messenger, asking me, or, to put it better, begging me, to send it to him, because he wished to found a college where the Castilian language would be taught, and he wanted the book read there to be the history of Don Quixote. Together with this, he told me that I should go and be the rector of that college.

I asked the bearer whether His Majesty had given him any allowance for my expenses. He answered that the thought had never crossed his mind. "Well then, brother," I answered him, "you can go back to your China at ten leagues a day, or at twenty, or at whatever rate you were dispatched, because I am not in health to set out on so long a journey; besides, on top of being ill, I am very short of money, and, emperor for emperor and monarch for monarch, in Naples I have the great Count of Lemos, who, without so many little titles of colleges or rectorships, supports me, pro-

tects me, and does me more favor than I could manage to wish for."

With this I dismissed him, and with this I take my leave, offering Your Excellency the *Labors of Persiles and Sigismunda*, a book I shall finish within four months, *Deo volente* (God willing); which is bound to be either the worst or the best book ever composed in our tongue, of those written for entertainment, I mean; and I say that I repent of having said the worst, because, in the opinion of my friends, it is bound to reach the utmost height of excellence possible.

May Your Excellency come in the health that is wished for you; for Persiles will by then be ready to kiss your hands, and I your feet, as the servant of Your Excellency that I am. From Madrid, the last day of October, one thousand six hundred and fifteen.

Your Excellency's servant,

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

Chapter I. Of what passed between the priest and the barber and Don Quixote concerning his illness

In the second part of this history, which is Don Quixote's third sally, Cide Hamete Benengeli tells that the priest and the barber went almost a month without seeing him, so as not to stir up and bring back to his memory the things that had passed; but they did not for that reason stop visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care to look after him well, giving him things to eat that were comforting and good for the heart and the brain, from which, by sound reasoning, all his misfortune proceeded. The women said that they were doing so, and would go on doing so, with all the goodwill and care possible, because they could see that their master, from one moment to the next, was giving signs of being in his full senses; at which the two men were greatly pleased, for it seemed to them that they had done right in bringing him home enchanted in the ox-cart, as was told in the first part of this history, as great as it is exact, in its last chapter. And so they resolved to visit him and test his improvement, although they held it almost impossible that he had improved at all, and they agreed not to touch on any point of knight-errantry, so as not to risk opening the stitches of a wound still so tender.

They visited him, at last, and found him sitting up in bed, dressed in a little jacket of green baize, with a red Toledo cap on his head; and he was so dried up and shriveled that he looked like nothing so much as mummy meat. He received them very well;

they asked after his health, and he gave an account of himself and of it with much good sense and in very elegant words; and in the course of their talk they came to discuss what they call reason of state and methods of government, correcting this abuse and condemning that one, reforming one custom and banishing another, each of the three turning lawgiver, a Lycurgus of our day or a Solon fresh from the mint; and they so remade the commonwealth that it looked as though they had put it into a forge and drawn out a different one from the one they had put in; and Don Quixote spoke so sensibly on every subject they touched on that the two examiners believed beyond all doubt that he was entirely well and in his full senses.

The niece and the housekeeper were present at the conversation, and they could not thank God enough for seeing their master with so sound an understanding; but the priest, changing his first intention, which was not to touch him on any matter of chivalry, wished to make a thorough test of whether Don Quixote's recovery was false or true, and so, from one thing to the next, he came to tell some news that had come from the court; and, among other things, he said it was taken as certain that the Turk was on his way down with a mighty fleet, though his design was not known, or where so great a storm cloud would break; and with this fear, which sounds the call to arms for us almost every year, all Christendom was standing to arms, and His Majesty had ordered defenses for the coasts of Naples and Sicily and for the island of Malta. To this Don Quixote answered:

"His Majesty has acted like a most prudent warrior in providing for his states in good time, lest the enemy catch him off guard; but were my counsel taken, I would advise him to adopt a precaution which His Majesty, at the present hour, must be very far from thinking of."

Scarcely had the priest heard this when he said to himself:

"God keep you in his hand, poor Don Quixote: for it seems to me that you are plunging from the high summit of your madness into the deep abyss of your simplicity!"

But the barber, who had already hit on the same thought as the priest, asked Don Quixote what this warning of the precaution might be that he said ought to be taken; perhaps it might be one fit to be put on the list of the many impertinent pieces of advice that are usually given to princes.

"Mine, Señor Shaver," said Don Quixote, "will not be impertinent, but pertinent."

"I don't say it for that reason," replied the barber, "but because experience has shown that all or most of the schemes that are put before His Majesty are either impossible, or absurd, or harmful to the king or to the kingdom."

"Well, mine," answered Don Quixote, "is not impossible, nor is it absurd; it is the easiest, the most just, and the handiest and quickest that could ever enter the mind of any schemer."

"Your grace is slow to tell it, Señor Don Quixote," said the priest.

"I would not wish," said Don Quixote, "to tell it here now and have it wake up tomorrow in the ears of the lords of the Council, and have someone else carry off the thanks and the reward for my labor."

"As for me," said the barber, "I pledge my word, here and before God, not to repeat what your grace says to king or rook, or to any earthly man, an oath I learned from the ballad of the priest who, in the preface of the Mass, warned the king about the thief who had robbed him of the hundred doubloons and his ambling mule."

"I know nothing of stories," said Don Quixote, "but I know that oath is a good one, for I know Señor Barber to be an honest man."

"Even if he were not," said the priest, "I vouch for him and stand surety for him that in this case he will speak no more than a mute,

under penalty of paying whatever is judged and sentenced."

"And who stands surety for your grace, Señor Priest?" said Don Quixote.

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

"Body of me!" said Don Quixote at this point. "Is there anything more to it than for His Majesty to order by public proclamation that all the knights-errant who wander about Spain are to assemble at court on an appointed day? For even if no more than half a dozen came, there might be one among them who alone would be enough to destroy the whole might of the Turk. Pay attention, your graces, and follow me. Is it by any chance a new thing for a single knight-errant to destroy an army of two hundred thousand men, as though the whole host had but one throat or were made of sugar paste? If not, tell me: how many histories are full of these marvels? If only, in an evil hour for me, and I will not say for anyone else, the famous Don Belianís were alive today, or any of the innumerable line of Amadís of Gaul! For if any one of them were alive today and stood face to face with the Turk, on my faith, I would not envy the Turk his winnings! But God will watch over his people and will provide someone who, if not as brave as the knights-errant of old, will at least not be their inferior in spirit; and God understands me, and I say no more."

"Ay!" said the niece at this point. "May they kill me if my master doesn't want to be a knight-errant again!"

To which Don Quixote said:

"A knight-errant I shall die, and the Turk may come down or go up whenever he likes and as powerfully as he can; for I say again that God understands me."

At this point the barber said:

"I beg your graces to give me leave to tell a short tale of something that happened in Seville, which, since it fits here as if made to measure, I have a mind to tell."

Don Quixote gave him leave, and the priest and the others lent him their attention, and he began in this way:

"In the madhouse of Seville there was a man whom his relatives had put there for want of sense. He was a graduate in canon law from Osuna, but, in the opinion of many, even if he had been one from Salamanca he would not have been any less mad. After some years shut up there, this graduate got the idea that he was sane and in his right mind, and with this notion he wrote to the archbishop, begging him earnestly and with very well-ordered arguments to order him taken out of the misery in which he lived, since by the mercy of God he had now recovered the sense he had lost; but, he said, his relatives kept him there so as to enjoy his share of the estate, and, in spite of the truth, wanted him to be mad until his death.

"The archbishop, persuaded by many well-ordered and sensible notes, ordered one of his chaplains to find out from the rector of the house whether what that licentiate wrote him was true, and also to speak with the madman himself, and, if he seemed to be in his senses, to take him out and set him free. The chaplain did so, and the rector told him that the man was still mad: for although he often spoke like a person of great understanding, in the end he would burst out with so many follies that in number and in size they equaled his earlier good sense, as could be tested by talking to him. The chaplain wished to make the test, and, being put in with the madman, he talked with him for an hour and more, and in all that time the madman never said a crooked or absurd word; on the contrary, he spoke so judiciously that the chaplain was forced to believe the madman was sane; and among other things the madman told him that the rector had a grudge against him, so as not to lose the presents his relatives gave the rector for saying that he was still mad, though with lucid intervals; and that the greatest adversary he had in his misfortune was his great wealth,

since, in order to enjoy it, his enemies acted in bad faith and cast doubt on the mercy our Lord had shown him in turning him from a beast back into a man. In short, he talked in such a way that he made the rector look suspect, his relatives greedy and heartless, and himself so sensible that the chaplain resolved to take him away with him, so that the archbishop could see him and touch the truth of the business with his own hand.

"In this good faith the good chaplain asked the rector to have the licentiate given the clothes in which he had entered the house; the rector told him again to mind what he was doing, because, without any doubt at all, the licentiate was still mad. The rector's precautions and warnings were of no use in keeping the chaplain from taking him; the rector obeyed, seeing that it was the archbishop's order; they put the licentiate in his clothes, which were new and decent, and as soon as he saw himself dressed as a sane man and stripped of the madman, he begged the chaplain, for charity's sake, to give him leave to go and say goodbye to his companions the madmen. The chaplain said he would like to go with him and see the madmen there were in the house. They went upstairs, in effect, and with them some others who happened to be present; and the licentiate, coming to a cage in which there was a raving madman, though at that moment calm and quiet, said to him: 'Brother, see whether your grace has any errand for me, for I am going home; for God has been pleased, in his infinite goodness and mercy, and though I did not deserve it, to give me back my wits: I am now well and sane; for with the power of God nothing is impossible. Have great hope and trust in Him, for since He has returned me to my former state, He will return you to yours as well, if you trust in Him. I will see that some dainties are sent to you, and you must eat them by all means, for I tell you that I imagine, as one who has been through it, that all our madness comes from having our stomachs empty and our brains full of air. Take

heart, take heart, for despondency in misfortune wears down health and brings on death.'

"All these words of the licentiate were heard by another madman who was in another cage, opposite the raving one's, and, getting up from an old mat where he had been lying stark naked, he asked at the top of his voice who it was that was leaving well and sane. The licentiate answered: 'I am the one who is leaving, brother; for I have no further need to stay here, for which I give infinite thanks to heaven, which has shown me so great a mercy.' 'Mind what you say, licentiate, don't let the devil deceive you,' replied the madman. 'Keep your feet still and stay quietly in your own house here, and you'll save yourself the trip back.' 'I know I am well,' replied the licentiate, 'and there will be no reason to go making the rounds of the stations again.' 'You, well?' said the madman. 'Very well, then, time will tell; go with God; but by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, I swear to you that for this one sin alone which Seville commits today in taking you out of this house and holding you sane, I shall inflict such a punishment on it that the memory of it will last for ever and ever, amen. Don't you know, you wretched little licentiate, that I can do it, since, as I say, I am Jupiter the Thunderer, and hold in my hands the scorching thunderbolts with which I can and often do threaten and destroy the world? But I mean to punish this ignorant town with one thing only, and that is by not raining on it or on all its district and surroundings for three whole years, to be counted from the day and moment this threat has been made onward. You free, you well, you sane, and I mad, and I sick, and I tied up...? I'd as soon think of raining as of hanging myself.'

"The bystanders listened closely to the madman's shouting and his words, but our licentiate, turning to our chaplain and taking him by the hands, said to him: 'Let your grace not be troubled, my good sir, and take no notice of what this madman has said, for if he

is Jupiter and will not rain, I am Neptune, the father and god of the waters, and I will rain whenever I take the fancy and whenever there is need.' To which the chaplain replied: 'Even so, Señor Neptune, it would not be well to anger Señor Jupiter: let your grace stay at home here, and another day, when it is more convenient and there is more time, we shall come back for your grace.' The rector and those present laughed, and their laughter left the chaplain half abashed; they stripped the licentiate of his clothes, he stayed in the house, and the tale was over."

"So this is the tale, Señor Barber," said Don Quixote, "that fit here so well, as if made to measure, that you could not keep from telling it? Ah, Señor Scraper, Señor Scraper, how blind is the man who cannot see through the mesh of a sieve! And is it possible that your grace does not know that comparisons made between wit and wit, valor and valor, beauty and beauty, and lineage and lineage are always odious and ill received? Señor Barber, I am not Neptune, the god of the waters, and I do not try to pass for sensible when I am not; I only labor to make the world understand the error it is in by not renewing in itself that most happy time when the order of knight-errantry held the field. But this depraved age of ours does not deserve to enjoy as great a good as those ages enjoyed in which knights-errant took upon themselves and bore on their shoulders the defense of kingdoms, the protection of damsels, the succor of orphans and wards, the punishment of the proud, and the reward of the humble. Most of the knights in fashion nowadays have the damasks, brocades, and other rich stuffs they dress in rustling on them, rather than the mail they arm themselves with; there is no knight now who sleeps out in the fields, exposed to the rigor of the heavens, armed with all his arms from head to foot; and there is no one now who, without taking his feet out of the stirrups, leaning on his lance, tries only to snatch a nap, as they say, as the knights-errant used to do. There is no one

now who, coming out of this forest, goes into that mountain, and from there treads a barren and deserted shore of the sea, most often stormy and wild, and, finding on it, at the water's edge, a little boat without oars, sail, mast, or any rigging, throws himself into it with a dauntless heart, giving himself up to the implacable waves of the deep sea, which now lift him to the sky and now drop him into the abyss; and he, setting his breast against the irresistible tempest, when he least expects it, finds himself more than three thousand leagues from the spot where he set out to sea, and, leaping onto a far and unknown shore, has things befall him worthy of being written not on parchment but in bronze. But now sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labor, vice over virtue, arrogance over valor, and the theory of arms over their practice, which lived and shone only in the golden ages and in the knights-errant. If not, tell me: who was more virtuous and more valiant than the famous Amadís of Gaul? Who more sensible than Palmerín of England? Who more agreeable and easy to deal with than Tirante the White? Who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? Who more slashed or more slashing than Don Belianís? Who more dauntless than Perión of Gaul, or who readier to rush upon danger than Felixmartes of Hircania, or who more sincere than Esplandián? Who more reckless than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? Who braver than Rodamonte? Who more prudent than King Sobrino? Who bolder than Reinaldos? Who more invincible than Roldán? And who more gallant and more courteous than Rugero, from whom the dukes of Ferrara are descended today, according to Turpin in his *Cosmography*? All these knights, and many others I could name, Señor Priest, were knights-errant, and the light and glory of chivalry. These, or their like, are the ones I would want for my scheme, for if they were, His Majesty would find himself well served and would save a great deal of expense, and the Turk would be left tearing at his beard; and with this, I have no wish to be the

one left at home, since there is no chaplain taking me out of it; and if your Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here I am, and I will rain whenever I please. I say this so that Señor Basin may know that I understand him."

"In truth, Señor Don Quixote," said the barber, "I did not mean it that way; God help me as surely as my intention was good, and your grace has no cause to take offense."

"Whether I may take offense or not," answered Don Quixote, "I know well enough myself."

To this the priest said:

"Although I have hardly said a word until now, I would not like to be left with a scruple that is gnawing and scratching at my conscience, born of what Señor Don Quixote here has said."

"For more things than that," answered Don Quixote, "Señor Priest has leave; and so he may speak his scruple, for it is no pleasure to go about with a scrupulous conscience."

"Well then, with that permission," answered the priest, "I say that my scruple is that I cannot in any way persuade myself that the whole troop of knights-errant your grace has mentioned, Señor Don Quixote, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood in the world; rather, I imagine that it is all fiction, fable, and lies, and dreams told by men awake, or, better said, half asleep."

"That is another error," answered Don Quixote, "into which many have fallen who do not believe there have been such knights in the world; and many times, with various people and on various occasions, I have tried to bring this almost universal deception into the light of truth; but sometimes I have not carried my point, and other times I have, propping it on the shoulders of truth; and this truth is so certain that I am ready to say that I saw Amadís of Gaul with my own eyes, and that he was a man tall of body, fair of face, with a well-trimmed beard, though a black one, of a look between gentle and stern, sparing of words, slow to anger and

quick to set anger aside; and in the way I have sketched Amadís I could, I believe, paint and portray every knight-errant who walks through the histories of the world; for from my conviction that they were as their histories tell, and from the deeds they did and the dispositions they had, their features, their coloring, and their stature can be deduced by sound philosophy."

"How big does your grace think, my lord Don Quixote," asked the barber, "the giant Morgante must have been?"

"On this matter of giants," answered Don Quixote, "there are different opinions as to whether there have ever been any in the world or not; but Holy Scripture, which cannot fall short of the truth by a single atom, shows us that there were, telling us the story of that great hulking Philistine Golías, who was seven and a half cubits tall, which is an enormous size. In the island of Sicily, too, shinbones and shoulder blades have been found of such a size that it shows their owners to have been giants, tall as great towers; for geometry puts this truth beyond doubt. But for all that, I cannot say for certain what size Morgante was, although I imagine he cannot have been very tall; and what moves me to this opinion is finding, in the history where his deeds are particularly recorded, that he often slept under a roof; and since he could find a house he fit into, it is clear that his size was not enormous."

"That is so," said the priest.

And he, enjoying hearing him talk such great nonsense, asked him what he thought about the faces of Reinaldos of Montalbán and Don Roldán and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, since they had all been knights-errant.

"Of Reinaldos," answered Don Quixote, "I venture to say that he was broad of face, ruddy of complexion, with dancing and somewhat bulging eyes, touchy and choleric to excess, a friend of thieves and lost men. Of Roldán, or Rotolando, or Orlando, since the histories give him all three names, I am of the opinion, and I

affirm it, that he was of middling height, broad of shoulder, somewhat bowlegged, swarthy of face and red of beard, hairy of body and threatening of look; sparing of words, but very courteous and well bred."

"If Roldán was no more of a gentleman than your grace has said," replied the priest, "it is no wonder that the lady Angélica the Fair scorned him and left him for the elegance, spirit, and charm that the little Moor with the budding beard to whom she gave herself must have had; and she showed good sense in loving the softness of Medoro rather than the roughness of Roldán."

"That Angélica, Señor Priest," answered Don Quixote, "was a dissolute damsel, a gadabout, and somewhat capricious, and she left the world as full of her follies as of the fame of her beauty: she scorned a thousand lords, a thousand valiant men, and a thousand sensible ones, and contented herself with a smooth-cheeked little page with no other fortune or name than the name for gratitude that his loyalty to his friend could give him. The great singer of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, because he did not dare, or did not wish, to sing what befell this lady after her base surrender, which cannot have been anything too decent, left her where he said:

"And how she took the scepter of Cathay,
perhaps another will sing with a better plectrum.

"And without a doubt this was like a prophecy; for poets are also called *vates*, which means diviners. This truth is plainly seen, because since then a famous Andalusian poet has wept and sung her tears, and another famous and peerless Castilian poet has sung her beauty."

"Tell me, Señor Don Quixote," said the barber at this point, "hasn't there been some poet who has written a satire on this lady Angélica, among all those who have praised her?"

"I fully believe," answered Don Quixote, "that if Sacripante or Roldán had been poets, they would have given the damsel a fine lathering by now; for it is the proper and natural thing for poets scorned and not accepted by their feigned ladies—or feigned, in effect, by those whom they chose as ladies of their thoughts—to avenge themselves with satires and libels (a revenge, to be sure, unworthy of generous breasts); but until now no defamatory verse against the lady Angélica, who set the world in an uproar, has come to my notice."

"A miracle!" said the priest.

And at this they heard the housekeeper and the niece, who had already left the conversation, shouting loudly in the courtyard, and they all hurried toward the noise.

Chapter II. Which deals with the notable quarrel Sancho Panza had with Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other amusing matters

The history tells that the shouts Don Quixote, the priest, and the barber heard came from the niece and the housekeeper, who were raising them at Sancho Panza as he fought to get in and see Don Quixote, and they barred the door to him:

"What does this stray want in this house? Go home to your own, brother, for it's you, and no one else, who leads my master astray and lures him off and drags him through those wilds."

To which Sancho answered:

"Satan's own housekeeper, the one who's led astray and lured off and dragged through those wilds is me, not your master; he's the one who took me roaming the world, and you two are wrong by half the fair price: he coaxed me out of my house with tricks, promising me an isle, which I'm still waiting for."

"May bad isles choke you," answered the niece, "you cursed Sancho. And what are isles? Something to eat, you glutton, you guzzler, which is what you are?"

"They're not for eating," replied Sancho, "but for governing and ruling, better than four cities and better than four judges at court."

"For all that," said the housekeeper, "you shan't come in here, you sack of mischief and bag of malice. Go and govern your own house and plow your own patches of land, and stop angling for isles or he-isles."

The priest and the barber were greatly entertained to hear the three of them talk; but Don Quixote, afraid that Sancho would come unstitched and pour out some heap of malicious nonsense, and touch on points that would not be good for his credit, called him in and made the two women be quiet and let him enter. Sancho went in, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose recovery they despaired, seeing how set he was on his wild notions and how steeped in the simplicity of his ill-errant chivalries; and so the priest said to the barber:

"You will see, neighbor, how, when we least expect it, our hidalgo goes flying off again."

"I have no doubt of that," answered the barber, "but I am not so much amazed at the madness of the knight as at the simplicity of the squire, who believes so firmly in that business of the isle that I don't think all the disappointments imaginable will get it out of his skull."

"God mend them," said the priest, "and let us keep watch: we shall see where this whole machine of nonsense, of such a knight and such a squire, comes to a stop, for it seems they were both cast in the same mold, and that the madness of the master without the foolishness of the servant would not be worth a copper."

"That is so," said the barber, "and I would very much like to know what the two of them are talking about now."

"I can promise you," answered the priest, "that the niece or the housekeeper will tell us afterward, for they are not of a nature to leave off listening."

Meanwhile Don Quixote shut himself up in his room with Sancho, and, when they were alone, he said to him:

"It grieves me very much, Sancho, that you have said, and say, that I was the one who took you out of your little house, when you know that I did not stay in my own: together we set out, together we went, and together we wandered; one same fortune and one

same luck has run for both of us: if they tossed you in a blanket once, they have pounded me a hundred times, and that is the advantage I have over you."

"That was only reasonable," answered Sancho, "because, as your grace says, misfortunes belong more to knights-errant than to their squires."

"You are mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "according to the saying *quando caput dolet* (when the head aches)..., et cetera."

"I don't understand any language but my own," answered Sancho.

"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that when the head aches, all the members ache; and so, since I am your master and lord, I am your head, and you are a part of me, since you are my servant; and for this reason any ill that touches me, or may touch me, must hurt you, and yours must hurt me."

"That's how it ought to be," said Sancho, "but when they were tossing me in the blanket, me being a member, my head was standing behind the yard wall, watching me fly through the air, without feeling any pain at all; and since the members are bound to feel the head's ills, the head ought to be bound to feel theirs."

"Do you mean to say now, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that I felt no pain when they were tossing you in the blanket? And if that is what you mean, do not say it, or even think it; for I felt more pain then in my spirit than you did in your body. But let us leave this aside for now, for there will be time to weigh it and set it right, and tell me, Sancho, my friend: what are they saying about me around the village? What opinion do the common people have of me, what the hidalgos, and what the gentlemen? What do they say of my valor, what of my deeds, and what of my courtesy? What is said of the task I have taken on, of bringing the now forgotten order of chivalry back to life and back into the world? In short, Sancho, I want you to tell me whatever has come to your ears

about this; and you must tell it to me without adding anything to the good or taking anything away from the bad, for it is the part of loyal vassals to tell their lords the truth in its own shape and form, without flattery enlarging it or any other idle regard diminishing it; and I want you to know, Sancho, that if the naked truth reached the ears of princes, without the clothes of flattery, other times would come, other ages would be held more iron than ours, which I take to be the golden one among those now in use. Let this warning serve you, Sancho, so that you may sensibly and with good intent put into my ears the truth of what you know about what I have asked you."

"That I'll do very gladly, my master," answered Sancho, "on condition that your grace isn't to get angry at what I say, since you want me to say it stark naked, without dressing it in any clothes but the ones it came to me in."

"I shall not get angry in any way," answered Don Quixote. "You may speak freely, Sancho, without beating about the bush at all."

"Well, the first thing I say," he said, "is that the common people take your grace for the greatest madman ever, and me for no less of a fool. The hidalgos say that your grace, not keeping within the bounds of hidalgo rank, has stuck a 'Don' before your name and made a rush at knighthood with four vine stocks and two plowlands of ground and one rag behind and another in front. The gentlemen say they would not like hidalgos setting themselves up against them, especially those squirely hidalgos who smoke-black their shoes and darn their black stockings with green silk."

"That," said Don Quixote, "has nothing to do with me, for I always go well dressed, and never patched; torn, that may well be; and torn more by arms than by time."

"As for your grace's valor, courtesy, deeds, and undertaking," Sancho went on, "there are different opinions; some say, 'mad, but amusing'; others, 'brave, but unlucky'; others, 'courteous, but

impertinent'; and so they go running on about so many things that they don't leave your grace or me a single bone unbroken."

"Look, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "wherever virtue stands in an eminent degree, persecution follows it. Few or none of the famous men of times past escaped being slandered by malice. Julius Caesar, a most spirited, most prudent, and most valiant captain, was taxed with being ambitious and somewhat unclean, both in his dress and in his habits. Alexander, whose deeds won him the name of the Great, is said to have had his certain touches of the drunkard. Of Hercules, he of the many labors, it is told that he was lascivious and soft. Of Don Galaor, brother of Amadís of Gaul, it is whispered that he was more than excessively lustful; and of his brother, that he was a weeper. So, O Sancho, among so many slanders of good men, mine may well pass, as long as there are no more than the ones you have told."

"That's just the sore spot, body of my father!" replied Sancho.

"Why, is there more?" asked Don Quixote.

"The tail is still left to skin," said Sancho. "What we've had so far is cakes and fancy bread; but if your grace wants to know everything there is about the slanders they lay on you, I'll bring you someone here right this minute who'll tell you all of them, without missing a crumb; for last night the son of Bartolomé Carrasco came home from his studies at Salamanca, a bachelor now, and when I went to bid him welcome, he told me that your grace's history was already going about in books, under the name of *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha*; and he says it mentions me in it under my very own name of Sancho Panza, and the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, along with other things that passed between the two of us alone, so that I crossed myself in fright, wondering how the historian who wrote them could have known them."

“I assure you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “the author of our history must be some sage enchanter; for nothing they want to write about is hidden from such people.”

“A sage and an enchanter, and how!” said Sancho. “Since (according to the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, for that’s the name of the man I told you of) the author of the history is called Cide Hamete Berenjena, the Eggplant!”

“That is a Moor’s name,” answered Don Quixote.

“It must be,” answered Sancho, “because I’ve mostly heard said that Moors are fond of eggplants.”

“You must be mistaken, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “in the surname of this Cide, which in Arabic means lord.”

“It could well be,” replied Sancho, “but if your grace would like me to have him come here, I’ll fly to fetch him.”

“You will give me great pleasure, my friend,” said Don Quixote, “for what you have told me has me in suspense, and I shall not eat a mouthful that tastes good to me until I am informed of everything.”

“Then I’m off for him,” answered Sancho.

And, leaving his master, he went to look for the bachelor, with whom he came back a little while later, and the three of them held a most amusing colloquy.

Chapter III. Of the laughable conversation that passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor Sansón Carrasco

Don Quixote was left deep in thought, waiting for the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he expected to hear the news of himself set down in a book, as Sancho had said; and he could not persuade himself that such a history existed, since the blood of the foes he had killed had not yet dried on his sword's edge, and already they would have his high deeds of chivalry going about in print. For all that, he imagined that some sage, either friend or enemy, must have had them printed by the art of enchantment: if a friend, to magnify them and raise them above the most notable deeds of any knight-errant; if an enemy, to bring them to nothing and set them below the vilest that have ever been written of any vile squire, though, he said to himself, the deeds of squires were never written; and if it were true that such a history existed, since it was about a knight-errant, it was bound to be grandiloquent, lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true.

With this he consoled himself somewhat, but it troubled him to think that its author was a Moor, judging by that name of Cide; and no truth could be expected of Moors, because they are all cheats, forgers, and fabulists. He feared that the author might have treated his love with some indecency that would redound to the damage and detriment of the chastity of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso; he hoped that he had made plain his fidelity and the propriety he had always kept toward her, scorning queens, empresses,

and damsels of every rank, and holding the impulses of natural desire in check; and so, wrapped up and tumbled about in these and many other imaginings, Sancho and Carrasco found him, and Don Quixote received the bachelor with great courtesy.

The bachelor, though his name was Sansón, was not very big of body, though a very big joker, of a sallow complexion, but of very good understanding; he must have been about twenty-four, round-faced, snub-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of a mischievous nature and of a man fond of jests and pranks, as he showed on seeing Don Quixote, for he went down on his knees before him, saying:

"Let your greatness give me your hands, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha; for, by the habit of Saint Peter that I wear, though I have taken only the first four orders, your grace is one of the most famous knights-errant there has ever been, or ever will be, on the whole round face of the earth. Blessings on Cide Hamete Benengeli, who left the history of your great deeds written, and blessings twice over on the curious man who took the trouble to have them translated from Arabic into our common Castilian, for the universal entertainment of all people."

Don Quixote made him get up, and said:

"So it is true, then, that there is a history of me, and that the one who composed it was a Moor and a sage?"

"It is so true, sir," said Sansón, "that I am convinced there are more than twelve thousand copies of that history in print today; if you doubt it, ask Portugal, Barcelona, and Valencia, where they have been printed; and the word is that it is being printed in Antwerp too, and I have a feeling that there will not be a nation or a language into which it is not translated."

"One of the things," said Don Quixote at this point, "that must give most satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man is to see himself, while still alive, going about with a good name on people's

tongues, in print and in type. I said with a good name, because, if it were the opposite, no death could equal it."

"If it is a matter of good fame and good name," said the bachelor, "your grace alone carries off the palm from all knights-errant; because the Moor in his language and the Christian in his took care to paint for us to the life your grace's gallantry, your great courage in facing dangers, your patience in adversity and your fortitude, in misfortunes as well as in wounds, and the chastity and continence of the very platonic love between your grace and my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso."

"I've never heard my lady Dulcinea called Doña," said Sancho Panza at this point, "only the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and the history is already wrong on that."

"That is not an objection of any importance," answered Carrasco.

"No, certainly not," answered Don Quixote, "but tell me, Señor Bachelor: which of my deeds are made the most of in that history?"

"On that," answered the bachelor, "there are different opinions, as there are different tastes: some hold to the adventure of the windmills, which seemed to your grace to be Briareuses and giants; others to the one of the fulling mills; this one to the description of the two armies, which afterward turned out to be two flocks of sheep; that one praises the one of the dead man they were taking to be buried in Segovia; one says that the freeing of the galley slaves outdoes them all; another, that none equals the one of the two Benedictine giants, with the fight with the valiant Biscayan."

"Tell me, Señor Bachelor," said Sancho at this point, "does the adventure of the Yangüeses come into it, when our good Rocinante took it into his head to go asking for groundnuts in the open sea?"

"The sage left nothing behind in the inkwell," answered Sansón. "He tells it all and notes it all, even the capers the good Sancho cut in the blanket."

"I didn't cut any capers in the blanket," answered Sancho. "In the air, yes, and more of them than I would have liked."

"To my thinking," said Don Quixote, "there is no human history in the world that does not have its ups and downs, especially those that deal with chivalry, which can never be filled with happy events alone."

"For all that," answered the bachelor, "some who have read the history say they would have been glad if its authors had forgotten some of the countless beatings that were given to Señor Don Quixote in various encounters."

"That's where the truth of the history comes in," said Sancho.

"They might also have kept quiet about them out of fairness," said Don Quixote, "for there is no reason to write down actions that neither change nor alter the truth of the history, if they are going to redound to the discredit of the hero of the history. On my faith, Aeneas was not as pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses as prudent as Homer describes him."

"That is so," replied Sansón, "but it is one thing to write as a poet and another to write as a historian: the poet can tell or sing things not as they were but as they ought to have been; and the historian must write them not as they ought to have been but as they were, adding nothing to the truth and taking nothing from it."

"Well, if this Moorish gentleman goes about telling truths," said Sancho, "you can be sure that my beatings will be found among my master's; because they never took the measure of his grace's shoulders without taking it of my whole body; but there's nothing to wonder at in that, since, as my master himself says, the members must share in the pain of the head."

"You are a sly one, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "On my faith, you do not lack memory when you choose to have it."

"Even if I wanted to forget the cudgelings they've given me," said Sancho, "the bruises wouldn't let me, for they're still fresh on my ribs."

"Be quiet, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and do not interrupt Señor Bachelor, whom I beg to go on telling me what is said of me in the said history."

"And of me," said Sancho, "because they say that I'm one of the main presonages in it too."

"Personages, not presonages, Sancho, my friend," said Sansón.

"Have we got another faultfinder of vocabbles?" said Sancho. "Well, keep on at it like that and we'll never be done in all our lives."

"May God give me a bad end, Sancho," answered the bachelor, "if you are not the second person of the history; and there are those who would rather hear you talk than the finest figure in all of it, although there is also someone who says that you were much too credulous in believing that the government of that isle offered you by Señor Don Quixote, here present, could come true."

"There is still sun on the wall tops," said Don Quixote, "and the older Sancho grows, with the experience that years bring, the fitter and abler he will be to be a governor than he is now."

"By God, sir," said Sancho, "the island I can't govern at the age I am now, I won't govern at the age of Methuselah. The trouble is that the said isle is dawdling somewhere, I don't know where, and not that I lack the brains to govern it."

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

"That is true," said Sansón, "for if God wills, Sancho will not lack a thousand islands to govern, let alone one."

"I've seen governors around," said Sancho, "who, to my mind, don't come up to the sole of my shoe, and for all that they call them your lordship, and they're served on silver."

"Those are not governors of isles," replied Sansón, "but of other governments, easier to handle; for those who govern isles must at least know grammar."

"With the gram I'd get along fine," said Sancho, "but the mar I want nothing to do with, because I don't understand it. But leaving this business of the government in the hands of God, to send me wherever I can best serve Him, I say, Señor Bachelor Sansón Carrasco, that it has pleased me no end that the author of the history has spoken of me in such a way that the things told of me don't give offense; for, on the faith of a good squire, if he had said things of me that were not very fitting for an Old Christian, which is what I am, the deaf would have heard us."

"That would be working miracles," answered Sansón.

"Miracles or no miracles," said Sancho, "let everyone watch how he speaks or writes of presons, and not set down any old way the first thing that pops into his noddle."

"One of the faults they find with that history," said the bachelor, "is that its author put into it a novel entitled *The Ill-Advised Curiosity*; not because it is bad or badly argued, but because it is out of place there and has nothing to do with the history of his grace Señor Don Quixote."

"I'll bet," replied Sancho, "the son of a dog has mixed up cabbages with baskets."

"Now I say," said Don Quixote, "that the author of my history was no sage, but some ignorant babbler who set about writing it by guesswork and without any judgment, let come what may, like Orbaneja, the painter of Úbeda, who, when they asked him what he was painting, answered: 'Whatever comes out.' Once he painted a rooster so badly and so little like one that he had to write next to

it in Gothic letters: 'This is a rooster.' And so it must be with my history, which will need a commentary to be understood."

"Not that," answered Sansón, "for it is so clear that there is nothing in it to puzzle anyone: children thumb it, young people read it, grown men understand it, and old men praise it; and in short, it is so well worn and so much read and so well known by all sorts of people that as soon as they see some skinny nag they say: 'There goes Rocinante.' And those who have taken most to reading it are the pages: there is no lord's antechamber where a *Don Quixote* is not to be found; some pick it up when others put it down; these pounce on it and those ask for it. In short, that history is the most delightful and least harmful entertainment that has been seen up to now, because in the whole of it there is not to be found, not even the semblance of, an indecent word or a thought that is less than Catholic."

"To write in any other way," said Don Quixote, "would not be writing truths but lies; and historians who make use of lies deserve the fire, like counterfeiters of coin; and I do not know what moved the author to make use of other people's novels and tales, when there was so much to write about in mine: no doubt he must have held to the proverb: 'Of straw and of hay…,' et cetera. For in truth, by simply setting forth my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good desires, and my attempts, he could have made a volume larger than, or as large as, all the works of the Tostado could make. In effect, what I understand, Señor Bachelor, is that to compose histories and books of any kind whatever, great judgment and a ripe understanding are required. To say witty things and write jests is the part of great wits: the cleverest figure in a play is the fool's, because the man who wants people to think him simple must not be so. History is like a sacred thing, because it must be true, and where truth is, there God is, insofar as truth goes; but in spite of

this, there are some who compose books and toss them off as if they were fritters."

"There is no book so bad," said the bachelor, "that it has nothing good in it."

"There is no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote, "but it often happens that those who had deservedly gained and won great fame by their writings lost it altogether, or lessened it somewhat, once they had them printed."

"The reason for that," said Sansón, "is that, since printed works are looked at at leisure, their faults are readily seen, and the more famous their author is, the more closely they are scrutinized. Men famous for their wit, great poets, illustrious historians, are always, or most often, envied by those who make it their pleasure and their special entertainment to judge the writings of others, without having brought any of their own to the light of the world."

"That is no wonder," said Don Quixote, "for there are many theologians who are no good in the pulpit and are very good indeed at spotting the faults or excesses of those who preach."

"All that is so, Señor Don Quixote," said Carrasco, "but I would wish such censors were more merciful and less scrupulous, and did not cling to the motes in the brilliant sunlight of the work they carp at; for if *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus* (sometimes good Homer nods), let them consider how long he stayed awake to give the light of his work with as little shadow as he could; and perhaps what seems bad to them may be moles, which sometimes add to the beauty of the face that has them; and so I say that very great is the risk that a man runs who prints a book, since it is of all impossibilities the most impossible to compose one such that it satisfies and pleases all who read it."

"The one about me," said Don Quixote, "will have pleased few."

"Rather the opposite; for, as *stultorum infinitus est numerus* (the number of fools is infinite), infinite are those who have

enjoyed that history; and some have found fault with the author's memory and accused it of bad faith, since he forgets to tell who the thief was who stole Sancho's gray, which is not stated there, and it is only inferred from what is written that it was stolen from him, and a little later we see him riding on the same donkey, without its having turned up. They also say that he forgot to put down what Sancho did with those hundred escudos he found in the valise in the Sierra Morena, for he never mentions them again, and there are many who want to know what he did with them, or what he spent them on, which is one of the substantial points missing from the work."

Sancho answered:

"I'm in no state just now, Señor Sansón, to go into accounts or into tales; for I've been taken by a faintness in the stomach, and if I don't mend it with a couple of swigs of the old stuff, it will leave me as thin as Saint Lucy's thorn. I have it at home, my missus is waiting for me; as soon as I've eaten, I'll be back, and I'll satisfy your grace and the whole world about anything they want to ask, both the loss of the donkey and the spending of the hundred escudos."

And, without waiting for an answer or saying another word, he went off home.

Don Quixote asked and begged the bachelor to stay and do penance with him. The bachelor took up the bid: he stayed, a pair of squabs was added to the ordinary fare, they talked of chivalry at table, Carrasco humored him, the banquet came to an end, they slept the siesta, Sancho came back, and the former conversation was taken up again.

Chapter IV. In which Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sansón Carrasco's doubts and questions, with other events worth knowing and telling

Sancho came back to Don Quixote's house, and, going back to the earlier conversation, he said:

"As to what Señor Sansón said, that people wanted to know who, or how, or when my donkey was stolen, I say in answer that on the very night when, fleeing from the Holy Brotherhood, we went into the Sierra Morena, after the misadventure of the galley slaves and the one of the dead man they were taking to Segovia, my master and I got in among some thickets, where my master leaning on his lance, and I sitting on my gray, bruised and tired out from the skirmishes we'd had, settled down to sleep as if it were on four feather mattresses; I especially slept so heavily that whoever it was had the chance to come and prop me up on four stakes that he set at the four sides of the packsaddle, so that he left me sitting astride it, and he took the gray out from under me without my feeling it."

"That is an easy thing, and nothing new, for the same thing happened to Sacripante when, at the siege of Albraca, that famous thief called Brunelo, with this very trick, took his horse from between his legs."

"Day came," Sancho went on, "and as soon as I stirred, the stakes gave way and down I came to the ground with a great fall; I looked for the donkey, and I didn't see him; tears came to my eyes,

and I made a lament, and if the author of our history didn't put it in, he can reckon he didn't put in anything good. At the end of I don't know how many days, as we were going along with the lady Princess Micomicona, I recognized my ass, and riding on him, dressed as a gypsy, was that Ginés de Pasamonte, that swindler and great evildoer whom my master and I freed from the chain."

"That is not where the mistake lies," replied Sansón, "but in the fact that, before the donkey turned up, the author says Sancho was riding on that same gray."

"To that," said Sancho, "I don't know what to answer, except that the historian got it wrong, or else it must have been the printer's carelessness."

"That is it, no doubt," said Sansón, "but what became of the hundred escudos? Did they vanish?"

Sancho answered:

"I spent them on the good of my own preson and my wife's, and my children's, and they've been the reason my wife puts up patiently with the roads and journeys I've traveled serving my master Don Quixote; for if, after all that time, I'd come back to my house without a blanca and without the donkey, a black fate would have been waiting for me; and if there's anything more to know about me, here I am, and I'll answer the king himself in preson, and nobody has any call to meddle in whether I brought or didn't bring, whether I spent or didn't spend; for if the beatings they gave me on these travels had to be paid for in money, even if they were assessed at no more than four maravedís apiece, another hundred escudos wouldn't be enough to pay me half; and let everyone put his hand on his own breast, and not go judging white for black and black for white; for every man is as God made him, and often worse."

"I shall take care," said Carrasco, "to charge the author of the history that if he prints it again he must not forget what the good

Sancho has said, for that will raise it a good notch above where it stands."

"Is there anything else to correct in that legend, Señor Bachelor?" asked Don Quixote.

"There must be," he answered, "but none of them can be as important as the ones already mentioned."

"And does the author by any chance," said Don Quixote, "promise a second part?"

"He does promise one," answered Sansón, "but he says he has not found it and does not know who has it, and so we are in doubt whether it will come out or not; and for this reason, as well as because some say, 'Second parts were never good,' and others, 'Of Don Quixote's doings, those written are enough,' it is doubted there will be a second part; although some who are more jovial than saturnine say: 'Let's have more quixoteries: let Don Quixote charge and Sancho Panza talk, and come what may, that will content us.'"

"And what does the author mean to do?"

"This," answered Sansón: "as soon as he finds the history, which he is searching for with extraordinary diligence, he will send it straight to the press, moved more by the profit that will come to him from publishing it than by any praise."

To which Sancho said:

"The author has his eye on money and profit? It'll be a wonder if he gets it right, because he'll do nothing but botch and botch, like a tailor on the eve of a feast, and works that are done in a hurry are never finished with the perfection they need. Let this Moorish gentleman, or whatever he is, mind what he's doing; for my master and I will hand him so much rubble to build with, in the way of adventures and all sorts of happenings, that he can compose not just a second part but a hundred. The good man must surely think we're lying asleep here in the straw; well, let him hold our foot for

the shoeing, and he'll see which one we limp on. What I can tell you is that if my master took my advice, we'd already be out in the fields undoing injuries and righting wrongs, as good knights-errant are used and accustomed to do."

Sancho had scarcely finished saying these words when the neighing of Rocinante reached their ears; and Don Quixote took this neighing for a most happy omen and resolved to make another sally within three or four days; and, telling the bachelor of his intention, he asked his advice as to which direction he should begin his journey in; and the bachelor answered that in his opinion he should go to the kingdom of Aragon and to the city of Zaragoza, where, in a few days' time, some most solemn jousts were to be held for the feast of Saint George, in which he might win fame over every knight of Aragon, and that would be winning it over every knight in the world. He praised his resolution as most honorable and most valiant, and warned him to be more cautious in facing dangers, because his life was not his own, but belonged to all those who would need him to protect and succor them in their misfortunes.

"That's just what I curse, Señor Sansón," said Sancho at this point, "for my master will charge a hundred armed men as readily as a greedy boy goes at half a dozen melons. Body of the world, Señor Bachelor! Yes, there's a time to attack and a time to retreat; yes, it can't all be 'Saint James, and close in, Spain!' And besides, I've heard said, and I think by my master himself, if I remember right, that between the extremes of coward and rash lies the middle of valor; and if that's so, I don't want him to run away without a reason, or to attack when too much odds call for something else. But above all, I give my master warning that if he's to take me with him, it has to be on condition that he does all the fighting himself, and that I'm not bound to anything but looking after his person in what touches his cleanliness and his comfort; for in that I'll dance

attendance on him; but to think I'm to put my hand to my sword, even against boorish miscreants with ax and iron cap, is thinking of what will never be. I, Señor Sansón, don't mean to win fame as a brave man, but as the best and most loyal squire that ever served a knight-errant; and if my master Don Quixote, obliged by my many good services, should want to give me some isle, of the many his grace says we're bound to run into hereabouts, I'll take it as a great favor; and if he doesn't give me one, I was born, all the same, and a man mustn't live trusting in anyone but God; and what's more, bread will taste as good to me ungoverned, and maybe better, as it would being a governor; and do I know, by any chance, whether in those governments the devil hasn't got some trip ready for me, where I stumble and fall and knock out my molars? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I mean to die; but if, for all that, fair and square, without much seeking and without much risk, heaven should send me some isle, or some other such thing, I'm not such a fool as to turn it down; for they also say: 'When they give you the heifer, run with the halter'; and 'When good comes, take it into your house.'"

"You, brother Sancho," said Carrasco, "have spoken like a professor; but, for all that, trust in God and in Señor Don Quixote, for he will give you a kingdom, let alone an isle."

"More or less, it's all one," answered Sancho, "although I can tell Señor Carrasco that my master wouldn't be throwing any kingdom he gave me into a torn sack, for I've taken my own pulse, and I find myself healthy enough to rule kingdoms and govern isles, and I've told my master so before now."

"Look, Sancho," said Sansón, "office changes manners, and it may be that when you see yourself a governor you won't know the mother who bore you."

"That," answered Sancho, "is to be understood of those who were born among the mallows, and not of those who have four fingers of Old Christian fat on their souls, as I have. No, just come

and try my nature, and see whether it knows how to be ungrateful to anyone!"

"God grant it," said Don Quixote, "and we shall see when the government comes; for it seems to me I already have it before my eyes."

This said, he begged the bachelor, if he was a poet, to do him the favor of composing some verses for him on the farewell he meant to take of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and to see that each line began with a letter of her name, so that when the verses were done, putting the first letters together, one might read: *Dulcinea del Toboso*.

The bachelor answered that, although he was not one of the famous poets there were in Spain, who were said to be only three and a half, he would not fail to compose such verses, although he found a great difficulty in their composition, because the letters that made up the name were seventeen; and if he wrote four Castilian stanzas of four lines each, there would be one letter too many; and if of five, which they call décimas or redondillas, there would be three letters too few; but for all that he would try to squeeze in one letter as best he could, so that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso would be included in the four Castilian stanzas.

"It must be so, by all means," said Don Quixote, "for if the name is not there plain and manifest, there is no woman who will believe the verses were made for her."

They agreed on this, and that the departure would be eight days later. Don Quixote charged the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and Master Nicolás, and from his niece and the housekeeper, so that they would not hinder his honorable and valiant resolution. Carrasco promised everything. With this he took his leave, charging Don Quixote to let him know of all his good or bad fortunes, whenever he had the chance; and so they

parted, and Sancho went to put in order what was needed for their journey.

Chapter V. Of the sensible and amusing talk that passed between Sancho Panza and his wife, Teresa Panza, and other events worthy of happy remembrance

(When the translator of this history came to write this fifth chapter, he says that he holds it to be apocryphal, because in it Sancho Panza speaks in another style than could be expected of his slender wit, and says things of such subtlety that he does not believe Sancho could have known them; but that he did not wish to leave it untranslated, so as to fulfill what he owed to his office; and so he went on, saying:)

Sancho came home so merry and cheerful that his wife could see his cheer a crossbow shot away; so much so that it made her ask him:

"What have you got there, Sancho, my friend, that you come home so cheerful?"

To which he answered:

"Wife, if God were willing, I'd be very glad not to be as happy as I look."

"I don't understand you, husband," she replied, "and I don't know what you mean by saying you'd be glad, if God were willing, not to be happy; for, fool though I be, I don't know who takes any pleasure in not having any."

"Look, Teresa," answered Sancho, "I'm cheerful because I've made up my mind to go back to serving my master Don Quixote, who wants to go out a third time looking for adventures; and I'm

going out with him again, because my need wants it so, along with the hope, which cheers me, of thinking I might find another hundred escudos like the ones I've spent, though it saddens me to have to part from you and from my children; and if God were willing to give me my living dry-shod and at home, without dragging me over rough paths and crossroads, since He could do it at little cost, just by wanting to, it's plain that my cheer would be firmer and sounder, for the one I have is mixed with the sadness of leaving you; so I was right to say that I'd be glad, if God were willing, not to be happy."

"Look, Sancho," replied Teresa, "ever since you became a member of a knight-errant, you talk in such a roundabout way that there's no understanding you."

"It's enough that God understands me, wife," answered Sancho, "for He's the understander of all things, and let's leave it there; and take note, sister, that you must look after the gray these three days, so that he's fit to bear arms: double his feed, see to the packsaddle and the rest of the tackle, because we're not going to a wedding but off to go round the world, and to have give-and-take with giants, with dragons, and with monsters, and to hear hisses, roars, bellows, and howls; and even all that would be lavender flowers if we didn't have to deal with Yangüeses and enchanted Moors."

"I well believe, husband," replied Teresa, "that errant squires don't eat their bread for nothing; and so I'll be praying our Lord to get you out of so much bad luck soon."

"I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, "that if I didn't think I'd see myself governor of an isle before long, I'd drop dead right here."

"Not that, husband," said Teresa. "Let the hen live, even with the pip; you live, and let the devil take all the governments there are in the world; without a government you came out of your mother's belly, without a government you've lived until now, and without a

government you'll go, or be carried, to the grave when God is pleased. There are plenty in the world who live without a government, and they don't leave off living for all that, or being counted among the people. Hunger is the best sauce in the world; and since the poor never lack it, they always eat with relish. But look, Sancho: if by any chance a government comes your way, don't forget me or your children. Bear in mind that Sanchico is fully fifteen now, and it's right that he should go to school, if his uncle the abbot is going to make a churchman of him. Remember too that Mari Sancha, your daughter, won't die if we marry her off; for I'm getting hints that she wants a husband as much as you want to see yourself with a government; and when all's said and done, a daughter looks better badly married than well kept as some man's mistress."

"On my faith," answered Sancho, "if God lets me get hold of any sort of government, I'll marry Mari Sancha, wife, so high up that nobody will reach her without calling her my lady."

"Not that, Sancho," answered Teresa. "Marry her to her equal, that's the wisest thing; for if you take her out of clogs and put her in chopines, and out of a brown skirt of coarse cloth and into a farthingale and silk Savoyard skirts, and from 'Marica' and a plain *tú* to 'Doña So-and-so' and 'your ladyship,' the girl won't know where she is, and at every step she'll fall into a thousand blunders, showing the threads of her coarse, rough weave."

"Quiet, you silly thing," said Sancho, "it will only be a matter of wearing it two or three years; after that the ladyship and the dignity will come to her as if made to measure; and if not, what does it matter? Let her be your ladyship, and come what may."

"Measure yourself by your station, Sancho," answered Teresa, "and don't try to raise yourself to higher things, and mind the proverb that says: 'Wipe your neighbor's son's nose and take him into your house.' Oh yes, very nice it would be, to marry our María

to some great lump of a count, or some jumped-up gentleman who, whenever he took the fancy, would give her a dressing-down, calling her a peasant, the daughter of a clod-buster and a spinning-wench! Not in my day, husband! That's not what I raised my daughter for, I can tell you! You bring the money, Sancho, and leave the marrying of her to me; for there's Lope Tocho, Juan Tocho's son, a plump, healthy lad, and one we know, and I know he doesn't look on the girl with a bad eye; and with him, since he's our equal, she'll be well married, and we'll always have him under our eyes, and we'll all be one family, parents and children, grandchildren and sons-in-law, with God's peace and blessing going around among all of us; and don't you go marrying her off to me now in those courts and those great palaces, where they won't understand her and she won't understand herself."

"Come here, you beast, you Barabbas's wife," replied Sancho. "Why do you want now, for no rhyme or reason, to keep me from marrying my daughter to someone who'll give me grandchildren to be called your lordship? Look, Teresa: I've always heard my elders say that he who can't enjoy good luck when it comes to him shouldn't complain if it passes him by. And it wouldn't be right, now that it's knocking at our door, for us to shut it in its face; let's let ourselves be carried by this favorable wind that's blowing on us."

(Because of this way of speaking, and because of what Sancho says further on, the translator of this history said that he held this chapter to be apocryphal.)

"Don't you think, you animal," Sancho went on, "that it will be a good thing for me to land in some profitable government that will pull our feet out of the mud? And let Mari Sancha be married to whoever I like, and you'll see how they'll call you Doña Teresa Panza, and you'll sit in church on a carpet, with cushions and hangings, in spite of all the hidalgo ladies in the village, and to

their vexation. No, you'd rather always stay as you are, without growing or shrinking, like a figure on a wall hanging! And let's not talk any more about this, for Sanchica is to be a countess, say what you will."

"Do you hear what you're saying, husband?" answered Teresa. "Well, for all that, I fear this countship of my daughter's will be her ruin. You do what you like, whether you make her a duchess or a princess, but I can tell you it won't be with my will or consent. I've always been fond of equality, brother, and I can't bear airs and graces without grounds. Teresa they named me at my baptism, a plain, bare name, without additions or trimmings or frills of Dons or Doñas; Cascajo my father was called, and because I'm your wife they call me Teresa Panza, though by rights they ought to call me Teresa Cascajo. But kings go where laws want them to, and with this name I'm content, without their putting a Doña on top of it that weighs so much I can't carry it, and I don't want to give people something to talk about when they see me going about dressed like a countess or a governor's lady, for they'll say at once: 'Look how high and mighty the dirty sow is! Yesterday she was forever pulling at a tuft of tow, and she went to Mass with the skirt of her petticoat over her head instead of a mantle, and today she goes in a farthingale, with brooches and airs, as if we'd never laid eyes on her.' If God keeps my seven senses for me, or my five, or however many I have, I don't mean to give anybody the chance to see me in such a fix. You, brother, go off and be a government or a he-isle, and put on airs to your heart's content; for my daughter and I, by my mother's soul, aren't going to stir one step from our village: the honest woman, a broken leg, and at home; and for the modest maiden, doing some work is her holiday. Go off with your Don Quixote to your adventures, and leave us women with our misadventures, for God will better them for us as long as we're good; and

I certainly don't know who put a Don on him, for neither his parents nor his grandparents ever had one."

"Now I say," replied Sancho, "that you've got some familiar spirit in that body. God help me, woman, the things you've strung together one after another, without head or tail! What have Cascajo, brooches, proverbs, and airs got to do with what I'm saying? Come here, you foolish, ignorant woman (for I can call you that, since you don't understand what I say and you run away from good fortune): if I said my daughter was to throw herself off a tower, or go roaming the world, as the Infanta Doña Urraca wanted to, you'd be right not to go along with me; but if in two shakes, and in less than the blink of an eye, I slap a Doña and a ladyship on her back, and take her out of the stubble fields, and set her under a canopy and on a pedestal, on a dais with more velvet cushions, *almohadas*, than the Almohads of Morocco had Moors in their line, why won't you consent and want what I want?"

"Do you know why, husband?" answered Teresa. "Because of the proverb that says: 'What covers you uncovers you!' Everyone's eyes pass over the poor man in a hurry, and they stop on the rich man; and if that rich man was once poor, then comes the grumbling and the backbiting, and the worst of it is the backbiters keep on and on, for there are heaps of them in the streets, like swarms of bees."

"Look, Teresa," answered Sancho, "and listen to what I want to tell you now; maybe you won't have heard it in all the days of your life, and I'm not speaking from my own head now; for everything I mean to say are maxims of the father preacher who preached in this village last Lent, who, if I remember right, said that all present things that the eyes are looking at present themselves, stand, and remain in our memory much better and with more force than things past."

(All these words that Sancho is saying here are the second reason why the translator says that he holds this chapter to be apoc-

ryphal, for they exceed Sancho's capacity. He went on, saying:)

"From which it comes about that when we see some person well turned out, decked in rich clothes, and with a train of servants, it seems to move us and invite us, as if by force, to show that person respect, even though at that moment memory may show us some low state in which we once saw that person; and that ignomony, whether it be of poverty or of lineage, since it has passed, is no longer, and only what we see present is. And if the one whom fortune has drawn out of the rough draft of his lowliness (for those were the very words the father used) to the height of his prosperity is well bred, liberal, and courteous with everyone, and does not go picking quarrels with those who are noble by long descent, you may be sure, Teresa, that there will be no one who remembers what he was, but they will revere what he is, except for the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is safe."

"I don't understand you, husband," replied Teresa. "Do as you like, and don't split my head any more with your harangues and rhetorics. And if you're dissolved to do what you say…"

"Resolved, you should say, woman," said Sancho, "not dissolved."

"Don't start disputing with me, husband," answered Teresa. "I speak as God pleases, and I don't go in for any more flourishes; and I say that if you're set on having a government, you should take your son Sancho with you, so that you can teach him from now on how to have a government, for it's right that sons should inherit and learn their fathers' trades."

"As soon as I have a government," said Sancho, "I'll send for him by the post, and I'll send you money, for I won't be short of it, since there's never any lack of people to lend it to governors when they haven't got any; and you dress him so as to hide what he is and look like what he's going to be."

"Money is your part," said Teresa, "and I'll turn him out for you as neat as a palm shoot."

"In effect, then, we're agreed," said Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess."

"The day I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I'll reckon I'm burying her; but I tell you again, do whatever you please, for we women are born with this burden, of being obedient to our husbands, even if they're blockheads."

And at this she began to weep as earnestly as if she already saw Sanchica dead and buried. Sancho comforted her by telling her that, since he had to make her a countess, he would do it as late as could possibly be. With this their talk ended, and Sancho went back to see Don Quixote to make arrangements for their departure.

Chapter VI. Of what happened to Don Quixote with his niece and his housekeeper, and it is one of the important chapters of the whole history

While Sancho Panza and his wife, Teresa Cascajo, were holding the irrelevant conversation recorded above, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle, for by a thousand signs they were gathering that their uncle and master meant to break loose a third time and return to the practice of what was, for them, his ill-errant chivalry: they tried in every way possible to turn him from so bad a notion, but it was all preaching in the desert and hammering cold iron. For all that, among many other words that passed between them and him, the housekeeper said to him:

"In truth, my master, if your grace does not plant your feet firmly and stay quiet in your own house, and give up wandering over hill and dale like a soul in torment, looking for those things they say are called adventures and that I call misfortunes, I shall have to complain at the top of my voice to God and the king to put a stop to it."

To which Don Quixote answered:

"Housekeeper, what God will answer to your complaints I do not know, nor what His Majesty will answer either; and I know only that if I were king I would excuse myself from answering the endless multitude of impertinent petitions that are handed to him every day; for one of the greatest labors kings have, among many

others, is being obliged to listen to everyone and to answer everyone; and so I would not want my affairs to give him any trouble."

To which the housekeeper said:

"Tell us, sir: at His Majesty's court, aren't there knights?"

"Yes," answered Don Quixote, "and many; and it is right that there should be, to adorn the greatness of princes and to display the royal majesty."

"Well, then," she replied, "couldn't your grace be one of those who serve their king and lord without stirring, staying at court?"

"Look, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "not all knights can be courtiers, nor can all courtiers be knights-errant, nor should they: there must be all kinds in the world; and although we are all knights, there is a great difference between the one kind and the other; for courtiers, without leaving their rooms or the thresholds of the court, travel all over the world by looking at a map, without its costing them a blanca, or their enduring heat or cold, hunger or thirst; whereas we who are true knights-errant, in the sun, in the cold, in the wind, in the inclemencies of the heavens, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback, measure the whole earth with our own feet; and we know enemies not only in pictures but in their very being, and in every peril and on every occasion we attack them, without looking to trifles or to the laws of the challenge: whether a man carries a shorter lance or sword or not, whether he wears relics on him or some hidden trick, whether the sun is to be divided and cut up in slices or not, with other ceremonies of this sort that are used in single combats between man and man, which you do not know and I do. And you must know more: that the good knight-errant, though he sees ten giants whose heads not only touch the clouds but pass beyond them, and each of whom has two enormous towers for legs, and arms like the masts of great and mighty ships, and each eye like a great millstone and blazing hotter than a glass furnace, must in no way be

dismayed by them; rather, with a gallant bearing and a dauntless heart, he must attack and charge them, and, if possible, defeat them and rout them in a brief instant, even if they came armored in the shells of a certain fish said to be harder than diamond, and instead of swords carried keen-edged knives of Damascus steel, or iron-shod clubs with spikes of steel as well, as I have seen more than twice. All this I have said, my good housekeeper, so that you may see the difference there is between one kind of knight and another; and it would be only right that there should be no prince who did not value more highly this second, or, better said, first kind of knights, the knights-errant, for, as we read in their histories, there have been some among them who were the salvation not of one kingdom only, but of many."

"Ah, my master!" said the niece at this point. "Let your grace take note that all you say about knights-errant is fable and lies, and their histories, if they were not burned, would deserve to have each of them made to wear a penitent's sackcloth, or some mark by which it would be known as infamous and a corrupter of good morals."

"By the God who sustains me," said Don Quixote, "if you were not my niece in the direct line, as the daughter of my own sister, I would inflict such a punishment on you for the blasphemy you have spoken that it would ring through the whole world. How is it possible that a girl who scarcely knows how to work a dozen lace bobbins dares to set her tongue to the histories of knights-errant and censure them? What would Señor Amadís say if he heard such a thing? But he would surely forgive you, for he was the humblest and most courteous knight of his time, and, besides, a great protector of damsels; but someone might have heard you who would not have let it go well with you, for not all are courteous or well behaved: some are caitiffs and churls. Nor are all who call themselves knights wholly so: for some are of gold, others of alchemy,

and all look like knights, but not all can stand the test of the touchstone of truth. There are base men who burst themselves to look like knights, and lofty knights who seem to be dying on purpose to look like base men; the first raise themselves either by ambition or by virtue, the second lower themselves either by slackness or by vice; and we must make use of discerning knowledge to tell apart these two kinds of knights, so alike in name and so far apart in their actions."

"God save us!" said the niece. "That your grace should know so much, uncle, that if need be you could climb into a pulpit and go off preaching in the streets, and that for all that you should fall into so great a blindness and so obvious a folly as to persuade yourself that you are brave, when you are old, that you are strong, when you are sick, and that you right wrongs, when you are bent with age, and, above all, that you are a knight, when you are not; for although hidalgos may be knights, poor ones are not!"

"You are very right, niece, in what you say," answered Don Quixote, "and I could tell you things about lineages that would amaze you; but, so as not to mix the divine with the human, I do not tell them. Look, my friends, and pay attention to me: all the lineages there are in the world can be reduced to four kinds, which are these: some that had humble beginnings and went on spreading and growing until they reached supreme greatness; others that had great beginnings and have gone on preserving them, and still preserve and maintain them in the state in which they began; others that, although they had great beginnings, ended in a point, like a pyramid, having diminished and wasted away their beginning until it came to nothing, as the point of the pyramid is, which compared with its base or foundation is nothing; and there are others, and these are the most numerous, that had neither a good beginning nor a reasonable middle, and so will have their end, without a name, like the lineage of common and ordinary people.

Of the first, which had a humble beginning and rose to the greatness they now keep, let the House of the Ottomans serve you as an example, which, from a humble and lowly shepherd who began it, stands at the summit where we see it. Of the second lineage, which began in greatness and keeps it without increasing it, many princes will be examples who are princes by inheritance and keep themselves in it, without increasing or diminishing it, peacefully keeping within the bounds of their states. As for those that began great and ended in a point, examples run into the thousands, for the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, every one of them, and the Caesars of Rome, with the whole troop, if it may be given that name, of countless princes, monarchs, lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and barbarians, every one of these lineages and lordships has come to a point and to nothing, they as well as those who began them, for it will not be possible to find any of their descendants now, and if we did find one, it would be in a low and humble state. Of the plebeian lineage I have nothing to say, except that it serves only to swell the number of the living, without its greatness deserving any other fame or any other praise. From all that has been said, my silly ones, I want you to infer that great is the confusion there is among lineages, and that only those seem great and illustrious which show it in the virtue, and in the wealth and liberality, of their owners. I said virtues, riches, and liberality, because the great man who is vicious will be a great vicious man, and the rich man who is not liberal will be a miserly beggar; for it is not having riches that makes their possessor happy, but spending them, and not spending them anyhow, but knowing how to spend them well. The poor knight has no other road for showing that he is a knight but that of virtue, being affable, well bred, courteous and considerate, and obliging; not proud, not arrogant, not a backbiter, and, above all, charitable; for with two maravedís given cheerfully to the poor he will show himself as liberal as the one

who gives alms with the bells ringing, and there will be no one who sees him adorned with the said virtues who, even without knowing him, will not judge and hold him to be of good stock, and it would be a miracle if he were not; and praise was always the reward of virtue, and the virtuous cannot fail to be praised. There are two roads, my daughters, by which men can go and come to be rich and honored: one is that of letters; the other, that of arms. I have more of arms than of letters, and I was born, judging by my inclination to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars; so it is almost forced upon me to follow its road, and by that road I must go in spite of all the world, and it will be vain for you to weary yourselves persuading me not to want what the heavens want, fortune ordains, and reason asks, and, above all, my will desires. For knowing, as I do, the countless labors that belong to knight-errantry, I also know the infinite good things that are won by it; and I know that virtue's path is a very narrow one, and vice's road broad and spacious; and I know that their ends and resting places are different, for that of vice, wide and spacious, ends in death, and that of virtue, narrow and toilsome, ends in life, and not in a life that comes to an end, but in one that will have no end; and I know, as our great Castilian poet says, that

> "By these harsh ways one travels, rough and steep,
> to the high seat of immortality,
> which none will reach who turns aside from them."

"Ay, poor me!" said the niece. "My master is a poet too! He knows everything, he can do everything: I'll bet that if he wanted to be a mason, he could build a house as easily as a cage."

"I promise you, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these chivalrous thoughts did not carry all my senses away after them, there would be nothing I could not do, and no curious handiwork

that would not come from my hands, especially cages and toothpicks."

At this point there was a knock at the door, and, when they asked who was knocking, Sancho Panza answered that it was he; and the housekeeper had scarcely recognized him when she ran off to hide so as not to see him: so much did she loathe him. The niece opened to him, his master Don Quixote came out to receive him with open arms, and the two of them shut themselves up in his room, where they held another colloquy that the earlier one does not outdo.

Chapter VII. Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other most famous events

As soon as the housekeeper saw Sancho Panza shutting himself up with his master, she guessed what they were up to; and, imagining that out of that consultation would come the decision on his third sally, she took her mantle and, full of anguish and distress, went off to look for the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, for she thought that, since he was well spoken and a new friend of her master's, he might persuade him to give up so crazed a purpose.

She found him walking up and down in the courtyard of his house, and, when she saw him, she let herself fall at his feet, sweating and distraught. When Carrasco saw her with such signs of grief and alarm, he said to her:

"What is this, Mistress Housekeeper? What has happened to you, that you look as if your soul were about to be torn out of you?"

"It's nothing, my dear Señor Sansón, only that my master is breaking out; he's breaking out for certain!"

"And where is he breaking out, madam?" asked Sansón. "Has some part of his body burst?"

"He's not breaking out," she answered, "anywhere but through the door of his madness. I mean, Señor Bachelor of my soul, that he wants to go out again, and this will be the third time, to look all over the world for what he calls ventures, though I can't understand how he gives them that name. The first time they brought

him back to us slung across a donkey, beaten to a pulp. The second time he came in an ox-cart, shut up and locked in a cage, where he was convinced he was enchanted; and the poor man was in such a state that the mother who bore him wouldn't have known him: thin, yellow, his eyes sunk into the farthest attics of his brain; so that, to bring him round a little, I went through upward of six hundred eggs, God knows it, and so does the world, and so do my hens, who won't let me tell a lie."

"That I very well believe," answered the bachelor, "for they are such good hens, so fat and so well brought up, that they would not say one thing for another if they burst. In effect, Mistress Housekeeper, is there nothing else, and has no other mishap occurred, but the one you fear Señor Don Quixote means to commit?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Then do not worry," answered the bachelor, "but go home, and good luck to you, and have something hot ready for me to eat at midday, and on the way go along saying the prayer of Saint Apollonia, if you know it, for I shall be there shortly, and you will see wonders."

"Woe is me!" replied the housekeeper. "The prayer of Saint Apollonia, your grace says I should say? That would be if my master had it in his teeth, but he hasn't got it anywhere but in his skull."

"I know what I am saying, Mistress Housekeeper: go along and do not start disputing with me, for you know that I am a bachelor of Salamanca, and there is no bacheloring beyond that," answered Carrasco.

And with this the housekeeper went off, and the bachelor went at once to look for the priest, to discuss with him what will be told in due time.

During the time that Don Quixote and Sancho were shut up together, the words passed between them that the history tells with great exactness and in a true account.

Sancho said to his master:

"Sir, I've now got my wife seduced into letting me go with your grace wherever you choose to take me."

"Induced, you should say, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not seduced."

"Once or twice," answered Sancho, "if I remember right, I've begged your grace not to correct my vocables, as long as you understand what I mean by them, and that when you don't understand them, you should say: 'Sancho, or devil, I don't understand you'; and if I don't make myself plain, then you can correct me; for I'm so fossil…"

"I do not understand you, Sancho," said Don Quixote at once, "for I do not know what 'I'm so fossil' means."

"So fossil means," answered Sancho, "I'm so… so like that."

"Now I understand you even less," replied Don Quixote.

"Well, if you can't understand me," answered Sancho, "I don't know how to say it: I don't know any more, and God be with me."

"Now, now I have it," answered Don Quixote. "You mean that you are so docile, gentle, and tractable that you will take what I tell you and go along with what I teach you."

"I'll bet," said Sancho, "that you saw through me and understood me from the very start, only you wanted to confuse me so as to hear me say another two hundred blunders."

"That may be," replied Don Quixote. "And, in effect, what does Teresa say?"

"Teresa says," said Sancho, "that I should tie my finger up tight with your grace, and let papers speak and beards keep quiet, because he who sets the terms doesn't squabble after, for one 'take

this' is worth more than two 'I'll give you.' And I say a woman's advice is a small thing, but the man who won't take it is mad."

"And so say I," answered Don Quixote. "Speak on, Sancho, my friend; go ahead, for you are talking pearls today."

"The fact is," replied Sancho, "that, as your grace knows better than I do, we're all subject to death, and here today and gone tomorrow, and the lamb goes as soon as the old ram, and nobody in this world can promise himself more hours of life than God chooses to give him, because death is deaf, and when it comes knocking at the doors of our life, it's always in a hurry, and neither prayers nor force nor scepters nor miters will make it stop, as is common talk and report, and as they tell us from the pulpits."

"All that is true," said Don Quixote, "but I do not know where you are heading."

"Where I'm heading," said Sancho, "is that your grace should fix me a known wage of what you're to give me every month for as long as I serve you, and that the said wage be paid to me out of your estate; for I don't want to be at the mercy of favors, which come late, or badly, or never; God help me with what's my own. In short, I want to know what I'm earning, little or much as it may be, for the hen lays on one egg, and many littles make a lot, and while something's being gained nothing is lost. True, if it should happen, which I neither believe nor expect, that your grace gave me the isle you've promised me, I'm not so ungrateful, or such a stickler, that I won't want the income of that isle to be valued and deducted from my wage pro cata."

"Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "sometimes a cat may be as good as a rat."

"I see," said Sancho. "I'll bet I ought to have said *rata* and not *cata*; but it doesn't matter at all, since your grace has understood me."

"And understood you so well," answered Don Quixote, "that I have reached the bottom of your thoughts, and I know the target you are shooting at with the countless arrows of your proverbs. Look, Sancho: I would gladly fix you a wage, if I had found in any of the histories of knights-errant an example that revealed to me and showed me, through the smallest chink, what they used to earn every month, or every year; but I have read all or most of their histories, and I do not remember reading that any knight-errant ever fixed a known wage for his squire. I know only that they all served for favor, and that, when they least expected it, if things had gone well for their masters, they found themselves rewarded with an isle, or with something equivalent, and at the very least they were left with a title and a lordship. If on these hopes and terms you, Sancho, care to come back and serve me, so be it, and welcome: for to think that I am going to wrench the ancient usage of knight-errantry off its hinges and out of its bounds is to think of what will never be. So, my Sancho, go back to your house and explain my intention to your Teresa; and if she is pleased, and you are pleased, to serve for favor with me, *bene quidem* (very well); and if not, we shall be as good friends as before; for if the dovecote does not lack feed, it will not lack doves. And mark, my son, that good hope is worth more than a poor possession, and a good claim more than bad pay. I speak in this way, Sancho, to let you understand that I too, like you, can shower proverbs as if they had rained down. And, in short, I mean to say, and I do say to you, that if you do not wish to come with me for favor and run the fortune I shall run, God be with you and make you a saint; for I shall not lack squires more obedient, more diligent, and not so clumsy or so talkative as you."

When Sancho heard his master's firm resolution, the sky clouded over for him and the wings of his heart drooped, because he had believed that his master would not go without him for all the wealth in the world; and so, while he stood there in suspense

and lost in thought, Sansón Carrasco came in with the niece, eager to hear by what arguments he was persuading his master not to go back to looking for adventures. Sansón, a famous joker, came up, and, embracing him as he had the first time, said to him in a loud voice:

"O flower of knight-errantry! O shining light of arms! O honor and mirror of the Spanish nation! May it please God almighty, as is set forth more fully elsewhere, that the person or persons who place any hindrance in the way of your third sally, or obstruct it, may never find a way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever see fulfilled what they wickedly desire."

And, turning to the housekeeper, he said to her:

"The housekeeper may very well stop saying the prayer of Saint Apollonia, for I know it is the precise determination of the spheres that Señor Don Quixote should go back to carrying out his high and novel designs, and I would lay a heavy burden on my conscience if I did not urge and persuade this knight not to keep the strength of his valiant arm and the goodness of his most valorous spirit cramped and held back any longer, because by his delay he defrauds the redress of wrongs, the protection of orphans, the honor of damsels, the support of widows, and the stay of wives, and other things of this sort that touch, concern, depend upon, and belong to the order of knight-errantry. Come, my Señor Don Quixote, handsome and brave, let your grace and your greatness set out on the road today rather than tomorrow; and if anything should be lacking to put it into effect, here I am to supply it with my person and my purse; and if there should be need to serve your magnificence as squire, I shall count it the happiest of good fortune!"

At this, Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, said:

"Did I not tell you, Sancho, that I would have squires to spare? See who is offering to be one: none other than the unheard-of

bachelor Sansón Carrasco, perpetual jester and merrymaker of the courtyards of the schools of Salamanca, sound of person, nimble of limb, close-mouthed, enduring of heat and cold alike, of hunger and of thirst alike, with all those qualities that are required to be the squire of a knight-errant. But heaven forbid that, to follow my own pleasure, I should hamstring and break the pillar of letters and the vessel of the sciences, and cut down the eminent palm of the good and liberal arts. Let the new Sansón stay in his own country, and, doing it honor, honor at the same time the gray hairs of his aged parents; for I shall be content with any squire, since Sancho does not deign to come with me."

"I do deign," answered Sancho, moved and with his eyes full of tears; and he went on: "It won't be said of me, my master, 'bread eaten, company broken up'; no, for I don't come of any ungrateful stock, since the whole world knows, and my village especially, who the Panzas were that I descend from; and what's more, I've known and seen through, by many good deeds and by more good words, the desire your grace has to do me favors; and if I've gone into accounts of so much more or so much less about my wage, it was to please my wife; for when she takes it in hand to urge a thing, there's no mallet that drives home the hoops of a barrel the way she drives at getting what she wants done; but in effect a man has to be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I'm a man everywhere else, which I can't deny, I mean to be one in my own house too, whoever it may grieve; and so there's nothing more to be done, but for your grace to draw up your will with its codicil, in such a way that it can't be revolted, and let's set out on the road at once, so that Señor Sansón's soul doesn't suffer, for he says his conscience lictates that he persuade your grace to go out a third time into the world; and I offer myself afresh to serve your grace faithfully and loyally, as well as and better than all the squires who have served knights-errant in times past and present."

The bachelor was amazed to hear Sancho Panza's terms and manner of speaking; for although he had read the first history of his master, he had never believed that Sancho was as amusing as they paint him there; but hearing him say now a will and codicil that cannot be *revolted*, instead of a will and codicil that cannot be *revoked*, he believed everything he had read about him and set him down as one of the most solemn simpletons of our times; and he said to himself that two such madmen as this master and man had never been seen in the world.

At last Don Quixote and Sancho embraced and were friends again, and with the opinion and approval of the great Carrasco, who was their oracle for the time being, it was arranged that their departure should be three days later; in which time there would be an opportunity to make ready what was needed for the journey, and to look for a visored helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means take with him. Sansón offered him one, because he knew that a friend of his who had it would not refuse it to him, although it was darker with rust and mold than bright and clean with polished steel.

The curses that the two of them, housekeeper and niece, heaped on the bachelor were past counting: they tore their hair, they scratched their faces, and, in the manner of the hired mourners who were then in use, they lamented the departure as if it were their master's death. The design Sansón had in persuading him to go out again was to do what the history tells further on, all on the advice of the priest and the barber, with whom he had discussed it beforehand.

In short, in those three days Don Quixote and Sancho supplied themselves with what seemed suitable to them; and, Sancho having pacified his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and his housekeeper, at nightfall, without anyone seeing them but the bachelor, who chose to accompany them half a league from the village, they

set out on the road to El Toboso: Don Quixote on his good Rocinante, and Sancho on his old gray, the saddlebags stocked with things touching on the bucolic, that is, on eating, and the purse with money that Don Quixote gave him for whatever might come up. Sansón embraced him and begged him to let him know of his good or bad fortune, so that he could rejoice at the one or grieve at the other, as the laws of their friendship required. Don Quixote promised him he would, Sansón turned back to his village, and the two of them took the road to the great city of El Toboso.

Chapter VIII. In which is told what befell Don Quixote as he went to see his lady Dulcinea del Toboso

"Blessed be the mighty Allah!" says Hamete Benengeli at the beginning of this eighth chapter. "Blessed be Allah!" Three times he repeats it; and he says that he gives these blessings because he sees that he now has Don Quixote and Sancho out in the field, and that the readers of his pleasant history may reckon that from this point on the deeds and drolleries of Don Quixote and his squire begin; he urges them to forget the past chivalries of the ingenious hidalgo and fix their eyes on those to come, which start now on the road to El Toboso, just as the earlier ones started on the plain of Montiel; and what he asks is not much for all that he promises; and so he goes on, saying:

Don Quixote and Sancho were left alone, and Sansón had scarcely gone off when Rocinante began to neigh and the gray to sigh, which both of them, knight and squire, took for a good sign and a most happy omen; although, if the truth is to be told, the sighs and brays of the gray were more than the neighs of the nag, from which Sancho gathered that his luck was bound to outdo and rise above his master's, basing himself on I know not what judicial astrology that he knew, since the history does not make it plain; it was only heard from him that when he stumbled or fell he wished he had never left home, because from stumbling or falling nothing came but a torn shoe or broken ribs; and, fool though he was, in this he was not very far off the road. Don Quixote said to him:

“Sancho, my friend, night is coming on us apace, and with more darkness than we needed to be able to see El Toboso by daylight, where I have resolved to go before I engage in any other adventure, and there I shall receive the blessing and kind leave of the peerless Dulcinea, with which leave I mean, and hold it certain, to finish and bring to a happy conclusion every perilous adventure, because nothing in this life makes knights-errant more valiant than to see themselves favored by their ladies.”

“I believe so,” answered Sancho, “but I think it will be hard for your grace to speak with her or meet her, at least in any place where you can receive her blessing, unless she throws it to you over the yard wall, where I saw her the first time, when I took her the letter with the news of the follies and mad things your grace was doing in the heart of the Sierra Morena.”

“Did you fancy that those were yard walls, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “where or over which you saw that never sufficiently praised grace and beauty? They can only have been galleries or corridors, or arcades, or whatever they call them, of rich and royal palaces.”

“It all could be,” answered Sancho, “but to me they looked like yard walls, unless my memory fails me.”

“For all that, let us go there, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote, “for so long as I see her, it is all one to me whether it be over yard walls or through windows, or chinks, or garden gratings; for any ray from the sun of her beauty that reaches my eyes will light up my understanding and strengthen my heart, so that I shall be unique and without equal in wisdom and in valor.”

“Well, in truth, sir,” answered Sancho, “when I saw that sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it wasn’t bright enough to give off any rays at all, and it must have been that, since her grace was sifting that wheat I told you of, the great deal of dust she raised came before her face like a cloud and darkened it.”

"So you still persist, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in saying, in thinking, in believing, and in insisting that my lady Dulcinea was sifting wheat, that being a task and occupation far removed from everything done, and that ought to be done, by persons of rank, who are set apart and kept for other occupations and pastimes that show their rank a crossbow shot away! You have a poor memory, O Sancho, for those verses of our poet in which he paints for us the work done in their crystal dwellings by those four nymphs who raised their heads out of the beloved Tagus and sat down in the green meadow to work those rich fabrics which the ingenious poet describes to us there, all of them of gold, silk, and pearls, interwoven and embroidered. And my lady's work must have been of this kind when you saw her; only the envy that some wicked enchanter must bear toward my affairs changes and turns everything that is to give me pleasure into shapes other than its own; and so I fear that in that history they say is going about in print of my deeds, if by chance its author was some sage who is my enemy, he will have put one thing for another, mixing a thousand lies with one truth, and amusing himself by telling of other doings outside what the continuity of a true history requires. O envy, root of infinite evils and woodworm of the virtues! All the vices, Sancho, bring with them some touch or other of pleasure, but envy brings nothing but displeasure, rancor, and rage."

"That's what I say too," answered Sancho, "and I think in that legend or history the bachelor Carrasco told us he'd seen about us, my honor must be getting dragged all over the place, cinched up tight, and, as they say, knocked from pillar to post, here and there, sweeping the streets. Well, on the word of an honest man, I've never spoken ill of any enchanter, and I haven't got so many goods that I could be envied; it's true enough that I'm a bit mischievous, and I have my certain touches of the rogue, but all that is covered and cloaked by the great cape of my simplicity, always natural and

never artful. And if I had nothing else but believing, as I always do believe, firmly and truly, in God and in everything the Holy Roman Catholic Church holds and believes, and being a mortal enemy of the Jews, as I am, the historians owe me some mercy and good usage in what they write. But let them say whatever they please; for naked I was born, naked I am now: I neither lose nor gain; though, as long as I see myself put in books and going about the world from hand to hand, I don't give a fig if they say whatever they like about me."

"That reminds me, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "of what happened to a famous poet of our times, who, having written a malicious satire against all the courtesans, did not put in or name a certain lady of whom it could be doubted whether she was one or not; and she, seeing that she was not on the list with the others, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her not to put her among the number of the others, and telling him to lengthen the satire and put her in the extension; if not, he had better look out for what he had been born for. The poet did so, and put her in such terms as duennas would never utter, and she was satisfied, seeing herself famous, though infamous. Along the same lines comes what they tell of that shepherd who set fire to and burned down the famous temple of Diana, counted one of the seven wonders of the world, only so that his name would live on in the ages to come; and although it was ordered that no one should name him or make any mention of his name in word or in writing, so that he would not achieve the end of his desire, it still became known that he was called Herostratus. This is also hinted at by what happened to the great emperor Charles the Fifth with a gentleman in Rome. The emperor wished to see that famous temple of the Rotunda, which in antiquity was called the temple of all the gods, and now, under a better invocation, is called that of all the saints, and it is the most intact of the buildings that the pagans

raised in Rome, and the one that best keeps the fame of the grandeur and magnificence of its founders: it is shaped like half an orange, exceedingly large, and very bright inside, though no light enters it but what is let in by one window, or, better said, a round skylight at its top; and as the emperor was looking at the building from there, a Roman gentleman stood with him at his side, explaining to him the beauties and refinements of that great structure and memorable architecture; and, when they had come away from the skylight, he said to the emperor: 'A thousand times, Sacred Majesty, the desire came over me to throw my arms around Your Majesty and hurl myself down from that skylight, so as to leave eternal fame of myself in the world.' 'I thank you,' answered the emperor, 'for not having put so wicked a thought into effect, and from now on I shall not put you in the way of having to test your loyalty again; and so I order you never to speak to me, nor to be where I am.' And, after these words, he granted him a great favor. I mean to say, Sancho, that the desire to win fame is a most powerful force. Who do you think threw Horatius off the bridge, armed with all his arms, into the depths of the Tiber? Who burned the arm and the hand of Mucius? Who drove Curtius to fling himself into the deep, burning chasm that opened in the middle of Rome? Who, against all the omens that had appeared against him, made Caesar cross the Rubicon? And, with more modern examples, who scuttled the ships and left stranded and cut off the valiant Spaniards led by the most courteous Cortés in the New World? All these and other great and various deeds are, were, and will be the works of fame, which mortals desire as the reward and portion of the immortality their famous deeds deserve, although we Christians, Catholics, and knights-errant must look more to the glory of the ages to come, which is eternal in the ethereal and heavenly regions, than to the vanity of the fame that is won in this present, perishable age; which fame, however long it lasts, must

end at last with the world itself, which has its appointed end. So, O Sancho, our works must not go beyond the bounds set for us by the Christian religion that we profess. In giants we must slay pride; envy, by generosity and a good heart; anger, by calm bearing and quietness of mind; gluttony and sleep, by the little we eat and the long watches we keep; lust and lasciviousness, by the loyalty we keep to those we have made the ladies of our thoughts; sloth, by going about all the parts of the world seeking the occasions that may make us, and do make us, famous knights as well as Christians. Here you see, Sancho, the means by which are won the highest praises that good fame brings with it."

"Everything your grace has told me up to now," said Sancho, "I've understood very well, but for all that, I'd like your grace to absorb a doubt for me that has just this moment come into my head."

"Absolve, you mean, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Speak, and welcome, for I shall answer what I know."

"Tell me, sir," Sancho went on, "those Julys and Augusts, and all those knights of mighty deeds you've mentioned who are dead now, where are they now?"

"The pagans," answered Don Quixote, "are in hell, beyond a doubt; the Christians, if they were good ones, are in purgatory or else in heaven."

"That's all very well," said Sancho, "but now let's find out: those tombs where the bodies of those great lords are, do they have silver lamps in front of them, or are the walls of their chapels decked with crutches, shrouds, locks of hair, and legs and eyes of wax? And if not with these, what are they decked with?"

To which Don Quixote answered:

"The tombs of the pagans were for the most part sumptuous temples: the ashes of the body of Julius Caesar were placed on top of a stone pyramid of enormous size, which in Rome today they

call Saint Peter's Needle; the emperor Hadrian had for his tomb a castle as big as a good-sized village, which they called *Moles Hadriani* (Hadrian's Mass), and which is now the Castle of Sant'Angelo in Rome; Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb that was counted among the seven wonders of the world; but not one of these tombs, nor of many others that the pagans had, was decked with shrouds or with other offerings and signs that showed those buried in them to be saints."

"That's just what I'm getting at," replied Sancho. "And tell me now: which is more, raising a dead man or killing a giant?"

"The answer is at hand," answered Don Quixote: "raising a dead man is more."

"I've got you there," said Sancho. "Then the fame of the one who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk straight, and gives health to the sick, and before whose tombs lamps burn, and whose chapels are full of devout people on their knees worshiping his relics, will be a better fame, for this world and the next, than the one left, and to be left, by all the pagan emperors and knights-errant there have ever been in the world."

"I confess that truth too," answered Don Quixote.

"Well, this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, as they call them," answered Sancho, "are what the bodies and relics of the saints have, and, with the approval and license of our holy mother the Church, have lamps, candles, shrouds, crutches, paintings, locks of hair, eyes, and legs, with which they increase devotion and magnify their Christian fame. Kings carry the bodies of the saints, or their relics, on their shoulders, they kiss the bits of their bones, they adorn and enrich their oratories and their most prized altars with them..."

"What do you want me to infer, Sancho, from all you have said?" said Don Quixote.

"I mean," said Sancho, "that we should take to being saints, and we'll win the good fame we're after more quickly; and mark, sir, that yesterday or the day before, for it was so recent that it can be put that way, they canonized or beatified two little barefoot friars, and now people count it great good fortune to kiss and touch the iron chains they girded and tormented their bodies with, and they're held in more veneration than, as I said, Roldán's sword in the armory of the king our lord, whom God preserve. So, my master, it's better to be a humble little friar, of whatever order it may be, than a valiant knight-errant; two dozen lashings get more with God than two thousand lance thrusts, whether they're given to giants or to monsters or to dragons."

"All that is so," answered Don Quixote, "but we cannot all be friars, and many are the roads by which God leads his own to heaven: chivalry is a religious order; there are saintly knights in glory."

"Yes," answered Sancho, "but I've heard tell there are more friars in heaven than knights-errant."

"That is," answered Don Quixote, "because the number of religious is greater than that of knights."

"Many are the errant," said Sancho.

"Many," answered Don Quixote, "but few who deserve the name of knights."

In these and other such talks that night and the following day went by for them, without anything happening to them worth telling, which grieved Don Quixote not a little. At last, the next day, at nightfall, the great city of El Toboso came into view, and seeing it lifted Don Quixote's spirits and sank Sancho's, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, nor had he ever seen her in his life, any more than his master had; so that the one to see her, and the other for never having seen her, were both in a flutter, and Sancho could not imagine what he would do when his master sent him into El Toboso. At last Don Quixote decided to enter the city when

night had fallen, and, while waiting for the hour to come, they stayed among some holm oaks near El Toboso, and, when the appointed moment arrived, they entered the city, where things befell them that amount to something.

Chapter IX. In which is told what will be seen in it

Midnight it was on the stroke, or a little more or less, when Don Quixote and Sancho left the woods and entered El Toboso. The town lay in quiet silence, because all its people were asleep, resting with their legs stretched out, as the saying goes. The night was half bright, though Sancho would have liked it to be wholly dark, so as to find in its darkness an excuse for his foolishness. Nothing could be heard in the whole place but the barking of dogs, which deafened Don Quixote's ears and troubled Sancho's heart. Now and then a donkey brayed, pigs grunted, cats mewed, and their voices, of different sounds, grew louder in the silence of the night, all of which the enamored knight took for a bad omen; but for all that, he said to Sancho:

"Sancho, my son, lead the way to Dulcinea's palace: perhaps we may find her awake."

"To what palace am I to lead the way, body of the sun," answered Sancho, "when the one where I saw her greatness was nothing but a very small house?"

"She must have withdrawn, then," answered Don Quixote, "to some small apartment of her castle, to take her ease alone with her damsels, as is the use and custom of high ladies and princesses."

"Sir," said Sancho, "since your grace will have it, in spite of me, that my lady Dulcinea's house is a castle, is this by any chance the hour to find the door open? And will it be a good thing for us to

bang the knocker so they hear us and open to us, putting all the people into an uproar and a stir? Are we going, by any chance, to knock at the house of our mistresses, like those men who keep women, who turn up and knock and walk in at any hour, no matter how late?"

"Let us first find the castle, once and for all," replied Don Quixote, "and then I shall tell you, Sancho, what it will be well for us to do. And look, Sancho, either I see poorly or that great bulk and shadow that can be made out from here must be cast by Dulcinea's palace."

"Then let your grace lead the way," answered Sancho. "Maybe it is; though I'll see it with my eyes and touch it with my hands, and I'll believe it as much as I believe it's daytime now."

Don Quixote led the way, and, when he had gone some two hundred paces, he came upon the bulk that cast the shadow, and he saw a great tower, and then he realized that the building was no castle but the main church of the town. And he said:

"It is the church we have come upon, Sancho."

"So I see," answered Sancho, "and God grant we don't come upon our graves, for it's no good sign to go wandering through graveyards at such hours, especially since I told your grace, if I remember right, that this lady's house must be in a little dead-end alley."

"God curse you, you fool!" said Don Quixote. "Where have you ever found that castles and royal palaces are built in little dead-end alleys?"

"Sir," answered Sancho, "every land has its own custom: maybe it's the custom here in El Toboso to build palaces and great buildings in little alleys; and so I beg your grace to let me search through these streets or alleys in front of me: maybe in some corner I'll run into that castle, and may I see it eaten by dogs, for it has us so harried and hounded."

"Speak with respect, Sancho, of the things of my lady," said Don Quixote, "and let us hold the feast in peace, and not fling the rope in after the bucket."

"I'll control myself," answered Sancho, "but how am I to bear it patiently that your grace will have it that from the one time I saw our mistress's house I must always know it and find it at midnight, when your grace can't find it, and you must have seen it thousands of times?"

"You will drive me to despair, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Come here, you heretic: have I not told you a thousand times that in all the days of my life I have never seen the peerless Dulcinea, nor ever crossed the threshold of her palace, and that I am in love only by hearsay and from the great fame she has for beauty and good sense?"

"I hear it now," answered Sancho, "and I say that since your grace hasn't seen her, and I haven't either…"

"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "for at the very least you have told me that you saw her sifting wheat, when you brought me the answer to the letter I sent her by you."

"Don't hold to that, sir," answered Sancho, "because I tell you that my seeing her and the answer I brought you were by hearsay too; for I know who the lady Dulcinea is about as well as I can punch the sky."

"Sancho, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "there are times for jesting, and times when jests fall flat and look bad. Just because I say I have never seen the lady of my soul or spoken with her, you need not say you have neither spoken to her nor seen her, when it is quite the reverse, as you know."

While the two of them were in this talk, they saw someone with two mules coming to pass where they stood, and from the noise made by the plow, which was dragging along the ground, they judged that he must be a farmhand who had risen before daybreak

to go to his work in the fields; and so it was in truth. The farmhand came along singing the ballad that goes:

Ill it went for you, Frenchmen,
in that affair of Roncesvalles.

"May they kill me, Sancho," said Don Quixote, on hearing him, "if anything good is going to happen to us tonight. Don't you hear what that peasant is singing as he comes?"

"I do hear it," answered Sancho, "but what has the hunt at Roncesvalles got to do with our business? He might just as well be singing the ballad of Calaínos, for it would be all one as far as our affair turning out well or badly."

At this point the farmhand came up, and Don Quixote asked him:

"Can you tell me, good friend, and may God give you good fortune, where the palaces of the peerless princess Doña Dulcinea del Toboso are hereabouts?"

"Sir," answered the young man, "I'm a stranger, and I've only been a few days in this town, working for a rich farmer in his fields; in that house opposite live the priest and the sexton of the place; both of them, or either one, will be able to tell your grace about this lady princess, because they have the list of everyone who lives in El Toboso; though for my part I don't think any princess lives in the whole town; plenty of ladies of quality, yes, for every one of them can be a princess in her own house."

"Well, among those, friend," said Don Quixote, "must be the one I am asking you about."

"It could be," answered the young man, "and goodbye, for the dawn is coming."

And, urging on his mules, he waited for no more questions. Sancho, seeing his master in suspense and very ill pleased, said to him:

“Sir, day is coming on fast now, and it won’t be wise to let the sun find us in the street; it’ll be better for us to go out of the city, and for your grace to hide in some forest near here, and I’ll come back by day, and I won’t leave a nook or cranny in this whole place where I don’t look for my lady’s house, castle, or palace, and I’d be mighty unlucky if I didn’t find it; and when I’ve found it, I’ll speak with her grace and tell her where and how your grace is waiting for her to give you orders and a plan for seeing her, without damage to her honor and good name.”

“You have spoken, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “a thousand maxims enclosed in the circle of a few words: the advice you have just given me I welcome and accept most gladly. Come, my son, and let us go and look for a place where I can hide, and you shall come back, as you say, to look for my lady, and see her and speak with her, from whose good sense and courtesy I hope for more than miraculous favors.”

Sancho was dying to get his master out of the town, so that he would not discover the lie of the answer he had brought him in the Sierra Morena on Dulcinea’s behalf; and so he hurried their leaving, which took place at once, and two miles from the town they found a forest or wood, where Don Quixote hid himself while Sancho went back to the city to speak to Dulcinea; on which embassy things befell him that call for fresh attention and fresh belief.

Chapter X. In which is told the scheme Sancho used to enchant the lady Dulcinea, and other events as ridiculous as they are true

When the author of this great history comes to tell what is told in this chapter, he says that he would have liked to pass over it in silence, fearing that he would not be believed, because here Don Quixote's follies reached the limit and boundary of the greatest that can be imagined, and even went two crossbow shots beyond the greatest. At last, though with this fear and misgiving, he wrote them down just as Don Quixote performed them, without adding to the history or taking from it one atom of the truth, and without caring a whit for the objections that might be raised against him as a liar. And he was right, because the truth may be stretched thin but it does not break, and it always floats above the lie, as oil floats above water.

And so, going on with his history, he says that as soon as Don Quixote had hidden himself in the forest, oak grove, or woodland near the great El Toboso, he ordered Sancho to go back to the city and not to return to his presence without having first spoken on his behalf to his lady, begging her to be pleased to let herself be seen by her captive knight, and to deign to give him her blessing, so that by it he might hope for the happiest outcome in all his attempts and difficult enterprises. Sancho undertook to do just as he was ordered, and to bring him as good an answer as he had brought him the first time.

"Go, my son," replied Don Quixote, "and do not be flustered when you find yourself before the light of the sun of beauty you are going to seek. Happy are you above all the squires in the world! Keep it in your memory, and do not let it slip from it, how she receives you: whether her color changes while you are giving her my message; whether she grows restless and flustered on hearing my name; whether she cannot keep still on her cushion, if by chance you find her seated on the rich dais of her authority; and if she is standing, watch whether she shifts now onto one foot, now onto the other; whether she repeats the answer she gives you two or three times; whether she changes it from gentle to harsh, from sour to loving; whether she raises her hand to her hair to smooth it, though it be not untidy; in short, my son, watch all her actions and movements; for if you report them to me as they were, I shall draw out what she keeps hidden in the secret of her heart concerning the matter of my love; for you must know, Sancho, if you do not know it, that among lovers the outward actions and movements they show, when their love is in question, are most certain couriers that bring news of what is passing there in the depths of the soul. Go, my friend, and may a better fortune than mine guide you, and may it bring you back with a better outcome than the one I remain fearing and hoping for in this bitter solitude in which you leave me."

"I'll go and be back soon," said Sancho, "and let your grace, my master, widen that little heart of yours, which must be no bigger than a hazelnut right now, and consider that it's commonly said that a stout heart breaks bad luck, and that where there's no bacon, there are no pegs; and they also say: the hare leaps out where you least expect it. I say it because if we didn't find my lady's palaces or castles last night, now that it's day I mean to find them when I least expect it, and once they're found, leave me alone with her."

"Certainly, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you always bring in your proverbs as pat to our matter as I pray God may bring me better fortune in what I desire."

This said, Sancho turned his back and switched his gray, and Don Quixote stayed on horseback, resting in his stirrups and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginings, and there we shall leave him and go with Sancho Panza, who went away from his master no less confused and thoughtful than he left him; so much so that he had scarcely come out of the wood when, turning his head and seeing that Don Quixote was out of sight, he got down from his donkey, and, sitting at the foot of a tree, began to talk to himself and say:

"Now let's find out, brother Sancho, where your grace is going. Is your grace going to look for some donkey you've lost? 'No, certainly not.' Then what are you going to look for? 'I'm going to look for a princess, as if it were nothing, and in her for the sun of beauty and the whole heaven besides.' And where do you think you'll find this thing you speak of, Sancho? 'Where? In the great city of El Toboso.' Very well: and on whose behalf are you going to look for her? 'On behalf of the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who rights wrongs, and gives food to the thirsty and drink to the hungry.' All that is very well. And do you know her house, Sancho? 'My master says it must be some royal palaces or proud castles.' And has it ever happened that you saw her? 'Not once, and my master never has either.' And do you think it would be wise and well done, if the people of El Toboso found out that you're here meaning to go and lure away their princesses and unsettle their ladies, that they should come and pound your ribs to pieces with sticks and not leave you a bone unbroken? 'In truth they'd be very right, unless they bore in mind that I'm under orders, and that "a messenger you are, my friend, you bear no blame, nay."' Don't trust to that, Sancho, because the people of La

Mancha are as hot-tempered as they are honest, and they won't stand any tickling from anybody. As God lives, if they get wind of you, I promise you bad luck. 'Begone, you bugger! Go strike elsewhere, lightning! No, I'd sooner go looking for three feet on the cat for somebody else's pleasure! And besides, looking for Dulcinea in El Toboso will be like looking for Marica in Ravenna, or for the bachelor in Salamanca. It was the devil, the devil and nobody else, who got me into this!'"

This soliloquy Sancho held with himself, and what he got out of it was that he said to himself again:

"Well, now, there's a remedy for everything except death, under whose yoke we must all pass, like it or not, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, as a thousand signs have shown me, is a madman who ought to be tied up, and I'm not far behind him either, for I'm a bigger fool than he is, since I follow him and serve him, if the proverb is true that says: 'Tell me who you keep company with, and I'll tell you who you are,' and that other one, 'Not who you're born with, but who you graze with.' So, since he's mad, as he is, and his madness most of the time mistakes one thing for another, and judges white for black and black for white, as could be seen when he said that the windmills were giants, and the friars' mules dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep armies of enemies, and many other things in this vein, it won't be very hard to make him believe that a peasant girl, the first one I come across around here, is the lady Dulcinea; and if he doesn't believe it, I'll swear it; and if he swears, I'll swear again; and if he insists, I'll insist harder, so that I'll always keep my peg on the mark, come what may. Maybe with this insisting I'll get him not to send me on such errands again, seeing what poor answers I bring him back from them; or maybe he'll think, as I imagine he will, that some wicked enchanter, one of those he says have it in for him, has changed her shape to do him harm and injury."

With this that Sancho Panza thought, his spirit was set at rest, and he considered his business as good as done, and he stayed there until the afternoon, to give Don Quixote time to think he had had enough of it to go to El Toboso and back; and everything turned out so well for him that, when he got up to mount the gray, he saw coming from El Toboso toward where he was three peasant girls on three young donkeys, or she-donkeys, for the author does not make it clear, although it is more to be believed that they were she-asses, that being the usual mount of village women; but since not much hangs on this, there is no reason to stop and find it out. In short, as soon as Sancho saw the peasant girls, he went back at a fast pace to look for his master Don Quixote, and found him sighing and uttering a thousand lovelorn laments. As soon as Don Quixote saw him, he said to him:

"What news, Sancho, my friend? Shall I mark this day with a white stone or with a black?"

"It'll be better," answered Sancho, "for your grace to mark it with red ochre, like the notices painted up for professors' chairs, so that whoever looks at it can see it plainly."

"In that case," replied Don Quixote, "you bring good news."

"So good," answered Sancho, "that your grace has nothing more to do than spur Rocinante and come out into the open to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who is coming with two of her damsels to see your grace."

"Holy God! What is it you say, Sancho, my friend?" said Don Quixote. "Take care not to deceive me, or try to cheer my true sorrows with false joys."

"What would I get out of deceiving your grace," answered Sancho, "especially when I'm so close to having my truth found out? Spur, sir, and come, and you'll see the princess, our mistress, coming, dressed and adorned, in short, as befits who she is. She and her damsels are all a blaze of gold, all strings of pearls, all dia-

monds, all rubies, all cloth of brocade more than ten piles deep; their hair loose over their shoulders, like so many rays of the sun playing with the wind; and, best of all, they come riding on three piebald cananeys, the finest sight there is."

"Hackneys, you mean, Sancho."

"There's little difference," answered Sancho, "between cananeys and hackneys; but whatever they come riding on, they come as the most elegant ladies anyone could wish for, especially the princess Dulcinea, my lady, who stuns the senses."

"Let us go, Sancho, my son," answered Don Quixote, "and as a reward for this news, as unexpected as it is good, I promise you the best spoils I win in the first adventure I have; and if this does not content you, I promise you the foals my three mares give me this year, which, as you know, are left to foal in our village's common pasture."

"I'll hold to the foals," answered Sancho, "because it's not too certain that the spoils of the first adventure will be good."

By now they had come out of the woods and saw the three village girls close by. Don Quixote cast his eyes all along the road to El Toboso, and, since he saw nothing but the three peasant girls, he was greatly troubled and asked Sancho whether he had left them outside the city.

"What do you mean, outside the city?" he answered. "Has your grace by any chance got your eyes in the back of your head, that you don't see that these are they, the ones coming here, shining like the very sun at noon?"

"I see nothing, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "but three peasant girls on three donkeys."

"Now God deliver me from the devil!" answered Sancho. "And is it possible that three hackneys, or whatever they're called, as white as driven snow, look like donkeys to your grace? As the Lord lives, may I pluck out this beard if that were true!"

"Well, I tell you, Sancho, my friend," said Don Quixote, "that it is as true that they are he-donkeys, or she-donkeys, as that I am Don Quixote and you Sancho Panza; at least, that is how they look to me."

"Hush, sir," said Sancho, "don't say such a thing, but open those eyes wide, and come and do reverence to the lady of your thoughts, who is drawing near now."

And, saying this, he went forward to meet the three village girls; and, getting down from the gray, he took hold of the halter of the donkey of one of the three peasant girls, and, going down on both knees on the ground, he said:

"Queen and princess and duchess of beauty, may your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good pleasure this captive knight of yours, who stands there turned to marble stone, all flustered and pulseless at finding himself before your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he is the wayworn knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Sorry Figure."

By this time Don Quixote had gone down on his knees beside Sancho, and was looking with starting eyes and troubled sight at the one Sancho called queen and lady; and since he could see nothing in her but a village girl, and not a very good-looking one, for she was round-faced and snub-nosed, he was bewildered and amazed, not daring to open his lips. The peasant girls were just as astonished, seeing those two men, so different from each other, on their knees and keeping their companion from going forward; but the one who had been stopped broke the silence, and, thoroughly ungracious and cross, said:

"Get out of the road, bad luck to you, and let us by, for we're in a hurry."

To which Sancho answered:

“O princess and universal lady of El Toboso! How is it that your magnanimous heart does not melt at seeing kneeling before your sublimated presence the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?”

On hearing this, another of the other two said:

“Whoa there, let me curry you, my father-in-law’s she-ass! Look at the way these young gentlemen come along now to make fun of village girls, as if we here didn’t know how to throw jibes as well as they do! Go on your way, and let us go on ours, and it’ll be healthier for you.”

“Get up, Sancho,” said Don Quixote at this point, “for I see now that Fortune, not yet sated with my ills, has taken every road by which any happiness might come to this wretched soul I have in my flesh. And you, O extreme of all the worth that can be desired, utmost bound of human gentleness, sole remedy of this afflicted heart that adores you! since the malignant enchanter persecutes me, and has put clouds and cataracts on my eyes, and for them alone and not for others has changed and transformed your peerless beauty and face into those of a poor peasant girl, if he has not also changed mine into that of some monster, to make it hateful to your eyes, do not fail to look on me gently and lovingly, seeing in this submission and kneeling that I offer to your misshapen beauty the humility with which my soul adores you.”

“Tell that to my grandad!” answered the village girl. “Much I care for brandishments! Out of the way, let us go, and we’ll thank you.”

Sancho moved aside and let her go, delighted at having got out of his tangle so well.

The village girl who had played the part of Dulcinea had scarcely seen herself free when, pricking her cananey with a goad she carried on the end of a stick, she set off running across the meadow. And, as the she-ass felt the point of the goad, which was tormenting her more than usual, she began to buck, so that she

threw the lady Dulcinea to the ground; and, seeing this, Don Quixote ran to lift her up, and Sancho to set straight and girth the packsaddle, which had slipped around to the she-ass's belly as well. When the packsaddle had been put right, and Don Quixote wanted to lift his enchanted lady in his arms onto the she-ass, the lady, getting up off the ground, spared him the trouble, for, drawing back a little, she took a short run, and, placing both hands on the she-ass's haunches, landed her body, lighter than a falcon, on the packsaddle, and sat astride as if she were a man; and then Sancho said:

"By Saint Roch, our lady and mistress is nimbler than a hobby-hawk, and she could teach the most skillful rider in Córdoba or Mexico to mount in the short-stirrup style! Over the saddle's cantle she went at a single bound, and with no spurs at all she makes the hackney run like a zebra. And her damsels don't lag behind her, for they all run like the wind."

And so it was in truth, because, as soon as Dulcinea saw herself mounted, they all spurred after her and dashed off at a run, and never looked back for upward of half a league. Don Quixote's eyes followed them, and, when he saw they were out of sight, he turned to Sancho and said to him:

"Sancho, what do you think of how hated I am by enchanters? And see how far their malice and the grudge they bear me extend, since they have chosen to deprive me of the happiness it would have given me to see my lady as she really is. In effect, I was born to be an example to the unfortunate, and to be the target and the mark at which the arrows of ill fortune are aimed and leveled. And you must also take note, Sancho, that these traitors were not content with having changed and transformed my Dulcinea, but they transformed and changed her into a figure as low and as ugly as that of that village girl, and at the same time they took from her what belongs so much to ladies of rank, which is a sweet smell,

from always moving among ambergris and flowers. For I tell you, Sancho, that when I went to lift Dulcinea onto her hackney, as you say it was, though it looked to me like a she-ass, she gave off a smell of raw garlic that went to my head and poisoned my very soul."

"Oh, the rabble!" shouted Sancho at this point. "Oh, ill-starred and evil-minded enchanters, and would I could see you all strung up by the gills like sardines on a reed! Much you know, much you can do, and much more you do. It ought to have been enough for you, you villains, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-oak galls, and her hair of purest gold into bristles from a red ox's tail, and, in short, all her features from good to bad, without touching her smell; for by that at least we could have made out what was hidden under that ugly rind; although, to tell the truth, I never saw her ugliness, only her beauty, which was raised in point and carat by a mole she had above her right lip, like a mustache, with seven or eight blond hairs like threads of gold, and more than a span long."

"To match that mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence there is between those of the face and those of the body, Dulcinea must have another on the flat of her thigh, on the same side as the one on her face; but hairs of the length you have indicated are very long for moles."

"Well, I can tell your grace," answered Sancho, "that they looked as if they had grown there on purpose."

"I believe it, my friend," replied Don Quixote, "because whatever nature put in Dulcinea was perfect and finely finished; and so, had she a hundred such moles as you describe, on her they would not be moles, *lunares*, but *lunas*, moons, and shining stars. But tell me, Sancho: that thing which looked to me like a packsaddle, and which you put right, was it a flat saddle or a lady's saddle?"

“It was nothing but a short-stirrup saddle,” answered Sancho, “with a field cloth so rich it’s worth half a kingdom.”

“And to think that I saw none of it, Sancho!” said Don Quixote. “Now I say again, and I shall say it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men.”

That rogue Sancho had all he could do to hide his laughter, hearing the foolish talk of his master, so delicately deceived. At last, after many other words had passed between the two of them, they mounted their beasts again and followed the road to Zaragoza, where they meant to arrive in time to be present at some solemn festivities which that illustrious city is accustomed to hold each year. But before they reached it, things befell them which, being many, great, and new, deserve to be written and read, as will be seen further on.

Chapter XI. Of the strange adventure that befell the valiant Don Quixote with the cart, or wagon, of *The Parliament of Death*

Don Quixote went on his way lost in thought, brooding over the cruel trick the enchanters had played on him in turning his lady Dulcinea into the ugly shape of the village girl, and he could not imagine what remedy he might find to restore her to her former self; and these thoughts carried him so far out of himself that, without noticing, he let the reins drop on Rocinante's neck, and Rocinante, feeling the freedom he was given, stopped at every step to graze on the green grass with which those fields abounded. Sancho Panza roused him from his trance, saying:

"Sir, sorrows weren't made for beasts but for men; but if men feel them too much, they turn into beasts. Let your grace pull yourself together, and come back to yourself, and take up Rocinante's reins, and liven up and wake up, and show the gallantry that befits knights-errant. What the devil is this? What sort of drooping is this? Are we here, or in France? Let Satan carry off every Dulcinea there is in the world, for the health of a single knight-errant is worth more than all the enchantments and transformations on earth."

"Be quiet, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, in a voice not very faint. "Be quiet, I say, and do not blaspheme against that enchanted lady, for the blame for her misfortune and mishap is mine alone: her ill fortune is born of the envy the wicked bear me."

"That's just what I say," answered Sancho. "Whoever saw her then and sees her now, what heart is there that doesn't weep?"

"You may well say so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "since you saw her in the full perfection of her beauty, for the enchantment did not extend to clouding your sight or hiding her loveliness from you: against me alone and against my eyes is the force of its venom directed. But for all that, Sancho, one thing has struck me, and it is that you described her beauty to me badly, because, if I remember rightly, you said that her eyes were like pearls, and eyes that look like pearls belong rather to a sea bream than to a lady; and, as I believe, Dulcinea's must be of green emeralds, wide and long, with two heavenly arches that serve them for eyebrows; so take those pearls away from her eyes and move them to her teeth, for no doubt you got them mixed up, Sancho, and took the eyes for the teeth."

"Anything's possible," answered Sancho, "because her beauty confused me the same as her ugliness did your grace. But let's commend it all to God, for He's the one who knows the things that are to happen in this vale of tears, in this wicked world of ours, where you can hardly find anything without some mixture of wickedness, humbug, and roguery. One thing troubles me, my master, more than the others, and it is wondering what's to be done when your grace defeats some giant or some other knight and commands him to go and present himself before the lady Dulcinea's beauty: where's this poor giant, or this poor miserable beaten knight, to find her? I can just see them wandering through El Toboso like a pack of gawking fools, looking for my lady Dulcinea, and even if they run into her in the middle of the street, they'll know her no better than they'd know my father."

"Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment will not extend so far as to take away the knowledge of Dulcinea from the giants and knights who are vanquished and present

themselves to her; and with one or two of the first that I vanquish and send to her, we shall make the experiment whether they see her or not, ordering them to come back and give me an account of what befell them in this matter."

"I say, sir," replied Sancho, "that what your grace has said seems good to me, and that with that device we'll come to know what we want to know; and if it turns out that she hides herself from your grace alone, the misfortune will be more your grace's than hers; but so long as the lady Dulcinea has health and contentment, we here on our side will make do and get along as best we can, seeking our adventures and leaving time to get up to its own tricks, for it's the best doctor for these ailments and for greater ones."

Don Quixote meant to answer Sancho Panza, but he was prevented by a cart that came out across the road, loaded with the most varied and strange personages and figures that could be imagined. The one who drove the mules and served as carter was a hideous demon. The cart came open to the sky, with no awning or wicker hood. The first figure that met Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death herself, with a human face; beside her came an angel with large painted wings; to one side stood an emperor with a crown, of gold to all appearances, on his head; at the feet of Death was the god they call Cupid, without the blindfold over his eyes, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. There came also a knight armed from head to foot, except that he wore no morion or helmet but a hat full of feathers of many colors; and with these came other persons of different costumes and faces. All of which, seen so suddenly, threw Don Quixote into some agitation and put fear into Sancho's heart; but then Don Quixote grew glad, believing that some new and perilous adventure was offering itself to him, and with this thought, and with a spirit ready to take on any danger, he placed himself across the cart's path and, in a loud, threatening voice, said:

"Carter, coachman, or devil, or whatever you are, be quick to tell me who you are, where you are going, and who the people are that you carry in your wagon, which looks more like Charon's boat than any cart in common use."

To which the Devil, stopping the cart, mildly answered:

"Sir, we are players of the company of Angulo the Bad; this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we performed the sacramental play of *The Parliament of Death* in a village behind that hill, and this afternoon we are to perform it in that village you can see from here; and since it is so near, and to save ourselves the trouble of undressing and dressing again, we travel in the very costumes we perform in. That young man goes as Death; the other, as the Angel; that woman, who is the manager's wife, as the Queen; the other, as the Soldier; that one, as the Emperor; and I, as the Demon, and I am one of the principal figures of the play, for in this company I play the leading parts. If your grace wishes to know anything else about us, ask me, for I shall be able to answer you with all exactness; since, being a demon, I know everything."

"By the faith of a knight-errant," answered Don Quixote, "as soon as I saw this cart, I imagined that some great adventure was offering itself to me; and now I say that one must touch appearances with one's hand before one can be undeceived. Go with God, good people, and hold your festival, and see whether there is anything you would have of me in which I can be of service to you, for I shall do it gladly and with good will, because from a boy I was fond of the masque, and in my youth my eyes would run after the strolling players."

While they were in this talk, fate would have it that one of the company came up, dressed as a mummer's fool, with a great many jingle bells, and at the end of a stick he carried three blown-up cow's bladders; and this buffoon, coming up to Don Quixote, began to flourish the stick and to beat the ground with the blad-

ders and to leap high in the air, jangling the bells, and the evil sight of him so startled Rocinante that, without Don Quixote being able to hold him, he took the bit between his teeth and set off running across the field with more speed than the bones of his skeleton ever promised. Sancho, who saw the danger his master was in of being thrown, jumped off the gray and ran in all haste to his aid; but when he got there, his master already lay on the ground, with Rocinante beside him, who had come down along with him: the usual end and resting place of Rocinante's friskiness and daring.

But no sooner had Sancho left his mount to go to Don Quixote than the dancing demon with the bladders jumped on the gray and whacked him with them, and the fright and the noise, more than the pain of the blows, sent him flying across the countryside toward the village where they were going to hold the festival. Sancho watched his gray's flight and his master's fall, and he did not know which of the two needs to attend to first; but in effect, being a good squire and a good servant, his love for his master weighed more with him than his fondness for his donkey, though each time he saw the bladders lifted into the air and brought down on his gray's rump, it was agony and mortal fright to him, and he would rather those blows had been given to him on the apples of his eyes than on the least hair of his donkey's tail. In this perplexed tribulation he arrived where Don Quixote was, a good deal more battered than he would have liked, and, helping him up onto Rocinante, he said to him:

"Sir, the Devil has carried off the gray."

"What devil?" asked Don Quixote.

"The one with the bladders," answered Sancho.

"Then I shall recover him," replied Don Quixote, "even if the fellow should lock himself up with him in hell's deepest and murkiest dungeons. After me, Sancho, for the cart moves slowly, and with its mules I shall make good the loss of the gray."

"There's no need to go to that trouble, sir," answered Sancho. "Let your grace cool your anger, for, as it seems to me, the Devil has already let go of the gray, and he's heading back to his own stall."

And so it truly was; for the Devil, having fallen with the gray, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rocinante, went off to the village on foot, and the donkey came back to his master.

"For all that," said Don Quixote, "it would be well to punish that demon's discourtesy on one of the people in the cart, even if it should be the emperor himself."

"Put that out of your grace's head," replied Sancho, "and take my advice, which is never to pick a quarrel with play-actors, for they're a favored lot. I've seen a player arrested for two killings and come out free and without paying costs. Your grace should know that, since they're merry folk and people of pleasure, everyone favors them, everyone shelters them, helps them, and thinks well of them, and all the more when they're from the royal and titled companies, who all, or most of them, look like so many princes in their dress and bearing."

"Even so," answered Don Quixote, "that play-acting demon shall not go off boasting at my expense, though the whole human race should favor him."

And, saying this, he turned back toward the cart, which was by now quite close to the village. He went shouting as he rode, saying:

"Halt, wait, you merry and festive crew, for I mean to make you understand how the donkeys and beasts that serve as mounts for the squires of knights-errant are to be treated."

So loud were Don Quixote's shouts that those in the cart heard and understood them; and, judging the intention of the speaker by his words, in an instant Death jumped down from the cart, and after her the Emperor, the Devil who drove it, and the Angel, nor did the Queen or the god Cupid stay behind; and they all loaded

themselves with stones and drew up in line, waiting to receive Don Quixote on the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing them formed into so gallant a squadron, their arms raised in the act of hurling the stones with great force, reined in Rocinante and set himself to think how he might attack them with the least danger to his person. While he was halted there, Sancho came up, and, seeing him in the posture of one about to charge the well-ordered squadron, said to him:

"It would be madness and then some to try such an enterprise. Consider, your grace, my master, that against brook-stone soup ladled out till your cap flies off, there's no defensive armor in the world, unless it's to stuff yourself and shut yourself up inside a bronze bell; and you must consider, too, that it's more rashness than courage for one man alone to attack an army where Death is, and where emperors fight in person, and which the good angels and the bad ones help; and if this consideration doesn't move you to keep still, let it move you to know for certain that, among all those who are there, though they look like kings, princes, and emperors, there isn't a single knight-errant."

"Now indeed, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you have hit on the point that can and must turn me from my already settled intent. I cannot and must not draw my sword, as I have told you many other times, against anyone who has not been dubbed a knight. It is for you, Sancho, if you wish to take vengeance for the wrong done to your gray; and I shall help you from here with shouts and wholesome warnings."

"There's no reason, sir," answered Sancho, "to take vengeance on anyone, for it isn't for good Christians to take it for wrongs done them; besides, I'll get my donkey to leave his offense in the hands of my will, which is to live peaceably for the days that heaven grants me of life."

“Since that is your resolve,” replied Don Quixote, “good Sancho, sensible Sancho, Christian Sancho, and sincere Sancho, let us leave these phantoms and go back to seeking better and worthier adventures; for I see that this country is of such a kind that it cannot lack many and most marvelous ones.”

He turned his reins at once, Sancho went to catch his gray, Death and all her flying squadron went back to their cart and continued their journey, and such was the happy end of the fearful adventure of the cart of Death, thanks be given to the wholesome advice that Sancho Panza gave his master; to whom, the next day, there befell another, with an enamored knight-errant, of no less suspense than the last.

Chapter XII. Of the strange adventure that befell the valiant Don Quixote with the bold Knight of the Mirrors

The night that followed the day of the encounter with Death, Don Quixote and his squire spent beneath some tall and shady trees, Don Quixote having eaten, at Sancho's urging, from the stores the gray carried; and during supper Sancho said to his master:

"Sir, what a fool I'd have been if I'd chosen, as my reward for the news, the spoils of the first adventure your grace brought off, instead of the foals of the three mares! In effect, in effect, a bird in the hand is worth more than a vulture on the wing."

"All the same," answered Don Quixote, "if you, Sancho, had let me attack as I wished, there would have fallen to you as spoils at the very least the Empress's golden crown and Cupid's painted wings, for I would have plucked them off against the grain and put them in your hands."

"The scepters and crowns of play-acting emperors," answered Sancho Panza, "were never of pure gold, only tinsel or tin plate."

"That is the truth," replied Don Quixote, "for it would not be fitting for the trappings of the play to be fine, but rather feigned and for show, as the play itself is; and I would have you, Sancho, think well of the play and hold it in your good graces, and by the same token those who perform plays and those who write them, because they are all instruments of great good to the commonwealth, setting a mirror before us at every step in which the actions of human life are seen to the life; and there is no compari-

son that shows us more to the life what we are and what we are to be than the play and the players. If not, tell me: have you not seen some play performed in which kings, emperors, and pontiffs, knights, ladies, and various other personages are brought on? One plays the ruffian, another the liar, this one the merchant, that one the soldier, another the shrewd simpleton, another the simple lover; and when the play is over and they have taken off its costumes, all the players are equal."

"Yes, I've seen it," answered Sancho.

"Well, the same thing," said Don Quixote, "happens in the play and dealings of this world, where some play the emperors, others the pontiffs, and, in short, every figure that can be brought into a play; but when they come to the end, which is when life is over, death strips them all of the robes that made them different, and they are equal in the grave."

"A fine comparison!" said Sancho. "Though not so new that I haven't heard it many and various times, like the one about the game of chess: while the game lasts, each piece has its particular office, and when the game is over, they are all mixed up, thrown together, and shuffled, and tossed into a bag, which is like tossing life into the grave."

"Every day, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "you grow less simple and more sensible."

"Yes, for some of your grace's good sense is bound to rub off on me," answered Sancho, "since lands that are barren and dry by nature, if you dung them and till them, come to bear good fruit: what I mean is that talking with your grace has been the manure dropped on the barren ground of my dried-up wits; the tilling, the time I've been serving you and keeping company with you; and with this I hope to bear fruits of myself that will be a blessing, such that they won't fall away or slip off the paths of good breeding your grace has made in my parched understanding."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho's affected phrases, and it seemed to him true, what he said about his improvement, for now and then he spoke in a way that amazed him; though every time, or most times, that Sancho tried to talk like a scholar in a disputation or a courtier, he ended his speech by tumbling headlong from the mountain of his simplicity into the depths of his ignorance; and the place where he proved most elegant and most retentive of memory was in bringing in proverbs, whether or not they came pat to the matter in hand, as will have been seen and noted in the course of this history.

In these and other talks a good part of the night went by, and Sancho felt a wish to let down the floodgates of his eyes, which was his phrase for wanting to sleep, and, unharnessing the gray, he gave him free and plentiful pasture. He did not take the saddle off Rocinante, for it was his master's express command that, for as long as they were in the field or did not sleep under a roof, he was not to unharness Rocinante: an ancient custom established and observed by knights-errant, to take off the bridle and hang it from the saddlebow, but take the saddle off the horse? Heaven forbid! And so Sancho did, and gave him the same freedom as the gray, whose friendship with Rocinante was so singular and so close-knit that there is a report, handed down by tradition from fathers to sons, that the author of this true history wrote special chapters about it, but that, to preserve the decency and decorum owed to so heroic a history, he did not put them in it; although at times he forgets this purpose of his and writes that, as soon as the two beasts came together, they would set about scratching each other, and that, once they were tired and satisfied, Rocinante would lay his neck across the gray's neck (more than half a yard of it hung over on the other side), and the two of them, gazing intently at the ground, would stand like that for three days, or at least for as long

as nobody disturbed them, or until hunger forced them to go in search of food.

I say that they say the author left it written that he had compared them in friendship to Nisus and Euryalus, and Pylades and Orestes; and if this is so, one could see, to the wonder of all, how steadfast the friendship of these two peaceable animals must have been, and to the shame of men, who know so poorly how to keep friendship with one another. For this reason it was said:

There is no friend for a friend:
the jousting canes are turned to lances;

and that other who sang:
From friend to friend, the bedbug, etc.

And let no one suppose that the author wandered somewhat off the road when he likened the friendship of these animals to the friendship of men, for from beasts men have taken many warnings and learned a great many things of importance, such as: from storks, the enema; from dogs, vomiting and gratitude; from cranes, vigilance; from ants, providence; from elephants, modesty; and loyalty, from the horse.

At last Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork oak, and Don Quixote dozed at the foot of a sturdy holm oak; but only a short space of time had passed when he was woken by a noise he heard behind him, and, getting up with a start, he set himself to look and listen for where the noise was coming from, and saw that it was two men on horseback, and that one of them, letting himself slide down from the saddle, said to the other:

"Dismount, friend, and take the bridles off the horses, for this place, it seems to me, abounds in grass for them, and in the silence and solitude my amorous thoughts require."

His saying this and stretching himself on the ground happened at one and the same moment; and as he flung himself down, the

armor he was wearing rattled, a plain sign by which Don Quixote knew that he must be a knight-errant; and, going over to Sancho, who was asleep, he took him by the arm, and with no little trouble brought him back to his senses, and said to him in a low voice:

"Brother Sancho, we have an adventure."

"God send us a good one," answered Sancho. "And where, my master, is her grace this lady adventure?"

"Where, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote. "Turn your eyes and look, and you will see a knight-errant lying stretched out there who, so far as I can make out, cannot be overly cheerful, for I saw him fling himself off his horse and stretch out on the ground with some signs of despair, and as he fell his armor clanked."

"Well, what makes your grace think," said Sancho, "that this is an adventure?"

"I do not mean to say," answered Don Quixote, "that this is an adventure entirely, but the beginning of one, for this is how adventures begin. But listen: it seems he is tuning a lute or a vihuela, and, to judge by how he spits and clears his chest, he must be preparing to sing something."

"On my faith, so he is," answered Sancho, "and he must be a knight in love."

"There is not one of the errant who is not," said Don Quixote. "And let us listen to him, for by the thread we will come to the ball of his thoughts, if he sings; for out of the abundance of the heart the tongue speaks."

Sancho meant to reply to his master, but the voice of the Knight of the Wood, which was neither very bad nor very good, prevented him; and, as the two of them stood there astonished, they heard that what he sang was this sonnet:

"Give me, my lady, a course I may pursue,
cut to the measure of your own desire,
and mine will hold it in such high esteem
that never by one jot will it depart.
If you would have me, silent in my pain,
die, count me as already at an end;
if you would have me tell it in a way
unheard of, I will make Love tell it out.
I have been made proof against both extremes,
of yielding wax and of the hardest diamond,
and to the laws of Love I fit my soul.
Soft as it is, or strong, I bare my breast:
carve there or stamp whatever pleases you,
for I will keep it, so I swear, forever."

With an "Ah!" torn, it seemed, from the depths of his heart, the Knight of the Wood brought his song to an end, and a little after, in a grieving and wounded voice, he said:

"O most beautiful and most ungrateful woman on earth! How can it be possible, most serene Casildea de Vandalia, that you will allow this captive knight of yours to waste away and be worn out in endless wanderings and in harsh and hard labors? Is it not enough that I have made all the knights of Navarre, all the Leonese, all the Tartessians, all the Castilians, and, finally, all the knights of La Mancha confess you to be the most beautiful in the world?"

"Not that," said Don Quixote at this point, "for I am from La Mancha and have never confessed any such thing, nor could I or should I confess a thing so damaging to the beauty of my lady; and this knight, as you can see, Sancho, is raving. But let us listen: perhaps he will declare himself further."

"He will," replied Sancho, "for he looks set to go on complaining for a month on end."

But it was not so, for the Knight of the Wood, having half heard that people were talking near him, went no further with his lament but rose to his feet and said in a resonant and courteous voice:

"Who goes there? What people? Are you perchance of the number of the contented, or of the afflicted?"

"Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote.

"Then come to me," answered the Knight of the Wood, "and you may reckon that you are coming to sorrow itself and to affliction itself."

Don Quixote, finding himself answered so tenderly and courteously, went over to him, and Sancho neither more nor less.

The lamenting knight took Don Quixote by the arm, saying:

"Sit here, sir knight, for to know that you are one, and of those who profess knight-errantry, it is enough for me to have found you in this place, where solitude and the night dew keep you company, the natural beds and proper lodgings of knights-errant."

To which Don Quixote replied:

"A knight I am, and of the profession you name; and though sorrows, misfortunes, and mishaps have their own seat in my soul, the compassion I feel for the miseries of others has not been driven out of it on that account. From what you were telling a little while ago I gathered that yours are amorous, I mean, born of the love you bear that beautiful ingrate you named in your laments."

By the time this passed between them they were sitting together on the hard ground, in good peace and fellowship, as if at the break of day they were not to break each other's heads.

"Perchance, sir knight," the Knight of the Wood asked Don Quixote, "are you in love?"

"By mischance I am," answered Don Quixote, "though the harms that spring from well-placed thoughts ought to be held as favors

rather than misfortunes."

"That is the truth," replied the Knight of the Wood, "if disdain did not disturb our reason and understanding, for disdain, when there is much of it, looks like vengeance."

"I was never disdained by my lady," answered Don Quixote.

"No, certainly not," said Sancho, who was close by, "because my lady is as meek as a little ewe lamb: she's softer than butter."

"Is this your squire?" asked the Knight of the Wood.

"He is," answered Don Quixote.

"I have never seen a squire," replied the Knight of the Wood, "who dares to speak where his master is speaking; at least, there is that one of mine, as big as his father, and no one can prove he has ever unsealed his lips when I am speaking."

"Well, on my faith," said Sancho, "I have spoken, and I can speak before another just as..., and let it rest there, for stirring it only makes it worse."

The squire of the Wood took Sancho by the arm, saying to him:

"Let's you and me go off where we can talk all we like, squire-fashion, and leave these lords our masters to lock horns telling each other the stories of their loves; for you can be sure the day will catch them at it and they won't have finished."

"And welcome," said Sancho. "And I'll tell your grace who I am, so you can see whether I can be counted among the dozen of the most talkative squires."

With this the two squires went apart, and between them there passed a colloquy as amusing as the one that passed between their masters was grave.

Chapter XIII. In which the adventure of the Knight of the Wood is continued, with the sensible, novel, and gentle colloquy that passed between the two squires

Knights and squires had split apart, the latter telling each other their lives and the former their loves; but the history first tells the conversation of the servants and afterward goes on to that of the masters; and so it says that, when they had moved off a little way from them, the squire of the Wood said to Sancho:

"It's a toilsome life we lead and live, my good sir, those of us who are squires to knights-errant: truly, we eat our bread by the sweat of our brows, and that's one of the curses God put upon our first parents."

"You might also say," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the ice of our bodies; for who suffers more heat and more cold than the wretched squires of knight-errantry? And it wouldn't be so bad if we got to eat, since sorrows with bread are lighter; but now and then we go a day, or two, without breaking our fast on anything but the wind that blows."

"All that can be borne and put up with," said the squire of the Wood, "because of the hope we have of the reward; for unless the knight-errant a squire serves is too unlucky altogether, within a few throws, at least, he'll find himself rewarded with a fine government of some isle or other, or with a handsome county."

"I," replied Sancho, "have already told my master I'll be content with the government of some isle; and he's so noble and so gener-

ous that he's promised me one many and various times."

"I," said the squire of the Wood, "shall be satisfied for my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered it for me, and what a canonry!"

"Your grace's master," said Sancho, "must be a knight of the churchly sort, and able to grant favors like that to his good squires; but mine is a layman pure and simple, though I remember when some sensible people, ill-meaning ones, to my mind, wanted to advise him to try to become an archbishop; but he would have nothing but to be an emperor, and I was trembling at the time in case he took it into his head to go into the Church, since I didn't find myself fit to hold benefices in it; because I'll have your grace know that, though I look like a man, I'm a beast when it comes to being a churchman."

"Well, truly, your grace is wrong there," said the squire of the Wood, "seeing that governments of isles aren't all of good quality. Some are crooked, some poor, some melancholy, and, in short, the most upright and well-ordered of them brings with it a heavy load of cares and discomforts, which the luckless man whose lot it fell to takes on his shoulders. It would be far better for those of us who profess this cursed servitude to retire to our homes and there pass the time in gentler pursuits, hunting, let's say, or fishing; for what squire is there in the world so poor that he lacks a nag, and a pair of greyhounds, and a fishing rod, to amuse himself with in his village?"

"I don't lack any of that," answered Sancho. "True, I haven't got a nag, but I've got a donkey that's worth twice as much as my master's horse. May God give me a bad Easter, and let it be the very next one, if I'd trade him for the horse, even if they threw in four fanegas of barley on top. Your grace will take the worth of my gray for a joke, gray being the color of my donkey. As for greyhounds, I wouldn't lack those, with more than enough of them in

my village; and besides, hunting is most enjoyable when it's done at somebody else's expense."

"Really and truly, Señor Squire," answered the squire of the Wood, "I have proposed and resolved to leave off these drunken follies of these knights, and retire to my village, and bring up my little children, for I have three, like three Oriental pearls."

"I have two," said Sancho, "fit to be presented to the Pope in person, especially a girl I'm bringing up to be a countess, God willing, though in spite of her mother."

"And how old is this lady who is being brought up to be a countess?" asked the squire of the Wood.

"Fifteen, two years more or less," answered Sancho, "but she's as tall as a lance, fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a street porter."

"Those are gifts," answered the squire of the Wood, "fit not only for a countess but for a nymph of the green wood. Oh, the daughter of a whore, the whore, and what strength the hussy must have!"

To which Sancho answered, somewhat put out:

"She's no whore, nor was her mother, nor will either of them be, God willing, as long as I live. And speak more politely, for, for someone brought up among knights-errant, who are courtesy itself, those words don't seem to me very well chosen."

"Oh, how little your grace understands, Señor Squire," replied the squire of the Wood, "in the matter of praises! What, don't you know that when some gentleman gives the bull a good thrust of the lance in the bullring, or when anyone does something well done, the common people usually say: 'Oh, the son of a whore, the whoreson, how well he did it!'? And what looks like abuse, used in that sense, is notable praise; and you, sir, should disown any sons or daughters who don't do deeds that earn their parents praises like that."

"I do disown them," answered Sancho, "and in that way and for that very reason your grace could throw a whole whorehouse of names at me and my children and my wife, for everything they do and say is a marvel worthy of such praises; and, so that I may see them again, I beg God to get me out of mortal sin, which will be the same as delivering me from this dangerous trade of squire, into which I've fallen a second time, baited and tricked by a purse with a hundred ducats that I came across one day deep in the Sierra Morena; and the devil keeps setting before my eyes, here, there, no, not here but over there, a bag full of doubloons, so that I seem to touch it with my hand at every step, and hug it to me, and carry it home, and lend out money on mortgages, and buy myself rents, and live like a prince; and while I'm thinking of this, all the hardships I suffer with this half-wit of a master of mine seem easy and bearable to me, and I know he's more of a madman than a knight."

"That's why," answered the squire of the Wood, "they say greed bursts the sack; and if we're going to talk about madmen, there's none greater in the world than my master, for he's one of those they speak of when they say: 'Other people's worries kill the donkey'; since, so that another knight may recover the wits he has lost, he plays the madman himself and goes looking for something that, once found, may very well hit him in the snout, for all I know."

"And is he in love, perhaps?"

"Yes," said the squire of the Wood, "with one Casildea de Vandalia, the most hard-boiled and the most roasted lady to be found in the whole world; but it isn't on the foot of her hardness that he limps, for other and greater frauds are growling in his belly, and it will all come out before many hours have passed."

"There's no road so smooth," replied Sancho, "that it hasn't some stumble or gully; in other houses they cook beans, and in mine by the cauldronful; madness must have more companions

and hangers-on than good sense. But if what's commonly said is true, that having companions in hardship is usually a relief in it, I'll be able to console myself with your grace, since you serve another master as foolish as mine."

"Foolish, but brave," answered the squire of the Wood, "and more of a rogue than either foolish or brave."

"That's not mine," answered Sancho. "I mean, he hasn't a bit of the rogue in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as plain as a pitcher: he doesn't know how to do harm to anyone, only good to everyone, and he hasn't an ounce of malice: a child could make him believe it's night in the middle of the day; and for this simplicity I love him like the strings of my heart, and I can't bring myself to leave him, no matter what foolishness he gets up to."

"For all that, brother and sir," said the squire of the Wood, "when one blind man guides another, the two of them risk falling into the ditch. Better for us to retreat in good order and get back to our own stalls; for those who go looking for adventures don't always find good ones."

Sancho kept spitting, it seemed, a certain kind of sticky and rather dry spittle; which, being seen and noticed by the charitable woodland squire, he said:

"It seems to me that, from all this talking, our tongues are sticking to the roofs of our mouths; but I carry an unsticker hanging from my horse's saddlebow that is as good as they come."

And, getting up, he came back a little later with a great wineskin and a pie half a yard across; and this is no exaggeration, for it was made of a white rabbit so large that Sancho, on touching it, took it to be of some billy goat, let alone a kid; and seeing this, Sancho said:

"And your grace carries this about with you, sir?"

"Well, what did you think?" answered the other. "Am I by any chance some squire of water and wool? I carry better stores on my

horse's crupper than a general takes with him on the march."

Sancho ate without waiting to be asked, gulping down in the dark mouthfuls the size of tether knots. And he said:

"Your grace is a true and loyal squire, sound and in working order, magnificent and grand, as this banquet shows, for if it hasn't come here by art of enchantment, it looks like it, at least; and not like me, miserable and luckless, who carry nothing in my saddlebags but a bit of cheese so hard you could crack a giant's skull with it, keeping company with four dozen carob beans and as many hazelnuts and walnuts, thanks to my master's stinginess and the opinion he holds and the rule he keeps that knights-errant must be fed and sustained on nothing but dried fruit and the herbs of the field."

"On my faith, brother," replied the squire of the Wood, "I haven't got the stomach for thistles, or wild pears, or roots from the woods. Let our masters keep their opinions and their chivalric laws, that's their business, and let them eat what they themselves prescribe. I carry cold meats, and this wineskin hanging from the saddlebow, just in case; and it's so dear to me, and I love it so, that hardly a moment goes by without my giving it a thousand kisses and a thousand hugs."

And, saying this, he put it into Sancho's hands, and Sancho, tilting it up to his mouth, stayed gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour, and when he had finished drinking let his head drop to one side and, heaving a great sigh, said:

"Oh, the son of a whore, the rascal, how Catholic it is!"

"There, you see," said the squire of the Wood, on hearing Sancho's son of a whore, "how you've praised this wine by calling it a son of a whore?"

"I say," answered Sancho, "that I confess I know it's no dishonor to call anyone a son of a whore, when it falls within the meaning of

praising him. But tell me, sir, by the life of what you love best: is this wine from Ciudad Real?"

"What a wine taster!" answered the squire of the Wood. "Truly, it's from nowhere else, and it has a few years of age on it."

"You're telling me!" said Sancho. "Don't take me for less, as if it were beyond me to recognize it. Isn't it something, Señor Squire, that I should have so great and so natural an instinct in this matter of knowing wines that, give me any one to smell, and I hit on its homeland, its lineage, its flavor, how long it will keep, and the turns it will take, with every circumstance belonging to wine? But there's no cause for wonder, since on my father's side there were in my family the two most excellent wine tasters La Mancha has known in many long years; and as proof of it, here's what happened to them: 'The two of them were given wine from a cask to taste and asked their opinion of its state, quality, goodness, or badness. One tasted it with the tip of his tongue; the other did no more than raise it to his nose. The first said the wine tasted of iron; the second said it tasted more of cordovan leather. The owner said the cask was clean and the wine had no seasoning in it from which it could have picked up a taste of iron or of cordovan. For all that, the two famous wine tasters held firm to what they had said. Time passed, the wine was sold, and on cleaning out the cask they found in it a little key hanging from a cordovan thong.' So your grace can see whether someone who comes of that breed can give his opinion in cases like these."

"That's why I say," said the squire of the Wood, "that we should give up going around looking for adventures; and since we have loaves, let's not go looking for cakes, and let's go back to our huts, for God will find us there, if He wants to."

"Until my master gets to Zaragoza, I'll serve him; after that, we'll all understand each other."

In the end, so much did the two good squires talk and so much did they drink that sleep was obliged to bind their tongues and allay their thirst, for to quench it would have been impossible; and so, both of them clutching the by now nearly empty wineskin, with half-chewed mouthfuls in their mouths, they fell asleep, and there we shall leave them for now, to tell what passed between the Knight of the Wood and the Knight of the Sorry Figure.

Chapter XIV. In which the adventure of the Knight of the Wood is continued

Among the many words that passed between Don Quixote and the Knight of the Forest, the history says that the Knight of the Wood said to Don Quixote:

"In short, sir knight, I would have you know that it was my destiny, or rather my own choosing, that brought me to love the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her, since she has no equal, either in the greatness of her body or in the height of her rank and her beauty. This same Casildea, then, of whom I am telling, repaid my honorable thoughts and courteous desires by making me undertake, as his stepmother did Hercules, many and various perils, promising me at the end of each that at the end of the next would come the end of my hope; but my labors have gone on linking themselves together, so that there is no counting them, nor do I know which is to be the last, the one that will begin the fulfillment of my honorable desires. Once she ordered me to go and challenge that famous giantess of Seville called the Giralda, who is as valiant and strong as if she were made of bronze, and who, without ever moving from one spot, is the most changeable and fickle woman in the world. I came, I saw her, and I conquered her, and I made her stand still and keep within bounds, for in more than a week nothing blew but north winds. Another time, too, she ordered me to go and weigh in my arms the ancient stones of the valiant Bulls of Guisando, an enterprise better entrusted to porters than to knights. Another time she ordered me to hurl myself down

and plunge into the chasm of Cabra, an unheard-of and fearful peril, and to bring her a detailed account of what is shut up in that dark depth. I stopped the Giralda's motion, I weighed the Bulls of Guisando, I flung myself into the chasm and brought to light what lay hidden in its abyss; and my hopes stayed as dead as dead, and her commands and disdain as alive as alive. In short, she has lately ordered me to travel through all the provinces of Spain and make every knight-errant wandering through them confess that she alone surpasses in beauty all the women living today, and that I am the most valiant and the most truly enamored knight on earth; in which quest I have already traveled the greater part of Spain, and in it I have vanquished many knights who dared to contradict me. But what I most pride myself and glory in is to have overcome, in single combat, that far-renowned knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, and to have forced him to confess my Casildea lovelier than his Dulcinea; and by this one victory alone I reckon that I have vanquished all the knights in the world, because this Don Quixote I speak of has vanquished them all, and, since I have vanquished him, his glory, his fame, and his honor have been transferred and passed on to my person;

"and the victor gains the greater honor
the greater the renown of the defeated;

"so that the countless exploits of the aforesaid Don Quixote are now set down to my account and are mine."

Don Quixote was astonished to hear the Knight of the Wood, and a thousand times he was on the point of telling him he lied, and he already had the *you lie* on the tip of his tongue; but he restrained himself as best he could, so as to make him confess his lie with his own mouth; and so he said to him calmly:

"That your grace, sir knight, has vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, and even of the whole world, I say nothing

against; but that you have vanquished Don Quixote of La Mancha, I call in doubt. It may have been someone else who looked like him, though there are few who look like him."

"What do you mean, no?" replied the Knight of the Wood. "By the heaven that covers us, I fought with Don Quixote, and I vanquished him and made him yield; and he is a man tall of body, lean of face, long and dried out in the limbs, his hair going gray, his nose aquiline and somewhat hooked, with a large black mustache that droops. He takes the field under the name of the Knight of the Sorry Figure, and he has for his squire a peasant named Sancho Panza; he presses the back and governs the bit of a famous horse called Rocinante; and, finally, he has for the lady of his will one Dulcinea del Toboso, once called Aldonza Lorenzo, just as mine, because her name is Casilda and she is from Andalusia, I call Casildea de Vandalia. If all these marks are not enough to vouch for my truth, here is my sword, which will make incredulity itself give it credit."

"Calm yourself, sir knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say to you. You must know that this Don Quixote you speak of is the best friend I have in this world, so much so that I may say I hold him as I hold my own person; and from the marks you have given me of him, so exact and so certain, I cannot but think that it is the same man you vanquished. On the other hand, I see with my eyes and touch with my hands that it cannot possibly be the same, unless it be that, since he has many enemies who are enchanters, especially one who habitually persecutes him, one of them has taken his shape and let himself be vanquished, so as to rob him of the fame his high deeds of chivalry have won and gained him throughout all the known world. And in confirmation of this, I would also have you know that these same enchanters, his adversaries, no more than two days ago transformed the shape and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into a coarse and

lowly village girl, and in the same way they will have transformed Don Quixote; and if all this is not enough to bring you round to the truth of what I say, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it with his arms, on foot or on horseback or in any other manner you please."

And, saying this, he rose to his feet and grasped his sword, waiting to see what resolution the Knight of the Wood would take; who, in a voice just as calm, answered and said:

"A good payer is not pained by pledges: he who once, Señor Don Quixote, could vanquish you transformed may well hope to make you yield in your own proper being. But since it is not right for knights to do their feats of arms in the dark, like highwaymen and ruffians, let us wait for the day, so that the sun may see our deeds. And it must be a condition of our battle that the vanquished is to remain at the will of the victor, for him to do with him whatever he pleases, provided that what is ordered of him befits a knight."

"I am more than content with that condition and agreement," answered Don Quixote.

And with this they went to where their squires were, and found them snoring, and in the same position they had been in when sleep took them by surprise. They woke them and ordered them to have the horses ready, because as soon as the sun came up the two of them were to fight a bloody, single, and unequal battle; at which news Sancho was astounded and dumbfounded, fearing for his master's safety, because of the feats he had heard the squire of the Wood tell of his own; but, without saying a word, the two squires went off to look for their livestock, for by now all three horses and the gray had smelled one another out and were all together.

On the way the squire of the Wood said to Sancho:

"Your grace must know, brother, that it's the custom among the fighting men of Andalusia, when they act as seconds in some quarrel, not to stand idle with their hands folded while their principals are fighting. I tell you so you'll be forewarned: while our masters go at it, we two must also come to blows and smash each other to splinters."

"That custom, Señor Squire," answered Sancho, "may be current and go down well over there among the ruffians and fighting men you speak of, but among the squires of knights-errant, not a bit of it. At least, I've never heard my master speak of any such custom, and he knows all the ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. What's more, suppose I grant it's true, and an express ordinance, that squires fight while their masters are fighting; but I don't mean to keep it, only to pay whatever penalty is laid on such peaceable squires, which I'm sure won't come to more than two pounds of wax; and I'd rather pay those pounds, for I know they'll cost me less than the lint I might spend in doctoring my head, which I already count as split and divided in two. There's more: not having a sword makes it impossible for me to fight, for I've never worn one in my life."

"For that I know a good remedy," said the squire of the Wood. "I have here two linen sacks of the same size: you take one and I the other, and we'll fight with sack blows, with equal arms."

"In that case, and welcome," answered Sancho, "for a fight like that will serve to dust us off rather than wound us."

"It isn't to be like that," replied the other, "because inside the sacks, so that the wind doesn't carry them off, we have to put half a dozen nice smooth pebbles, as heavy one lot as the other, and in that way we'll be able to sack each other without doing ourselves any hurt or harm."

"Look at that, body of my father," answered Sancho, "what sable furs, or what tufts of carded cotton he puts in the sacks, so that

our skulls won't get pounded and our bones ground as fine as henna! But even if they were filled with silk cocoons, you should know, my good sir, that I'm not going to fight: let our masters fight, and that's their business, and let us drink and live, for time takes care of taking our lives from us without our going around looking for appetizers to make them end before they reach their season and their term and drop off from ripeness."

"All the same," replied the squire of the Wood, "we have to fight for half an hour at least."

"Not that," answered Sancho. "I won't be so discourteous or so ungrateful as to pick any quarrel, however small, with someone I've eaten and drunk with; besides, being without any anger or vexation, who the devil could bring himself to fight in cold blood?"

"For that," said the squire of the Wood, "I'll provide a sufficient remedy: before we begin the fight, I'll come up nice and easy to your grace and give you three or four slaps that will lay you at my feet, and with them I'll wake your anger, even if it's sleepier than a dormouse."

"Against that cut I know another," answered Sancho, "that doesn't lag behind it: I'll grab a cudgel, and before your grace gets to waking my anger, I'll put yours to sleep with such a cudgeling that it won't wake except in the next world, for it's well known I'm not a man to let anyone paw my face; and let each look to his own arrow; though the wisest thing would be for each of us to let his anger sleep, for nobody knows anybody's soul, and a man may go for wool and come back shorn; and God blessed peace and cursed quarrels, because if a cat that's hounded, shut in, and cornered turns into a lion, I, who am a man, God knows what I might turn into; and so from now on I give your grace notice, Señor Squire, that all the harm and damage that comes of our quarrel will be on your account."

"Very well," replied the squire of the Wood. "God will bring the day, and we shall thrive."

By now a thousand kinds of bright-colored little birds were beginning to warble in the trees, and in their various and merry songs they seemed to be giving their congratulations and greeting the fresh dawn, who was already revealing the beauty of her face through the gates and balconies of the east, shaking from her hair a numberless host of liquid pearls, in whose sweet moisture the grasses bathed and seemed in their turn to sprout and rain down small white seed pearls; the willows distilled delicious manna, the fountains laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the meadows grew rich at her coming. But hardly had the light of day allowed things to be seen and told apart when the first that met the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of the squire of the Wood, which was so big that it almost cast a shadow over his whole body. It is told, in effect, that it was of excessive size, hooked in the middle and all covered with warts, of a purplish color like an eggplant's, and that it hung down two fingers below his mouth; and the size, color, warts, and hook of it so disfigured his face that Sancho, on seeing it, began to kick and flail with hands and feet like a child in a fit, and resolved in his heart to let himself be given two hundred slaps sooner than wake his anger to fight with that monster.

Don Quixote looked at his opponent and found him already with his helmet on and its visor down, so that he could not see his face, but he noticed that he was a sturdily built man, and not very tall of body. On top of his armor he had on a surcoat or cassock made, to all appearances, of the finest cloth of gold, scattered all over with little moons of shining mirrors, which made him look exceedingly gallant and showy; above his helmet streamed a great quantity of green, yellow, and white plumes; his lance, which he

had leaning against a tree, was very long and thick, with a steel head more than a span in length.

Don Quixote looked at it all and noted it all, and judged from what he had seen and observed that the said knight must be of great strength; but he was not afraid on that account, as Sancho Panza was; rather, with gallant boldness, he said to the Knight of the Mirrors:

"If your great eagerness to fight, sir knight, does not use up your courtesy, by that courtesy I ask you to raise your visor a little, so that I may see whether the gallantry of your face answers to that of your bearing."

"Whether you come out of this enterprise vanquished or victor, sir knight," answered the Knight of the Mirrors, "you will have time and room enough and to spare to see me; and if I do not satisfy your wish now, it is because it seems to me I should do a notable wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia by wasting the time it would take me to raise my visor without making you confess what you already know I claim."

"Well, while we mount," said Don Quixote, "you may at least tell me whether I am that Don Quixote you said you vanquished."

"To that we answer you," said the Knight of the Mirrors, "that you resemble the very knight I overcame as closely as one egg resembles another; but since you say that enchanters persecute him, I shall not dare to affirm whether you are the man in question or not."

"That is enough for me," answered Don Quixote, "to believe that you are deceived; yet, to rid you of the deception altogether, let our horses be brought, for in less time than you would have taken to raise your visor, if God, my lady, and my arm avail me, your face will be before my eyes, and you will know me for no vanquished Don Quixote such as you suppose."

With this, cutting words short, they mounted, and Don Quixote turned Rocinante's reins to take as much of the field as was needed to come back and meet his adversary, and the Knight of the Mirrors did the same. But Don Quixote had not gone twenty paces when he heard himself called by the Knight of the Mirrors, and, each of them coming halfway, the Knight of the Mirrors said to him:

"Bear in mind, sir knight, that the condition of our battle is that the vanquished, as I have said before, is to remain at the discretion of the victor."

"I know it already," answered Don Quixote, "provided that what is imposed on the vanquished and commanded of him are things that do not go beyond the bounds of chivalry."

"That is understood," answered the Knight of the Mirrors.

At this point the squire's strange nose came into Don Quixote's view, and he was no less amazed to see it than Sancho had been, so much so that he took him for some monster, or for a new kind of man, one of those not found in the world. Sancho, who saw his master setting off to take his run, did not want to be left alone with the big-nosed man, fearing that a single flick of that nose against his own would put an end to his quarrel, leaving him stretched on the ground from the blow, or from the fright; and he went after his master, holding on to one of Rocinante's stirrup straps, and when it seemed to him time for his master to turn, he said to him:

"I beg your grace, my master, before you turn to charge, to help me climb up into that cork oak, from where I'll be able to watch more to my liking, better than from the ground, the gallant encounter your grace is going to have with this knight."

"I rather think, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that you want to clamber up onto a scaffold to watch the bulls without danger."

"To tell the truth," answered Sancho, "that squire's monstrous nose has me astounded and full of terror, and I don't dare stay near him."

"It is such a nose," said Don Quixote, "that, were I not who I am, it would frighten me too; and so come, I will help you up where you say."

While Don Quixote stopped to get Sancho up into the cork oak, the Knight of the Mirrors took as much of the field as seemed necessary to him, and, believing that Don Quixote would have done the same, without waiting for the sound of a trumpet or any other signal to warn them, he turned his horse's reins—the horse was no swifter and no better-looking than Rocinante—and at his full speed, which was a middling trot, went to meet his enemy; but, seeing him busy with Sancho's ascent, he reined in and stopped in the middle of his course, for which his horse was most grateful, since he could no longer move. Don Quixote, who thought his enemy was already flying at him, drove his spurs hard into Rocinante's lean flanks and made him go at such a pace that the history tells that this was the only time he was known to have actually run a little, for every other time it was always plain trotting; and with this unprecedented fury he came up to where the Knight of the Mirrors was digging his spurs into his horse up to the buttons, without being able to budge him one finger's breadth from the spot where he had brought his course to a halt.

At this good moment and juncture Don Quixote found his adversary hampered by his horse and busy with his lance, which he never managed, or never had time, to fix in its rest. Don Quixote, who paid no heed to these difficulties, safely and without any danger whatever, struck the Knight of the Mirrors with such force that, much against his will, he brought him to the ground over his horse's crupper, and he took such a fall that, without moving hand or foot, he gave signs of being dead.

Hardly had Sancho seen him fall when he slid down from the cork oak and came in all haste to where his master was, who, dismounting from Rocinante, went over to the Knight of the Mirrors and undid the laces of his helmet to see whether he was dead, and so that the air might reach him if by chance he was alive; and he saw… Who can tell what he saw without causing astonishment, wonder, and terror in those who hear it? He saw, the history says, the very face, the very figure, the very look, the very physiognomy, the very likeness, the very perspective of the bachelor Sansón Carrasco; and, as soon as he saw it, he said in a loud voice:

"Come here, Sancho, and look at what you will see and not believe! Hurry, my son, and mark what magic can do, what sorcerers and enchanters can do!"

Sancho came up, and when he saw the face of the bachelor Carrasco he began to cross himself a thousand times and bless himself as many more. Through all this the fallen knight gave no sign of being alive, and Sancho said to Don Quixote:

"I'm of the opinion, my master, that, just in case, your grace should stick your sword down the mouth of this one who looks like the bachelor Sansón Carrasco; maybe in him you'll kill one of your enemies the enchanters."

"That is not a bad idea," said Don Quixote, "for of enemies, the fewer the better."

And, drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice and counsel into effect, he was met by the squire of the Knight of the Mirrors, now without the nose that had made him so ugly, who cried out in a loud voice:

"Let your grace look what you are doing, Señor Don Quixote, for the one you have at your feet is the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire."

And Sancho, seeing him without that first ugliness, said to him:

"And the nose?"

To which he answered:

"Here I have it, in my pocket."

And, putting his hand into the right-hand one, he drew out a pasteboard and varnish nose, a mask's nose, of the make that has been described. And Sancho, looking at him harder and harder, said in a loud voice full of wonder:

"Holy Mary, help me! Isn't this Tomé Cecial, my neighbor and my crony?"

"And how I am!" answered the now noseless squire. "Tomé Cecial I am, my crony and friend Sancho Panza, and later I'll tell you the channels, tricks, and tangles by which I came here; and meanwhile ask and beg your master not to touch, mistreat, wound, or kill the Knight of the Mirrors he has at his feet, because beyond any doubt he is the rash and ill-advised bachelor Sansón Carrasco, our fellow-countryman."

At this the Knight of the Mirrors came to himself, and Don Quixote, seeing it, set the naked point of his sword over his face and said to him:

"You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso surpasses your Casildea de Vandalia in beauty; and besides this you must promise, if you come out of this contest and fall alive, to make your way to the city of El Toboso and appear before her in my name, so that she may do with you whatever she pleases; and if she leaves you free to do your own will, you must likewise come back to look for me, for the track of my exploits will serve you as a guide to bring you to where I am, and tell me what has passed between you and her; conditions which, in keeping with those we set before our battle, do not go beyond the bounds of knight-errantry."

"I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is worth more than Casildea's beard, ill-combed though clean, and I promise to go into her presence

and return from it to yours, and give you a full and detailed account of what you ask of me."

"You must also confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight you vanquished was not and could not be Don Quixote of La Mancha, but someone else who looked like him, just as I confess and believe that you, though you look like the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, are not he, but someone else who looks like him, and that my enemies have put you here before me in his shape so that I may hold back and temper the fury of my anger and make gentle use of the glory of my victory."

"I confess, judge, and feel it all just as you believe, judge, and feel it," answered the crippled knight. "Let me get up, I beg you, if the blow of my fall allows it, for it has left me sorely battered."

Don Quixote helped him up, together with Tomé Cecial, his squire, from whom Sancho never took his eyes, asking him things whose answers gave him plain signs that he truly was the Tomé Cecial he said he was; but the impression made on Sancho by what his master had said, that the enchanters had changed the shape of the Knight of the Mirrors into that of the bachelor Carrasco, would not let him believe the truth he was looking at with his own eyes. In the end master and man were left with this delusion, and the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, glum and ill-errant, went off from Don Quixote and Sancho with the intention of looking for some place where they could plaster and splint his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho went back to following their road to Zaragoza, where the history leaves them, to give an account of who the Knight of the Mirrors and his big-nosed squire were.

Chapter XV. In which is told and made known who the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire were

Exceedingly content, proud, and vainglorious went Don Quixote at having won the victory over so valiant a knight as he imagined the Knight of the Mirrors to be, from whose knightly word he hoped to learn whether his lady's enchantment was still going on, since the vanquished knight was bound, on pain of being no knight, to come back and give him an account of what had befallen him with her. But Don Quixote thought one thing and the Knight of the Mirrors another, for at the time he had no thought but to find somewhere to get himself plastered, as has been said.

The history says, then, that when the bachelor Sansón Carrasco advised Don Quixote to go back to the chivalries he had left off, it was because he had first held a council with the priest and the barber on what means might be taken to bring Don Quixote to stay at home, quiet and peaceful, without his ill-sought adventures stirring him up; and from that council it came out, by the common vote of all and the particular opinion of Carrasco, that they should let Don Quixote go out, since keeping him in seemed impossible, and that Sansón should come out on the road to meet him as a knight-errant and join battle with him, for there would be no lack of cause, and vanquish him, which he took to be an easy thing, and that it should be agreed and settled that the vanquished was to remain at the mercy of the victor; and Don Quixote once vanquished, the bachelor knight was to order him to go back to his

village and his house and not leave it for two years, or until he ordered him otherwise; which it was plain that Don Quixote, being vanquished, would fulfill without any doubt, so as not to go against or fall short of the laws of chivalry, and it might be that during the time of his seclusion he would forget his vanities, or that there would be a chance to find some fitting remedy for his madness.

Carrasco accepted it, and Tomé Cecial, Sancho Panza's crony and neighbor, a merry and feather-brained man, offered himself as his squire. Sansón armed himself as has been described, and Tomé Cecial fitted the false mask nose already mentioned over his natural one, so that his crony would not know him when they met; and so they followed the same route Don Quixote was taking, and very nearly found themselves at the adventure of the cart of Death. And at last they came upon them in the wood, where there befell them all that the prudent reader has read; and if it had not been for Don Quixote's extraordinary thoughts, by which he persuaded himself that the bachelor was not the bachelor, the Señor Bachelor would have been left forever unable to take his degree as licentiate, for not having found nests where he thought to find birds.

Tomé Cecial, who saw how badly his wishes had turned out and what a sorry end their journey had come to, said to the bachelor:

"Truly, Señor Sansón Carrasco, we have got what we deserve: an enterprise is easily thought of and undertaken, but most times it is hard to get out of. Don Quixote mad, we sane: he goes off sound and laughing, your grace is left pounded and sad. Let us find out now, then, which is the madder: the one who is mad because he cannot help it, or the one who is mad of his own free will?"

To which Sansón replied:

"The difference between those two madmen is that the one who is mad perforce will always be so, and the one who is mad by choice will stop being so whenever he likes."

"Then if that's so," said Tomé Cecial, "I was mad of my own free will when I chose to become your grace's squire, and of that same will I mean to stop being so and go back home."

"That suits you," answered Sansón, "because to think that I am going back to mine until I have beaten Don Quixote black and blue is to think of what will never be; and it is not the wish that he recover his wits that will now lead me to look for him, but the wish for revenge, for the great pain in my ribs leaves no room for more charitable reflections."

Talking of this the two of them went on until they reached a village where they had the luck to find a bonesetter, who treated the unfortunate Sansón. Tomé Cecial went back and left him, and he stayed behind brooding over his revenge; and the history will speak of him again in its own good time, so as not to miss rejoicing now with Don Quixote.

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

With the joy, contentment, and pride that have been described, Don Quixote went on his way, imagining himself, because of his recent victory, to be the most valiant knight-errant the world had in that age; he counted as finished and brought to a happy end every adventure that might befall him from then on; he thought little of enchantments and enchanters; he no longer remembered the countless beatings he had been given in the course of his chivalries, nor the stone that knocked out half his teeth, nor the ingratitude of the galley slaves, nor the insolence and rain of stakes of the Yangüeses. In short, he said to himself that if he could find the art, means, or manner of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he would not envy the greatest good fortune that the most fortunate knight-errant of past ages ever attained or could attain. He was wholly taken up with these imaginings when Sancho said to him:

"Isn't it something, sir, that I still have before my eyes the monstrous nose, bigger than the standard size, of my crony Tomé Cecial?"

"And do you by any chance believe, Sancho, that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire your crony Tomé Cecial?"

"I don't know what to say to that," answered Sancho. "I only know that the marks he gave me of my house, my wife, and my children no one could have given me but the man himself; and his

face, with the nose taken off, was the very face of Tomé Cecial, just as I've seen it many times in my village, with only a wall between his house and mine; and the tone of his voice was all one."

"Let us be reasonable, Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "Come here: by what reckoning can it be that the bachelor Sansón Carrasco should come as a knight-errant, armed with arms offensive and defensive, to fight with me? Have I by any chance been his enemy? Have I ever given him cause to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival, or does he make a profession of arms, that he should envy the fame I have won by them?"

"Well, what are we to say, sir," answered Sancho, "about that knight, whoever he may be, looking so much like the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire like Tomé Cecial, my crony? And if it's an enchantment, as your grace has said, weren't there two other people in the world for them to look like?"

"It is all the artifice and contrivance," answered Don Quixote, "of the malignant magicians who persecute me, who, foreseeing that I was to come out the victor in the contest, arranged for the vanquished knight to show the face of my friend the bachelor, so that the friendship I bear him would come between the edges of my sword and the rigor of my arm, and temper the just wrath of my heart, and in this way the man who with frauds and falsehoods was trying to take my life would keep his own. As proof of which, you already know, O Sancho, by an experience that will not let you lie or be deceived, how easy it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the beautiful ugly and the ugly beautiful, since not two days ago you saw with your own eyes the beauty and gallantry of the peerless Dulcinea in all its perfection and natural form, while I saw her in the ugliness and lowliness of a coarse peasant girl, her eyes clouded with cataracts and her breath foul; and, what is more, it is no great matter for the perverse enchanter who dared to work so wicked a transformation to have worked this

one of Sansón Carrasco and your crony, so as to snatch the glory of the victory out of my hands. But for all that, I take comfort, because, after all, whatever shape he may have had, I have come out the victor over my enemy."

"God knows the truth of everything," answered Sancho.

And since he knew that Dulcinea's transformation had been his own contrivance and trickery, his master's chimeras did not satisfy him; but he did not want to answer him back, so as not to say some word that might give away his fraud.

They were in the midst of this talk when they were overtaken by a man who was coming along the same road behind them, on a very handsome speckled gray mare, dressed in a coat of fine green cloth trimmed with strips of tawny velvet, with a hunting cap of the same velvet; the mare's trappings were for the field and for short-stirrup riding, likewise in purple and green. He wore a Moorish cutlass hanging from a broad baldric of green and gold, and his buskins were worked like the baldric; his spurs were not gilt but coated with a green varnish, so smooth and burnished that, matching as they did the whole costume, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold. When he came up to them, the traveler greeted them courteously and, spurring his mare, was passing them by; but Don Quixote said to him:

"Gallant sir, if your grace is traveling our road and is in no particular hurry, I should take it as a favor if we went together."

"Truly," answered the man on the mare, "I would not have passed you by so quickly if it had not been for fear that the company of my mare might excite that horse."

"You can perfectly well, sir," Sancho put in at this point, "you can perfectly well hold your mare's reins, because our horse is the most chaste and well-behaved in the world: never on such occasions has he done anything low, and the one time he forgot himself and did, my master and I paid for it sevenfold. I say again that your

grace can stop if you like, for even if she were served up to him between two plates, you can be sure the horse wouldn't so much as look at her."

The traveler drew rein, marveling at Don Quixote's bearing and face, for he was riding without his helmet, which Sancho carried like a piece of luggage on the front bow of the gray's packsaddle; and if the man in green looked hard at Don Quixote, Don Quixote looked much harder at the man in green, who seemed to him a man of substance. His age appeared to be about fifty; his gray hairs were few, and his face hawkish; his look between cheerful and grave; in short, his dress and bearing showed him to be a man of good parts.

What the man in green made of Don Quixote of La Mancha was that he had never seen a man of such a manner or appearance: he marveled at the length of his horse, the height of his body, the leanness and sallowness of his face, his arms, his air and bearing: a figure and portrait not seen for long ages past in that land. Don Quixote was well aware of the attention with which the traveler was looking at him, and read his wish in his wonder; and, being so courteous and so fond of pleasing everyone, before he could ask him anything, he went out to meet him, saying:

"This figure your grace has seen in me is so new and so far removed from those in common use that I would not be surprised if it had surprised you; but your grace will cease to be surprised when I tell you, as I do tell you, that I am a knight

"of those of whom the people say
that they ride forth on their adventures.

"I left my homeland, I pledged my estate, I gave up my comfort, and I delivered myself into the arms of Fortune, to carry me wherever she might please. I wished to bring back to life the now dead knight-errantry, and for many days now, stumbling here, falling

there, plunging headlong in one place and getting up in another, I have fulfilled a great part of my desire, succoring widows, protecting damsels, and aiding wives, orphans, and wards, the proper and natural office of knights-errant; and so, by my many valiant and Christian exploits, I have earned the right to go about in print in nearly all, or most, of the nations of the world. Thirty thousand copies of my history have been printed, and it is on its way to being printed thirty thousand times thousands, if heaven does not prevent it. In short, to sum it all up in a few words, or in one, I say that I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, by another name called the Knight of the Sorry Figure; and though self-praise debases, I am obliged at times to speak my own, and that is understood to be when there is no one present to speak it for me; and so, my good gentleman, neither this horse, this lance, nor this shield, nor squire, nor all these arms together, nor the sallowness of my face, nor my wasted leanness, will be able to astonish you from now on, now that you know who I am and the profession I follow."

When he had said this Don Quixote fell silent, and the man in green, from how long he took to answer, seemed to be at a loss for a reply; but after a good while he said to him:

"You were right, sir knight, in reading my wish from my wonder; but you have not succeeded in removing the amazement that seeing you causes me; for although, as you say, sir, knowing who you are might remove it, it has not been so; on the contrary, now that I know, I am left more astonished and amazed. How can it be possible that there are knights-errant in the world today, and that there are printed histories of real deeds of chivalry? I cannot persuade myself that there is anyone on earth today who aids widows, protects damsels, honors wives, or succors orphans, and I would not believe it had I not seen it in your grace with my own eyes. Blessed be heaven! For with this history your grace says is in print, of your high and true chivalries, the countless ones of the ficti-

tious knights-errant must have been consigned to oblivion, the ones the world was full of, so much to the harm of good morals and to the prejudice and discredit of good histories."

"There is a great deal to be said," answered Don Quixote, "on the question of whether the histories of knights-errant are fictitious or not."

"Why, is there anyone who doubts," answered the man in green, "that such histories are false?"

"I doubt it," answered Don Quixote, "and let us leave it there; for if our journey lasts, I hope in God to make your grace understand that you have done wrong in going along with the current of those who take it for certain that they are not true."

From this last remark of Don Quixote's the traveler began to suspect that Don Quixote must be some kind of madman, and waited for him to confirm it with others; but before they could turn to other topics, Don Quixote begged him to tell him who he was, since he himself had told him of his condition and his life. To which the Knight of the Green Coat answered:

"I, Señor Knight of the Sorry Figure, am a hidalgo, a native of a village where we shall go to dine today, God willing. I am more than moderately rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda; I spend my life with my wife, and with my children, and with my friends; my pastimes are hunting and fishing, but I keep neither falcon nor greyhounds, only some tame decoy partridge or a bold ferret. I have some six dozen books, some in Spanish and some in Latin, some of history and others of devotion; books of chivalry have not yet crossed the threshold of my doors. I leaf through the secular ones more than the devotional, provided they are of decent entertainment, delight with their language, and astonish and hold one with their invention, though there are very few of these in Spain. Sometimes I dine with my neighbors and friends, and often I invite them; my entertainments are neat and clean, and

not at all stingy; I do not care for gossip, nor do I allow anyone to gossip in my presence; I do not pry into other people's lives, nor am I a lynx for the doings of others; I hear Mass every day; I share my goods with the poor, without making a show of good works, so as not to give entry into my heart to hypocrisy and vainglory, enemies that gently take possession of the most guarded heart; I try to make peace between those I know to be at odds; I am devoted to Our Lady, and I trust always in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was most attentive to the account of the hidalgo's life and pastimes; and, thinking it a good and holy life, and that the man who led it must work miracles, he flung himself off the gray and in great haste ran to seize his right stirrup, and with a devout heart and almost in tears kissed his feet again and again. Seeing this, the hidalgo asked him:

"What are you doing, brother? What are these kisses?"

"Let me kiss," answered Sancho, "because your grace seems to me the first saint riding short-stirrup that I've seen in all the days of my life."

"I am no saint," answered the hidalgo, "but a great sinner; it is you, brother, who must be good, as your simplicity shows."

Sancho went back to his packsaddle, having drawn laughter out of the deep melancholy of his master and caused Don Diego fresh astonishment. Don Quixote asked him how many children he had, and told him that one of the things in which the ancient philosophers, who lacked the true knowledge of God, placed the highest good was the goods of nature, the goods of fortune, having many friends, and having many good children.

"I, Señor Don Quixote," answered the hidalgo, "have one son, and if I did not have him I might perhaps think myself happier than I am; not because he is bad, but because he is not as good as I would like. He must be about eighteen: six of those years he has

spent in Salamanca learning the Latin and Greek languages; and when I wanted him to go on to study other sciences, I found him so wrapped up in that of poetry, if it can be called a science, that it is not possible to make him face that of law, which I would like him to study, nor the queen of them all, theology. I would like him to be the crown of his lineage, since we live in an age in which our kings richly reward virtuous and good letters; for letters without virtue are pearls on a dunghill. His whole day goes in settling whether Homer put a given line of the *Iliad* well or badly, whether Martial was or was not indecent in a given epigram, whether this or that passage of Virgil should be taken one way or the other. In short, all his conversation is with the books of those poets I have named, and with those of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus; for of the modern poets in Spanish he takes little account; and for all the dislike he seems to have for poetry in Spanish, his thoughts are now all in a whirl with writing a glosa on four lines that have been sent to him from Salamanca, and I think they are for a literary joust."

To all of which Don Quixote replied:

"Children, sir, are pieces of their parents' flesh, and so they are to be loved, whether they are good or bad, just as we love the souls that give us life; the parents' part is to set them from childhood on the paths of virtue, of good breeding, and of good and Christian ways, so that when grown they may be a staff to their fathers and mothers in old age and a glory to those who come after; and as for forcing them to study this or that science, I do not hold it wise, though persuading them will do no harm; and when one does not have to study *pane lucrando* (to earn one's bread), the student being so fortunate that heaven has given him parents who leave him bread enough, I would be of the opinion that they should let him follow the science to which they see him most inclined; and although that of poetry is less useful than delightful, it is not one

of those that usually dishonor whoever possesses it. Poetry, Señor Hidalgo, in my opinion, is like a tender young maiden, extremely beautiful in every way, whom many other maidens, who are all the other sciences, take care to enrich, polish, and adorn, and she is to make use of them all, and all are to gain authority from her; but this maiden does not want to be handled, nor dragged through the streets, nor proclaimed at the corners of the squares or in the nooks of palaces. She is made of an alchemy of such virtue that whoever knows how to treat her will turn her into the purest gold of inestimable price; he who has her must keep her within bounds, not letting her run into base satires or soulless sonnets; she must not be for sale in any way, unless it be in heroic poems, in mournful tragedies, or in merry and ingenious comedies; she must not let herself be handled by buffoons, nor by the ignorant common herd, incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures shut up in her. And do not think, sir, that by the common herd I mean here only plebeian and humble folk; for anyone who does not know, even if he be a lord or a prince, can and must be counted among the common herd. And so whoever treats and keeps poetry with the requirements I have stated will be famous, and his name esteemed in all the civilized nations of the world. And as to what you say, sir, that your son does not much esteem poetry in Spanish, I take it that he is not very right in that, and the reason is this: the great Homer, being Greek, did not write in Latin, and Virgil, being a Latin, did not write in Greek. In short, every one of the ancient poets wrote in the tongue he had drunk in with his mother's milk, and did not go looking for foreign ones to express the loftiness of their conceptions. And this being so, it would be reasonable for this custom to extend to all nations, and for the German poet not to be held cheap for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayan who writes in his. But your son, as I imagine, sir, cannot be at odds with poetry in Spanish, but rather with

poets who are mere writers of Spanish verse, without knowing other languages or other sciences to adorn and awaken and assist their natural gift; and even in this there may be error, because, according to a true opinion, the poet is born: they mean that the natural poet comes out of his mother's womb a poet, and, with that inclination heaven gave him, without more study or art, composes things that prove right the one who said: *est Deus in nobis* (there is a god in us)..., et cetera. I also say that the natural poet who helps himself with art will be much better, and will surpass the poet who tries to be one only because he knows the art; the reason is that art does not surpass nature, but perfects it; so that nature and art mixed together, art with nature, will produce a most perfect poet. Let the conclusion of my discourse be, then, Señor Hidalgo, that your grace should let your son walk where his star calls him; for, being as good a student as he must be, and having already happily climbed the first step of learning, which is that of languages, with them he will climb by himself to the summit of humane letters, which look so well on a gentleman of cape and sword, and adorn, honor, and exalt him as miters do bishops or gowns learned jurists. Let your grace scold your son if he writes satires that harm the honor of others, and punish him, and tear them up; but if he writes sermons in the manner of Horace, in which he reproves vices in general, as Horace did so elegantly, praise him; for it is lawful for the poet to write against envy and to speak ill of the envious in his verses, and likewise of the other vices, provided he points at no particular person; but there are poets who, for the sake of saying one malicious thing, will run the risk of being banished to the islands of Pontus. If the poet is chaste in his ways, he will be so in his verses as well; the pen is the tongue of the soul: whatever the conceptions begotten in it, such will be its writings; and when kings and princes see the miraculous science of poetry in prudent, virtuous, and grave persons, they honor

them, esteem them, and enrich them, and even crown them with the leaves of the tree the lightning does not harm, as a sign that those whose temples they see honored and adorned with such crowns are not to be harmed by anyone."

The man in the green coat was astonished at Don Quixote's discourse, so much so that he began to abandon the opinion he had held of him, that he was a madman. But in the middle of this talk Sancho, since it was not much to his taste, had left the road to ask a little milk of some shepherds close by who were milking ewes; and just as the hidalgo, exceedingly pleased with Don Quixote's good sense and sound reasoning, was about to take up the conversation again, Don Quixote, raising his head, saw coming along the road they were traveling a cart full of royal flags; and, believing it must be some new adventure, he shouted loudly for Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho, hearing himself called, left the shepherds, spurred the gray in all haste, and came up to where his master was, to whom there befell a terrifying and preposterous adventure.

Chapter XVII. In which is declared the last point and extreme that Don Quixote's unheard-of courage reached and could reach, with the happily concluded adventure of the lions

The history tells that when Don Quixote was shouting for Sancho to fetch him the helmet, Sancho happened to be buying curds from the shepherds; and, harried by his master's great haste, he did not know what to do with them or what to carry them in, and, so as not to lose them, since he had already paid for them, he decided to put them into his master's helmet; and with this fine provision he went back to see what his master wanted of him, who, as soon as he came up, said to him:

"Hand me that helmet, my friend, for unless I know very little about adventures, what I make out over there is one that will oblige me, and does oblige me, to take up my arms."

The man in the green coat, hearing this, cast his eyes in every direction and made out nothing but a cart coming toward them with two or three small flags, which gave him to understand that the cart must be carrying His Majesty's money; and so he told Don Quixote; but Don Quixote did not believe him, always believing and thinking that everything that befell him must be adventures and more adventures; and so he answered the hidalgo:

"A man forewarned is half the battle won: nothing is lost by my being forewarned, for experience has taught me that I have ene-

mies both visible and invisible, and I cannot tell when, or where, or at what time, or in what shapes they will attack me."

And, turning to Sancho, he asked him for the helmet; and Sancho, since he had had no chance to take the curds out, was obliged to give it to him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and without noticing what was inside, clapped it on his head in all haste; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run all down Don Quixote's face and beard, which gave him such a fright that he said to Sancho:

"What can this be, Sancho, for it seems that my skull is going soft, or my brains are melting, or I am sweating all over from top to toe? And if I am sweating, truly it is not from fear; I believe beyond doubt that the adventure about to befall me now is a terrible one. If you have anything I can wipe myself with, give it to me, for the copious sweat is blinding my eyes."

Sancho said nothing and gave him a cloth, and gave thanks to God along with it that his master had not caught on. Don Quixote wiped himself and took off the helmet to see what it was that, as it seemed to him, was chilling his head, and, seeing that white mush inside the helmet, he raised it to his nose, and on smelling it said:

"By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, these are curds you have put in here for me, you traitor, you scoundrel, you ill-mannered squire."

To which Sancho, with great phlegm and pretense, answered:

"If they're curds, let your grace hand them over and I'll eat them... But no, the devil can eat them, since he must be the one who put them there. Me, have the nerve to dirty your grace's helmet? You've found your bold man, all right! On my faith, sir, from what God gives me to understand, I must have enchanters persecuting me too, as your grace's creature and member, and they'll have put that filth there to rouse your patience to anger and make you pound my ribs, as you usually do. Well, truly, this time they've

jumped and missed, for I trust in my master's good sense, and he'll have considered that I have no curds, or milk, or anything like it, and that if I had, I'd sooner put it in my stomach than in the helmet."

"Anything may be," said Don Quixote.

And the hidalgo was watching it all, and marveling at it all, especially when, after Don Quixote had wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, he clapped it on; and, settling himself firmly in the stirrups, trying his sword in its scabbard and grasping his lance, he said:

"Now come what may, for here I stand, ready to take on Satan himself in person."

At this the cart with the flags came up, and there was no one with it but the carter, on the mules, and a man sitting at the front. Don Quixote planted himself in front of it and said:

"Where are you going, brothers? What cart is this, what are you carrying in it, and what flags are these?"

To which the carter answered:

"The cart is mine; what's in it is two fierce caged lions that the general of Oran is sending to court as a present for His Majesty; the flags are the king our lord's, as a sign that something of his goes here."

"And are the lions big?" asked Don Quixote.

"So big," answered the man at the door of the cage, "that none bigger, or as big, have ever crossed from Africa into Spain; and I'm the lion keeper, and I've brought others across, but none like these. They're a female and a male; the male is in this first cage, and the female in the one behind; and they're hungry now because they haven't eaten today; so let your grace stand aside, for we have to get quickly to where we can feed them."

To which Don Quixote said, smiling a little:

“Lion cubs at me? At me, lion cubs, and at this hour? Well, by God, those gentlemen who send them this way shall see whether I am a man to be frightened of lions! Get down, my good man, and since you are the lion keeper, open those cages and turn those beasts out for me, for in the middle of this field I will make them know who Don Quixote of La Mancha is, in spite and despite of the enchanters who send them to me.”

“Aha!” said the hidalgo to himself at this point. “Our good knight has given a sign of who he is: the curds, no doubt, have softened his skull and ripened his brains.”

At this Sancho came up to him and said:

“Sir, for God’s sake, let your grace see to it that my master Don Quixote doesn’t take on these lions, for if he does, they’ll make mincemeat of the lot of us right here.”

“Why, is your master so mad,” answered the hidalgo, “that you fear and believe he will take on such fierce animals?”

“He isn’t mad,” answered Sancho, “just daring.”

“I will see to it that he is not,” replied the hidalgo.

And, going up to Don Quixote, who was hurrying the lion keeper to open the cages, he said to him:

“Sir knight, knights-errant should undertake adventures that hold out hope of coming out of them well, and not those that take it away altogether; for valor that strays into the jurisdiction of rashness has more of madness than of fortitude. What is more, these lions are not coming against your grace, nor do they dream of it: they are going as a present to His Majesty, and it will not be right to stop them or hinder their journey.”

“Let your grace go, Señor Hidalgo,” answered Don Quixote, “and attend to your tame decoy partridge and your bold ferret, and leave each man to do his own office. This is mine, and I know whether these señores lions are coming at me or not.”

And, turning to the lion keeper, he said to him:

"I swear, Don Rogue, that if you do not open the cages right now, this very moment, I will stitch you to the cart with this lance!"

The carter, seeing the determination of that armed phantom, said to him:

"My lord, may your grace be pleased, for charity's sake, to let me unyoke the mules and get myself to safety with them before the lions are unsheathed, because if they kill them for me, I'll be ruined for the rest of my life; for I have no other property but this cart and these mules."

"O man of little faith!" answered Don Quixote. "Get down and unyoke, and do as you please, for soon you will see that you labored in vain and might have spared yourself the trouble."

The carter got down and unyoked in great haste, and the lion keeper said in a loud voice:

"Let all here be my witnesses that I am opening the cages and loosing the lions unwillingly and by force, and that I protest to this gentleman that all the harm and damage these beasts do shall run and go on his account, with my wages and fees besides. Let your graces, sirs, get to safety before I open, for I'm sure they won't do me any harm."

Once again the hidalgo urged him not to do such a mad thing, for it was tempting God to undertake such folly. To which Don Quixote answered that he knew what he was doing. The hidalgo answered that he should think it over well, for he understood that he was mistaken.

"Now, sir," replied Don Quixote, "if your grace does not wish to be a spectator of what in your opinion is to be a tragedy, spur on your gray mare and get to safety."

Hearing this, Sancho, with tears in his eyes, begged him to give up such an enterprise, compared to which the one of the windmills, and the fearful one of the fulling mills, and, in short, all the

feats he had undertaken in the whole course of his life, had been cakes and fancy bread.

"Look, sir," Sancho was saying, "there's no enchantment here, nor anything like it; for I've seen through the bars and cracks of the cage the claw of a real lion, and from it I gather that the lion that claw must belong to is bigger than a mountain."

"Fear, at least," answered Don Quixote, "will make him look bigger to you than half the world. Withdraw, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here, you already know our old agreement: you will go to Dulcinea, and I say no more."

To these he added other words with which he took away all hope that he would give up pursuing his wild intent. The man in the green coat would have liked to oppose him, but he saw that he was no match in arms, and it did not seem to him wise to take on a madman, which Don Quixote now seemed to him in every respect; and Don Quixote, hurrying the lion keeper once again and repeating his threats, gave the hidalgo occasion to spur his mare, and Sancho his gray, and the carter his mules, all of them trying to get as far from the cart as they could before the lions came out of their crates.

Sancho was weeping for his master's death, which this time he believed beyond doubt was coming in the lions' claws; he cursed his luck and called it an unlucky hour when it came into his head to serve him again; but for all his weeping and lamenting he did not stop thrashing the gray to get him away from the cart. The lion keeper, then, seeing that those who were fleeing were now well away, again demanded of Don Quixote and gave him formal notice of what he had already demanded and given him notice of, and Don Quixote answered that he heard him, and that he should not trouble himself with any more notices and demands, for it would all be of little use, and that he should hurry.

In the time the lion keeper took to open the first cage, Don Quixote was considering whether it would be better to do battle on foot rather than on horseback; and in the end he resolved to do it on foot, fearing that Rocinante would take fright at the sight of the lions. So he leaped off his horse, flung down his lance, and braced his shield on his arm, and, drawing his sword, step by step, with marvelous boldness and a valiant heart, he went and took his stand before the cart, commending himself wholeheartedly to God, and after Him to his lady Dulcinea.

And it should be known that, on reaching this point, the author of this true history exclaims and says: "O strong and, beyond all praise, courageous Don Quixote of La Mancha, mirror in which all the valiant of the world may look at themselves, a second and new Don Manuel de León, who was the glory and honor of Spanish knights! With what words shall I tell this so fearful feat, or with what reasons shall I make it credible to the ages to come, or what praises can there be that do not suit and fit you, though they be hyperboles above all hyperboles? You on foot, you alone, you intrepid, you magnanimous, with only a sword, and not one of the sharp ones with the little dog's mark, with a shield not of very bright and polished steel, stand waiting and watching for the two fiercest lions the African forests ever bred. Let your own deeds be the ones to praise you, valiant Manchegan, for I leave them here as they stand, for lack of words with which to extol them."

Here the said exclamation of the author ceased, and he went on, taking up the thread of the history again, saying that the lion keeper, seeing Don Quixote now in position, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion on pain of falling into the disfavor of the angry and daring knight, flung wide the first cage, in which, as has been said, the lion was, who appeared to be of extraordinary size and of a frightful and ugly aspect. The first thing he did was to turn around in the cage where he had been lying, and put

out his claw, and stretch himself all over; then he opened his mouth and yawned very slowly, and with nearly two spans of tongue that he put out he wiped the dust from his eyes and washed his face; this done, he put his head out of the cage and looked all around with eyes like live coals, a sight and a bearing to strike terror into rashness itself. Only Don Quixote watched him attentively, wishing he would leap down from the cart at once and come to grips with him, between whose hands he meant to tear him to pieces.

This was as far as the extreme of his never-seen madness went. But the noble lion, more courteous than arrogant, paying no heed to childishness or bravado, after looking this way and that, as has been said, turned his back and showed his hind parts to Don Quixote, and with great phlegm and calm stretched out once more in the cage. At this Don Quixote ordered the lion keeper to beat him with a stick and provoke him into coming out.

"That I won't do," answered the lion keeper, "because if I goad him, the first one he'll tear to pieces will be me. Let your grace, sir knight, be content with what has been done, which is all that can be said in the way of valor, and don't try your fortune a second time. The lion has the door open: it's up to him to come out or not; but since he hasn't come out so far, he won't come out all day. The greatness of your grace's heart is already well declared: no brave fighter, as far as I understand it, is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy and wait for him in the field; and if the adversary doesn't come, the infamy stays with him, and the one who waits wins the crown of victory."

"That is the truth," answered Don Quixote. "Close the door, my friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do here; namely, that you opened for the lion, I waited for him, he did not come out; I waited for him again, again he did not come out, and he lay down again. I owe no more, and

away with enchantments, and God help reason and truth and true chivalry; and close it, as I have said, while I signal to those who fled and are absent, so that they may learn of this feat from your mouth."

The lion keeper did so, and Don Quixote, fixing on the point of his lance the cloth with which he had wiped his face of the rain of curds, began to call to the others, who did not stop fleeing nor turning their heads at every step, all in a troop and driven along ahead of the hidalgo; but Sancho, catching sight of the signal of the white cloth, said:

"May they kill me if my master hasn't beaten the wild beasts, since he's calling us."

They all stopped and saw that the one making the signals was Don Quixote; and, losing some of their fear, little by little they came nearer until they could clearly hear the shouts of Don Quixote, who was calling them. At last they came back to the cart, and when they arrived Don Quixote said to the carter:

"Yoke your mules again, brother, and go on your way; and you, Sancho, give him two gold escudos, for himself and for the lion keeper, in recompense for the delay they have suffered on my account."

"Those I'll give with very good will," answered Sancho. "But what's become of the lions? Are they dead or alive?"

Then the lion keeper, in detail and at his leisure, told the end of the contest, exaggerating as best he could and knew how the valor of Don Quixote, at the sight of whom the lion, cowed, would not and dared not come out of the cage, though the door of the cage had been open a good while; and he said that, because he had told that knight it was tempting God to provoke the lion into coming out by force, as he wanted him provoked, much against his will and contrary to all his wishes he had allowed the door to be closed.

“What do you think of that, Sancho?” said Don Quixote. “Are there enchantments that can prevail against true valor? The enchanters may well take good fortune from me, but effort and courage, that will be impossible.”

Sancho gave the escudos, the carter yoked his mules, the lion keeper kissed Don Quixote’s hands for the favor received and promised to tell of that valiant feat to the king himself when he found himself at court.

“Then if by chance His Majesty should ask who performed it, tell him the Knight of the Lions, for from now on I wish the name I have had until now, of the Knight of the Sorry Figure, to be exchanged, changed, turned, and transformed into this; and in this I follow the ancient custom of knights-errant, who changed their names when they liked, or when it suited them.”

The cart went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and the man in the green coat went on theirs.

In all this time Don Diego de Miranda had not said a word, wholly intent on watching and noting the deeds and words of Don Quixote, who seemed to him a sane madman and a madman verging on sanity. The first part of his history had not yet come to his notice; for had he read it, the wonder his deeds and words caused him would have ceased, since he would have known what kind of madness it was; but since he did not know, he took him now for sane and now for mad, because what he said was well reasoned, elegant, and well put, and what he did was absurd, rash, and foolish. And he said to himself:

“What greater madness can there be than to put on a helmet full of curds and persuade oneself that enchanters were softening one’s skull? And what greater rashness and folly than to want to fight lions by main force?”

Don Quixote drew him out of these imaginings and this soliloquy, saying to him:

“Who doubts, Señor Don Diego de Miranda, that your grace holds me in your opinion to be an absurd madman? And it would be no great wonder if it were so, for my deeds can bear witness to nothing else. Yet, for all that, I would have your grace observe that I am not as mad or as witless as I must have seemed to you. It looks well for a gallant knight, before the eyes of his king, in the middle of a great square, to give a fierce bull a successful thrust of the lance; it looks well for a knight, clad in shining armor, to run the tilt in merry jousts before the ladies; and all those knights look well who, in military exercises, or what look like them, entertain and gladden and, if one may say so, honor the courts of their princes; but above all these looks better a knight-errant who, through deserts, through wildernesses, through crossroads, through forests and through mountains, goes seeking perilous adventures with the intention of bringing them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, only to win glorious and lasting fame. Better looks, I say, a knight-errant succoring a widow in some lonely place than a courtier knight paying compliments to a maiden in the cities. All knights have their particular exercises: let the courtier serve the ladies; let him lend dignity to his king’s court with liveries; let him sustain poor gentlemen with the splendid fare of his table; let him arrange jousts, hold tournaments, and show himself great, liberal, and magnificent, and above all a good Christian, and in this way he will fulfill his precise obligations. But let the knight-errant seek out the corners of the world; let him enter the most tangled labyrinths; let him attempt the impossible at every step; let him withstand in the deserted wastes the burning rays of the sun in midsummer, and in winter the harsh inclemency of the winds and the frosts; let lions not daunt him, nor monsters frighten him, nor dragons terrify him, for to seek out the latter, attack the former, and vanquish them all are his principal and true exercises. I, then, since it fell to my lot to be one of

the number of knight-errantry, cannot fail to undertake all that seems to me to fall within the jurisdiction of my exercises; and so attacking the lions I attacked just now was my direct concern, though I knew it to be exorbitant rashness, for I know well what valor is, that it is a virtue set between two vicious extremes, which are cowardice and rashness; but it is less bad for the valiant man to rise to the point of rashness than to sink and touch the point of cowardice; for, just as it is easier for the prodigal than for the miser to become liberal, so it is easier for the rash man to turn into a truly valiant one than for the coward to rise to true valor; and in this matter of undertaking adventures, believe me, your grace, Señor Don Diego, one had better lose the hand by holding one card too many than one too few, for 'such a knight is rash and daring' sounds better in the ears of those who hear it than 'such a knight is timid and cowardly.'"

"I say, Señor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all that your grace has said and done is leveled by the balance of reason itself, and I believe that if the ordinances and laws of knight-errantry were lost, they would be found in your grace's breast as in their own depository and archive. And let us hurry, for it is getting late, and let us reach my village and house, where your grace will rest from your recent labor, which, if it has not been of the body, has been of the spirit, and that sometimes overflows into weariness of the body."

"I hold the offer a great favor and kindness, Señor Don Diego," answered Don Quixote.

And, spurring on more than they had until then, it must have been about two in the afternoon when they reached the village and the house of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote called the Knight of the Green Coat.

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

Don Quixote found Don Diego de Miranda's house to be roomy, in the village manner, with his coat of arms, though of rough stone, over the street door; the wine store in the courtyard, the cellar under the entrance, and many earthenware jars all around, which, being from El Toboso, revived in him the memory of his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea; and, sighing, and without heeding what he was saying or in whose presence he was, he said:

"O sweet tokens, found to my sorrow,

"sweet and joyful when God willed!

"O jars of El Toboso, that have brought to my memory the sweet token of my greatest bitterness!"

These words were overheard by Don Diego's son, the student poet, who had come out to welcome him together with his mother, and mother and son were left astounded at the sight of Don Quixote's strange figure; who, dismounting from Rocinante, went with great courtesy to ask for her hands to kiss them, and Don Diego said:

"Receive, madam, with your customary kindness Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, for this is he whom you see before you, a knight-errant, and the most valiant and the most sensible the world holds."

The lady, whose name was Doña Cristina, received him with signs of much affection and much courtesy, and Don Quixote

offered his services to her in a great many sensible and courteous phrases. Almost the same courtesies passed between him and the student, whom Don Quixote, on hearing him speak, took to be sensible and sharp.

Here the author paints every detail of Don Diego's house, painting for us in them all that the house of a rich gentleman farmer contains; but the translator of this history thought best to pass over these and other such trifles in silence, because they did not suit the main purpose of the history, whose strength lies more in truth than in cold digressions.

They brought Don Quixote into a hall; Sancho took off his armor; he was left in Walloon breeches and a chamois doublet, all smeared with the grime of the armor; his collar was a falling band in the student style, without starch and without lace; his buskins were date-colored, and his shoes waxed. He girded on his good sword, which hung from a sealskin baldric, for it is believed he suffered for many years from his kidneys; he put on a short cloak of good brown cloth; but before anything else, with five or six cauldrons of water, for as to the number of cauldrons there is some disagreement, he washed his head and face, and still the water stayed the color of whey, thanks to Sancho's greed and his purchase of those black-hearted curds that had made his master so white. In the said attire, and with fine grace and gallantry, Don Quixote went out into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him while the tables were being laid; for, at the coming of so noble a guest, the lady Doña Cristina wished to show that she knew how, and was able, to regale those who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was taking off his armor, Don Lorenzo, for that was the name of Don Diego's son, had the chance to say to his father:

"Who are we to say, sir, this gentleman is whom your grace has brought home to us? For his name, his figure, and his saying he is a knight-errant have my mother and me astounded."

"I do not know what to tell you, son," answered Don Diego. "I can only tell you that I have seen him do things worthy of the greatest madman in the world, and say things so sensible that they blot out and undo his deeds: you talk to him, and take the pulse of what he knows, and since you are sensible, judge whatever is most reasonable about his good sense or his folly; though, to tell the truth, I take him for mad rather than sane."

With this Don Lorenzo went off to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said, and among other things they talked of, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo:

"Señor Don Diego de Miranda, your grace's father, has told me of the rare ability and subtle wit your grace has, and, above all, that your grace is a great poet."

"A poet, that may well be," answered Don Lorenzo, "but a great one, not in my wildest thoughts. True, I am somewhat fond of poetry and of reading the good poets, but not in such a way that I can be given the name of great that my father gives me."

"I do not dislike that humility," answered Don Quixote, "for there is no poet who is not arrogant and does not think himself the greatest poet in the world."

"There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo, "and there must be one who is a great poet and does not think so."

"Few," answered Don Quixote. "But tell me, your grace, what verses are these you have in hand at present, which your father tells me have made you somewhat restless and pensive? And if it is some glosa, I know something about the business of glosas, and I would be glad to hear them; and if they are for a literary joust, your grace should try to win the second prize, for the first always goes to favor or to the great rank of the person, the second to

plain justice, and the third comes to be the second, and the first, by this reckoning, will be the third, after the manner of the degrees given in the universities; but for all that, the name of first is a great personage."

"So far," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot judge you mad; let us go on."

And he said to him:

"It seems to me your grace has attended the schools: what sciences have you studied?"

"That of knight-errantry," answered Don Quixote, "which is as good as that of poetry, and even two little fingers better."

"I do not know what science that may be," replied Don Lorenzo, "and until now it has not come to my notice."

"It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "that contains within itself all or most of the sciences in the world, because he who professes it must be a jurist and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, so as to give each man what is his and what befits him; he must be a theologian, so as to know how to give a reason for the Christian law he professes, clearly and distinctly, wherever it may be asked of him; he must be a physician, and above all a herbalist, so as to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs that have the virtue of healing wounds, for the knight-errant must not be going around at every turn looking for someone to dress them; he must be an astrologer, so as to tell from the stars how much of the night has gone by, and in what part and what climate of the world he is; he must know mathematics, because at every step he will find himself in need of them; and, leaving aside that he must be adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, and coming down to other trifles, I say that he must know how to swim as they say Nicholas the Fish, or Nicolao, swam; he must know how to shoe a horse and mend saddle and bridle; and, to return to higher things, he must keep faith with God

and with his lady; he must be chaste in his thoughts, decent in his words, liberal in his deeds, valiant in his feats, patient in his labors, charitable to the needy, and, finally, a champion of the truth, though defending it should cost him his life. Of all these great and least parts a good knight-errant is composed; so that your grace may see, Señor Don Lorenzo, whether it is a sniveling science that the knight who studies and professes it learns, and whether it can be put on a level with the loftiest that are taught in the gymnasiums and schools."

"If that is so," replied Don Lorenzo, "I say that this science surpasses them all."

"What do you mean, if that is so?" answered Don Quixote.

"My meaning," said Don Lorenzo, "is that I doubt there have ever been, or that there are now, knights-errant adorned with so many virtues."

"Many times I have said what I say again now," answered Don Quixote, "that most people in the world are of the opinion that there have never been knights-errant in it; and since it seems to me that, unless heaven miraculously gives them to understand the truth that there were and are, any effort one makes must be in vain, as experience has many times shown me, I do not wish to stop now to draw your grace out of the error you share with the many; what I mean to do is pray heaven to draw you out of it, and give you to understand how profitable and how necessary knights-errant were to the world in past ages, and how useful they would be in the present if they were in use; but now, for the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and soft living triumph."

"Our guest has slipped away from us," said Don Lorenzo to himself at this point. "But for all that, he is a splendid madman, and I would be a feeble fool not to think so."

Here they put an end to their talk, for they were called to dinner. Don Diego asked his son what he had made out of the guest's

wits. To which he answered:

"All the doctors and good scriveners in the world won't get him out of the rough draft of his madness: he is a streaky madman, full of lucid intervals."

They went to dinner, and the meal was just as Don Diego had said on the road he usually gave his guests: neat, plentiful, and tasty; but what pleased Don Quixote most was the marvelous silence there was in the whole house, which was like a Carthusian monastery. When, then, the cloths had been removed, and thanks given to God and water to their hands, Don Quixote earnestly begged Don Lorenzo to recite the verses for the literary joust; to which he answered that, so as not to seem one of those poets who, when they are begged to recite their verses, refuse, and when no one asks for them, spew them up… "I will recite my glosa, for which I expect no prize, since I wrote it only to exercise my wits."

"A sensible friend of mine," answered Don Quixote, "was of the opinion that no one should weary himself glossing verses; and the reason, he said, was that the glosa could never come up to the text, and that many times, or most times, the glosa strayed from the intent and purpose of what the glossed lines called for; and besides, that the laws of the glosa were too narrow: they allowed no questions, nor *said he*, nor *I shall say*, nor making nouns of verbs, nor changing the sense, with other bonds and restrictions by which those who write glosas are tied, as your grace must know."

"Truly, Señor Don Quixote," said Don Lorenzo, "I keep wanting to catch your grace in a run of bad Latin, and I cannot, for you slip out of my hands like an eel."

"I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, "what your grace is saying, or means, by that business of my slipping."

"I will make myself understood," answered Don Lorenzo. "And for now let your grace attend to the glossed lines and to the glosa,

which go like this:

> “If only my *was* would turn to *is*
> with no more waiting for *will be*,
> or else the time would come at once
> of what is yet to be hereafter…!
>
> “Glosa

“At last, since everything must pass,
there passed the good that Fortune gave,
Fortune, who once was not so sparing,
and never did she give it back,
not in abundance nor by measure.
For ages now you’ve seen me, Fortune,
lying here prostrate at your feet;
make me a fortunate man again,
for happy would my being be
if only my *was* would turn to *is*.
I want no other joy or glory,
no other palm or conquest won,
no other triumph, other victory,
than to return to that content
which is a sorrow in my memory.
If you will take me back to it,
Fortune, then tempered and subdued
is all the fury of my fire,
the more so if this good comes now,
with no more waiting for *will be*.
Impossible the things I ask,
for to bring time back into being
once it has been and is no more,
there is no power on the earth
that ever stretched so far as that.
Time runs, it flies, it goes its way
so light of foot, and won’t return,
and he would err who asked of it

either that time should now be gone
or else the time come back at once.
I live a life perplexed and torn,
now hoping and now fearing still:
it is a death well known to all,
and it is better far, by dying,
to seek a way out of the pain.
It would have been my gain, I think,
to make an end, but it is not,
since, on a wiser reckoning,
what gives me life is very fear
of what is yet to be hereafter."

When Don Lorenzo had finished reciting his glosa, Don Quixote rose to his feet, and, in a raised voice that seemed a shout, clasping Don Lorenzo's right hand in his own, said:

"By the heavens where they are highest, noble youth, you are the best poet on earth, and you deserve to be crowned with laurel, not by Cyprus nor by Gaeta, as a poet said, God forgive him, but by the academies of Athens, if they were alive today, and by those that live today in Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca! Heaven grant that whatever judges deny you the first prize be shot through with Phoebus's arrows, and that the Muses never cross the thresholds of their houses. Recite me, sir, if you please, some verses in a longer meter, for I wish to take the full pulse of your admirable wit."

Is it not a fine thing that they say Don Lorenzo was pleased to hear himself praised by Don Quixote, though he took him for a madman? O power of flattery, how far you reach, and how wide are the bounds of your pleasant jurisdiction! Don Lorenzo bore out

this truth, for he granted Don Quixote's request and wish, reciting for him this sonnet on Pyramus and Thisbe, their fable or story:

Sonnet

The wall is broken by the lovely maid
who opened Pyramus's gallant breast;
Love sets out from Cyprus, going straight
to see the narrow, wondrous breach she made.
There silence speaks, because the voice, afraid,
dare not pass through so strait and narrow a strait;
but souls can pass, for Love is wont indeed
to make the hardest thing an easy one.
Desire went beyond all measure, and the step
of the imprudent virgin courts her death
for her own pleasure; see, what a story:
that both of them at once, O strange event,
are slain, are hidden, and are raised again
by a sword, a sepulcher, a memory.

"Blessed be God!" said Don Quixote, when he had heard Don Lorenzo's sonnet. "For among the countless consumptive poets there are, I have seen one consummate poet, as your grace is, my good sir; for so the artistry of this sonnet gives me to understand."

Four days Don Quixote stayed, most handsomely entertained, in Don Diego's house, at the end of which he asked his leave to go, telling him that he thanked him for the kindness and good treatment he had received in his house, but that, since it was not fitting for knights-errant to give many hours to idleness and luxury, he wished to go and fulfill his office, seeking adventures, of which he had heard that land abounded, and where he hoped to pass the time until the day of the jousts in Zaragoza, which was his direct

destination; but that first he had to enter the cave of Montesinos, of which so many and such wonderful things were told in those parts, also learning and inquiring into the source and true springs of the seven lagoons commonly called the lagoons of Ruidera.

Don Diego and his son praised his honorable resolve, and told him to take from their house and their estate whatever he pleased, for they would serve him with all the goodwill possible; that the worth of his person and his honorable profession obliged them to it.

At last the day of his departure came, as joyful for Don Quixote as it was sad and ill-starred for Sancho Panza, who was very comfortable with the abundance of Don Diego's house and was loath to go back to the hunger customary in forests and wildernesses and to the scantiness of his ill-stocked saddlebags. For all that, he filled them and crammed them with what seemed to him most necessary; and on taking leave Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo:

"I do not know if I have told your grace before, and if I have, I say it again, that whenever your grace wishes to save yourself roads and labors in reaching the inaccessible summit of the temple of Fame, you need do nothing but leave to one side the path of poetry, which is somewhat narrow, and take the very narrow one of knight-errantry, enough to make you an emperor before you can say *hand me the straw*."

With these words Don Quixote finished closing the case for his madness, and still more with those he added, saying:

"God knows I would like to take Señor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how the humble are to be spared and the proud trampled and kicked down, virtues attached to the profession I profess; but since his youth does not call for it, and his praiseworthy pursuits will not allow it, I content myself only with advising your grace that, being a poet, you may be famous if you are guided more by the opinion of others than by your own, because there is

no father or mother to whom their children seem ugly, and in the children of the understanding this deception runs stronger still."

Father and son marveled afresh at Don Quixote's mixed speeches, now sensible and now absurd, and at the obsession and persistence with which he set himself wholly to the search for his unfortunate adventures, which he held to be the end and aim of his desires. Offers and courtesies were repeated, and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho, on Rocinante and the gray, departed.

Chapter XIX. In which is told the adventure of the lovelorn shepherd, with other truly amusing events

Don Quixote had gone only a short distance from Don Diego's village when he met two men who looked like clerics or students, and two peasants, all four riding on asses. One of the students carried, as if in a portmanteau, wrapped in a cloth of green buckram, what seemed to be a little white woolen stuff and two pairs of coarse serge stockings; the other carried nothing but two new black fencing foils, with their buttons. The peasants carried other things, which gave sign and indication that they had bought them in some large town and were on their way home with them to their village; and students and peasants alike fell into the same amazement that seized everyone who saw Don Quixote for the first time, and they were dying to know what man this might be, so unlike the run of other men.

Don Quixote greeted them, and, after learning the road they were taking, which was the same one he was following, he offered them his company and asked them to slow their pace, for their she-asses went faster than his horse; and, to oblige them, he told them in a few words who he was, and his office and profession, which was that of a knight-errant who went seeking adventures in every part of the world. He told them that his proper name was Don Quixote of La Mancha, and his title the Knight of the Lions. All this, for the peasants, was like being spoken to in Greek or in thieves' cant, but not for the students, who at once understood the

weakness of Don Quixote's brain; but for all that, they looked at him with wonder and respect, and one of them said to him:

"If your grace, sir knight, is not traveling a set road, as those who seek adventures usually do not, let your grace come with us: you will see one of the finest and richest weddings ever celebrated to this day in La Mancha, or for many leagues around."

Don Quixote asked him whether it was some prince's wedding, since he made so much of it.

"It is only," answered the student, "that of a peasant and a peasant girl: he the richest in all this country, and she the most beautiful men have ever seen. The display with which it is to be held is extraordinary and new, for it is to be celebrated in a meadow next to the bride's village; they call her Quiteria the Fair, by way of excellence, and the bridegroom is called Camacho the Rich; she is eighteen years old, and he twenty-two; a perfect match, though some busybodies who have the lineages of the whole world by heart will have it that the fair Quiteria's is better than Camacho's; but nobody looks at that now, for riches are able to solder a great many cracks. In effect, this Camacho is open-handed, and he has taken it into his head to roof over the whole meadow with branches, in such a way that the sun will have a hard time of it if it wants to get in to visit the green grass that covers the ground. He has also got up dances, both sword dances and dances with little bells, for there are people in his village who can ring and shake them to perfection; of the clog dancers I say nothing, for the number he has rounded up is beyond belief; but none of these things, nor many others I have left unmentioned, will make this wedding more memorable than what I imagine the desperate Basilio will do at it. This Basilio is a young shepherd from the same village as Quiteria, whose house was wall to wall with that of Quiteria's parents, which gave love occasion to renew for the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilio fell in love with

Quiteria from his first tender years, and she went on answering his desire with a thousand modest favors, so much so that the loves of the two children Basilio and Quiteria were told in the village as a pastime. As they grew older, Quiteria's father resolved to deny Basilio the free entry he had into his house; and, to rid himself of going about wary and full of suspicion, he arranged to marry his daughter to Camacho the Rich, not thinking it good to marry her to Basilio, who was not as well endowed with the goods of fortune as with those of nature; for, if the truth is to be told without envy, he is the most agile young man we know: a great thrower of the bar, a superb wrestler, and a great ball player; he runs like a deer, jumps better than a goat, and knocks down the skittles as if by enchantment; he sings like a lark, and plays a guitar so that he makes it talk, and, above all, he handles a sword with the best of them."

"For that gift alone," said Don Quixote at this point, "this young man deserved to marry not only the fair Quiteria, but Queen Guinevere herself, if she were alive today, in spite of Lancelot and of all who might wish to prevent it."

"Tell that to my wife!" said Sancho Panza, who until then had gone along silent and listening. "She wants nothing but for everyone to marry his equal, sticking to the proverb they quote, 'every ewe with her mate.' What I'd like is for that good Basilio, for I'm already growing fond of him, to marry this lady Quiteria; and may they rest in peace and have good repose, I meant to say the opposite, those who stop people who love each other from marrying."

"If all those who love each other were to marry," said Don Quixote, "parents would be robbed of the choice and jurisdiction of marrying their children to whom and when they ought; and if the choosing of husbands were left to the daughters' will, there would be one who would choose her father's servant, and another the man she saw going by in the street, dashing and haughty to

her eyes, though he were a dissolute swashbuckler; for love and fancy easily blind the eyes of the understanding, so necessary for choosing a state in life, and that of matrimony runs a great risk of going wrong, and great care and the particular favor of heaven are needed to hit on it right. A man wants to make a long journey, and, if he is prudent, before setting out he looks for some safe and agreeable company to travel with; why, then, should he not do the same who has to travel his whole life long, to the last stopping place of death, and all the more if that company is to keep him company in bed, at table, and everywhere, as a wife does her husband? A man's own wife is not merchandise that, once bought, can be returned, or bartered, or exchanged, for she is an inseparable accident that lasts as long as life lasts: she is a noose that, once you put it around your neck, turns into the Gordian knot, which, if death's scythe does not cut it, cannot be untied. I could say many more things on this subject, were it not for the wish I have to know whether the Señor Licentiate has anything more to tell about the story of Basilio."

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

"Of the whole of it there is nothing left for me to tell except that from the moment Basilio learned that the fair Quiteria was marrying Camacho the Rich, no one has seen him laugh or speak a sensible word again, and he goes about always pensive and sad, talking to himself, by which he gives sure and clear signs that his wits have turned: he eats little and sleeps little, and what he eats is fruit, and where he sleeps, if he sleeps, is in the open field, on the hard ground, like a brute beast; now and then he looks up at the sky, and at other times fixes his eyes on the earth in such a trance that he seems nothing but a clothed statue whose garments the wind stirs. In short, he shows such signs of a stricken heart that all

of us who know him fear that tomorrow the fair Quiteria's saying *yes* will be his death sentence."

"God will make it come out better," said Sancho, "for God, who gives the wound, gives the remedy; nobody knows what's to come: between now and tomorrow there are many hours, and in one of them, and even in a moment, the house falls down; I've seen it rain and shine at one and the same time; many a man goes to bed sound at night who can't stir the next day. And tell me, will there be anyone, by any chance, who can boast he has driven a nail into Fortune's wheel? No, certainly not; and between a woman's yes and her no I wouldn't dare put the point of a pin, for it wouldn't fit. Give me Quiteria loving Basilio with a good heart and a good will, and I'll give him a sackful of good luck; for love, so I've heard tell, looks through spectacles that make copper look like gold, poverty like riches, and the gum in your eyes like pearls."

"Where are you heading, Sancho, curse you?" said Don Quixote. "For when you start stringing proverbs and tales together, no one can wait for you but Judas himself, and may he carry you off. Tell me, you animal, what do you know of nails, or wheels, or anything else at all?"

"Oh! Well, if I'm not understood," answered Sancho, "it's no wonder my sayings are taken for nonsense. But it doesn't matter: I understand myself, and I know I haven't said many foolish things in what I've said; only your grace, my master, is always the persecutor of my sayings, and even of my doings."

"*Prosecutor*, you should say," said Don Quixote, "not *persecutor*, you corrupter of good language, God confound you."

"Don't pick on me, your grace," answered Sancho, "for you know I wasn't brought up at court, nor did I study at Salamanca, to know whether I'm adding or taking away a letter in my words. Yes, for, God help me, there's no reason to make the man from Sayago talk

like the man from Toledo, and there may be Toledans who aren't so sharp at this business of polished talk."

"That is so," said the licentiate, "for those brought up in the Tanneries and in Zocodover cannot speak as well as those who stroll almost all day in the cloister of the cathedral, and they are all Toledans. Pure language, proper, elegant, and clear, is found in sensible courtiers, even if they were born in Majalahonda: I said sensible, because there are many who are not, and good sense is the grammar of good language, which goes hand in hand with usage. I, gentlemen, have for my sins studied canon law at Salamanca, and I rather pride myself somewhat on stating my reasons in clear, plain, and meaningful words."

"If you did not pride yourself more on knowing how to wield those black foils you carry than your tongue," said the other student, "you would have come first in your degree, instead of bringing up the tail as you did."

"Look here, Bachelor," answered the licentiate, "you hold the most mistaken opinion in the world about the art of fencing, taking it for a vain thing."

"For me it is not opinion, but settled truth," replied Corchuelo, "and if you want me to show it to you by experience, you carry swords, there is room here, I have wrists and strength which, together with my courage, which is no small thing, will force you to own that I am not deceived. Get down, and use your measured footwork, your circles and your angles and your science; for I hope to make you see stars at noon with my modern, rough-and-ready skill, in which I trust, after God, that the man who will make me show my back has not been born yet, and that there is no one in the world I cannot make give ground."

"Whether you turn your back or not is no affair of mine," replied the swordsman, "though it might be that on the very spot where

you first plant your foot, your grave will be dug for you: I mean that you will be left dead there by the art you despise."

"We shall see now," answered Corchuelo.

And, getting down with great speed from his donkey, he snatched furiously at one of the swords the licentiate was carrying on his.

"It is not to be that way," said Don Quixote at this moment, "for I wish to be the master of this bout of fencing, and the judge of this question so often left unsettled."

And, dismounting from Rocinante and seizing his lance, he took up his post in mid-road, at the very moment when the licentiate, with fine grace of body and measured footwork, was advancing on Corchuelo, who came at him shooting, as the saying goes, fire from his eyes. The other two peasants of the party, without getting down from their she-asses, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The slashes, thrusts, downstrokes, backhand cuts, and two-handed blows that Corchuelo dealt were without number, thicker than liver and faster than hail. He charged like an angry lion, but out came to meet him a mouth-stopper from the button of the licentiate's sword, which checked him in the middle of his fury and made him kiss it as if it were a relic, though not with as much devotion as relics ought to be and usually are kissed.

In the end, the licentiate counted off with thrusts every button of a short cassock he was wearing, slashing its skirts into strips like octopus tails; he knocked his hat off twice, and wore him out so that, from spite, anger, and rage, Corchuelo seized his sword by the hilt and flung it into the air with such force that one of the attending peasants, who was a notary and went to fetch it, afterward testified that he had hurled it almost three quarters of a league; which testimony serves and has served to show and make known in all truth how strength is overcome by art.

Corchuelo sat down, tired out, and Sancho, going up to him, said:

"By my faith, Señor Bachelor, if your grace takes my advice, from now on you won't challenge anybody to fence, only to wrestle or throw the bar, since you have the years and strength for that; for I've heard it said of these ones they call masters of the art that they can thread a sword point through a needle's eye."

"I am content," answered Corchuelo, "to have fallen off my donkey, and that experience has shown me the truth, from which I was so far."

And, rising, he threw his arms around the licentiate, and the two were left better friends than ever; and they did not want to wait for the notary who had gone for the sword, thinking he would be a long time; and so they decided to go on, so as to arrive early at Quiteria's village, where they all came from.

For the rest of the way the licentiate went on telling them the excellences of the sword, with so many demonstrative reasons and so many mathematical figures and demonstrations that they were all convinced of the goodness of the science, and Corchuelo was brought round from his obstinacy.

Night had fallen, but before they arrived it seemed to them all that there was a sky full of countless shining stars in front of the village. They heard, too, confused and gentle sounds of various instruments, such as flutes, tabors, psalteries, shepherds' pipes, tambourines, and jingles; and when they came near they saw that the trees of a bower of branches, set up by hand at the entrance to the village, were all full of lights, which the wind did not trouble, for at that time it blew so gently that it had no strength to stir the leaves of the trees. The musicians were the merrymakers of the wedding, who were going about that pleasant place in various bands, some dancing, and others singing, and others playing the variety of instruments mentioned. In effect, it seemed nothing less

than that joy was running and contentment leaping all over that meadow.

Many others were busy putting up scaffolds from which they could watch in comfort, the next day, the performances and dances that were to be held in that place set apart for solemnizing the wedding of Camacho the Rich and the obsequies of Basilio. Don Quixote would not go into the village, though both the peasant and the bachelor asked him to; but he gave as his excuse, a most sufficient one in his opinion, that knights-errant were accustomed to sleep in fields and forests rather than in towns, even under gilded roofs; and with this he turned off the road a little, much against Sancho's will, as there came back to his memory the good lodging he had had in the castle or house of Don Diego.

Chapter XX. In which is told of the wedding of Camacho the Rich, with what happened to Basilio the Poor

Scarcely had the white dawn given shining Phoebus room to dry, with the ardor of his hot rays, the liquid pearls on her golden hair, when Don Quixote, shaking the sloth from his limbs, rose to his feet and called his squire Sancho, who was still snoring; and seeing this, Don Quixote, before waking him, said to him:

"O you, blessed above all who live upon the face of the earth, for, without envying or being envied, you sleep with a tranquil spirit, and neither do enchanters persecute you nor enchantments alarm you! Sleep, I say again, and I shall say it a hundred times more, with no jealousy of your lady to keep you in constant vigil, nor thoughts of paying debts you owe to keep you awake, nor of what you must do so that you and your small and anxious family may eat tomorrow. Ambition does not trouble you, nor does the vain pomp of the world weary you, for the bounds of your desires reach no further than to feeding your donkey; for the care of your own person you have laid upon my shoulders: a counterweight and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. While the servant sleeps, the master keeps watch, pondering how to sustain him, better him, and do him favors. The anguish of seeing the sky turn to bronze without succoring the earth with the needful dew does not afflict the servant, but the master, who must sustain in barrenness and famine the one who served him in fertility and abundance."

To all this Sancho made no answer, for he was asleep, nor would he have woken so soon if Don Quixote had not brought him to with the butt of his lance. He woke at last, sleepy and sluggish, and, turning his face in every direction, said:

"From the direction of that bower, if I'm not mistaken, there comes a whiff and smell far more of roast bacon than of rushes and thyme: a wedding that starts with smells like these, upon my soul, must be a plentiful and generous one."

"Have done, you glutton," said Don Quixote. "Come, we shall go and see this wedding, to see what the disdained Basilio does."

"Let him do what he likes," answered Sancho. "If he weren't poor, he'd marry Quiteria. Is there nothing more to it than having one cuarto and wanting to rise up to the clouds? On my faith, sir, I'm of the opinion that a poor man ought to be content with what he finds, and not go asking for groundnuts in the open sea. I'll bet an arm that Camacho can wrap Basilio up in reales; and if that's so, as it must be, Quiteria would be a real fool to throw away the finery and jewels Camacho must have given her and can give her, to choose Basilio's bar throwing and foil play. For a good throw of the bar or a neat trick with the sword they won't give you a pint of wine at the tavern. Talents and gifts that can't be sold, let Count Dirlos have them for all I care; but when such gifts fall on someone who has good money, may my life look as good as they do. A good building goes up on a good foundation, and there's no better foundation and footing in the world than money."

"For God's sake, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this point, "finish your harangue; for I am convinced that if you were allowed to go on with the ones you begin at every step, you would have no time left to eat or sleep, for you would spend it all in talking."

"If your grace had a good memory," replied Sancho, "you ought to remember the articles of our agreement before we left home this last time: one of them was that you would let me say every-

thing I liked, so long as it wasn't against my neighbor or against your grace's authority; and so far it seems to me I haven't gone against that article."

"I do not remember any such article, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and, even supposing it is so, I want you to be quiet and come, for the instruments we heard last night are already gladdening the valleys again, and no doubt the wedding will be celebrated in the cool of the morning and not in the heat of the afternoon."

Sancho did what his master ordered, and, putting the saddle on Rocinante and the packsaddle on the gray, the two of them mounted and at a walking pace made their way into the bower.

The first thing that met Sancho's eyes was a whole young bull spitted on a whole elm trunk; and in the fire where it was to be roasted a fair-sized mountain of firewood was burning, and six pots that stood around the blaze had not been cast in the common mold of other pots, for they were six half wine jars, each of which held a whole slaughterhouse of meat: they swallowed up and enclosed whole sheep without a sign of them, as if they were squabs; the hares already skinned and the hens already plucked, hanging from the trees to be buried in the pots, were without number; the birds and game of various kinds were infinite, hung from the trees for the air to cool them.

Sancho counted more than sixty wineskins of over two arrobas each, and all full, as it turned out later, of noble wines; there were also stacks of the whitest bread, the way there are usually heaps of wheat on the threshing floors; the cheeses, set crisscross like bricks, formed a wall, and two cauldrons of oil, bigger than a dyer's vats, served for frying things of dough, which they lifted out fried with two stout shovels and dipped in a second cauldron, of prepared honey, standing alongside.

The men and women cooks numbered more than fifty: all clean, all diligent, and all content. In the bull's distended belly were twelve tender little suckling pigs, sewn in, which served to give it flavor and make it tender. The spices of various kinds seemed to have been bought not by the pound but by the arroba, and they were all on view in a great open chest. In short, the wedding provision was rustic, but so abundant that it could have fed an army.

Sancho Panza looked at it all, and contemplated it all, and loved it all: first the pots captivated and conquered his desire, and he would have very gladly taken a middling potful from them; then the wineskins won his affection; and last of all the pan fruits, if such round-bellied cauldrons could be called pans; and so, unable to bear it any longer and with no power to do otherwise, he went up to one of the busy cooks and, in courteous and hungry words, begged him to let him dip a crust of bread in one of those pots. To which the cook answered:

"Brother, this is not one of those days hunger has any jurisdiction over, thanks to Camacho the Rich. Get down and see if there's a ladle anywhere about, and fish out a hen or two from the skimmings, and much good may they do you."

"I don't see one," answered Sancho.

"Wait," said the cook. "Sinner that I am, what a finicky good-for-nothing you must be!"

And, saying this, he seized a cauldron and, plunging it into one of the half jars, brought up in it three hens and two geese, and said to Sancho:

"Eat, friend, and break your fast with these skimmings until it's time for the midday meal."

"I have nothing to put them in," answered Sancho.

"Then take," said the cook, "ladle and all, for Camacho's wealth and happiness make up for everything."

While Sancho was occupied with this, then, Don Quixote was watching as some twelve peasants rode in at one side of the bower on twelve most beautiful mares, with rich and showy field trappings and many bells on their breastplates, all of them dressed in holiday finery; and in a well-ordered troop they ran not one but many courses over the meadow, with joyful whooping and shouting, crying:

"Long live Camacho and Quiteria! As rich is he as she is fair, and she the fairest in the world!"

Hearing which, Don Quixote said to himself:

"It is plain these people have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso, for if they had, they would hold back in their praises of this Quiteria of theirs."

Shortly after, many different dances began to come in at various sides of the bower, among them a sword dance of some twenty-four young shepherds of gallant looks and spirit, all dressed in fine, very white linen, with their headcloths embroidered in various colors of fine silk; and one of the men on the mares asked the one who led them, a nimble young fellow, whether any of the dancers had been wounded.

"So far, God be blessed, no one has been wounded: we're all sound."

And at once he began to weave in and out among his companions, with so many turns and so much skill that, though Don Quixote was used to seeing such dances, none had ever seemed to him as good as that one.

He also liked another that came in, of very beautiful maidens, so young that, to all appearances, none was under fourteen or had reached eighteen, all dressed in green palmilla cloth, their hair partly braided and partly loose, but all of it so golden that it could rival the sun's, and over it they wore garlands made of jasmine, roses, amaranth, and honeysuckle. They were led by a venerable

old man and an aged matron, but nimbler and livelier than their years promised. A Zamoran bagpipe played the tune for them, and they, carrying modesty in their faces and eyes and lightness in their feet, showed themselves the best dancers in the world.

After this came in another dance, an artful one, of the kind they call spoken dances. It was of eight nymphs, divided into two files: one file was led by the god Cupid, and the other by Interest; the former adorned with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; the latter dressed in rich and varied colors of gold and silk. The nymphs who followed Love carried their names written on their backs, on white parchment in large letters: *Poetry* was the title of the first, of the second *Good Sense*, of the third *Good Lineage*, of the fourth *Valor*; in the same way those who followed Interest came marked: *Liberality* said the title of the first, *Gift* that of the second, *Treasure* that of the third, and that of the fourth *Peaceful Possession*. Ahead of them all came a castle of wood, hauled along by four wild men clad in ivy and in hemp dyed green, so true to life that they almost frightened Sancho. On the front of the castle and on all four of its sides it bore the words: *Castle of Wise Reserve*. Four skilled players of tabor and flute made the music for them.

Cupid began the dance, and, after making two figures, he raised his eyes and bent his bow against a maiden who stood between the battlements of the castle, to whom he spoke in this way:

"I am the god whose power is known
in the air and on the earth
and on the wide and billowing sea,
and in all the abyss encloses
within its dreadful pit below.
I have never known what fear is;
all that I will, I can achieve,
even should I will the impossible,
and in everything that's possible
I command, remove, bestow, forbid."

He finished the stanza, shot an arrow over the top of the castle, and withdrew to his place. Then Interest came out and made two more figures; the tabors fell silent, and he said:

"I am he who can do more than Love,
and it is Love that is my guide;
I am of the finest lineage
that heaven breeds upon the earth,
the best-known and the greatest one.
I am Interest, through whom
few are accustomed to do good,
and to act without me is a miracle;
and such as I am, I vow myself to you
for ever and ever, amen."

Interest withdrew, and Poetry came forward; and she, after making her figures like the others, with her eyes fixed on the maiden of the castle, said:

"In conceits of utmost sweetness,
lofty, grave, and full of wit,
the sweetest Poetry, my lady,
sends her very soul to you
wrapped up in a thousand sonnets.
If by chance my perseverance
does not weary you, your fortune,
envied by so many others,
will be raised up high by me
above the circle of the moon."

Poetry moved aside, and from Interest's side came out Liberality, and, after making her figures, she said:

"Liberality they call
the giving that avoids the extreme
of prodigality, and flees
its opposite, which argues
a lukewarm and a slack will.
But I, to make you great,
from today will prodigal be;
for though a vice, it is an honest vice,
and of a heart in love,
which shows itself in giving."

In this way all the figures of the two squadrons came out and withdrew, and each made his figures and spoke his verses, some elegant and some ridiculous, and Don Quixote committed to memory—which he had a great one—only those already set down; and then they all mingled, making and unmaking knots with fine

grace and ease; and each time Love went past the castle, he let fly his arrows over its top, but Interest broke gilded money-boxes against it.

At last, after they had danced a good while, Interest took out a big purse, made of the skin of a large tabby cat, which seemed to be full of money, and, hurling it at the castle, with the blow the boards came apart and fell, leaving the maiden exposed and with no defense at all. Interest came up with the figures of his party, and, throwing a great gold chain around her neck, they made a show of seizing her, overcoming her, and taking her captive; and when Love and his supporters saw this, they made as if to take her away from them; and all the gestures they made were to the sound of the tabors, dancing and stepping in time. The wild men made peace between them, and with great speed set up and fitted together the boards of the castle again, and the maiden shut herself up in it as before, and with this the dance ended, to the great delight of those who were watching.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs who had composed and arranged it. She answered that it was a beneficed priest of that village, who had a fine head for such inventions.

"I will wager," said Don Quixote, "that this bachelor or beneficed priest must be more of a friend to Camacho than to Basilio, and must have more of the satirist in him than of the vespers: how neatly he has fitted into the dance Basilio's talents and Camacho's riches!"

Sancho Panza, who was listening to everything, said:

"The king is my cock: I stick with Camacho."

"In short," said Don Quixote, "it is plain to see, Sancho, that you are a peasant, and one of those who say: 'Long live the winner!'"

"I don't know which ones I am," answered Sancho, "but I know very well that I'll never get such elegant skimmings out of Basilio's pots as these I've got out of Camacho's."

And he showed him the cauldron full of geese and hens, and, grabbing one, fell to eating with great relish and appetite, and said:

"A fig for Basilio's talents! For you're worth as much as you have, and you have as much as you're worth. There are only two lineages in the world, as a grandmother of mine used to say, and they are having and not having, though she stuck to the having; and these days, my master Don Quixote, people feel the pulse of having before that of knowing: an ass decked out in gold makes a better show than a horse under a packsaddle. So I say again that I stick with Camacho, from whose pots the plentiful skimmings are geese and hens, hares and rabbits; and from Basilio's, if it comes to hand, or even if it only comes to foot, it'll be dishwater."

"Have you finished your harangue, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"I must have finished it," answered Sancho, "because I see it gives your grace pain; for if that weren't in the way, I had work cut out for three days."

"God grant, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that I see you dumb before I die."

"At the rate we're going," answered Sancho, "before your grace dies I'll be chewing clay, and then maybe I'll be so dumb I won't say a word until the world ends, or at the very least until Judgment Day."

"Even if that should happen, O Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "your silence will never come up to what you have talked, are talking, and are to talk in your life; and besides, it stands to natural reason that the day of my death should come before that of yours; and so I never expect to see you dumb, not even when you are drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say."

"In good faith, sir," answered Sancho, "there's no trusting the fleshless one, I mean death, who eats lamb as well as mutton; and I've heard our priest say that she treads with an equal foot on the lofty towers of kings and the humble huts of the poor. This lady

has more power than squeamishness: she isn't a bit fussy, she eats everything and takes to everything, and she fills her saddlebags with all sorts of people, ages, and ranks. She's no reaper who naps through the siesta, for she reaps at all hours and cuts the dry grass and the green alike; and she doesn't seem to chew but to gulp and swallow whatever is put in front of her, for she has a dog's hunger that's never satisfied; and though she has no belly, she makes it plain she has the dropsy and is thirsty to drink nothing but the lives of all who live, like someone drinking a jug of cold water."

"No more, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this point. "Stop while you are ahead, and do not let yourself fall; for truly, what you have said of death in your rustic terms is what a good preacher might say. I tell you, Sancho, that if, as you have a good natural wit and good sense, you could take a pulpit in your hand and go about the world preaching fine things…"

"He preaches well who lives well," answered Sancho, "and I don't know any other teologies."

"Nor do you need them," said Don Quixote. "But I cannot quite understand or make out how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, you, who are more afraid of a lizard than of Him, know so much."

"Let your grace judge your chivalries, sir," answered Sancho, "and don't meddle in judging other people's fears or courage, for I'm as fine a God-fearing man as every neighbor's son; and let your grace let me polish off these skimmings, for all the rest is idle words that we'll be called to account for in the next life."

And, saying this, he began a fresh assault on his cauldron with such hearty spirit that he roused Don Quixote's, who no doubt would have helped him if he had not been prevented by what must be told further on.

Chapter XXI. In which the wedding of Camacho is continued, with other delightful events

While Don Quixote and Sancho were in the midst of the talk set down in the preceding chapter, loud shouts and a great uproar were heard, raised and made by the young men on the mares, who at a long gallop and with much hallooing were riding out to meet the bride and groom, who, surrounded by a thousand kinds of instruments and pageants, were coming along accompanied by the priest, and the kinsfolk of both, and all the finest people of the neighboring villages, every one in holiday dress. And when Sancho saw the bride, he said:

"In good faith, she hasn't come dressed as a farm girl but as a fine lady of the court! By God, from what I can make out, the medallions she ought to be wearing are rich corals, and the green Cuenca serge is thirty-pile velvet! And a fine thing, the trimming's strips of white linen, is it? I swear it's satin! And then look at her hands, decked with jet rings, are they? May I never prosper if those aren't gold rings, and good gold too, set with pearls as white as curds, every one of them worth an eye out of your head. Oh, the son of a whore, what hair! If it isn't false, I've never in all my life seen any longer or fairer. Go on, find fault with her spirit and her figure, and don't compare her to a palm tree swaying under its clusters of dates, for that's just what the trinkets look like that she has hanging from her hair and her throat! I swear on my soul she's a sterling lass, and could get past the sandbanks of Flanders."

Don Quixote laughed at Sancho Panza's rustic praises; it seemed to him that, his lady Dulcinea del Toboso excepted, he had never set eyes on a lovelier woman. The fair Quiteria came somewhat pale, and it must have been from the bad night that brides always spend getting themselves ready for their wedding day. They were drawing near a stage that stood to one side of the meadow, hung with carpets and boughs, where the betrothal was to take place and from which they were to watch the dances and the pageants; and just as they reached the spot they heard loud shouts behind them, and one voice saying:

"Wait a moment, you people as thoughtless as you are hasty."

At these shouts and words they all turned their heads, and saw that they came from a man dressed, as it seemed, in a black jerkin slashed with crimson in flame patterns. He was crowned, as was seen presently, with a crown of funereal cypress, and in his hands he carried a great staff. When he came nearer, everyone recognized him as the gallant Basilio, and they all stood in suspense, waiting to see where his shouts and his words would lead, and fearing that some evil outcome would come of his arrival at such a moment.

He arrived at last, weary and out of breath, and, planting himself in front of the betrothed pair and driving the staff, which had a steel tip at its foot, into the ground, his color changed and his eyes fixed on Quiteria, he spoke these words in a trembling, hoarse voice:

"You know well, unmindful Quiteria, that by the holy law we profess, while I am alive you cannot take a husband; and you are not unaware either that, in my hope that time and my diligence would better the goods of my fortune, I would not fail to keep the decorum that befitted your honor. But you, casting behind you every obligation you owe to my true love, would make another the master of what is mine, another whose riches serve him not only

as good fortune but as the best of luck. And so that he may have it brimming over, and not as I think he deserves it but as heaven chooses to give it to him, I, by my own hands, will undo the impossibility or the hindrance that may stand in its way, by taking myself out of the way. Long life, long life to Camacho the Rich with the ungrateful Quiteria, for long and happy ages, and death, death to Basilio the Poor, whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness and laid him in the grave!"

And, saying this, he took hold of the staff he had driven into the ground, and, half of it staying in the earth, he showed that it served as a sheath for a middling rapier that was hidden in it; and, setting what might be called the hilt on the ground, with a light, offhand air and a settled purpose he threw himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point showed at his back, with half the steel blade, and the poor wretch lay stretched on the ground, bathed in his blood, pierced through by his own weapon.

His friends ran up at once to help him, grieved at his misery and pitiful misfortune; and Don Quixote, leaving Rocinante, ran to help him and took him in his arms, and found that he had not yet breathed his last. They wanted to draw out the rapier, but the priest, who was present, was of the opinion that it should not be drawn before he had confessed him, because drawing it and his dying would be one and the same moment. But Basilio, coming to himself a little, said in a faint and grieving voice:

"If you would, cruel Quiteria, give me your hand as my wife in this last and inescapable hour, I would still think my rashness had some excuse, since by it I attained the blessing of being yours."

The priest, hearing this, told him to see to the health of his soul before the pleasures of his body, and to beg God most earnestly to pardon his sins and his desperate resolve. To which Basilio replied that on no account would he confess unless Quiteria first gave him

her hand as his wife, for that happiness would put his will in order and give him the breath to confess.

When Don Quixote heard the wounded man's request, he said in a loud voice that Basilio was asking a thing that was very just and reasonable, and very easy to do besides, and that Señor Camacho would be as much honored in receiving Señora Quiteria as the widow of the valiant Basilio as if he received her from her father's side:

"Here there need be no more than a single *yes*, with no other effect than the uttering of it, for the bridal bed of this wedding is to be the grave."

Camacho heard all of it, and all of it kept him in suspense and confusion, not knowing what to do or what to say; but the cries of Basilio's friends were so many, begging him to consent to Quiteria's giving him her hand as his wife, so that his soul would not be lost by his leaving this life in despair, that they moved him, and even forced him, to say that if Quiteria was willing to give it, he was content, since it all came only to putting off the fulfillment of his desires for a moment.

Then they all went to Quiteria, and some with pleas, and others with tears, and others with forceful arguments, urged her to give her hand to poor Basilio; and she, harder than marble and stiller than a statue, showed that she neither knew how, nor was able, nor wished to answer a word; nor would she have answered if the priest had not told her to make up her mind quickly what she was going to do, because Basilio already had his soul between his teeth and there was no time to wait on undecided decisions.

Then the fair Quiteria, without answering a single word, troubled and, to all appearances, sad and sorrowful, came up to where Basilio lay, his eyes already turned up, his breath short and quick, murmuring Quiteria's name between his teeth, and giving signs of dying like a heathen and not like a Christian. Quiteria reached him

at last and, kneeling down, asked him for his hand by signs and not by words. Basilio opened his eyes wide and, looking at her intently, said to her:

"Oh, Quiteria, you have come to be merciful at a time when your mercy must serve as the knife that finishes taking my life, for I no longer have the strength to bear the glory you give me in choosing me as yours, nor to hold back the pain that is so quickly covering my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death! What I beg of you, oh my fatal star, is that the hand you ask of me and wish to give me be not out of mere courtesy, nor to deceive me afresh, but that you confess and declare that, without forcing your will, you hand it over and give it to me as to your lawful husband; for it is not right that at such an hour as this you should deceive me or use pretenses with one who has dealt with you in nothing but truths."

Amid these words he kept fainting, so that all who were present thought each swoon would carry his soul away with it. Quiteria, all modesty and all bashfulness, taking Basilio's right hand in hers, said to him:

"No force would be enough to bend my will; and so, with the freest will I have, I give you my hand as your lawful wife, and I receive yours, if you give it to me of your own free choice, untroubled and unhindered by the calamity your headlong course has brought you to."

"Yes, I give it," answered Basilio, "not troubled or confused, but with the clear understanding that heaven was pleased to give me; and so I give and deliver myself as your husband."

"And I as your wife," answered Quiteria, "whether you live long years or they carry you from my arms to the grave."

"For a lad so badly wounded," said Sancho Panza at this point, "he does a lot of talking. Make him leave off sweet nothings and see to his soul, for to my mind he has it more on his tongue than between his teeth."

Basilio and Quiteria, then, being hand in hand, the priest, tender and tearful, gave them his blessing and prayed heaven to grant the newly wed man's soul a good resting place; and he, the moment he had received the blessing, sprang to his feet with nimble quickness and with an ease never seen drew out the rapier, for which his body had served as a sheath.

All the bystanders were left amazed, and some of them, more simple than curious, began to shout:

"A miracle, a miracle!"

But Basilio replied:

"Not 'a miracle, a miracle,' but a trick, a trick!"

The priest, bewildered and astounded, ran with both hands to feel the wound, and found that the blade had gone, not through the flesh and ribs of Basilio, but through a hollow iron tube filled with blood that he had fitted neatly in that place; the blood had been prepared, as was learned afterward, so that it would not congeal.

In the end the priest and Camacho, with most of the bystanders, considered themselves tricked and mocked. The bride showed no sign of being sorry about the trick; on the contrary, hearing it said that the marriage, having been a deception, could not be valid, she said that she confirmed it anew; from which they all gathered that the business had been planned with the consent and knowledge of the two of them, at which Camacho and his supporters were so mortified that they turned their vengeance over to their hands, and, unsheathing a great many swords, they charged at Basilio, in whose favor almost as many were unsheathed in an instant. And Don Quixote, riding out in front, his lance resting on his arm and his shield held well before him, made them all give way before him. Sancho, who never found pleasure or delight in doings of that sort, took refuge among the great jars from which he had taken his welcome skimmings, for that spot seemed to him

a sanctuary, bound to be held in respect. Don Quixote cried out loudly:

"Hold, sirs, hold, for it is not right to take vengeance for the wrongs that love does us; and mark that love and war are one and the same thing, and just as in war it is lawful and customary to use wiles and stratagems to defeat the enemy, so in the quarrels and rivalries of lovers the tricks and schemes contrived to gain the desired end are held to be fair, so long as they are not to the detriment and dishonor of the beloved. Quiteria was Basilio's and Basilio was Quiteria's, by the just and favorable disposition of heaven. Camacho is rich, and will be able to buy his pleasure when, where, and how he likes. Basilio has nothing but this one ewe, and no one, however powerful, shall take her from him; for those two whom God joins, man shall not be able to part; and whoever attempts it must first pass the point of this lance."

And with that he brandished it so hard and so skillfully that he struck fear into all who did not know him; and Quiteria's disdain fixed itself so sharply in Camacho's imagination that it wiped her from his memory in an instant; and so the persuasions of the priest, who was a prudent and well-meaning man, took hold with him, and with them Camacho and those of his party were left calmed and at peace, in token of which they put their swords back in their places, blaming Quiteria's fickleness more than Basilio's cunning; Camacho reasoning that if Quiteria had loved Basilio as a maiden she would love him as a married woman too, and that he ought to give thanks to heaven more for having taken her from him than he would have for giving her to him.

Camacho and the men of his band, then, being consoled and at peace, all those of Basilio's band quieted down; and Camacho the Rich, to show that he did not resent the trick or think it of any account, wanted the festivities to go forward as if he had really been married; but neither Basilio nor his bride nor their followers

would attend them; and so they went off to Basilio's village, for the virtuous and sensible poor also have those who follow, honor, and shelter them, as the rich have those who flatter them and keep them company.

They took Don Quixote with them, esteeming him a man of valor with hair on his chest. Only Sancho's soul was darkened, seeing himself unable to wait for Camacho's splendid feast and festivities, which lasted until nightfall; and so, worn out and gloomy, he followed his master, who was going with Basilio's band, and thus left behind him the fleshpots of Egypt, though he carried them in his soul, and their skimmings, now almost used up and finished, which he carried in the cauldron, set before his mind the glory and the abundance of the good he was losing; and so, troubled and thoughtful, though not hungry, without getting down off the gray, he followed in Rocinante's tracks.

Chapter XXII. In which is given an account of the great adventure of the cave of Montesinos, which is in the heart of La Mancha, and which the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha brought to a happy conclusion

Great and many were the gifts the newly wedded pair made Don Quixote, bound to him by the proofs he had given in defending their cause, and they ranked his good sense as high as his valor, holding him a Cid in arms and a Cicero in eloquence. The good Sancho regaled himself for three days at the couple's expense, and from them it was learned that the feigned wounding had not been a scheme shared with the fair Quiteria but a contrivance of Basilio's, who hoped from it for the very outcome that had been seen; though it is true he confessed that he had let some of his friends in on his plan, so that at the needful moment they might back his intention and vouch for his deception.

"They cannot and should not be called deceptions," said Don Quixote, "that aim at virtuous ends."

And he said that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of ends, observing that the greatest adversary love has is hunger and constant want, because love is all gladness, rejoicing, and contentment, and the more so when the lover is in possession of the beloved, against whom want and poverty are open and declared enemies; and that he said all this with the intention that Señor

Basilio should leave off practicing the skills he knew, which, though they brought him fame, did not bring him money, and should see to acquiring wealth by lawful and industrious means, which are never lacking to the prudent and diligent.

"The honorable poor man, if a poor man can be honorable, has a jewel in having a beautiful wife, and when she is taken from him, his honor is taken and killed. The beautiful and honorable woman who has a poor husband deserves a crown of the laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty by itself draws the hearts of all who look on it and know it, and royal eagles and high-flying birds stoop down to it as to a tempting lure; but if want and straitened means are joined to such beauty, then the crows, the kites, and the other birds of prey attack it too; and she who stands firm against so many assaults well deserves to be called her husband's crown. Mark this, sensible Basilio," added Don Quixote: "it was the opinion of some sage or other that there was only one good woman in all the world, and he counseled every man to think and believe that this one good woman was his own, and so he would live content. I am not married, nor has it entered my thoughts until now to be so; and yet I would venture to advise anyone who asked me on the way he should go about seeking the woman he wished to marry. First of all, I would advise him to look more to her good name than to her fortune, because a good woman does not win a good name only by being good, but by seeming so; for public freedoms and forwardness do much more harm to women's honor than secret wickedness. If you bring a good woman into your house, it would be an easy thing to keep her in that goodness, and even to better her in it; but if you bring a bad one, the mending of her will cost you labor, for it is not very easy to pass from one extreme to the other. I do not say it is impossible, but I hold it to be difficult."

Sancho heard all this, and said to himself:

"This master of mine, when I say things of pith and substance, is apt to say I could take a pulpit in my hands and go about the world preaching pretty things; and I say of him that when he starts stringing maxims together and giving advice, he can not only take a pulpit in his hands but two on every finger, and go strolling about the town squares with all his mouth could wish for. The devil take you for a knight-errant, that you know so many things! I thought in my soul that he could only know what had to do with his chivalries, but there's nothing he doesn't peck at and stick his spoon into."

Sancho was muttering this somewhat, and his master half heard him and asked him:

"What are you muttering, Sancho?"

"I'm not saying anything, or muttering about anything," answered Sancho. "I was only saying to myself that I wish I'd heard what your grace has said here before I got married, for maybe I'd be saying now: 'The ox that's loose licks itself well.'"

"Is your Teresa as bad as all that, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"She isn't very bad," answered Sancho, "but she isn't very good either; at least she isn't as good as I'd like."

"You do wrong, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to speak ill of your wife, who, after all, is the mother of your children."

"We don't owe each other anything," answered Sancho, "for she speaks ill of me too whenever she takes a fancy to, especially when she's jealous, and then Satan himself couldn't put up with her."

In the end they stayed three days with the newlyweds, where they were entertained and waited on like royalty. Don Quixote asked the skilled licentiate to give him a guide who would lead him to the cave of Montesinos, because he had a great desire to go into it and see with his own eyes whether the marvels told of it all through that region were true. The licentiate told him he would give him a cousin of his, a famous student and very fond of reading

books of chivalry, who would very willingly bring him to the very mouth of the cave and show him the lagoons of Ruidera, which were likewise famous throughout La Mancha, and even throughout Spain; and he told him that he would find him pleasant company, since he was a young man who knew how to make books for the press and how to dedicate them to princes. In the end the cousin came on a she-ass in foal, whose packsaddle was covered by a gaily colored rug or sackcloth. Sancho saddled Rocinante and got the gray ready and stocked his saddlebags, which were joined by the cousin's, no less well stocked; and, commending themselves to God and taking leave of everyone, they set out, taking the road to the famous cave of Montesinos.

On the way Don Quixote asked the cousin what were the kind and quality of his pursuits, his profession, and his studies; to which he replied that his profession was that of a humanist, and his pursuits and studies the composing of books to be given to the press, all of great profit and no less entertainment to the commonwealth; that one was entitled *The Book of Liveries*, where seven hundred and three liveries were painted, with their colors, mottoes, and ciphers, from which the knights of the court could pick and take whichever they wished in times of festivals and rejoicings, without going about begging them from anyone or, as they say, distilling their brains to get them to suit their desires and intentions.

"Because I give the jealous man, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent the ones that suit them, which will fit them more justly than sinfully. I have another book too, which I am going to call *Metamorphoses, or the Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention; for in it, imitating Ovid in burlesque fashion, I depict who the Giralda of Seville was, and the Angel of the Magdalen, who the Vecinguerra Conduit in Córdoba was, who the Bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the fountains of Leganitos and Lavapiés in Madrid, not forgetting the one of the Louse, the one of the Golden

Spout, and the one of the Prioress; and all this with their allegories, metaphors, and translations, so that they delight, astonish, and instruct all at once. I have another book, which I call *Supplement to Polydore Vergil*, which deals with who invented things, a work of vast learning and study, because the things of great substance that Polydore left unsaid, I look into and explain in a graceful style. Vergil forgot to tell us who was the first in the world to catch a cold, and the first to take the ointments as a cure for the French disease, and I set it out to the letter and support it with more than twenty-five authorities: so that your grace may see whether I have worked well and whether such a book is bound to be useful to the whole world."

Sancho, who had been listening very attentively to the cousin's account, said to him:

"Tell me, sir, and may God give you good luck in the printing of your books: could you tell me, and of course you can, since you know everything, who was the first man to scratch his head? For I take it myself that it must have been our father Adam."

"So it would be," answered the cousin, "for there is no doubt that Adam had a head and hair; and, that being so, and he being the first man in the world, he would scratch himself now and then."

"That's what I think," answered Sancho. "But tell me now: who was the first tumbler in the world?"

"Truly, brother," answered the cousin, "I could not say offhand, until I have studied it. I will study it when I get back to where I keep my books, and I will satisfy you when we see each other again, for this is not to be the last time."

"Well, look, sir," replied Sancho, "don't trouble yourself about it, for I've just hit on the answer to what I asked you. You should know that the first tumbler in the world was Lucifer, when they

threw him or cast him out of heaven, for he came tumbling down to the depths."

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

And Don Quixote said:

"That question and answer are not your own, Sancho: you have heard someone say them."

"Hush, sir," replied Sancho, "for on my faith, if I take to asking and answering, I won't be done between now and tomorrow. Yes indeed, for asking foolish things and answering nonsense I don't need to go looking for help from the neighbors."

"You have said more than you know, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for there are some who wear themselves out learning and looking into things that, once learned and looked into, do not matter an ardite to the understanding or the memory."

In this and other pleasant talk that day went by, and at nightfall they put up in a small village, where the cousin told Don Quixote that from there to the cave of Montesinos it was no more than two leagues, and that if he was set on going into it, he would need to provide himself with ropes, to tie himself and let himself down into its depths.

Don Quixote said that even if it reached to the abyss, he meant to see where it ended; and so they bought nearly a hundred fathoms of rope, and the next day, at two in the afternoon, they reached the cave, whose mouth is wide and spacious, but full of boxthorn and wild fig, of brambles and undergrowth so thick and tangled that they blind and hide it altogether. On seeing it, the cousin, Sancho, and Don Quixote dismounted, and the two of them at once tied Don Quixote up very tightly with the ropes; and while they were binding and girding him, Sancho said to him:

"Look what you're doing, your grace, my master: don't go burying yourself alive, or putting yourself where you'll look like a flask they've hung down a well to cool. Yes indeed, for it's no business or

concern of your grace's to be the searcher-out of this place, which must be worse than a dungeon."

"Tie and be quiet," answered Don Quixote, "for such an enterprise as this, Sancho my friend, was kept for me."

And then the guide said:

"I beg your grace, Señor Don Quixote, to look well and inspect with a hundred eyes what there is down inside: perhaps there will be things I can put in the book of my *Transformations*."

"The tambourine's in hands that will know how to play it," answered Sancho Panza.

This said, and the binding of Don Quixote finished—which was done not over his armor but over his quilted doublet—Don Quixote said:

"We have been careless in not providing ourselves with some small bell, to be tied beside me on this same rope, by whose sound it might be known that I was still going down and was alive; but since that is no longer possible, into the hand of God, and may He guide me."

And then he knelt down and made a prayer to heaven in a low voice, asking God to help him and give him good success in that seemingly perilous and new adventure, and then he said in a loud voice:

"O lady of my deeds and motions, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! If it be possible that the prayers and entreaties of this your fortunate lover reach your ears, by your unheard-of beauty I beg you to hear them, for they are no other than to beg you not to deny me your favor and protection now that I have such need of it. I go to fling myself headlong, to sink myself, and to plunge into the abyss that here presents itself to me, only so that the world may know that if you favor me, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and achieve."

And, saying this, he went up to the chasm; he saw that it was not possible to let himself down or make a way in except by force of arms or by sword cuts, and so, putting his hand to his sword, he began to hack down and cut away the undergrowth that was at the mouth of the cave, at whose noise and clatter there came flying out of it an infinite number of enormous crows and jackdaws, so thick and in such a hurry that they knocked Don Quixote to the ground; and if he had been as given to omens as he was a Catholic Christian, he would have taken it for a bad sign and excused himself from shutting himself up in such a place.

He got up at last, and, seeing that no more crows came out, or other night birds, such as the bats that had likewise come out among the crows, the cousin and Sancho giving him rope, he let himself be lowered to the bottom of the dreadful cavern; and as he went in, Sancho, giving him his blessing and making a thousand crosses over him, said:

"God guide you, and the Peña de Francia, together with the Trinity of Gaeta, flower, cream, and skimmings of knights-errant! There you go, bravo of the world, heart of steel, arms of bronze! God guide you, once again, and bring you back free, sound, and with no hidden flaw to the light of this life, which you leave to bury yourself in this darkness you go looking for!"

The cousin made almost the same prayers and supplications.

Don Quixote went on calling out for rope and more rope, and they paid it out to him bit by bit; and when the shouts, which came out of the cave as through a pipe, could no longer be heard, they had already let down the hundred fathoms of rope, and they were of a mind to haul Don Quixote back up, since they could give him no more cord. For all that, they held on for some half an hour, and then started to draw the rope in again, very easily and with no weight on it at all, a sign that made them imagine Don Quixote was staying inside; and, believing so, Sancho wept bitterly and hauled

away in great haste to learn the truth; but on reaching, as it seemed to them, a little over eighty fathoms, they felt a weight, at which they were overjoyed. At last, at ten fathoms, they saw Don Quixote distinctly, and Sancho shouted to him, saying:

"Welcome back, your grace, my master, for we were already thinking you were staying down there to breed."

But Don Quixote answered not a word; and, drawing him out altogether, they saw that his eyes were shut and he had every sign of being asleep. They stretched him on the ground and untied him, and still he did not wake; but they turned him and rolled him, shook him and jolted him so much that after a good while he came to himself, stretching as if he were waking from some heavy, deep sleep; and, looking this way and that, as though astonished, he said:

"God forgive you, my friends, for you have taken me away from the sweetest and most delightful life and sight that any human being has ever seen or known. In truth, now I have come to know that all the pleasures of this life pass like a shadow and a dream, or wither like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O sorely wounded Durandarte! O luckless Belerma! O tearful Guadiana, and you, ill-fated daughters of Ruidera, who show in your waters the waters your fair eyes wept!"

The cousin and Sancho listened to Don Quixote's words, which he spoke as though he were drawing them out of his very bowels with immense pain. They begged him to explain to them what he was saying and to tell them what he had seen in that hell.

"Hell, you call it?" said Don Quixote. "Then do not call it so, for it does not deserve it, as you shall see presently."

He asked them to give him something to eat, for he was extremely hungry. They spread the cousin's sackcloth on the green grass, went to the larder of their saddlebags, and, all three sitting in good love and fellowship, they had their afternoon meal and

their supper all at once. When the sackcloth was taken up, Don Quixote of La Mancha said:

"Let no one get up, and all of you, my children, give me your full attention."

Chapter XXIII. Of the wonderful things the extraordinary Don Quixote said he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the impossibility and greatness of which cause this adventure to be held apocryphal

It must have been four in the afternoon when the sun, hidden among clouds, with scant light and tempered rays, gave Don Quixote the chance to tell his two most illustrious listeners, without heat or weariness, what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos. And he began in the following manner:

"Some twelve or fourteen times a man's height down in this dungeon, on the right hand, there opens a hollow, a space large enough to hold a great cart with its mules. A little light comes into it through some chinks or holes that answer it from far off, open on the surface of the earth. I caught sight of this hollow and space just when I was growing weary and vexed at finding myself, hanging and dangling from the rope, going down through that dark region without any sure or settled way; and so I resolved to go into it and rest a little. I shouted, asking you not to let down any more rope until I told you, but you must not have heard me. I gathered in the rope you were sending down, and, making a coil or pile of it, I sat down on it, deep in thought, considering what I ought to do to get to the bottom with no one to hold me up; and, being in this thought and confusion, suddenly and without my seeking it, a most profound sleep fell upon me; and when I least expected it,

without knowing how or how not, I woke from it and found myself in the midst of the loveliest, most pleasant and delightful meadow that nature can produce or the most discerning human imagination can imagine. I opened my eyes wide and rubbed them, and saw that I was not asleep but truly awake; for all that, I felt my head and my chest, to make certain whether it was I myself who was there or some empty, counterfeit phantom; but touch, feeling, and the orderly reasonings I carried on within myself assured me that the one who was there then was the one I am here now. Then there appeared before my eyes a royal and sumptuous palace or castle, whose walls and ramparts seemed to be built of clear, transparent crystal; and, two great doors of it opening, I saw coming out through them and coming toward me a venerable old man, dressed in a hooded cloak of purple baize that trailed along the ground; a collegian's sash of green satin girded his shoulders and his breast; on his head he wore a black Milanese cap, and his beard, snow white, fell below his waist; he bore no weapon of any kind, only a rosary in his hand whose beads were larger than fair-sized walnuts, and the Our Father beads likewise like fair-sized ostrich eggs; his bearing, his step, his gravity, and his most ample presence, each thing by itself and all of them together, held me in suspense and wonder. He came up to me, and the first thing he did was embrace me tightly, and then say to me: 'For long ages, valiant knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, we who are enchanted in these solitudes have been waiting to see you, so that you might give the world news of what is shut up and covered by the deep cave you have entered, called the cave of Montesinos: a feat kept only to be undertaken by your invincible heart and your stupendous spirit. Come with me, most illustrious sir, for I wish to show you the marvels this transparent castle conceals, of which I am the warden and perpetual chief keeper, because I am that very Montesinos after whom the cave is named.' Scarcely had he told me he was

Montesinos when I asked him whether what was told in the world up here was true: that he had taken out of the middle of the breast of his great friend Durandarte, with a little dagger, his heart, and carried it to the lady Belerma, as Durandarte had bidden him at the moment of his death. He answered me that they told the truth in everything except the dagger, because it was neither a dagger nor a little one, but a polished poniard with a point keener than an awl's."

"That poniard," said Sancho at this point, "must have been one of Ramón de Hoces's, the Sevillian."

"I do not know," Don Quixote went on, "but it would not have been that poniard maker's, because Ramón de Hoces lived only yesterday, and the affair of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was many years ago; and this inquiry is of no importance, nor does it disturb or alter the truth and the context of the history."

"That is so," answered the cousin. "Go on, your grace, Señor Don Quixote, for no one in the world could be listening with more delight than I am."

"And I tell it with no less," answered Don Quixote, "and so I say that the venerable Montesinos took me into the crystal palace, where, in a ground-floor hall, exceedingly cool and all of alabaster, there was a marble tomb fashioned with great mastery, on which I saw a knight stretched out at full length, not made of bronze, nor of marble, nor of jasper, as there usually are on other tombs, but of pure flesh and pure bones. He had his right hand (which, to my mind, is rather hairy and sinewy, a sign that its owner had great strength) laid over his heart; and, before I could ask Montesinos anything, seeing me rapt in looking at the one on the tomb, he said to me: 'This is my friend Durandarte, flower and mirror of the enamored and valiant knights of his time. He is held here enchanted, as I am and many other men and women, by Merlin,

that French enchanter who they say was the son of the devil; and what I believe is that he was not the son of the devil, but that he knew, as they say, a point more than the devil. How or why he enchanted us, no one knows, and time will tell as it goes on, and that time is not very far off, as I imagine. What amazes me is that I know, as surely as it is now day, that Durandarte ended the days of his life in my arms, and that after he was dead I took out his heart with my own hands; and in truth it must have weighed two pounds, because, according to the natural philosophers, he who has a larger heart is endowed with greater valor than he who has a small one. Well, this being so, and this knight having really died, how is it that he now complains and sighs from time to time as if he were alive?' This said, the wretched Durandarte cried out in a loud voice and said:

"'O my cousin Montesinos!
The last thing that I begged you,
when I should come to die
and my soul be torn away,
was that you bear my heart
to where Belerma was,
drawing it out of my breast
with poniard or with dagger.'

"Hearing this, the venerable Montesinos knelt down before the stricken knight and, with tears in his eyes, said to him: 'Already, Señor Durandarte, my dearest cousin, already I have done what you bade me on the ill-starred day of our defeat: I took out your heart as best I could, without leaving the smallest part of it in your breast; I wiped it with a lace handkerchief; I set out with it at full speed for France, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, with so many tears that they were enough to wash my hands and

clean off the blood they had on them from groping in your entrails; and, for a further token, cousin of my soul, at the first place I came to, leaving Roncesvalles, I sprinkled a little salt on your heart, so that it would not smell bad and might come, if not fresh, at least dried and cured, into the presence of the lady Belerma; and she, with you, and with me, and with Guadiana your squire, and with the duenna Ruidera and her seven daughters and two nieces, and with many others of your acquaintances and friends, has been held here enchanted by the sage Merlin these many years; and though more than five hundred have gone by, not one of us has died. Only Ruidera and her daughters and nieces are missing, for, as they wept, Merlin, out of the pity he must have felt for them, turned them into as many lagoons, which now, in the world of the living and in the province of La Mancha, they call the lagoons of Ruidera; the seven are the property of the kings of Spain, and the two nieces of the knights of a most holy order called the Order of Saint John. Guadiana, your squire, likewise lamenting your misfortune, was turned into a river named after him; and when he came to the surface of the earth and saw the sun of the other sky, so great was the grief he felt at seeing that he was leaving you that he plunged into the bowels of the earth; but, since it is not possible for him to keep from following his natural course, now and then he comes out and shows himself where the sun and people can see him. The lagoons I spoke of keep feeding him with their waters, and with these and with many others that join him, he enters Portugal in pomp and grandeur. But for all that, wherever he goes he shows his sadness and melancholy, and takes no pride in breeding dainty and prized fish in his waters, but only coarse and tasteless ones, very different from those of the golden Tagus; and this that I tell you now, O my cousin, I have told you many times; and since you do not answer me, I imagine that you do not believe me, or do not hear me, which gives me such pain as God knows. I wish to give

you some news now which, though it may not serve to relieve your grief, will in no way add to it. Know that you have here in your presence (open your eyes and you will see him) that great knight of whom the sage Merlin has prophesied so many things, that Don Quixote of La Mancha, I mean, who anew, and to greater advantage than in past ages, has revived in the present ones the long-forgotten knight-errantry, by whose means and favor it might be that we should be disenchanted; for great deeds are kept for great men.' 'And if it should not be so,' answered the stricken Durandarte in a faint, low voice, 'if it should not be so, O cousin, I say: patience, and shuffle the cards.' And, turning on his side, he went back to his accustomed silence without speaking another word. At this there were heard great wailings and weepings, accompanied by deep groans and anguished sobs; I turned my head and saw through the crystal walls that through another hall there was passing a procession of two files of most beautiful damsels, all dressed in mourning, with white turbans on their heads in the Turkish fashion. At the end and close of the files came a lady, for so her gravity showed her to be, likewise dressed in black, with white veils so wide and long that they kissed the ground. Her turban was twice as big as the biggest of any of the others; her eyebrows met, and her nose was rather flat; her mouth was large, but her lips red; her teeth, which now and then she showed, were seen to be sparse and badly set, though they were as white as peeled almonds; in her hands she carried a fine linen cloth, and in it, as far as I could make out, a heart of mummified flesh, so dry and cured did it look. Montesinos told me that all those people in the procession were servants of Durandarte and Belerma, who were enchanted there with their two masters, and that the last one, who carried the heart in the cloth and in her hands, was the lady Belerma, who with her damsels made that procession four days a week, and sang, or rather wept, dirges over the body and over the

grieved heart of his cousin; and that if she had seemed to me somewhat ugly, or not as beautiful as her fame had it, the cause was the bad nights and worse days she spent in that enchantment, as I could see by the great rings under her eyes and her sickly color. 'And her sallowness and the rings under her eyes do not come from her being in the monthly illness common to women, for she has not had it these many months, and even years, nor has it so much as shown itself at her doors, but from the grief her heart feels for the one she always holds in her hands, which renews and brings back to her memory the misfortune of her ill-fated lover; for were it not for this, the great Dulcinea del Toboso, so celebrated in all these parts and even in all the world, would scarcely equal her in beauty, grace, and spirit.' 'Easy there,' I said then, 'Señor Don Montesinos: tell your story as you should, your grace, for you know well that all comparisons are odious, and so there is no reason to compare anyone with anyone. The peerless Dulcinea del Toboso is who she is, and the lady Doña Belerma is who she is, and who she has been, and let it rest there.' To which he answered me: 'Señor Don Quixote, pardon me, your grace, for I confess I went astray and did not speak well in saying that the lady Dulcinea would scarcely equal the lady Belerma, since it should have been enough for me to have gathered, by I know not what hints, that your grace is her knight, to make me bite my tongue before I compared her with anything but heaven itself.' With this satisfaction that the great Montesinos gave me, my heart grew quiet after the start I had received on hearing my lady compared with Belerma."

"And what I marvel at," said Sancho, "is how your grace didn't climb on top of the old codger and kick every bone in his body to powder and pluck out his beard without leaving him a hair in it."

"No, Sancho my friend," answered Don Quixote, "it was not fitting for me to do that, because we are all bound to respect the old,

even if they are not knights, and above all those who are knights and are enchanted. I know well that we did not come out owing each other anything in many other questions and answers that passed between us."

At this point the cousin said:

"I do not know, Señor Don Quixote, how your grace, in the short time you have been down there, can have seen so many things and spoken and answered so much."

"How long is it since I went down?" asked Don Quixote.

"A little over an hour," answered Sancho.

"That cannot be," replied Don Quixote, "because night fell and day broke for me down there, and night fell and day broke again, three times; so that, by my count, I have been three days in those remote parts hidden from our sight."

"My master must be telling the truth," said Sancho, "for since all the things that have happened to him come by enchantment, maybe what seems an hour to us must seem three days and nights down there."

"So it must be," answered Don Quixote.

"And has your grace eaten in all this time, sir?" asked the cousin.

"I have not broken my fast with a mouthful," answered Don Quixote, "nor have I even been hungry, not so much as in thought."

"And do the enchanted eat?" said the cousin.

"They do not eat," answered Don Quixote, "nor do they have the greater excrements; though it is held that their nails, their beards, and their hair grow."

"And do the enchanted sleep, by any chance, sir?" asked Sancho.

"Certainly not," answered Don Quixote. "At least, in these three days I have been with them, not one of them has shut an eye, nor have I either."

"Here the proverb fits nicely," said Sancho, "that goes 'tell me who you keep company with, and I'll tell you who you are.' Your grace keeps company with fasting, wakeful enchanted folk, so see if it's any wonder you neither eat nor sleep while you're keeping company with them. But forgive me, your grace, my master, if I tell you that of everything you've said here, God take me (I was going to say the devil) if I believe a thing."

"How not?" said the cousin. "Why, was Señor Don Quixote going to lie, when, even if he had wanted to, he has had no time to make up and imagine such a million lies?"

"I don't believe my master is lying," answered Sancho.

"If not, what do you believe?" Don Quixote asked him.

"I believe," answered Sancho, "that that Merlin, or those enchanters who enchanted the whole rabble your grace says you've seen and talked with down there, stuck into your noddle or your memory all that contraption you've told us, and all that you still have left to tell."

"All that might be, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "but it is not so, because what I have told, these eyes of mine saw and these very hands touched. But what will you say when I tell you now how, among the infinite other things and marvels Montesinos showed me, which I will tell you slowly and in due time in the course of our journey, since they do not all belong here, he showed me three peasant girls who were going about those most pleasant fields leaping and capering like goats; and, scarcely had I seen them, when I knew one to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two those same peasant girls who came with her, whom we spoke to on the way out of El Toboso? I asked Montesinos if he knew them; he answered no, but that he imagined they must be some enchanted ladies of rank, who had appeared in those meadows only a few days before; and that I was not to marvel at this, because many other ladies of past and

present ages were there, enchanted in different and strange shapes, among whom he recognized Queen Guinevere and her duenna Quintañona, pouring the wine for Lancelot, when he came out of Britain."

When Sancho Panza heard his master say this, he thought he would lose his wits or die of laughing; for, since he knew the truth about Dulcinea's pretended enchantment, of which he himself had been the enchanter and the raiser of such false witness, he came to know beyond any doubt that his master was out of his mind and mad through and through; and so he said to him:

"At an evil hour and in a worse season and on an ill-starred day your grace went down to the other world, my dear patron, and at a bad moment you met Señor Montesinos, who has sent you back to us like this. Your grace was well off up here with your whole wits, just as God had given them to you, speaking maxims and giving advice at every step, and not now, telling the biggest pieces of nonsense that can be imagined."

"Since I know you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I take no notice of your words."

"Nor I of your grace's," replied Sancho, "even if you wound me, even if you kill me for the ones I've said to you, or for the ones I mean to say if you don't correct and mend your own. But tell me, your grace, now that we're at peace: how or by what did you know the lady our mistress? And if you spoke to her, what did you say, and what did she answer?"

"I knew her," answered Don Quixote, "by her wearing the same clothes she wore when you pointed her out to me. I spoke to her, but she did not answer me a word; instead she turned her back on me and went off fleeing in such haste that an arrow would not have caught her. I wanted to follow her, and I would have done so had Montesinos not advised me not to tire myself with it, because it would be in vain, and all the more because the hour was coming

when I must come up out of the chasm again. He told me likewise that, in the course of time, I would be given word of how he, and Belerma, and Durandarte were to be disenchanted, with all who were there; but what grieved me most of all the things I saw and noted there was that, while Montesinos was saying these words to me, one of the two companions of the luckless Dulcinea came up to me from one side without my seeing her come, and, her eyes full of tears, said to me in a troubled, low voice: 'My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your grace's hands, and begs your grace to do her the favor of letting her know how you are; and that, being in great need, she likewise begs your grace, as earnestly as she can, to be so good as to lend her, on this new cotton petticoat I have brought here, half a dozen reales, or whatever your grace may have, for she gives her word to return them to you very soon.' The message left me in suspense and amazement, and, turning to Señor Montesinos, I asked him: 'Is it possible, Señor Montesinos, that enchanted persons of rank suffer want?' To which he answered me: 'Believe me, your grace, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, this thing they call want is in use everywhere, and reaches into everything, and comes to everyone, and does not spare even the enchanted; and since the lady Dulcinea del Toboso sends to ask for those six reales, and the pledge is good, as it seems, there is nothing for it but to give them to her, for no doubt she must be in some great strait.' 'A pledge I will not take,' I answered him, 'still less will I give her what she asks, because I have only four reales'; and these I gave her (they were the ones you gave me, Sancho, the other day to give as alms to the poor I might come across on the roads), and I said to her: 'Tell your lady, my friend, that her troubles grieve me to the soul, and that I would like to be a Fugger to remedy them; and let her know that I cannot and should not have health while I lack her pleasing sight and sensible conversation, and that I beg her, as earnestly as I can, to be

pleased to let herself be seen and spoken with by this her captive servant and harried knight. You will tell her too that, at the moment she least thinks of it, word will reach her that I have made an oath and a vow, after the fashion of the one the Marquis of Mantua made to avenge his nephew Baldovinos when he found him about to breathe his last in the midst of the mountain, which was not to eat bread off a tablecloth, with the other trifles he added there, until he had avenged him; and so I shall vow not to rest, and to travel the seven parts of the world more punctually than the Infante Don Pedro of Portugal traveled them, until I have disenchanted her.' 'All that, and more, your grace owes my lady,' the damsel answered me. And, taking the four reales, instead of making me a curtsy she cut a caper that took her two full yards up into the air."

"O holy God!" cried Sancho at this, in a loud voice. "Is it possible that there's such a thing in the world, and that enchanters and enchantments have such power in it that they've turned my master's good sense into such a crackbrained madness? Oh, sir, sir, for God's sake, let your grace look to yourself and stand up for your honor, and don't give credit to these empty things that have shrunk and unhinged your senses!"

"It is because you love me, Sancho, that you talk that way," said Don Quixote, "and since you are not experienced in the things of the world, all things that have some difficulty about them seem impossible to you; but time will pass, as I have said before, and I will tell you some of the things I have seen down there, which will make you believe the ones I have told here, whose truth admits neither reply nor dispute."

Chapter XXIV. In which are told a thousand trifles as irrelevant as they are necessary to the true understanding of this great history

The one who translated this great history says that, in the original by its first author, Cide Hamete Benengeli, on reaching the chapter of the adventure of the cave of Montesinos, he found, written in the margin in Hamete's own hand, these very words:

"I cannot make myself understand or persuade myself that everything written in the preceding chapter happened exactly so to the valiant Don Quixote: the reason is that all the adventures that have happened up to now have been possible and likely, but this one of the cave I can find no way into for holding it true, it goes so far beyond the bounds of reason. Yet for me to think that Don Quixote lied, he being the most truthful hidalgo and the noblest knight of his times, is not possible, for he would not tell a lie though they shot him full of arrows. On the other hand, I consider that he told it and related it with all the circumstances given, and that he could not have fabricated so great a contraption of nonsense in so short a space; and if this adventure seems apocryphal, I am not to blame; and so, without affirming it to be false or true, I write it down. You, reader, since you are prudent, judge as you see fit, for I neither should nor can do more; although it is held for certain that at the time of his end and death, they say, he retracted it, and said that he had invented it because it seemed to

him that it suited and squared well with the adventures he had read in his histories."

And then he goes on, saying:

The cousin was astonished, as much at Sancho Panza's boldness as at his master's patience, and judged that the mild temper he showed just then sprang from the contentment he felt at having seen his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted though she was; for, had it not been so, Sancho had said words and things to him that deserved a cudgeling; because it really seemed to the cousin that Sancho had been a little too bold with his master, to whom the cousin said:

"I, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, count the journey I have made with your grace as most excellently spent, because in it I have gained four things. The first, to have come to know your grace, which I hold a great happiness. The second, to have learned what is shut up in this cave of Montesinos, with the transformations of the Guadiana and of the lagoons of Ruidera, which will serve me for the *Spanish Ovid* I have in hand. The third, to understand the antiquity of playing cards, which were already in use at least in the time of the Emperor Charlemagne, as may be gathered from the words your grace says Durandarte spoke when, at the end of that long stretch in which Montesinos was talking to him, he woke and said: 'Patience, and shuffle the cards'; and this phrase and manner of speaking he could not have learned while enchanted, but only when he was not, in France and in the time of the said Emperor Charlemagne. And this finding comes as if made to measure for the other book I am composing, which is the *Supplement to Polydore Vergil* on the invention of antiquities; and I believe that in his he did not remember to put in the one of cards, as I shall put it in now, which will be of great importance, the more so as I cite an authority as grave and as truthful as Señor

Durandarte. The fourth is to have learned for certain the source of the river Guadiana, until now unknown to mankind."

"Your grace is right," said Don Quixote, "but I should like to know, if God grants you the favor of being given license to print those books of yours, which I doubt, to whom you mean to dedicate them."

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

"Not many," answered Don Quixote, "and not because they do not deserve it, but because they will not accept them, so as not to bind themselves to the recompense that seems to be owed to the labor and courtesy of their authors. I know one prince who can make up for what the rest lack, with such advantages that, if I dared to tell them, perhaps I should rouse envy in more than four generous breasts; but let this rest here for another, more convenient time, and let us go and look for somewhere to shelter tonight."

"Not far from here," answered the cousin, "there is a hermitage, where a hermit makes his dwelling who, they say, has been a soldier and is reputed to be a good Christian, and very sensible and charitable besides. Next to the hermitage he has a little house, which he built at his own cost; but even so, small as it is, it is big enough to take in guests."

"Does this hermit have any hens, by any chance?" asked Sancho.

"Few hermits are without them," answered Don Quixote, "because those in fashion now are not like the ones in the deserts of Egypt, who dressed in palm leaves and ate the roots of the earth. And let it not be thought that by speaking well of those I do not speak well of these; I only mean that the penances of the present day do not come up to the rigor and austerity of those times; but not for that do they fail to be all good; at least, I judge

them good; and, if the worst comes to the worst, the hypocrite who feigns to be good does less harm than the public sinner."

As they were saying this, they saw a man on foot coming toward where they were, walking fast and switching a he-mule that came loaded with lances and halberds. When he reached them, he greeted them and went on past. Don Quixote said to him:

"My good man, stop, for it seems you are going with more haste than that mule needs."

"I can't stop, sir," answered the man, "because the arms you see I'm carrying here are to be used tomorrow; and so I'm bound not to stop, and God be with you. But if you would like to know what I'm carrying them for, I mean to put up tonight at the inn that lies beyond the hermitage; and if you happen to be going this same way, you'll find me there, where I'll tell you marvels. And God be with you again."

And he goaded the mule on in such a way that Don Quixote had no chance to ask him what the marvels were that he meant to tell them; and since he was rather curious, and was always plagued by the desire to learn new things, he gave orders that they should leave at once and go to spend the night at the inn, without touching at the hermitage, where the cousin would have liked them to stay.

So it was done; they mounted, and all three followed the direct road to the inn, which they reached a little before nightfall. The cousin told Don Quixote that they should stop there for a drink. Scarcely had Sancho Panza heard this when he steered the gray toward the hermitage, and Don Quixote and the cousin did the same; but Sancho's bad luck, it seems, ordained that the hermit should not be at home, for so they were told by a sub-hermitess they found in the hermitage. They asked her for some of the dear stuff; she answered that her master had none, but that if they

wanted cheap water she would give it to them with a very good will.

"If I'd had a thirst for water," answered Sancho, "there are wells along the road where I could have quenched it. Ah, Camacho's wedding and the plenty of Don Diego's house, how many times am I going to miss you!"

With this they left the hermitage and spurred on toward the inn; and a little way along they came upon a young lad who was walking ahead of them without much hurry, and so they overtook him. He carried his sword over his shoulder, and on it a bundle or roll, apparently of his clothes, which, by the look of it, must have been his breeches or galligaskins, and a short cloak, and a shirt or so, for he wore a velvet jacket with some glimmers of satin, and his shirt showing; his stockings were of silk, and his shoes square-toed, in the court fashion; he would be eighteen or nineteen years of age, cheerful of face and, to all appearances, nimble in his person. He was singing seguidillas to beguile the toil of the road. When they came up to him, he was just finishing one, which the cousin learned by heart, and which they say went:

To the war I am going,
by my needs driven out;
if I only had money,
I would not go, no doubt.

The first to speak to him was Don Quixote, who said:

"You travel very light, your grace, my gallant sir. And where are you bound, in a good hour? Let us know, if you care to say."

To which the young man answered:

"Traveling so light is caused by the heat and by poverty, and where I am going is to the war."

"How, by poverty?" asked Don Quixote. "For by the heat it may well be."

"Sir," replied the lad, "in this bundle I carry a pair of velvet galligaskins, the companions of this jacket; if I wear them out on the road, I won't be able to do myself honor in them in the city, and I haven't the means to buy others; and, for that as much as to get some air, I go like this until I catch up with some companies of infantry that are not twelve leagues from here, where I will enlist, and there will be no lack of baggage wagons to travel in from there on to where we take ship, which they say is to be Cartagena. And I would rather have the king for my master and lord, and serve him in the war, than some penniless nobody at court."

"And does your grace have some extra pay, by any chance?" asked the cousin.

"If I had served some grandee of Spain or some person of rank," answered the young man, "I would surely have it, for that is what serving good masters brings: from the servants' hall men go on to be ensigns or captains, or get some good allowance; but I, unlucky one, always served upstarts and hangers-on, on board and wages so wretched and so thin that half of it went on paying for the starching of a collar; and it would be held a miracle if a page out to seek his fortune came by any fortune that was even reasonable."

"And tell me, upon your life, friend," asked Don Quixote, "is it possible that in the years you served you have not been able to come by a livery?"

"They gave me two," answered the page, "but, just as they take the habit off a man who leaves some religious order before professing and give him back his own clothes, so my masters gave me back mine, for, once the business they came to court for was done, they went back to their homes and took back the liveries they had given only for show."

"A notable piece of *espilorchería*, of stinginess, as the Italian says," said Don Quixote; "but even so, count it a happy fortune to have left the court with as good an intention as the one you bring;

for there is nothing on earth more honorable or more profitable than to serve God, first of all, and then one's king and natural lord, especially in the exercise of arms, by which, if not more riches, at least more honor is won than by letters, as I have said many times; for, though letters have founded more entailed estates than arms, still the men of arms have a certain I-know-not-what over the men of letters, with an I-do-know-what of splendor to be found in them that sets them above all others. And keep in your memory what I am going to tell you now, for it will be of great profit and relief to you in your hardships; and it is that you put out of your imagination the adverse events that may befall you, for the worst of them all is death, and, if this be a good one, the best of all is to die. Julius Caesar, that valiant Roman emperor, was asked what was the best death; he answered: the unthought-of one, the sudden and unforeseen; and though he answered as a heathen and a stranger to the knowledge of the true God, even so, he spoke well, to spare himself human feeling; for, supposing they kill you in the first action and skirmish, either by a cannon shot or blown up by a mine, what does it matter? It is all dying, and the work is done; and, according to Terence, a soldier makes a finer show slain in battle than safe and sound in flight; and a good soldier gains as much fame as he shows obedience to his captains and to those who have the right to command him. And mark, my son, that gunpowder suits a soldier better than the scent of civet, and that if old age catches you in this honorable calling, even though it be full of wounds and maimed or lame, at least it cannot catch you without honor, and such honor that poverty cannot lessen it for you; all the more since orders are now being given for the maintenance and relief of old and maimed soldiers, because it is not right to do with them what those are wont to do who free and give liberty to their black slaves when they are old and can no longer serve, and, turning them out of the house with the title of free men, make them

slaves of hunger, from which they cannot hope to be freed except by death. And for now I will tell you no more, except that you should get up on the crupper of this horse of mine as far as the inn, and there you will sup with me, and in the morning you will go on your way, and may God give it to you as good as your desires deserve."

The page did not accept the invitation to the crupper, though he did accept the one to sup with him at the inn; and at this point, they say, Sancho said to himself:

"God keep you, what a master! And is it possible that a man who can say things such as these, so many and so good as he has said here, should say he has seen the impossible pieces of nonsense he tells about the cave of Montesinos? Well, well, time will tell."

And at this they reached the inn, just as night was falling, and not without pleasure on Sancho's part, at seeing that his master judged it to be a true inn this time, not a castle, as was his habit. They had scarcely got inside when Don Quixote asked the innkeeper about the man with the lances and halberds, and he answered that he was in the stable seeing to his mule. The cousin and Sancho did the same for their beasts, giving Rocinante the best manger and the best place in the stable.

Chapter XXV. In which is set down the adventure of the braying and the amusing one of the puppeteer, with the memorable divinations of the divining ape

Don Quixote's bread would not bake, as the saying goes, until he had heard and learned the promised marvels of the man who was carrying the arms. He went to look for him where the innkeeper had told him he was, and found him, and told him that by all means he should tell him at once what he was to have told him later about what he had asked him on the road. The man answered:

"The tale of my marvels has to be taken more slowly, and not standing up. Let me finish seeing to my beast, your grace, my good sir, and I'll tell you things that will amaze you."

"Let that not stand in the way," answered Don Quixote, "for I will help you with everything."

And so he did, sifting the barley for him and cleaning out the manger, a humility that obliged the man to tell him willingly what he asked; and, sitting down on a stone bench, with Don Quixote beside him, and with the cousin, the page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper for senate and audience, he began to speak in this way:

"Your graces are to know that in a village that lies four and a half leagues from this inn it happened that one of its aldermen, through the scheming and trickery of a servant girl of his (and that is a long story), lost an ass, and though the said alderman made every effort he could to find it, it was not possible. Some fifteen days must have gone by, according to public voice and report,

since the ass went missing, when, as the alderman who had lost it was standing in the square, another alderman of the same village said to him: 'Give me a reward for good news, neighbor, for your donkey has turned up.' 'I promise you one, and a good one, neighbor,' answered the other, 'but let's know where it has turned up.' 'On the mountain,' answered the finder. 'I saw it this morning, without a packsaddle or any harness at all, and so thin it was a pity to look at it. I tried to drive it ahead of me and bring it to you, but it has already grown so wild and shy that when I got near it, it ran away and went into the most hidden part of the mountain. If you want us both to go back and look for it, let me put this she-ass of mine in my house, and I'll be back at once.' 'You'll do me a great favor,' said the owner of the donkey, 'and I'll try to pay you back in the same coin.' With all these circumstances, and in the very way I am telling it, it is told by all those who are well informed of the truth of this affair. In short, the two aldermen, on foot and hand in hand, went off to the mountain, and, reaching the place and spot where they thought to find the ass, they did not find it, nor did it appear anywhere round about, however much they looked for it. Seeing, then, that it did not appear, the alderman who had seen it said to the other: 'Look, neighbor, a scheme has come into my head by which we shall without any doubt be able to discover this animal, even if it's hidden in the bowels of the earth, let alone the mountain; and it's that I know how to bray marvelously; and if you know how a little, count the thing as done.' 'A little, you say, neighbor?' said the other. 'By God, I yield to nobody, not even to the asses themselves.' 'We shall see now,' answered the second alderman, 'because I have decided that you should go along one side of the mountain and I along the other, so that we go round it and cover all of it, and every so often you will bray and I will bray, and it can't fail but the ass will hear us and answer us, if it's on the mountain.' To which the owner of the donkey answered: 'I say,

neighbor, the scheme is excellent and worthy of your great wit.' And, the two of them parting as agreed, it so fell out that the two brayed at almost one and the same instant, and each, fooled by the other's bray, came running to look for the other, thinking the donkey had turned up at last; and on seeing each other, the loser said: 'Is it possible, neighbor, that it wasn't my ass that brayed?' 'It wasn't; it was me,' answered the other. 'Now I say,' said the owner, 'that between you and an ass, neighbor, there's no difference whatever as far as braying goes, for never in my life have I seen or heard anything more lifelike.' 'Those praises and that high esteem,' answered the one with the scheme, 'suit and belong to you better than to me, neighbor, for by the God who made me, you can give two brays' start to the greatest and most expert brayer in the world; because the sound you have is high, the holding of the note keeps due time and measure, the trills are many and quick, and, in short, I own myself beaten and yield you the palm and hand you the banner of this rare skill.' 'Now I say,' answered the owner, 'that I'll hold and esteem myself the more from now on, and think I know something, since I have some gift; for though I thought I brayed well, I never knew I reached the height you speak of.' 'And I'll say too now,' answered the second, 'that there are rare talents lost in the world, and that they are badly spent on those who don't know how to make use of them.' 'Ours,' answered the owner, 'can't serve us in anything except in cases like the one we have in hand, and even in this one, God grant they may be of some use to us.' This said, they parted again and went back to their braying, and at every step they were deceived and came together again, until they agreed on a countersign: that, to know it was they and not the ass, they should bray twice, one bray after the other. With this, doubling their brays at every step, they went all round the mountain without the lost donkey answering, not even by signs. But how was the poor ill-fated creature to answer, when they found it in the

most hidden part of the wood, eaten by wolves? And, on seeing it, its owner said: 'I did wonder at its not answering, for if it hadn't been dead, it would have brayed if it heard us, or it wouldn't be an ass; but in exchange for having heard you bray with such grace, neighbor, I count the trouble I've taken in looking for it well spent, even though I've found it dead.' 'It's in good hands, neighbor,' answered the other, 'for if the abbot sings well, the altar boy isn't far behind.' With this, disconsolate and hoarse, they went back to their village, where they told their friends, neighbors, and acquaintances all that had befallen them in the search for the ass, each one making much of the other's grace in braying; all of which became known and spread through the neighboring villages. And the devil, who never sleeps, being fond of sowing and scattering squabbles and discord everywhere, raising little squalls in the wind and great chimeras out of nothing, arranged and brought it about that the people of the other villages, on seeing anyone from our village, would bray, as if throwing our aldermen's braying in their faces. The boys took it up, which was the same as falling into the hands and mouths of all the demons in hell, and the braying went spreading from one village to another, so that the natives of the braying village are known and told apart as Blacks are told apart from whites; and the misfortune of this jest has gone so far that many times the mocked have marched out against the mockers, weapons in hand and in formed squadron, to give battle, and neither king nor rook, neither fear nor shame, has been able to remedy it. I believe that tomorrow or the day after the people of my village, who are the braying ones, are to take the field against another village two leagues from ours, which is one of those that persecute us most; and, so that we take the field well armed, I've bought the lances and halberds you saw. And these are the marvels I said I would tell you, and if they haven't seemed marvels to you, I don't know any others."

And with this the good man brought his talk to an end; and just then there came in at the door of the inn a man dressed all in chamois, stockings, galligaskins, and doublet, who said in a loud voice:

"Señor Host, is there lodging? For here comes the divining ape and the puppet show of the freeing of Melisendra."

"Body of me," said the innkeeper, "here is Señor Master Pedro! A fine night is in store for us."

I forgot to say that this Master Pedro wore a patch of green taffeta over his left eye and nearly half his cheek, a sign that all that side must have been ailing; and the innkeeper went on, saying:

"Welcome, your grace, Señor Master Pedro. Where are the ape and the puppet show, for I don't see them?"

"They're close by now," answered the all-chamois man, "only I came on ahead to find out whether there was lodging."

"I would take it from the Duke of Alba himself to give it to Señor Master Pedro," answered the innkeeper. "Let the ape and the puppet show come, for there are people at the inn tonight who will pay to see it and the ape's skills."

"So be it," answered the man with the patch, "for I'll lower the price, and if I just cover my costs I'll count myself well paid; and I'm going back to hurry along the cart in which the ape and the puppet show are coming."

And then he went out of the inn again.

Don Quixote then asked the innkeeper what Master Pedro this was, and what puppet show and what ape he had with him. To which the innkeeper answered:

"This is a famous puppeteer, who for many days now has been going about this Mancha of Aragon showing a puppet show of Melisendra freed by the famous Don Gaiferos, which is one of the best and best-performed stories that have been seen in this kingdom for many years past. He also has with him an ape with the

rarest skill ever seen among apes or imagined among men, because if they ask it something, it listens closely to what they ask and then jumps on its master's shoulders and, putting its mouth to his ear, tells him the answer to what they asked, and Master Pedro then declares it; and it says much more about things past than about things to come; and though it does not always hit the mark in everything, in most things it does not miss, so that it makes us believe it has the devil in its body. He takes two reales for every question, if the ape answers; I mean, if the master answers for it after it has spoken in his ear; and so it is believed that this Master Pedro is very rich; and he is a man *galante*, as they say in Italy, and a *bon compaño*, a boon companion, and leads the best life in the world; he talks more than six men and drinks more than twelve, all at the expense of his tongue and his ape and his puppet show."

At this Master Pedro came back, and in a cart came the puppet show and the ape, a big one with no tail, its hindquarters like felt, but not ill-favored in the face; and scarcely had Don Quixote seen it when he asked it:

"Tell me, your grace, Señor Diviner, *qué peje pillamo*, what fish are we catching? What is to become of us? And here are my two reales."

And he ordered Sancho to give them to Master Pedro, who answered for the ape and said:

"Sir, this animal does not answer or give any account of things that are to come; of things past it knows something, and of present ones a little."

"I swear," said Sancho, "I wouldn't give an ardite to be told what has happened to me! For who can know that better than I do myself? And for me to pay to be told what I know would be a great piece of folly; but since it knows present things, here are my two reales, and let his most monkeyish lordship tell me what my wife Teresa Panza is doing now and what she's busy at."

Master Pedro would not take the money, saying:

"I will not receive the reward in advance, before the service has gone before it."

And, giving two taps with his right hand on his left shoulder, in one leap the ape was perched on it, and, putting its mouth to his ear, it chattered its teeth together very fast; and, having made this show for the space of a Credo, with another leap it was on the ground, and at once, in the greatest hurry, Master Pedro went and knelt before Don Quixote and, embracing his legs, said:

"These legs I embrace, just as if I were embracing the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the now forgotten knight-errantry! O never-duly-lauded knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, courage of the fainting, prop of those about to fall, arm of the fallen, staff and comfort of all the unfortunate!"

Don Quixote was dumbfounded, Sancho stupefied, the cousin in suspense, the page astonished, the man of the braying agape, the innkeeper confused, and, in short, all who heard the puppeteer's words were amazed; and he went on, saying:

"And you, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire of the best knight in the world, rejoice, for your good wife Teresa is well, and at this hour she is dressing a pound of flax, and, for a further token, she has at her left side a jug with a broken lip that holds a good drop of wine, with which she cheers herself at her work."

"That I can well believe," answered Sancho, "for she's a blessed soul, and if she weren't jealous I wouldn't trade her for the giantess Andandona, who, according to my master, was a very proper woman and a very worthy one; and my Teresa is one of those who don't let themselves go short, even if it's at their heirs' expense."

"Now I say," said Don Quixote at this point, "that he who reads much and travels much sees much and knows much. I say this because what persuasion would have been enough to persuade me that there are apes in the world that divine, as I have now seen

with my own eyes? For I am that very Don Quixote of La Mancha this good animal has spoken of, though it has gone on somewhat at length in my praises; but, however I may be, I give thanks to heaven, which endowed me with a gentle and compassionate spirit, always inclined to do good to all and harm to none."

"If I had any money," said the page, "I would ask the señor ape what is to happen to me on the journey I am making."

To which Master Pedro, who by now had risen from Don Quixote's feet, answered:

"I have already said that this little beast does not answer about things to come; for if it did answer, having no money would not matter, for, to serve Señor Don Quixote, here present, I would let every profit in the world go. And now, since I owe it to him, and to give him pleasure, I mean to set up my puppet show and give pleasure to everyone at the inn without any pay."

Hearing this, the innkeeper, overjoyed, pointed out the place where the puppet show could be set up, which was done in a moment.

Don Quixote was not very pleased with the ape's divinations, for it did not seem to him fitting that an ape should divine things, whether to come or past; and so, while Master Pedro was arranging the puppet show, Don Quixote withdrew with Sancho to a corner of the stable, where, without being heard by anyone, he said to him:

"Look, Sancho, I have considered this ape's strange skill carefully, and by my reckoning I find that this Master Pedro, its master, must without doubt have made a compact, tacit or express, with the devil."

"If the compost's pressed down thick and it's the devil's," said Sancho, "it must no doubt be very filthy compost; but what good is it to this Master Pedro to have such compost heaps?"

"You do not understand me, Sancho: I mean only that he must have made some agreement with the devil for him to put that skill into the ape, so that he can earn his bread with it, and after he is rich he will give him his soul, which is what this universal enemy is after. And what makes me believe this is seeing that the ape answers only about things past or present, and the devil's knowledge can reach no further, for things to come he does not know except by conjecture, and not always then; for to God alone is it reserved to know the times and the moments, and for Him there is neither past nor future, for all is present. And this being so, as it is, it is clear that this ape speaks in the devil's style; and I am amazed that they have not denounced it to the Holy Office and examined it and dragged out of it by the roots by whose power it divines; for it is certain that this ape is no astrologer, and neither its master nor it casts, or knows how to cast, those figures they call judicial, which are so much in fashion now in Spain that there is no little woman, nor page, nor old-shoe cobbler who does not presume to cast a figure as if it were a jack of cards picked up off the floor, spoiling with their lies and ignorance the marvelous truth of the science. I know of a lady who asked one of these figure casters whether a little lapdog she had would get with young and give birth, and how many pups it would have and of what color. To which the señor judicial astrologer, after casting the figure, answered that the little bitch would get with young and give birth to three little pups, one green, another crimson, and the other mottled, on condition that the said bitch be covered between eleven and twelve of the day or of the night, and that it be on a Monday or a Saturday; and what happened was that two days later the bitch died of overeating, and the señor caster was left with a name in the village as a most unerring judicial astrologer, as all or most casters are left."

"For all that," said Sancho, "I'd like your grace to tell Master Pedro to ask his ape whether what happened to your grace in the cave of Montesinos is true; for I hold for my part, begging your grace's pardon, that it was all humbug and lies, or at least things dreamed."

"All that might be," answered Don Quixote, "but I will do what you advise, though I am bound to be left with a certain I-know-not-what of scruple."

While they were at this, Master Pedro came to look for Don Quixote and tell him that the puppet show was now in order; would his grace come and see it, for it deserved it. Don Quixote told him what he had in mind, and asked him to have his ape say straightaway whether certain things that had happened to him in the cave of Montesinos had been dreamed or true; because it seemed to him that they had something of both. To which Master Pedro, without answering a word, brought back the ape and, setting it in front of Don Quixote and Sancho, said:

"Look, señor ape, this knight wants to know whether certain things that happened to him in a cave called the cave of Montesinos were false or true."

And, giving it the usual signal, the ape climbed onto his left shoulder, and, seeming to speak in his ear, Master Pedro then said:

"The ape says that some of the things your grace saw, or went through, in the said cave are false, and some likely; and that this is what it knows, and nothing else, as to this question; and that if your grace wishes to know more, next Friday it will answer everything it is asked, for for the present its virtue has run out, and it will not come back to it until Friday, as it has said."

"Didn't I say so," said Sancho, "that I couldn't swallow it that everything your grace, my master, has said about the happenings in the cave was true, or even half of it?"

“Events will tell, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “for time, the discoverer of all things, leaves none that it does not bring out into the light of the sun, though it be hidden in the bosom of the earth. And, for now, let this be enough, and let us go and see good Master Pedro’s puppet show, for I take it there must be some novelty in it.”

“How, some?” answered Master Pedro. “Sixty thousand this puppet show of mine holds within it. I tell your grace, my lord Don Quixote, that it is one of the things most worth seeing that the world has today, and *operibus credite, et non verbis* (believe the works, and not the words); and let us set our hands to the work, for it is growing late and we have much to do and to say and to show.”

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed him and came to where the puppet show was already set up and uncovered, lit all over with little wax candles that made it showy and resplendent. On arriving, Master Pedro got inside it, for he was the one who was to work the figures of the contrivance, and outside stood a boy, a servant of Master Pedro’s, to serve as interpreter and expounder of the mysteries of the puppet show; he had a little wand in his hand, with which he pointed to the figures as they came out.

All who were at the inn having taken their places, then, some of them standing, opposite the puppet show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the cousin having been settled in the best seats, the interpreter began to say what he will hear and see who hears or sees the following chapter.

Chapter XXVI. In which the amusing adventure of the puppeteer is continued, with other things that are truly very good

All fell silent, Tyrians and Trojans alike; I mean, all who were watching the puppet show hung on the lips of the expounder of its marvels, when a number of kettledrums and trumpets were heard sounding inside the show, and a great deal of artillery firing, the noise of which passed in a short time, and then the boy raised his voice and said:

"This true story that is here performed for your graces has been drawn to the letter out of the chronicles of France and the ballads of Spain that go about in people's mouths, and in the mouths of the boys in the streets. It deals with the freedom that Señor Don Gaiferos gave his wife Melisendra, who was held captive in Spain, in the power of the Moors, in the city of Sansueña, for so they called then the city that today is called Zaragoza; and your graces may see there how Don Gaiferos is playing at backgammon, according to what is sung:

"'Don Gaiferos sits there playing at the tables,
for Melisendra is forgotten now.'

"And that personage who appears there, with a crown on his head and a scepter in his hands, is the Emperor Charlemagne, the putative father of the said Melisendra, who, vexed at seeing his son-in-law's idleness and neglect, comes out to scold him; and

note the vehemence and earnestness with which he scolds him, for it looks just as if he means to give him half a dozen raps with the scepter, and there are even authors who say he gave them to him, and well given too; and after he had told him many things about the danger his honor ran in not seeking his wife's freedom, they say he said to him:

"'I have told you enough: see to it.'

"Look too, your graces, how the emperor turns his back and leaves Don Gaiferos in a fury, and you see how he flings the board and the pieces far from him, beside himself with anger, and calls in haste for his arms, and asks his cousin Don Roldán for the loan of his sword Durindana, and how Don Roldán will not lend it to him, offering him his company in the hard enterprise he is undertaking; but the valiant, angry knight will not accept it; instead he says that he alone is enough to bring out his wife, even if she were buried in the deepest center of the earth; and with this he goes in to arm himself, so as to set out at once. Turn your eyes, your graces, to that tower that appears there, which is supposed to be one of the towers of the castle of Zaragoza that they now call the Aljafería; and that lady you see on that balcony in Moorish dress is the peerless Melisendra, who many times would stand there looking out at the road to France and, with her imagination fixed on Paris and on her husband, would console herself in her captivity. Look too at a new thing that is happening now, never seen before perhaps. Don't you see that Moor who, very quietly and step by step, with his finger to his lips, comes up behind Melisendra? Well, look how he gives her a kiss full on the lips, and the haste she makes to spit, and to wipe them with the white sleeve of her shift, and how she laments and tears her lovely hair for grief, as if it were to blame for the outrage. Look too how that grave Moor who is in those galleries is King Marsilio of Sansueña, who, because he has seen the Moor's insolence, though he was a kinsman and a great favorite of

his, at once ordered him to be seized and given two hundred lashes, being led through the customary streets of the city, with criers going before / and the rods coming behind; and here you see them coming out to carry out the sentence, when the offense has scarcely been carried out at all; for among Moors there is no 'notice to the other party' nor 'remanded for proof,' as there is among us."

"Boy, boy," said Don Quixote in a loud voice at this point, "go on with your story in a straight line, and do not wander into curves or side paths; for to bring a truth out clean, there is need of many proofs and counterproofs."

Master Pedro also said from inside:

"Boy, don't go in for flourishes, but do what that gentleman bids you, which will be the wisest course; keep to your plainsong and don't go into counterpoint, for it's apt to snap from being spun too fine."

"I'll do so," answered the boy, and went on, saying: "This figure that appears here on horseback, wrapped in a Gascon cloak, is that of Don Gaiferos himself, to whom his wife, now avenged for the enamored Moor's boldness, has come out with a better and calmer countenance to the lookouts of the tower, and she speaks with her husband, thinking he is some traveler, with whom she held all that talk and colloquy of the ballad that says: 'Sir knight, if you to France are riding, / ask there for Gaiferos;' which I do not repeat now, because from long-windedness weariness is apt to be bred; it is enough to see how Don Gaiferos reveals himself, and that by the joyful gestures Melisendra makes we are given to understand that she has recognized him, and all the more now that we see her letting herself down from the balcony to get on the crupper of her good husband's horse. But, ah, unlucky lady! The edge of her petticoat has caught on one of the irons of the balcony, and she is hanging in the air without being able to reach the ground. But you

see how merciful heaven comes to the rescue in the greatest need, for Don Gaiferos comes up and, without minding whether the rich petticoat will tear or not, takes hold of her and, in spite of it, brings her down to the ground, and then with one heave sets her on the crupper of his horse, astride like a man, and bids her hold on tight and put her arms around his back so that they cross on his chest, lest she should fall, because the lady Melisendra was not used to such ways of riding. You see too how the horse's neighing gives signs that he is pleased with the valiant and beautiful burden he carries in his master and his mistress. You see how they turn their backs and ride out of the city, and glad and rejoicing set off on the Paris road. Go in peace, O pair without a peer of true lovers! May you come safe and sound to the homeland you long for, without fortune putting any hindrance in the way of your happy journey! May the eyes of your friends and kinsfolk see you enjoy in tranquil peace the days of life that remain to you, and may they be as Nestor's!"

Here Master Pedro raised his voice again and said:

"Plainness, boy; don't climb so high, for all affectation is bad."

The interpreter answered nothing; instead he went on, saying:

"There were not lacking some idle eyes, the kind that are apt to see everything, which saw Melisendra come down and get up, and they gave word of it to King Marsilio, who at once ordered the alarm to be sounded; and look with what haste, for already the city is sinking under the sound of the bells that ring in all the towers of the mosques."

"Not that!" said Don Quixote at this point. "In this matter of the bells Master Pedro is very much out of order, because among Moors bells are not used, but kettledrums and a kind of flageolet that looks like our shawms; and this ringing of bells in Sansueña is without doubt a great piece of nonsense."

Hearing this, Master Pedro stopped the ringing and said:

"Don't look into trifles, your grace, Señor Don Quixote, or try to follow things so far to the end that the end can't be found. Aren't a thousand plays performed around here almost every day, full of a thousand improprieties and absurdities, and for all that they run their course most happily and are listened to not only with applause but with admiration and all? Go on, boy, and let them talk; for so long as I fill my bag, he may perform more improprieties than there are motes in the sun."

"That is the truth," replied Don Quixote.

And the boy said:

"Look how many and how splendid are the horsemen who ride out of the city in pursuit of the two Catholic lovers, how many trumpets sound, how many flageolets play, and how many kettle-drums and drums boom. I fear they will catch them and drag them back bound to their own horse's tail, which would be a horrible spectacle."

Seeing and hearing, then, such a host of Moors and such a din, Don Quixote thought it would be well to give help to those who were fleeing; and, rising to his feet, he said in a loud voice:

"Never will I consent, in my days and in my presence, that foul play be done to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gaiferos. Halt, you lowborn rabble; follow him not, nor pursue him; else with me ye shall do battle!"

And, no sooner said than done, he unsheathed his sword and with one leap was beside the puppet show, and, with swift and never-seen fury, began to rain blows on the puppet host of Moors, knocking some down, beheading others, maiming this one, destroying that one, and, among many others, he dealt such a downstroke that, if Master Pedro had not ducked, crouched, and huddled down, he would have sliced off his head more easily than if it had been made of marzipan paste. Master Pedro shouted, saying:

"Stop, your grace, Señor Don Quixote, and mind that these you are knocking down, destroying, and killing are not real Moors, but little figures of paste. Look, sinner that I am, you are ruining me and wrecking all my property!"

But not for that did Don Quixote leave off showering slashes, two-handed strokes, cuts, and backhands as thick as rain. In the end, in less time than two Credos take, he brought the whole puppet show to the ground, all its rigging and figures hacked to pieces and smashed to bits: King Marsilio sorely wounded, and the Emperor Charlemagne split in two, crown and head alike. The senate of listeners was thrown into an uproar, the ape fled over the roofs of the inn, the cousin was frightened, the page cowed, and even Sancho Panza himself was in the greatest terror, because, as he swore after the storm had passed, he had never seen his master in such a reckless rage. The general destruction of the puppet show thus done, Don Quixote grew a little calmer and said:

"I wish I had before me at this moment all those who do not believe, nor wish to believe, how much good knights-errant do in the world. Look, had I not been here present, what would have become of the good Don Gaiferos and the beautiful Melisendra? To be sure, by this hour these dogs would have overtaken them and done them some foul wrong. In short, long live knight-errantry above all things that live on earth today!"

"Long may they live, and welcome," said Master Pedro at this point in a sickly voice, "and let me die, since my luck is so bad that I can say, with King Don Rodrigo:

"'Yesterday I was lord of Spain…
and today I have not a battlement
that I can say is mine!'

"Not half an hour ago, not even a middling moment ago, I saw myself lord of kings and emperors, my stables and my chests and

sacks full of countless horses and innumerable finery, and now I see myself desolate and brought low, poor and a beggar, and above all without my ape, for on my faith, before I get him back into my power my teeth will have to sweat for it; and all through the ill-considered fury of this señor knight, of whom it is said that he protects orphans and rights wrongs and does other charitable works; and with me alone his generous intention has failed, blessed and praised be the heavens, there where their seats are set highest. In short, the Knight of the Sorry Figure was bound to be the one to disfigure my figures."

Sancho Panza was touched by Master Pedro's words and said to him:

"Don't cry, Master Pedro, and don't lament, for you're breaking my heart; because I'll have you know that my master Don Quixote is so Catholic and scrupulous a Christian that if he realizes he has done you any wrong, he'll know how to pay you for it and will want to pay you and make it good to you with plenty to spare."

"If Señor Don Quixote would pay me for some part of the handiwork he has undone, I would be content, and his grace would make his conscience safe, because he cannot be saved who keeps what is another's against its owner's will and does not restore it."

"That is so," said Don Quixote, "but so far I do not know that I have anything of yours, Master Pedro."

"How not?" answered Master Pedro. "And these remains lying on this hard and barren ground, who scattered and annihilated them but the invincible force of that mighty arm? And whose were their bodies but mine? And with whom did I keep myself but with them?"

"Now I come to believe at last," said Don Quixote at this point, "what I have believed many other times: that these enchanters who persecute me do nothing but set the figures before my eyes as they really are, and then change and transform them into what-

ever they like. Really and truly I tell you, sirs who hear me, that everything that has happened here seemed to me to be happening to the letter: that Melisendra was Melisendra, and Don Gaiferos Don Gaiferos, and Marsilio Marsilio, and Charlemagne Charlemagne; and so my anger was roused, and, to fulfill my profession of knight-errant, I wished to give help and favor to those who were fleeing, and with this good purpose I did what you have seen; if it has turned out the other way round, the fault is not mine but that of the wicked ones who persecute me; and for all that, for this mistake of mine, though no malice lay behind it, I wish to condemn myself in costs: let Master Pedro see what he wants for the ruined figures, for I offer to pay it to him at once in good, current Castilian money."

Master Pedro bowed to him, saying:

"I expected no less of the unheard-of Christian charity of the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, true succor and shelter of all the needy and destitute vagabonds; and here the señor innkeeper and the great Sancho shall be mediators and assessors, between your grace and me, of what the now ruined figures are worth or might be worth."

The innkeeper and Sancho said they would do so, and then Master Pedro lifted from the ground King Marsilio of Zaragoza, minus his head, and said:

"Anyone can see that there is no bringing this king back to what he was before; and so it seems to me, saving better judgment, that I should be given for his death, end, and finish four reales and a half."

"Go on!" said Don Quixote.

"Then for this split from top to bottom," Master Pedro went on, taking in his hands the cloven Emperor Charlemagne, "it would not be much if I asked five reales and a quarter."

"It isn't little," said Sancho.

"Nor much," replied the innkeeper. "Let's split the difference and set it at five reales."

"Let him be given the full five and a quarter," said Don Quixote, "for the sum of this notable misfortune does not stand on a quarter more or less; and let Master Pedro finish quickly, for it is getting to be suppertime, and I have certain inklings of hunger."

"For this figure," said Master Pedro, "with no nose and one eye missing, which is the beautiful Melisendra's, I ask, and I am keeping to what is fair, two reales and twelve maravedís."

"That would be the devil indeed," said Don Quixote, "if Melisendra and her husband were not by now at least at the border of France; for the horse they were riding seemed to me to fly rather than run; and so there is no need to sell me a cat for a hare, showing me a noseless Melisendra here when the other one, as likely as not, is now taking her ease in France with her husband with her legs stretched out. God help each man with his own, Señor Master Pedro, and let us all walk with a level foot and a sound intention. And go on."

Master Pedro, seeing that Don Quixote was veering to the left and going back to his first obsession, did not want him to escape him; and so he said to him:

"This can't be Melisendra, but one of the damsels who waited on her; and so, with sixty maravedís given me for her, I will be content and well paid."

In this way he went on putting prices on many other smashed figures, which the two arbitrating judges afterward moderated to the satisfaction of the parties, and they came to forty reales and three quarters; and besides this, which Sancho paid out at once, Master Pedro asked two reales for the trouble of catching the ape.

"Give them to him, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not to catch the *mono*, the ape, but the *mona*, a good drunk; and I would give two hundred now as a reward for good news to anyone who could tell

me for certain that the lady Doña Melisendra and Señor Don Gaiferos were now in France and among their own people."

"Nobody could give us that news better than my ape," said Master Pedro, "but there isn't a devil who could catch him now; though I imagine that fondness and hunger will force him to come looking for me tonight, and God will bring the day, and we'll see each other."

In short, the storm of the puppet show came to an end, and they all supped in peace and good company at Don Quixote's expense, for he was liberal to the last degree.

Before daybreak the man who was carrying the lances and halberds left, and after day had broken the cousin and the page came to take their leave of Don Quixote: the one to go back to his home, and the other to go on his way, to help him on which Don Quixote gave him a dozen reales. Master Pedro did not want to get into any more back-and-forth with Don Quixote, whom he knew very well, and so he rose before the sun and, gathering up the remains of his puppet show and his ape, he too went off to seek his adventures. The innkeeper, who did not know Don Quixote, was as amazed by his madness as by his liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him very well, by his master's order, and, taking leave of him, at about eight in the morning they left the inn and set out on their way, where we will let them go; for so it is fitting, to make room for telling other things that pertain to the clarification of this famous history.

Chapter XXVII. In which is told who Master Pedro and his ape were, with the bad outcome Don Quixote had in the adventure of the braying, which he did not finish as he would have wished and as he had planned

Cide Hamete, chronicler of this great history, comes into this chapter with these words: "I swear as a Catholic Christian..."; on which his translator says that when Cide Hamete swore as a Catholic Christian, though a Moor, as no doubt he was, he meant nothing else than that, just as a Catholic Christian, when he swears, swears or ought to swear the truth and tell it in whatever he says, so he was telling it, as if he swore as a Catholic Christian, in what he meant to write of Don Quixote, especially in telling who Master Pedro was, and who the divining ape that had all those villages amazed with its divinations.

He says, then, that whoever has read the first part of this history will well remember that Ginés de Pasamonte to whom, among other galley slaves, Don Quixote gave freedom in the Sierra Morena, a kindness for which he was afterward ill thanked and worse repaid by that wicked and ill-bred crew. This Ginés de Pasamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the one who stole Sancho Panza's gray; and because neither the how nor the when of it was set down in the first part, through the fault of the printers, it has given many people something to puzzle

over, who put down the printing fault to the author's poor memory. But, in short, Ginés stole him while Sancho Panza was asleep on his back, using the trick and method Brunelo used when, Sacripante being at the siege of Albraca, he drew his horse out from between his legs; and afterward Sancho got him back, as has been told. This Ginés, then, fearful of being found by the law, which was looking for him to punish him for his countless villainies and crimes, which were so many and of such a kind that he himself composed a great volume recounting them, resolved to pass over into the kingdom of Aragon and cover his left eye, taking up the trade of puppeteer; for this, and sleight of hand, he knew how to do to perfection.

It happened, then, that from some Christians newly freed and coming from Barbary he bought that ape, which he taught, at a certain signal he made, to climb onto his shoulder and murmur in his ear, or seem to. This done, before going into the village he was entering with his puppet show and ape, he would find out in the nearest village, or from whoever he best could, what particular things had happened in that village and to what persons; and, keeping them well in his memory, the first thing he did was show his puppet show, which was sometimes of one story and sometimes of another, but all of them merry, cheerful, and well known. When the show was over, he would put forward his ape's skills, telling the people that it divined everything past and present, but that in matters to come it had no knack. For the answer to each question he asked two reales, and some he gave cheaply, according as he took the pulse of the questioners; and since now and then he came to the houses of people whose doings he knew about, even if they asked him nothing so as not to pay him, he would give the ape the signal and then say that it had told him such and such a thing, which fitted exactly with what had happened. With this he won unspeakable credit, and everyone went

running after him. At other times, being so shrewd, he answered in such a way that the answers suited the questions; and since no one pressed him or pinned him down to say how his ape divined, he made monkeys of them all and filled his pouches.

As soon as he came into the inn he recognized Don Quixote and Sancho, and by recognizing them it was easy for him to astonish Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and everyone who was in the inn; but it would have cost him dear if Don Quixote's hand had come down a little lower when he struck off King Marsilio's head and laid waste his whole cavalry, as was told in the preceding chapter.

This is what there is to say about Master Pedro and his ape.

And, returning to Don Quixote of La Mancha, I say that after he had left the inn he resolved first to see the banks of the river Ebro and all that region before entering the city of Zaragoza, since the long time still left from then until the jousts gave him room for everything. With this intention he went on his way, along which he traveled for two days without anything happening to him worth putting in writing, until on the third, as he was climbing a hill, he heard a great noise of drums, trumpets, and harquebuses. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was passing through that part, and to see them he spurred Rocinante and rode up the hill; and when he was on the top he saw at its foot, to his thinking, more than two hundred men armed with different sorts of arms, such as, let us say, long lances, crossbows, partisans, halberds and pikes, and some harquebuses, and many bucklers. He came down from the slope and drew near the squadron, so near that he could see the banners distinctly, made out their colors, and noted the devices they bore on them, especially one that came on a standard or pennon of white satin, on which there was painted to the life an ass like a little Sardinian donkey, its head raised, its mouth open, and its tongue hanging out, in the act and posture of braying; and around it these two lines were written in large letters:

Not in vain did they bray,
the one mayor and the other.

From this device Don Quixote gathered that those people must be from the braying village, and so he told Sancho, explaining to him what was written on the standard. He told him too that the man who had given them an account of the affair had been mistaken in saying that it was two aldermen who had brayed, for according to the lines on the standard they had been mayors. To which Sancho Panza answered:

"Sir, there's no need to stick at that, for it may very well be that the aldermen who brayed back then came in time to be mayors of their village, and so they can be called by both titles; all the more since it makes no difference to the truth of the story whether the brayers were mayors or aldermen, so long as they really did bray; because a mayor is just as liable to bray as an alderman."

In short, they learned and came to know that the mocked village was going out to fight another that mocked it more than was right and more than was owed to good neighborliness.

Don Quixote went on toward them, not a little to the distress of Sancho, who was never fond of finding himself in such undertakings. The men of the squadron took him into their midst, believing he was one of their own side. Don Quixote, raising his visor, with a fine spirit and bearing, rode up to the standard of the ass, and there the leading men of the army all crowded about him to get a look at him, struck with the usual wonder that fell upon all who looked at him for the first time. Don Quixote, seeing them so intent on looking at him without any of them speaking to him or asking him anything, wished to take advantage of that silence, and, breaking his own, raised his voice and said:

"Good sirs, as earnestly as I can, I beg you not to interrupt a discourse I wish to make to you, until you see that it displeases

and annoys you; for if that happens, at the slightest sign you make me I shall put a seal on my mouth and a gag on my tongue."

They all told him to say what he liked, for they would gladly listen to him. Don Quixote, with this leave, went on, saying:

"I, my good sirs, am a knight-errant; arms are my calling, and my profession is to favor those in need of favor and to help the needy. Some days ago I learned of your misfortune and the cause that moves you to take up arms at every turn to avenge yourselves on your enemies; and, having pondered your business once and many times in my understanding, I find, according to the laws of the duel, that you are mistaken in holding yourselves affronted, because no private person can affront a whole village, unless he challenges it as a traitor all together, because he does not know in particular who committed the treason for which he challenges it. We have an example of this in Don Diego Ordóñez de Lara, who challenged the whole people of Zamora, not knowing that the treason of killing his king was the work of Vellido Dolfos alone; and so he challenged them all, and the vengeance and the answer belonged to them all; though it is very true that Señor Don Diego went somewhat too far, and even passed well beyond the bounds of a challenge, because he had no call to challenge the dead, the waters, the loaves, those yet unborn, or the other trifles set out there; but there it is, for when anger leaves its mother channel, the tongue has neither father, tutor, nor bridle to correct it. This being so, then, that one man alone cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, commonwealth, or whole village, it comes out clean that there is no reason to go out to avenge the challenge of such an affront, since it is none; for a fine thing it would be if the people of the town of the Clock were to kill whoever calls them so at every turn, or the Stewpotters, the Eggplanters, the Whalelings, the Soapmakers, or those of other names and nicknames that go about in the mouths of boys and of people of no great account! A fine

thing indeed it would be if all these illustrious towns were to take offense and avenge themselves, and go about forever with their swords working in and out like sackbuts at every quarrel, however small! No, no, God neither permit nor will it. Prudent men and well-ordered commonwealths must take up arms, unsheathe their swords, and put their persons, lives, and goods at risk for four things: the first, to defend the Catholic faith; the second, to defend their lives, which is by natural and divine law; the third, in defense of their honor, their family, and their goods; the fourth, in the service of their king in a just war; and if we wish to add a fifth, which may be counted as the second, it is in defense of their country. To these five causes, as the chief ones, some others may be added that are just and reasonable and oblige men to take up arms; but to take them up for childish things and for matters that are rather for laughter and pastime than for affront seems to show that whoever takes them up lacks all reasonable judgment; all the more since taking unjust vengeance (and just there can be none) goes straight against the holy law we profess, which bids us do good to our enemies and love those who hate us; a commandment which, though it seems somewhat difficult to fulfill, is not so except for those who have less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never lied, nor could nor can lie, being our lawgiver, said that his yoke was easy and his burden light; and so he would not command us anything that was impossible to fulfill. So, my good sirs, your graces are bound by divine and human laws to be at peace."

"The devil take me," said Sancho to himself at this point, "if this master of mine isn't a teologian; and if he isn't, he looks like one as one egg looks like another."

Don Quixote took a little breath, and, seeing that they still gave him silence, wished to go on with his discourse, as he would have

done had not Sancho's sharpness put itself in the way; for Sancho, seeing that his master was pausing, took the lead for him, saying:

"My master Don Quixote of La Mancha, who once called himself the Knight of the Sorry Figure and now calls himself the Knight of the Lions, is a very cautious hidalgo, who knows Latin and the vernacular like a bachelor, and in everything he deals with and advises he goes about it like a very good soldier, and he has all the laws and ordinances of what they call the duel at his fingertips; and so there's nothing more to do but be guided by whatever he says, and on my head be it if you go wrong; all the more since it's already been said that it's foolishness to take offense just at hearing a bray, for I remember when I was a boy I brayed whenever and as often as I felt like it, without anybody holding me back, and with such grace and truth to life that when I brayed all the asses in the village brayed, and not for that did I stop being the son of my parents, who were most honorable people; and though for this skill I was envied by more than four of the stuck-up folk of my village, I didn't care two ardites. And so that you see I'm telling the truth, wait and listen, for this science is like swimming: once learned, it's never forgotten."

And then, putting his hand to his nose, he began to bray so lustily that all the nearby valleys rang with it. But one of those who were next to him, thinking he was making fun of them, raised a pole he had in his hand and gave him such a blow with it that, without his being able to help it, it knocked Sancho Panza to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing Sancho so badly treated, charged at the man who had struck him, with his lance in hand, but so many came between them that it was not possible to avenge him; on the contrary, seeing that a cloudburst of stones was raining down on him, and that a thousand leveled crossbows and no smaller number of harquebuses were threatening him, he turned Rocinante's reins and, as fast as his gallop could carry him, got out from among

them, commending himself with all his heart to God to deliver him from that danger, fearing at every step that some bullet would enter at his back and come out at his breast; and every moment he drew in his breath to see whether it failed him.

But the men of the squadron were content to see him flee, without shooting at him. They put Sancho on his donkey, scarcely come to himself, and let him go after his master, not that he had the sense to guide him; but the gray followed in Rocinante's tracks, for without him he was never at ease for a moment. Don Quixote, then, having got a good way off, turned his head and saw that Sancho was coming, and waited for him, seeing that no one was following him.

The men of the squadron stayed there until nightfall, and, since their enemies had not come out to battle, they went back to their village, merry and rejoicing; and if they had known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have raised a trophy in that place and spot.

Chapter XXVIII. Of things that, Benengeli says, whoever reads him will learn if he reads with attention

When the brave man flees, foul play has been uncovered, and it is for prudent men to keep themselves for a better occasion. This truth was borne out in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the village and the ill intentions of that angry squadron, took to the dusty road and, without a thought for Sancho or the danger he was leaving him in, drew off as far as seemed to him enough to be safe. Sancho followed him, slung across his donkey as has been told. He came up at last, having come to his senses by then, and on arriving let himself fall off the gray at Rocinante's feet, all in distress, all bruised, and all beaten. Don Quixote got down to look at his wounds; but, since he found him sound from top to toe, he spoke to him in no little anger:

"In an evil hour you learned to bray, Sancho! And where did you find it was a good thing to mention rope in the hanged man's house? To music of brays, what counterpoint could be played but one of cudgels? And give thanks to God, Sancho, that, since they crossed you with a stick, they did not make the *per signum crucis* (by the sign of the cross) on you with a cutlass."

"I'm in no state to answer," answered Sancho, "because it seems to me I'm talking through my back. Let's mount and get away from here, for I'll put silence on my braying, but not on saying that knights-errant run away and leave their good squires ground like henna, or like grist, in the power of their enemies."

"He who retreats does not flee," answered Don Quixote, "for you must know, Sancho, that valor that does not rest on prudence as its base goes by the name of rashness, and what the rash achieve is credited more to good fortune than to his courage. And so I confess that I have retreated, but not fled; and in this I have imitated many valiant men who have kept themselves for better times, and the histories are full of this, which I do not relate to you now, since they would be of no profit to you or pleasure to me."

By now Sancho was on horseback, helped by Don Quixote, who likewise mounted Rocinante, and little by little they went to take cover in a poplar grove that could be seen about a quarter of a league from there. From time to time Sancho heaved some very deep ayes and painful groans; and, when Don Quixote asked him the cause of such bitter feeling, he answered that from the tip of his backbone to the nape of his neck he ached so that it drove him out of his senses.

"The cause of that pain must be, no doubt," said Don Quixote, "that, as the stick they hit you with was long and wide, it caught you all across the back, where all those parts that hurt you are included; and if it had caught more of you, more of you would hurt."

"By God," said Sancho, "your grace has got me out of a great doubt, and explained it to me in fine terms! Body of me! Was the cause of my pain so hidden that it had to be told to me that I hurt all over everywhere the stick reached? If my ankles hurt, it might still be that someone would go about guessing why they hurt, but for what they pounded to hurt me is no great guessing. On my faith, sir, our master, another man's ill hangs by a hair, and every day I'm finding out more ground about how little I can hope for from keeping company with your grace; for if this time you've let me be cudgeled, another time, and a hundred others, we'll be back to the blanketings of yore and other boyish pranks, which, if

they've come out on my back now, will come out in my eyes later. I'd do much better, only I'm a barbarian and won't do anything that's any good in my whole life; I'd do much better, I say again, to go back to my house, and to my wife, and to my children, and keep her and raise them on what God has been pleased to give me, and not go trailing after your grace along roads with no road to them and paths and tracks that have none, drinking badly and eating worse. And then there's the sleeping! Count out, brother squire, seven feet of earth, and if you want more, take as many again, for the ladling is in your own hands, and stretch out to your heart's content. May I see burned and turned to dust the first man who put a stitch into knight-errantry, or at least the first who wanted to be squire to such fools as all the knights-errant of old must have been. Of the present ones I say nothing, for since your grace is one of them I respect them, and because I know that your grace knows a point more than the devil in all you say and all you think."

"I would make a good wager with you, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that now that you are talking without anyone holding you back, nothing hurts you anywhere in your whole body. Say, my son, everything that comes into your head and your mouth; for, in exchange for nothing hurting you, I will take as a pleasure the annoyance your impertinences give me. And if you so much want to go back to your house with your wife and children, God forbid I should stand in your way; you hold money of mine: work out how long ago we set out from our village on this third sally, and see what you can and should earn each month, and pay yourself with your own hand."

"When I was in service," answered Sancho, "with Tomé Carrasco, the father of the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, whom your grace knows well, I earned two ducats a month, besides my food; with your grace I don't know what I can earn, though I do know that the squire of a knight-errant has more work than a man who

serves a farmer; for, in short, those of us who serve farmers, however hard we work by day, however bad things get, at night we have stew for supper and sleep in a bed, which I haven't slept in since I've been serving your grace. Except for the little while we spent at Don Diego de Miranda's house, and my feast on the skimmings I got out of Camacho's pots, and what I ate and drank and slept at Basilio's house, all the rest of the time I've slept on the hard ground, under the open sky, subject to what they call the inclemencies of heaven, keeping myself alive on slivers of cheese and crusts of bread and drinking waters, now from brooks, now from springs, the ones we come across in these out-of-the-way places we go about in."

"I confess," said Don Quixote, "that all you say, Sancho, may be true. How much more does it seem to you I should give you than Tomé Carrasco gave you?"

"To my mind," said Sancho, "with two reales more that your grace added each month, I'd count myself well paid. That's as to the wages for my work; but as to making good to me the word and promise your grace has given me to give me the government of an isle, it would be fair to add another six reales, which would make thirty in all."

"Very well," replied Don Quixote, "and, according to the wages you have set for yourself, it is 23 days since we left our village: reckon, Sancho, pro rata, and see what I owe you, and pay yourself, as I have told you, with your own hand."

"Oh, body of me!" said Sancho. "Your grace is very much mistaken in this reckoning, because for the promise of the isle it has to be counted from the day your grace promised it to me up to this present hour we're in."

"Well, how long is it, Sancho, since I promised it to you?" said Don Quixote.

"If I remember rightly," answered Sancho, "it must be more than twenty years, three days more or less."

Don Quixote struck his forehead a great slap and fell to laughing with right good will, and said:

"Why, I was not in the Sierra Morena, nor in the whole course of our sallies, more than two months at most, and you say, Sancho, that it is twenty years since I promised you the isle? Now I say that you want all the money of mine you have to be swallowed up in your wages; and if that is so, and you wish it, I give it to you here and now, and much good may it do you; for in exchange for seeing myself rid of so bad a squire, I shall be glad to be left poor and without a blanca. But tell me, you corrupter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry, where have you seen or read that any squire of a knight-errant has ever stood bargaining with his master over so much and how much you must give me each month to serve you? Go in, go in, you miscreant, you caitiff, you monster, for you look like all of them; go in, I say, into the *mare magnum* (the great sea) of their histories, and if you find that any squire has said, or thought, what you have said here, I want you to nail it on my forehead and, on top of that, give me four good stamped-and-sealed chucks under the chin. Turn the reins, or the halter, of the gray, and go back home, for not one step more from here are you going any further with me. O bread ill acknowledged! O promises ill bestowed! O man who has more of the beast than of the human being! Now, when I was thinking of setting you up in a station, and such a one that, in spite of your wife, they would call you your lordship, you take your leave? Now you go, when I was coming with the firm and valid intention of making you lord of the best isle in the world? In short, as you have said at other times, honey isn't..., et cetera. An ass you are, and an ass you will be, and as an ass you will end when the course of your life is run; for I take it

that your life will reach its last term before you hit on it and realize that you are a beast."

Sancho stared at Don Quixote fixedly while he was hurling these reproaches at him, and was so stricken with remorse that the tears came to his eyes, and in a sorrowful and feeble voice he said to him:

"Master, I confess that to be an ass altogether I lack nothing but the tail; if your grace will put it on me, I'll count it well put, and I'll serve you as your donkey all the days I have left of my life. Forgive me, your grace, and take pity on my youth, and bear in mind that I know little, and that if I talk a lot, it comes more from infirmity than from malice; but who errs and mends, to God commends."

"I would have marveled, Sancho, if you had not mixed some little proverb into your talk. Well, then, I forgive you, provided that you mend your ways and do not show yourself from now on so fond of your own interest, but try to enlarge your heart and take courage and spirit to hope for the fulfillment of my promises, which, though it is slow in coming, is not made impossible."

Sancho answered that he would, even if he had to draw strength from weakness.

With this they went in among the poplars, and Don Quixote made himself comfortable at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for these trees and others like them always have feet and not hands. Sancho spent a painful night, for the cudgel blow made itself felt the more in the night air. Don Quixote spent it in his continual memories; but for all that, they gave their eyes to sleep, and at the break of dawn they went on their way in search of the banks of the famous Ebro, where there befell them what will be told in the coming chapter.

Chapter XXIX. Of the famous adventure of the enchanted boat

By their counted steps, and steps still to count, two days after they left the poplar grove Don Quixote and Sancho came to the river Ebro, and the sight of it gave Don Quixote great pleasure, because he contemplated and gazed on the pleasantness of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the calm of its course, and the abundance of its liquid crystals, whose cheerful sight renewed a thousand amorous thoughts in his memory. Above all he went back and forth over what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; for even if Master Pedro's ape had said that of those things some were true and some lies, he held more to the true ones than to the lying ones, quite the opposite of Sancho, who held them all to be the very lie itself.

Going along in this way, then, there came into his view a small boat without oars or any other tackle, which was tied at the water's edge to the trunk of a tree that stood on the bank. Don Quixote looked in every direction and saw no one at all; and then, without more ado, he got down off Rocinante and ordered Sancho to do the same off the gray and to tie both beasts very securely, together, to the trunk of a poplar or a willow growing there. Sancho wanted to know why this sudden dismounting and this tying up. Don Quixote answered:

"You must know, Sancho, that this boat here is plainly, and without its possibly being anything else, calling me and inviting me to get into it and go in it to give help to some knight, or to some

other needy person of rank, who must be in some great woe; for this is the way of the books of chivalric histories and of the enchanters who meddle and talk in them: when some knight is caught in some trouble from which he cannot be freed except by the hand of another knight, though they may be two or three thousand leagues apart, and even more, they either snatch him up in a cloud or provide him with a boat to get into, and before an eye can open and shut they bear him off, through the air or over the sea, wherever they please and wherever his help is needed; so, O Sancho, this boat is placed here for that very purpose; and this is as true as that it is day now; and before the day goes by, tie the gray and Rocinante together, and into the hand of God, and may He guide us, for I would not fail to go aboard though barefoot friars begged me not to."

"Well, since that's how it is," answered Sancho, "and your grace insists at every step on these things that I don't know whether to call nonsense, there's nothing for it but to obey and bow my head, heeding the proverb 'do what your master bids you, and sit down with him at table'; but for all that, for the unburdening of my conscience, I want to warn your grace that it seems to me this boat isn't one of the enchanted kind but belongs to some fishermen of this river, for the best shad in the world are caught in it."

Sancho said this while he was tying up the beasts, leaving them to the protection and care of the enchanters, with great sorrow in his soul. Don Quixote told him not to be troubled at leaving those animals unprotected, for he who would carry them over such longinquous roads and regions would take care to provide for them.

"I don't understand that 'longinkous,'" said Sancho, "nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life."

"*Longinquous*," answered Don Quixote, "means far-off; and it is no wonder you do not understand it, for you are not obliged to

know Latin, like some who presume they know it and do not."

"They're tied now," replied Sancho. "What are we to do next?"

"What?" answered Don Quixote. "Cross ourselves and weigh iron; I mean, go aboard and cut the mooring by which this boat is tied."

And, taking a leap into it, with Sancho following him, he cut the cord, and the boat began to drift little by little away from the bank; and when Sancho saw himself about two yards out into the river, he began to tremble, fearing his ruin; but nothing grieved him more than hearing the gray bray and seeing Rocinante struggling to get loose, and he said to his master:

"The gray is braying, grieving at our absence, and Rocinante is trying to get free to throw himself in after us. Oh, dearest friends, stay in peace, and may the madness that takes us away from you, turned into disenchantment, bring us back into your presence!"

And with this he began to weep so bitterly that Don Quixote, vexed and angry, said to him:

"What are you afraid of, cowardly creature? What are you crying about, heart of butter? Who is pursuing you, or who is harrying you, you house-mouse spirit, or what do you lack, needy in the very bowels of abundance? Are you by any chance going on foot and barefoot over the Riphaean mountains, and not seated on a plank, like an archduke, down the smooth course of this pleasant river, from which in a short while we shall come out into the wide sea? But we must already have come out and traveled at least seven or eight hundred leagues; and if I had an astrolabe here with which to take the altitude of the pole, I would tell you how many we have traveled; though either I know little or we have already passed, or shall soon pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the two opposite poles at equal distance."

"And when we reach that equinoctial pine your grace speaks of," asked Sancho, "how far will we have traveled?"

"Far," replied Don Quixote, "because of the three hundred and sixty degrees that the globe of water and land contains, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer known, we shall have traveled half on reaching the line I have spoken of."

"By God," said Sancho, "a fine person your grace brings me as witness to what you say: a *com-puto*, a whore, and a *cosmó-gafo*, a leper, with a *Ptolo-meón*, a pisser, thrown in, or a *meo*, or I don't know what."

Don Quixote laughed at the interpretation Sancho had given to the name and to the computation and reckoning of the cosmographer Ptolemy, and said to him:

"You must know, Sancho, that the Spaniards and those who take ship at Cádiz to go to the East Indies have, among the signs by which they know they have passed the equinoctial line I told you of, this one: that the lice die on everyone on board the ship, without one being left, nor will they find one in the whole vessel though they pay its weight in gold; and so, Sancho, you can run a hand over your thigh, and if you come upon anything alive, we shall be out of this doubt; and if not, we have passed it."

"I don't believe any of that," answered Sancho, "but all the same, I'll do what your grace bids me, though I don't know why there's any need to make these experiments, since I can see with my own eyes that we haven't moved five yards away from the bank, nor drifted two yards from where the beasts are, for there are Rocinante and the gray in the very spot where we left them; and, taking a sighting, as I'm taking it now, I swear we aren't moving or going at an ant's pace."

"Make the test I have told you, Sancho, and do not trouble yourself about any other, for you do not know what colures are, or lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, signs, points, measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial

sphere is composed; for if you knew all these things, or some of them, you would see clearly how many parallels we have cut, how many signs we have seen, and how many constellations we have left behind and are leaving behind now. And I tell you again to feel yourself and fish, for I take it you are cleaner than a sheet of smooth white paper."

Sancho felt himself, and, bringing his hand gently and carefully toward the back of his left knee, he raised his head and looked at his master and said:

"Either the experiment is false, or we haven't got where your grace says, not by many leagues."

"Why, what is it?" asked Don Quixote. "Have you come upon something?"

"Somethings, even!" answered Sancho.

And, giving his fingers a shake, he rinsed the whole hand in the river, down which the boat was gliding quietly down the middle of the current, with no secret intelligence moving it, nor any hidden enchanter, but only the course of the water itself, gentle and smooth just then.

At this they caught sight of some great water mills that stood in the middle of the river; and scarcely had Don Quixote seen them when he said to Sancho in a loud voice:

"Do you see? There, O friend, appears the city, castle, or fortress where some oppressed knight must be, or some queen, infanta, or princess in sore straits, for whose succor I have been brought here."

"What the devil of a city, fortress, or castle is your grace talking about, sir?" said Sancho. "Can't you see that those are water mills standing in the river, where they grind the wheat?"

"Hush, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for though they look like water mills, they are not; and I have told you already that enchantments turn all things upside down and change them from their

natural being. I do not mean that they really change them from one being into another, but that they seem to, as experience showed in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes."

At this the boat, having got into the middle of the current of the river, began to move not so slowly as before. The millers of the water mills, seeing that boat coming down the river and about to be sucked into the race of the wheels, came out in haste, many of them, with long poles to stop it, and since they came out floured, their faces and clothes covered with the dust of the flour, they made an ugly sight. They shouted loudly, saying:

"Devils of men! Where are you going? Have you come here in despair? What do you want, to drown yourselves and be smashed to pieces on these wheels?"

"Did I not tell you, Sancho," said Don Quixote at this point, "that we had come where I am to show how far the valor of my arm can reach? Look how many miscreants and caitiffs come out to meet me, look how many monsters oppose me, look how many ugly mugs pull bogeyman faces at us... Well, now you shall see, you rogues!"

And, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten the millers with loud shouts, saying to them:

"Wicked and worse-counseled rabble, set at liberty and free will the person you hold oppressed in that fortress or prison of yours, high or low, of whatever sort or quality, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, called by another name the Knight of the Lions, for whom it is reserved by order of the high heavens to bring this adventure to a happy end."

And, saying this, he laid hand to his sword and began to brandish it in the air against the millers, who, hearing and not understanding those foolish words, set about stopping the boat with

their poles, for it was already entering the race and channel of the wheels.

Sancho went down on his knees, devoutly begging heaven to deliver him from so manifest a danger, which it did, through the skill and quickness of the millers, who, setting their poles against the boat, stopped it, but not in such a way that they did not overturn the boat and tumble Don Quixote and Sancho headlong into the water; but it went well for Don Quixote, who could swim like a goose, though his heavy armor dragged him to the bottom twice; and had it not been for the millers, who threw themselves into the water and hauled them both out bodily, there Troy would have been for the two of them.

Set on land, then, more wet than dying of thirst, Sancho, on his knees, his hands joined and his eyes fixed on heaven, begged God in a long and devout prayer to deliver him from then on from the daring desires and undertakings of his master.

At this the fishermen who owned the boat arrived, for the wheels of the water mills had smashed it to pieces; and, seeing it broken, they set about stripping Sancho and demanding that Don Quixote pay them for it; and he, with great calm, as if nothing had happened to him, told the millers and fishermen that he would pay for the boat most willingly, on condition that they hand over to him, free and with no hidden flaw, the person or persons who were held oppressed in that castle of theirs.

"What persons or what castle are you talking about," answered one of the millers, "you madman? Do you by any chance want to carry off the people who come to grind wheat at these mills?"

"Enough!" said Don Quixote to himself. "Here it will be preaching in the desert to try to bring this rabble by entreaties to do any good deed. And in this adventure two valiant enchanters must have clashed, and one hinders what the other attempts: one provided me with the boat, and the other tumbled me headlong out of

it. God mend it, for this whole world is contrivances and schemes, each one against the other. I can do no more."

And, raising his voice, he went on, looking at the water mills:

"Friends, whoever you may be, who remain shut up in that prison, forgive me; for, to my misfortune and to yours, I cannot get you out of your woe. For some other knight this adventure must be kept and reserved."

Having said this, he came to terms with the fishermen and paid fifty reales for the boat, which Sancho handed over very unwillingly, saying:

"Two more boat rides like this one and we'll send our whole capital to the bottom."

The fishermen and millers stood amazed, looking at those two figures so far, to all appearances, from the ways of other men, and could not quite understand where the words and questions Don Quixote put to them were leading; and, taking them for madmen, they left them and went back to their mills, and the fishermen to their huts. Don Quixote and Sancho went back to their beasts, and to being beasts, and this was the end of the adventure of the enchanted boat.

Chapter XXX. Of what befell Don Quixote with a beautiful huntress

Very melancholy and out of humor, knight and squire came back to their animals, Sancho especially, for it went to his soul to touch the money in their purse, since it seemed to him that whatever was taken from it was taken from the apple of his eye. At last, without a word to each other, they mounted and left the famous river, Don Quixote buried in thoughts of his love, and Sancho in thoughts of his advancement, which just then seemed to him a long way from being in his hands; for, simple as he was, he could see well enough that his master's doings, all or most of them, were pieces of nonsense, and he was looking for a chance, without going into accounts or leave-takings with his master, to slip away one day and go home. But fortune ordered things very differently from what he feared.

It happened, then, that the next day, at sunset, as he was leaving a wood, Don Quixote let his gaze run across a green meadow, and at its farthest edge he saw people, and, drawing near, he knew them to be falconers flying their hawks. He drew nearer, and among them he saw a gallant lady on a palfrey or hackney of the purest white, adorned with green trappings and with a silver sidesaddle. The lady was likewise dressed in green, so splendidly and richly that splendor itself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a goshawk, a sign that gave Don Quixote to understand that she was some great lady, who must be the mis-

tress of all those huntsmen, as was the truth; and so he said to Sancho:

"Run, Sancho my son, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the goshawk that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her great beauteousness, and that, if her greatness gives me leave, I will go and kiss them and serve her in all my strength can do and her highness may command me. And mind, Sancho, how you speak, and take care not to stick in any proverb of yours in your embassy."

"A fine one you've found to go sticking things in!" answered Sancho. "You're telling me! As if this were the first time in this life I've carried embassies to high and mighty ladies!"

"Except for the one you carried to the lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, "I do not know that you have carried any other, at least while in my service."

"That's true," answered Sancho, "but a good payer is not pained by pledges, and in a full house supper is soon cooked; I mean that there's no need to tell me or warn me about anything, for I have something for everything and know a little about it all."

"I believe it, Sancho," said Don Quixote. "Go, and good luck, and God guide you."

Sancho set off at a run, pushing the gray out of his usual pace, and came to where the beautiful huntress was, and, dismounting and kneeling before her, said to her:

"Beautiful lady, that knight who can be seen over there, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master, and I am a squire of his, whom they call Sancho Panza at home. This said Knight of the Lions, who not long ago was called the Knight of the Sorry Figure, sends me to say to your greatness that you be pleased to give him leave so that, with your purpose and good pleasure and consent, he may come and put into effect his desire, which is no other, as he says and I think, than to serve your towering high-flyingness and beauteousness; and in giving it your ladyship will do a thing

that will redound to your benefit, and he will receive a most signal favor and contentment."

"Indeed, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your embassy with all the circumstances such embassies require. Rise from the ground, for it is not right that the squire of so great a knight as the Knight of the Sorry Figure, of whom we already have much news here, should be on his knees; rise, friend, and tell your master that he is most welcome to come and make use of me and of the duke my husband, in a country house we have here."

Sancho rose, amazed as much at the good lady's beauty as at her great breeding and courtesy, and still more at her having told him that she had news of his master the Knight of the Sorry Figure, and that if she had not called him the Knight of the Lions, it must be because he had taken the name so recently. The duchess, whose title is not yet known, asked him:

"Tell me, brother squire: this master of yours, is he not one about whom a history is going about in print, called *The Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha*, who has for the lady of his soul a certain Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"He is the very one, my lady," answered Sancho; "and that squire of his who goes about, or must go about, in that history, whom they call Sancho Panza, is me, unless they switched me in the cradle; I mean, unless they switched me in the printing."

"I am very glad of all that," said the duchess. "Go, brother Panza, and tell your master that he is welcome and most welcome to my estates, and that nothing could come to me that would give me greater pleasure."

Sancho, with this most agreeable answer, went back very gladly to his master, to whom he told all that the great lady had said to him, praising to the skies in his rustic terms her great beauteousness, her great grace and courtesy. Don Quixote drew himself up gallantly in the saddle, set himself well in the stirrups, settled his

visor, spurred Rocinante, and with fine boldness went to kiss the duchess's hands; and she, having the duke her husband called, told him, while Don Quixote was coming up, the whole of his embassy; and the two of them, having read the first part of this history and having learned from it of Don Quixote's crackbrained humor, awaited him with the greatest pleasure and a desire to know him, with the intention of humoring him and agreeing with him in all he said to them, treating him as a knight-errant for as many days as he stayed with them, with all the ceremonies customary in the books of chivalry, which they had read, and of which they were even very fond.

At this Don Quixote arrived, his visor raised; and, as he made to dismount, Sancho ran to hold his stirrup; but he was so unlucky that, as he got down off the gray, one foot caught in a rope of the packsaddle in such a way that it was not possible to free it; instead he was left hanging by it, with his mouth and chest on the ground. Don Quixote, who was not used to dismounting without having his stirrup held, thinking that Sancho had already come to hold it, swung his body down all at once and brought Rocinante's saddle down after him, for it must have been badly girthed, and saddle and he came to the ground, not without shame on his part and many curses muttered between his teeth at the unlucky Sancho, who still had his foot in the shackle.

The duke ordered his huntsmen to go to the help of the knight and the squire, and they lifted up Don Quixote, battered by the fall, and, limping and as best he could, he went to kneel before the two lords; but the duke would by no means allow it; instead, getting down off his horse, he went to embrace Don Quixote, saying to him:

"I am sorry, Señor Knight of the Sorry Figure, that the first thing your grace has done in my land should have turned out as

badly as we have seen; but the carelessness of squires is apt to be the cause of other, worse mishaps."

"The one I have had in seeing you, valiant prince," answered Don Quixote, "cannot possibly be bad, even had I fallen all the way down to the bottom of the abyss, for from there the glory of having seen you would have raised me up and drawn me out. My squire, God curse him, is better at loosing his tongue to say malicious things than at tying and girthing a saddle so that it stays firm; but, however I may find myself, fallen or risen, on foot or mounted, I shall be ever at your service and at the service of my lady the duchess, your worthy consort, and worthy mistress of beauty and universal princess of courtesy."

"Gently, my lord Don Quixote of La Mancha!" said the duke. "Where my lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso is, it is not right that other beauteousnesses be praised."

By this time Sancho Panza was free of the noose, and, being close by, before his master could answer, he said:

"It can't be denied, but only affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is very beautiful; but the hare leaps out where you least expect it; for I've heard say that this thing they call nature is like a potter who makes clay pots, and he who makes one beautiful pot can make two, and three, and a hundred; I say this because my lady the duchess, upon my faith, doesn't fall behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso."

Don Quixote turned to the duchess and said:

"Let your greatness imagine that no knight-errant in the world ever had a squire more talkative or more amusing than the one I have, and he will prove me truthful if your great celsitude should wish to make use of me for some days."

To which the duchess answered:

"That good Sancho is amusing I value highly, because it is a sign that he is sensible; for wit and drollery, Señor Don Quixote, as

your grace well knows, do not sit on dull minds; and since good Sancho is witty and droll, from now on I confirm him as sensible."

"And talkative," added Don Quixote.

"So much the better," said the duke, "because many witty things cannot be said in few words. And so that our time does not go by in them, let the great Knight of the Sorry Figure come…"

"Of the Lions, your highness ought to say," said Sancho, "for there's no Sorry Figure any more, nor any figure of fun."

"Let it be of the Lions," the duke went on. "I say, let the Señor Knight of the Lions come to a castle of mine that is close by here, where he will be given the welcome justly due to so high a person, and the one the duchess and I are wont to give all knights-errant who come to it."

By now Sancho had put Rocinante's saddle to rights and girthed it well; and, Don Quixote mounting him, and the duke a handsome horse, they placed the duchess between them and made for the castle. The duchess ordered Sancho to ride beside her, because she took infinite pleasure in hearing his sensible sayings. Sancho did not need to be asked twice, and wove himself in among the three and made a fourth in the conversation, to the great pleasure of the duchess and the duke, who counted it great good fortune to receive in their castle such a knight-errant and such an errand-trotting squire.

Chapter XXXI. Which deals with many great things

Great was the joy that Sancho carried with him, finding himself, as he thought, in the duchess's good graces, for he fancied that her castle would hold what Don Diego's house and Basilio's had held, being always fond of the good life; and so he seized the opportunity by the forelock in this business of treating himself well whenever and wherever it offered.

The history tells, then, that the duke rode on ahead before they came to the country house or castle, and gave orders to all his servants on the way they were to treat Don Quixote; and so, when he arrived with the duchess at the gates of the castle, there came out of it at once two lackeys or grooms, dressed to their feet in the robes they call morning gowns, of the finest crimson satin, and, lifting Don Quixote down in their arms in the twinkling of an eye, they said to him:

"Let your greatness go and help my lady the duchess to dismount."

Don Quixote did so, and there was a great exchange of courtesies between the two of them over the matter; but in the end the duchess's insistence won the day, and she would not get down or alight from her palfrey except in the duke's arms, saying that she did not find herself worthy to lay so useless a burden on so great a knight. At last the duke came out to help her down; and as they entered a great courtyard, two beautiful damsels came up and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a great mantle of the finest

scarlet cloth, and in an instant all the galleries of the courtyard were crowned with the menservants and maidservants of those lords and ladies, crying out in loud voices:

"Welcome be the flower and the cream of knights-errant!"

And all of them, or most, were sprinkling flasks of scented waters over Don Quixote and over the duke and duchess, at all of which Don Quixote marveled; and that was the first day on which he altogether knew and believed himself to be a true knight-errant, and not a fanciful one, seeing himself treated in the very way he had read that such knights were treated in ages past.

Sancho, abandoning the gray, stitched himself to the duchess and went into the castle; and, his conscience pricking him that he was leaving the donkey alone, he went up to a reverend duenna who had come out with others to receive the duchess, and said to her in a low voice:

"Señora González, or whatever your grace's good name may be…"

"I am called Doña Rodríguez de Grijalba," answered the duenna. "What is it you want, brother?"

To which Sancho replied:

"I'd like your grace to do me the favor of going out to the castle gate, where you'll find a gray donkey of mine; may your grace be pleased to have him put, or put him yourself, in the stable, because the poor little fellow is a bit timid, and he won't get used to being alone in any way at all."

"If the master is as sensible as the man," answered the duenna, "we're in a fine way! Off with you, brother, and bad luck to you and to whoever brought you here, and look after your donkey yourself, for we duennas of this house are not used to chores of that kind."

"Well, truly," answered Sancho, "I've heard my master, who's a water diviner when it comes to histories, telling the one about Lancelot,

"when he came out of Britain,

how ladies tended to him,

and duennas to his nag;

"and as for my donkey in particular, I wouldn't swap him for Señor Lancelot's nag."

"Brother, if you are a minstrel," replied the duenna, "save your witticisms for where they will look well and be paid for, for from me you will get nothing but a fig."

"Just as well," answered Sancho, "for it'll be good and ripe, since your grace won't lose the hand at quínola for want of points in your years!"

"Son of a whore," said the duenna, by now all ablaze with anger, "whether I am old or not is an account I shall render to God, and not to you, you rogue stuffed with garlic."

And she said this so loudly that the duchess heard it; and, turning and seeing the duenna so upset and her eyes so red with fury, she asked her whom she had the quarrel with.

"I have it here," answered the duenna, "with this good man, who has begged me most earnestly to go and put a donkey of his, which is at the castle gate, in the stable, giving me as his example that this was done I don't know where, that some ladies tended a certain Lancelot, and some duennas his nag; and, to top it all, he has very civilly called me old."

"That I would take as an insult," answered the duchess, "more than anything they could say to me."

And, speaking to Sancho, she said:

"Mark you, Sancho my friend, Doña Rodríguez is very young, and she wears that coif more for dignity and custom than for her years."

"May the years I have left to live be bad ones," answered Sancho, "if I said it for that; I only said it because the love I have

for my donkey is so great that it seemed to me I couldn't commend him to a more charitable person than the lady Doña Rodríguez."

Don Quixote, who was hearing it all, said to him:

"Is this talk for such a place, Sancho?"

"Sir," answered Sancho, "everybody has to talk about his own needs wherever he happens to be; here I remembered the gray, and here I spoke of him; and if I'd remembered him in the stable, I'd have spoken of him there."

To which the duke said:

"Sancho is quite right, and there is nothing to blame him for; the gray will be cared for to his heart's content, and let Sancho not worry, for he will be treated like Sancho's very self."

With this talk, which pleased everyone except Don Quixote, they reached the upper floor and brought Don Quixote into a hall hung with the richest cloths of gold and brocade; six damsels took off his armor and served him as pages, all of them instructed and coached by the duke and duchess in what they were to do and how they were to treat Don Quixote, so that he would imagine and see that they were treating him as a knight-errant. Once his armor was off, Don Quixote was left in his narrow breeches and his chamois doublet, dry, tall, long-drawn, with his cheeks so hollow that they kissed each other on the inside; a figure such that, had the damsels who were serving him not taken care to hide their laughter—which was one of the strict orders their masters had given them—they would have burst with laughing.

They asked him to let himself be undressed for a shirt, but he would by no means consent, saying that modesty became knights-errant as well as valor. All the same, he told them to give the shirt to Sancho, and, shutting himself up with him in a chamber where there was a rich bed, he stripped and got into the shirt; and, once alone with Sancho, he spoke to him thus:

"Tell me, you modern buffoon and age-old blockhead: do you think it right to dishonor and insult a duenna so venerable and so worthy of respect as that one? Was that a time for you to remember the gray, or are these lords the kind to let beasts fare badly, when they treat their owners so elegantly? For God's sake, Sancho, restrain yourself, and do not show the coarse thread so that they come to see you are woven of rustic and common cloth. Mind, sinner that you are, that a lord is held in so much more esteem the more honorable and wellborn servants he has, and that one of the greatest advantages princes have over other men is that they are served by servants as good as they are. Do you not see, wretch that you are, and luckless that I am, that if they see you are a coarse peasant or a witty fool, they will think I am some charlatan or some knight of sham goods? No, no, Sancho my friend: flee, flee these pitfalls, for whoever stumbles into being a talker and a wit falls at the first kick and ends up a sorry buffoon. Bridle your tongue, weigh and chew your words before they leave your mouth, and remember that we have come to a place from which, with God's favor and the valor of my arm, we are to come away bettered by the third and the fifth in fame and fortune."

Sancho promised him in all earnest to sew up his mouth, or bite his tongue, before he spoke a word that was not very much to the purpose and well considered, as his master ordered him, and told him not to worry on that score, for through him it would never be discovered who they were.

Don Quixote dressed, buckled on his baldric and sword, flung the scarlet mantle about him, put on a cap of green satin that the damsels gave him, and in this array went out into the great hall, where he found the damsels drawn up in two rows, as many on one side as on the other, and all of them ready with water for him to wash his hands, which they gave him with many curtsies and ceremonies.

Then twelve pages came with the steward to take him to dinner, for the lord and lady were already waiting for him. They placed him in their midst and, full of pomp and majesty, led him to another hall, where a rich table had been laid with only four covers. At the door of the hall the duchess and the duke came out to receive him, and with them a grave churchman, one of those who govern the houses of princes; one of those who, not being born princes, do not manage to teach those who are princes how to be them; one of those who would have the greatness of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls; one of those who, wanting to show those they govern how to be restrained, make them miserly; one of these, I say, must have been the grave man of religion who came out, together with the duke and duchess, to welcome Don Quixote. A thousand courteous compliments were exchanged, and finally, placing Don Quixote between them, they went to sit down at the table.

The duke invited Don Quixote to the head of the table, and, though he declined it, the duke pressed him so hard that he had to take it. The churchman sat facing him, and the duke and the duchess on either side.

Sancho was present through it all, dazed and astonished to see the honor those princes were doing his master; and, seeing all the ceremonies and entreaties that passed between the duke and Don Quixote to make him sit at the head of the table, he said:

"If your graces will give me leave, I'll tell you a story about this business of seats that happened in my village."

Sancho had hardly said this when Don Quixote trembled, believing without a doubt that he was going to say something foolish. Sancho looked at him and understood him, and said:

"Don't be afraid, sir, my master, that I'll get out of hand or say anything that isn't right on the mark, for I haven't forgotten the

advice your grace gave me a little while ago about talking much or little, or well or badly."

"I remember nothing of the sort, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "Say whatever you like, so long as you say it quickly."

"Well, what I want to tell," said Sancho, "is so true that my master Don Quixote, who is here present, won't let me lie."

"As far as I am concerned," replied Don Quixote, "lie, Sancho, as much as you like, for I will not stay your hand; but watch what you are going to say."

"I've watched it and rewatched it so well that the man ringing the bells is safe and sound, as you'll see by the work."

"It would be well," said Don Quixote, "for your greatnesses to order this fool thrown out of here, for he will say a thousand absurdities."

"By the duke's life," said the duchess, "Sancho is not to stir one inch from my side: I am very fond of him, for I know he is very sensible."

"Sensible days may your holiness live," said Sancho, "for the good opinion you have of me, though there's none of it in me. And the story I want to tell is this: 'A hidalgo of my village invited, a very rich and important one, because he came of the Álamos of Medina del Campo, who married Doña Mencía de Quiñones, who was the daughter of Don Alonso de Marañón, a knight of the habit of Santiago, who drowned at La Herradura, over whom there was that quarrel years ago in our village, which, as I understand it, my master Don Quixote was in on, from which Tomasillo the Scamp came out wounded, the son of Balbastro the blacksmith…' Isn't all this true, master of ours? Say so, by your life, so these lords and ladies won't take me for some lying chatterbox."

"So far," said the churchman, "I take you more for a chatterbox than for a liar, but from here on I do not know what I shall take you for."

"You give so many witnesses, Sancho, and so many particulars, that I cannot help saying you must be telling the truth. Get on, and make the story shorter, for you are on the way not to finish in two days."

"He is not to cut it short at all," said the duchess, "if he wishes to please me; rather, he is to tell it the way he knows it, even if he does not finish it in six days; for if there were that many, they would be the best I had ever spent in my life."

"'I say, then, my lords and ladies,'" Sancho went on, "'that this same hidalgo, whom I know like my own two hands, because from my house to his isn't a crossbow shot, invited a farmer who was poor but honest.'"

"On with you, brother," said the man of religion at this point, "for you are on the way not to stop with your story until the next world."

"I'll stop at less than halfway there, God willing," answered Sancho. "'And so, I say that, when this same farmer reached the house of the said hidalgo who'd invited him, may his soul rest well, for he's dead now, and what's more they say he died the death of an angel, for I wasn't there myself, as I'd gone off to reap at Tembleque at the time…'"

"By your life, son, come back quickly from Tembleque, and, without burying the hidalgo, unless you want to hold more funeral rites, finish your story."

"'The case, then,'" replied Sancho, "'is that, as the two of them were about to sit down at the table, and it seems to me I can see them now better than ever…'"

The duke and duchess took great pleasure in the displeasure the good man of religion showed at the delays and pauses with which Sancho told his story, and Don Quixote was consuming himself with anger and rage.

"'I say, then,'" said Sancho, "'that, as I've said, the two of them being about to sit down at the table, the farmer kept insisting that the hidalgo take the head of the table, and the hidalgo kept insisting too that the farmer take it, because in his house what he ordered had to be done; but the farmer, who prided himself on being courteous and well-bred, would never do it, until the hidalgo, in a huff, put both hands on his shoulders and made him sit down by force, saying to him: "Sit down, you chaff-pounder, for wherever I sit will be the head of the table for you."' And that's the story, and truly I don't believe it's been brought in here off the point."

Don Quixote turned a thousand colors, which mottled and showed on his swarthy skin; the lord and lady hid their laughter, so that Don Quixote would not be utterly mortified, having understood Sancho's mischief; and, to change the subject and keep Sancho from going on with more nonsense, the duchess asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea, and whether he had sent her any presents of giants or miscreants in recent days, since he could not fail to have vanquished many. To which Don Quixote answered:

"My lady, my misfortunes had a beginning, but they will never have an end. Giants I have vanquished, and caitiffs and miscreants I have sent her; but where were they to find her, if she is enchanted and turned into the ugliest peasant girl that can be imagined?"

"I don't know," said Sancho Panza, "to me she looks like the most beautiful creature in the world; at least, in nimbleness and in jumping I know very well she won't give an acrobat any odds; on my faith, my lady duchess, she leaps from the ground onto a she-ass as if she were a cat."

"Have you seen her enchanted, Sancho?" asked the duke.

“And have I seen her!” answered Sancho. “Why, who the devil but me was the first to hit on this enchantery business? She’s as enchanted as my father!”

The churchman, who heard talk of giants, of caitiffs, and of enchantments, realized that this must be Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose history the duke was in the habit of reading, and he had often rebuked him for it, telling him it was nonsense to read such nonsense; and, being assured that what he suspected was true, he said with great anger, speaking to the duke:

“Your Excellency, my lord, must render account to our Lord for what this good man does. This Don Quixote, or Don Dimwit, or whatever he is called, I imagine cannot be such a simpleton as Your Excellency would have him be, putting opportunities into his hands for him to carry on with his follies and inanities.”

And, turning his talk to Don Quixote, he said to him:

“And you, pitcher-head, who has stuffed it into your brain that you are a knight-errant and that you vanquish giants and capture miscreants? Go your way in good time, and may the same be said to you: go back to your home, and bring up your children, if you have any, and look after your property, and stop wandering about the world, gaping at the wind and giving everyone who knows you and does not know you something to laugh at. Where in the world, confound it, have you found that there ever were or are now knights-errant? Where in Spain are there giants, or in La Mancha miscreants, or enchanted Dulcineas, or the whole rabble of simplicities that are told of you?”

Don Quixote was attentive to the words of that venerable man, and, seeing that he had now fallen silent, without regard for the duke and duchess, with an angry countenance and a troubled face, he rose to his feet and said…

But this reply deserves a chapter to itself.

Chapter XXXII. Of the reply Don Quixote gave to his censurer, with other grave and amusing events

Don Quixote, then, on his feet now and shaking all over like a man poisoned with quicksilver, said in a hurried and agitated voice:

"The place where I am, and the presence before which I find myself, and the respect I always had and have for the estate your grace professes, hold and bind the hands of my just anger; and so, as much for what I have said as because everyone knows that the weapons of gownsmen are the same as a woman's, which is to say the tongue, I shall enter with mine into equal battle with your grace, from whom one ought to have expected good counsel rather than vile abuse. Holy and well-meant reproof calls for other circumstances and asks for other occasions: at the very least, to have rebuked me in public and so harshly has gone past all the bounds of proper reproof, for reproof sits better on gentleness than on harshness, and it is not right, without any knowledge of the sin being rebuked, to call the sinner, without more ado, a simpleton and a fool. Or else let your grace tell me: for which of the follies you have seen in me do you condemn and revile me, and bid me go home to see to the running of my house and of my wife and my children, without knowing whether I have any? Is there nothing more to it than barging helter-skelter into other people's houses to govern their owners, and, after being brought up, some of them, in the narrowness of some boarding school, without having seen more of the world than can be held in a district of twenty

or thirty leagues, thrusting oneself in headlong to lay down laws for chivalry and to pass judgment on knights-errant? Is it, perhaps, an idle pursuit, or time ill spent, that is spent in roaming the world, seeking not its comforts but the hardships by which the good climb to the seat of immortality? If knights, if the magnificent, the generous, the high-born took me for a fool, I would hold it an irreparable affront; but that scholars who never entered or trod the paths of chivalry should take me for a dolt, I do not care an ardite: a knight I am, and a knight I shall die, if it please the Most High. Some go by the broad field of proud ambition; others by that of base and servile flattery; others by that of deceitful hypocrisy, and some by that of true religion; but I, led by my star, go by the narrow path of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which I scorn wealth, but not honor. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, punished insolence, vanquished giants, and trampled monsters; I am in love, for no other reason than that knights-errant must needs be so; and, being so, I am not one of the vicious lovers but of the chaste Platonic ones. My intentions I always direct toward good ends, which are to do good to all and harm to none; whether he who understands this, he who practices this, he who deals in this deserves to be called a fool, let your greatnesses say, most excellent duke and duchess."

"Well said, by God!" said Sancho. "Your grace, sir and master of mine, need say no more in your own defense, for there's no more to say, nor more to think, nor more to stand by in the world. And besides, since this gentleman denies, as he has denied, that there have ever been knights-errant in the world, or are now, what wonder if he doesn't know any of the things he's said?"

"Are you, perhaps, brother," said the churchman, "that Sancho Panza they speak of, to whom your master has promised an isle?"

"I am," answered Sancho, "and I'm one who deserves it as well as anybody else; I'm one of the 'keep company with the good and

you'll be one of them,' and I'm one of those 'not who you're born with, but who you graze with,' and of the 'lean against a good tree and good shade will cover you.' I've leaned against a good master, and it's many months now that I've been going about in his company, and I'm to be another like him, God willing; and long life to him and long life to me: for he won't lack empires to rule, nor I isles to govern."

"No, indeed, Sancho my friend," said the duke at this point, "for I, in the name of Señor Don Quixote, give you the government of one I happen to have spare, and of no small quality."

"Down on your knees, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and kiss His Excellency's feet for the favor he has done you."

Sancho did so; and the churchman, seeing this, got up from the table in a thoroughly bad temper, saying:

"By the habit I wear, I am ready to say that Your Excellency is as much a dolt as these sinners. Look whether they are not bound to be mad, when the sane canonize their madness! Let Your Excellency stay with them; for as long as they are in this house, I shall stay in mine, and spare myself from rebuking what I cannot remedy."

And, without saying more or eating more, he left, and the entreaties of the duke and duchess were not enough to stop him; though the duke did not say much to him, hindered by the laughter his ill-timed anger had stirred in him. He finished laughing and said to Don Quixote:

"Your grace, Señor Knight of the Lions, has answered for yourself so loftily that nothing remains for you to settle over this, which, though it looks like an offense, is in no way one; for, just as women give no offense, neither do churchmen, as your grace knows better than I."

"That is so," answered Don Quixote, "and the reason is that he who cannot be offended cannot offend anyone. Women, children,

and churchmen, since they cannot defend themselves even when they are wronged, cannot be affronted; for between an offense and an affront there is this difference, as Your Excellency knows better: an affront comes from one who is able to give it, and gives it, and stands by it; an offense can come from any quarter without affronting. Take an example: a man is standing off his guard in the street, ten armed men come up and set about him with cudgels; he puts his hand to his sword and does his duty, but the great number of his adversaries stands against him and will not let him carry out his purpose, which is to avenge himself; such a man is left offended, but not affronted. And another example will confirm the same thing: a man has his back turned, another comes up and cudgels him, and, having done so, runs off and does not wait, and the first follows him and does not catch him; this one who took the blows took an offense, but not an affront, because an affront has to be stood by. If the one who cudgeled him, though he did it on the sly, had put his hand to his sword and stood his ground, facing his enemy, the beaten man would be left offended and affronted together: offended, because they struck him treacherously; affronted, because the one who struck him stood by what he had done, not turning his back but standing firm where he was. And so, by the laws of the accursed duel, I may be offended, but not affronted; for children do not feel it, nor do women, nor can they flee, nor have they any reason to stand and wait, and the same holds for those ordained in holy religion, because these three kinds of people lack weapons of offense and defense; and so, though they are naturally bound to defend themselves, they are not bound to offend anyone. And, though I said a moment ago that I might be offended, I now say that I am not, in any way, for he who cannot receive an affront can still less give one; for which reasons I neither ought to resent, nor do I resent, the words that good man has said to me; I only wish he had waited a little, so that

I could make him understand the error he is in, in thinking and saying that there have not been, and are not, knights-errant in the world; for if Amadís, or one of the countless knights of his line, had heard any such thing, I know it would not have gone well for his worship."

"That I'll swear to," said Sancho. "They'd have given him a slash that opened him from top to bottom like a pomegranate, or like a very ripe melon. A fine lot they were for putting up with that kind of tickling! By my faith, I take it for certain that if Reinaldos of Montalbán had heard those words from the little man, he'd have given him such a gag in the mouth that he wouldn't have spoken for three years. No, let him tangle with them and see how he'd get out of their hands!"

The duchess was dying of laughter as she heard Sancho talk, and in her own mind she held him to be more amusing and more mad than his master; and there were many at that time who were of the same mind. At last Don Quixote calmed down, and the meal came to an end, and, as the cloth was being drawn, four damsels came in, one with a silver basin, and another with a ewer, likewise of silver, and another with two very white and very rich towels on her shoulder, and the fourth with her arms bare to the elbow, and in her white hands—for no doubt they were white—a round ball of Neapolitan soap. The one with the basin came up, and with a pretty grace and a free manner fitted the basin under Don Quixote's chin; and he, without a word, amazed at such a ceremony, believing that in that country it must be the usage to wash beards in place of hands, stretched his own out as far as he could, and at that very moment the ewer began to rain, and the damsel with the soap worked up his beard in great haste, raising flakes of snow, for the lather was no less white, not only over his beard but over the whole face and over the eyes of the obedient knight, so much so that they forced him to shut them.

The duke and the duchess, who knew nothing of all this, were waiting to see where so extraordinary a washing would end. The barber damsel, once she had him buried a hand's breadth in lather, pretended the water had run out and told the one with the ewer to go for more, for Señor Don Quixote would wait. She did so, and Don Quixote was left with the strangest figure, and the fittest to make people laugh, that could be imagined.

All who were present, and there were many, were looking at him, and as they saw him with half a yard of neck, more than moderately swarthy, his eyes closed and his beard all soap, it was a marvel, and a fine piece of discretion, that they could hide their laughter; the damsels of the jest kept their eyes lowered, not daring to look at their master and mistress; and in the lord and lady anger and laughter were jostling inside them, and they did not know which to give way to: whether to punish the girls' boldness, or to reward them for the pleasure they were getting from seeing Don Quixote in that state.

At last the damsel with the ewer came, and they finished washing Don Quixote, and then the one who carried the towels wiped and dried him very unhurriedly; and, all four together making him a great and deep bow and curtsy, they were about to go; but the duke, so that Don Quixote would not see through the jest, called the damsel with the basin, saying to her:

"Come and wash me, and take care that the water does not run out on you."

The girl, sharp and quick, came up and put the basin to the duke as she had to Don Quixote, and, making haste, they washed and soaped him very well, and, leaving him dry and clean, they curtsied and went away. It was learned afterward that the duke had sworn that if they did not wash him as they had Don Quixote, he would punish their forwardness, which they had sensibly made good by soaping him too.

Sancho was watching the ceremonies of that washing closely, and he said to himself:

"God help me! Could it be that here in this country they wash the squires' beards too, the same as the knights'? Because, by God and by my soul, I need it badly, and if they shaved me with a razor, I'd count it an even greater kindness."

"What are you saying to yourself, Sancho?" asked the duchess.

"I'm saying, my lady," he answered, "that in the courts of other princes I've always heard tell that when the cloth is drawn they give water for the hands, but not lye for the beards; and that that's why it's good to live long, so as to see much; though they also say that he who lives a long life must go through much ill, though going through a washing like this is more of a pleasure than a hardship."

"Do not fret, Sancho my friend," said the duchess, "for I shall have my damsels wash you, and even put you in the laundry tub if need be."

"I'll be content with the beard," answered Sancho, "for now at least, for as time goes on, God has said what will be."

"Mark, steward," said the duchess, "what the good Sancho asks for, and carry out his wishes to the letter."

The steward answered that Señor Sancho would be served in everything, and with that he went off to eat and took Sancho with him, the duke and duchess and Don Quixote remaining at table, talking of many different things, but all of them touching on the profession of arms and of knight-errantry.

The duchess begged Don Quixote, since he seemed to have a happy memory, to sketch and describe for her the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; for, from what fame proclaimed of her loveliness, she understood that she must be the most beautiful creature on the globe, and even in all La Mancha.

Don Quixote sighed on hearing what the duchess asked of him, and said:

"If I could take out my heart and set it before your greatness's eyes, here, on this table and on a plate, I would spare my tongue the labor of telling what can scarcely be thought, for Your Excellency would see her wholly portrayed in it; but why should I set about sketching and describing now, point by point and part by part, the beauty of the peerless Dulcinea, it being a burden worthy of other shoulders than mine, an enterprise that should occupy the brushes of Parrhasius, of Timanthes, and of Apelles, and the chisels of Lysippus, to paint and engrave her on panels, in marble, and in bronze, and Ciceronian and Demosthenine rhetoric to praise her?"

"What does *Demosthenine* mean, Señor Don Quixote," asked the duchess, "for it is a word I have not heard in all the days of my life?"

"Demosthenine rhetoric," answered Don Quixote, "is the same as saying the rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian is that of Cicero, who were the two greatest rhetoricians in the world."

"So it is," said the duke, "and you were rather in the dark to ask such a question. But, for all that, Señor Don Quixote would give us great pleasure if he would paint her for us; for surely, even if it is only in outline and rough sketch, she will come out such that the most beautiful women will envy her."

"I would certainly do so," answered Don Quixote, "had she not been wiped from my mind by the misfortune that befell her a short while ago, which is such that I am more fit to weep for her than to describe her; for your greatnesses must know that, going some days ago to kiss her hands and to receive her blessing, approval, and leave for this third sally, I found another than the one I was seeking: I found her under enchantment, turned from a princess into a peasant girl, from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a devil,

from fragrant to pestilent, from well-spoken to rustic, from sedate to skipping, from light to darkness, and, finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso into a peasant wench from Sayago."

"God save us!" cried the duke at this, in a loud voice. "Who has it been that has done the world such harm? Who has taken from it the beauty that gladdened it, the grace that delighted it, and the modesty that did it credit?"

"Who?" answered Don Quixote. "Who can it be but some malignant enchanter of the many envious ones who persecute me? This accursed race, born into the world to darken and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to bring to light and raise up the deeds of the wicked. Persecuted I have been by enchanters, enchanters persecute me, and enchanters will persecute me until they have sunk me and my lofty chivalries into the deep abyss of oblivion; and they harm and wound me in the very part where they see I feel it most, for to take his lady from a knight-errant is to take from him the eyes he sees with, and the sun that gives him light, and the food that sustains him. Many other times I have said it, and now I say it again: that a knight-errant with no lady is a tree without leaves, a building with no foundation, a shadow with no body to cast it."

"There is no more to be said," said the duchess; "but if, for all that, we are to give credit to the history of Señor Don Quixote that came out into the light of the world a few days ago, to the general applause of the public, it may be gathered from it, if I remember rightly, that your grace has never seen the lady Dulcinea, and that this same lady does not exist in the world, but is a fanciful lady whom your grace begot and gave birth to in your own mind, and painted with all the graces and perfections you pleased."

"There is much to be said on that," answered Don Quixote. "God knows whether there is a Dulcinea in the world or not, or whether she is fanciful or not fanciful; and these are not among the things

whose verification must be carried to the end. I neither begot nor gave birth to my lady, though I contemplate her as befits a lady who contains in herself the qualities that can make her famous in every part of the world, such as: beautiful, without blemish; dignified, without pride; loving, with modesty; grateful, because courteous; courteous, because well-bred; and, finally, high in lineage, because beauty shines and shows itself on good blood with more degrees of perfection than in beautiful women of humble birth."

"That is so," said the duke, "but Señor Don Quixote must give me leave to say what I am compelled to say by the history of his exploits that I have read, from which it is to be inferred that, granting that there is a Dulcinea, in El Toboso or outside it, and that she is beautiful in the supreme degree in which your grace paints her for us, in the matter of high lineage she does not run neck and neck with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, the Madásimas, or others of that stamp, of whom the histories are full, as your grace well knows."

"To that I can say," answered Don Quixote, "that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own deeds, and that virtues improve the blood, and that a humble man of virtue is to be esteemed and valued more than a vicious man of high rank; all the more so since Dulcinea has a shred in her that may bring her to be a queen with crown and scepter; for the merit of a beautiful and virtuous woman extends to working greater miracles, and, though not formally, she holds virtually locked within her greater fortunes."

"I say, Señor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that in everything your grace says you go with feet of lead and, as the saying goes, with the sounding line in your hand; and that from now on I shall believe, and make everyone in my house believe, and even the duke my lord if need be, that there is a Dulcinea in El Toboso, and that she is alive today, and beautiful, and nobly born, and deserving that such a knight as Señor Don Quixote should serve her;

which is the most I can or know how to say in her praise. But I cannot help forming one scruple, and having some little touch of a grudge against Sancho Panza: the scruple is that the said history says that this same Sancho Panza found this same lady Dulcinea, when he brought her a letter on your grace's behalf, winnowing a sack of wheat, and, as a further particular, it says it was red wheat: a thing that makes me doubt the loftiness of her lineage."

To which Don Quixote answered:

"My lady, your greatness must know that all or most of the things that happen to me go beyond the ordinary bounds of those that befall other knights-errant, whether they are directed by the inscrutable will of the fates, or come directed by the malice of some envious enchanter; and, as it is a thing already established that all or most famous knights-errant have, one the gift of being unable to be enchanted, another of having flesh so impenetrable that he cannot be wounded, as was the famous Roldán, one of the Twelve Peers of France, of whom it is told that no wound could reach him save in the sole of his left foot, and that this had to be with the point of a thick pin and not with any other kind of weapon at all; and so, when Bernardo del Carpio killed him at Roncesvalles, seeing that steel could not wound him, he raised him off the ground in his arms and choked him, recalling then the death Hercules gave Anteón, that fierce giant who they said was the son of the Earth. I mean to infer from what I have said that it may be that I have some gift of this kind, not that of being unable to be wounded, for experience has many times shown me that I am of soft flesh and not at all impenetrable, nor that of being unable to be enchanted, for I have already seen myself shut up in a cage, where the whole world would not have been able to shut me if not by force of enchantments; but, since I got free of that one, I am willing to believe that there will be no other that can harm me; and so these enchanters, seeing that they cannot use their wicked

arts on my person, take their revenge on the things I love most, and seek to take my life by ill-treating that of Dulcinea, by whom I live; and so I believe that, when my squire carried my message to her, they turned her into a peasant wench busy at so low a task as winnowing wheat; but I have already said that that wheat was neither red wheat nor wheat at all, but grains of Oriental pearls; and as proof of this truth I will tell your magnitudes how, coming through El Toboso a short while ago, I could never find Dulcinea's palaces; and that, the next day, though Sancho, my squire, had seen her in her own form, which is the most beautiful on the globe, to me she seemed a coarse and ugly peasant girl, and not at all well-spoken, though she is the very wisdom of the world; and since I am not enchanted, nor can be, by any sound reasoning, she is the one enchanted, the one offended, and the one changed, transformed, and transmogrified, and in her my enemies have taken their revenge on me, and for her I shall live in perpetual tears until I see her in her pristine state. All this I have said so that no one will pay heed to what Sancho said about Dulcinea's sifting or winnowing; for, since they changed her for me, it is no wonder they transformed her for him. Dulcinea is of good family and well-born, and of the hidalgo lineages there are in El Toboso, which are many, ancient, and very good, it is certain that no small share falls to the peerless Dulcinea, through whom her village will be famous and renowned in the ages to come, as Troy has been for Helen, and Spain for La Cava, though with a better title and fame. On the other hand, I would have your ladyships understand that Sancho Panza is one of the most amusing squires that ever served a knight-errant; he has at times simplicities so sharp that wondering whether he is simple or sharp gives no small pleasure; he has bits of mischief that condemn him as a rogue, and lapses that confirm him as a fool; he doubts everything and believes everything; when I think he is about to plunge headlong over a cliff of foolishness, he

comes out with sensible remarks that raise him to the skies. In short, I would not swap him for another squire if they gave me a city to boot; and so I am doubtful whether it would be wise to send him off to the government with which your greatness has favored him; though I do see in him a certain aptitude for this business of governing, so that, with his understanding trimmed a little, he would manage any government as well as the king does his excise taxes; and what is more, we know by much experience that neither much ability nor much learning is needed for a man to be a governor, since there are a hundred around who can scarcely read, and they govern like gerfalcons; the crux lies in their having good intentions and wishing to get everything right; for they will never lack people to advise them and guide them in what they are to do, like the governors who are gentlemen and not lawyers, who give judgment with an assessor. I would advise him to take no bribe and lose no right, and some other little things I have stored in my stomach, which will come out in due time, for Sancho's benefit and the good of the isle he is to govern."

The duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote had reached this point in their colloquy when they heard many voices and a great uproar of people in the palace; and suddenly Sancho came into the hall, all in a fright, with a lye-strainer for a bib, and behind him a crowd of lads, or, to put it better, kitchen scullions and other small fry, and one of them was carrying a little trough of water whose color and dirtiness showed it to be dishwater; the one with the trough was following and pursuing him, trying with all diligence to put it and fit it under his beard, and another scullion was making as if to wash it.

"What is this, brothers?" asked the duchess. "What is this? What do you want with this good man? What, do you not consider that he is governor-elect?"

To which the barber scullion answered:

"This gentleman won't let himself be washed, as is the custom, and as the duke my lord had his washed, and the gentleman his master."

"Yes, I will," answered Sancho in a great temper, "only I'd want the towels cleaner, and the lye clearer, and the hands not so dirty; for there isn't such a difference between me and my master that they should wash him with angel water and me with devil's lye. The customs of countries and of princes' palaces are good just so long as they don't cause grief, but the washing custom they use here is worse than the flagellants'. My beard is clean, and I've no need of refreshments of that sort; and whoever comes near to wash me, or to touch a hair of my head, I mean, of my beard, speaking with due respect, I'll give him such a punch that I'll leave my fist set in his skull; for ceremonies and soapings of this sort look more like jokes than a welcome for guests."

The duchess was dying of laughter, seeing Sancho's anger and hearing his words; but it gave Don Quixote no great pleasure to see him so badly got up, with the mottled towel, and so surrounded by so many kitchen hangers-on; and so, making a deep bow to the duke and duchess, as if asking their leave to speak, he said to the rabble in a calm voice:

"Ho there, gentlemen knights! Let your graces leave the young man alone, and go back the way you came, or some other way if you have a fancy to, for my squire is as clean as anyone, and those little troughs are too tight for him, as tight as narrow-necked jugs. Take my advice and leave him, for neither he nor I know anything about the business of jests."

Sancho took the words out of his mouth and went on, saying:

"No, just let them come and make fun of the stray, and I'll stand it as surely as it's night now! Bring a comb here, or whatever you like, and currycomb this beard of mine, and if you get anything out of it that offends against cleanliness, let them shear me crosswise."

At this point, still laughing, the duchess said:

"Sancho Panza is right in everything he has said, and will be right in everything he says: he is clean and, as he says, has no need to wash; and if our custom does not please him, his soul in his palm; all the more so since you, ministers of cleanliness, have been far too remiss and careless, and I do not know whether to say impudent, in bringing to such a personage and to such a beard, instead of basins and ewers of pure gold and towels of German linen, little wooden troughs and tubs and sideboard dishcloths. But, in short, you are wicked and lowborn, and cannot help, miscreants that you are, showing the grudge you bear the squires of knights-errant."

The roguish ministers, and even the steward, who had come with them, believed that the duchess was speaking in earnest; and so they took the lye-strainer off Sancho's chest, and all of them, confused and almost shamefaced, went off and left him; and he, seeing himself out of what was, as he thought, supreme danger, went and knelt before the duchess and said:

"From great ladies great favors are looked for; this one your grace hath done me today cannot be repaid with less than wishing to see myself dubbed a knight-errant, so as to spend every day of my life serving so high a lady. A farmer I am, Sancho Panza is my name, married I am, children I have, and as a squire I serve: if with any of these things I can serve your greatness, I'll be quicker to obey than your ladyship to command."

"It is quite plain, Sancho," answered the duchess, "that you have learned to be courteous in the school of courtesy itself; it is quite plain, I mean, that you were reared at the breast of Señor Don Quixote, who must be the cream of compliments and the flower of ceremonies, or *ceremunies*, as you say. Blessings on such a master and such a servant: the one as the lodestar of knight-errantry, and the other as the star of squirely fidelity. Rise, Sancho my friend, for

I shall repay your courtesies by having the duke my lord grant you the promised favor of the government as soon as he can."

With this the talk came to an end, and Don Quixote went to take his siesta, and the duchess asked Sancho, if he had no great wish to sleep, to come and pass the afternoon in a very cool room with her damsels and herself. Sancho answered that, though it was true he was in the habit of sleeping four or five hours in the summer siestas, to serve her goodness he would try with all his might not to sleep a single one that day, and would come obediently at her command, and off he went. The duke gave fresh orders that Don Quixote be treated as a knight-errant, without departing a jot from the style in which they tell the knights of old were treated.

Chapter XXXIII. Of the delightful talk the duchess and her damsels had with Sancho Panza, worth reading and noting

The history tells, then, that Sancho did not sleep that siesta, but, to keep his word, came to see the duchess as soon as he had eaten; and she, with the pleasure she took in hearing him, made him sit beside her on a low chair, though Sancho, out of sheer good breeding, did not want to sit; but the duchess told him to sit as a governor and talk as a squire, since on both counts he deserved the very bench of the Cid Ruy Díaz the Campeador.

Sancho shrugged, obeyed, and took his seat, and the duchess's damsels and duennas, all of them, closed in around her, attentive, in the deepest silence, to hear what he would say; but it was the duchess who spoke first, saying:

"Now that we are alone, and no one here can hear us, I should like the lord governor to resolve certain doubts I have, which arise from the history of the great Don Quixote that is already in print; one of these doubts is that, since the good Sancho never set eyes on Dulcinea, I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, nor carried her Señor Don Quixote's letter, because it was left behind in the notebook in the Sierra Morena, how did he dare invent the answer, and that business of finding her winnowing wheat, it all being a jest and a lie, and so damaging to the good name of the peerless Dulcinea, and all of it things that do not sit well with the character and faithfulness of good squires?"

To these words, without answering with any of his own, Sancho got up from his chair and, with soft steps, his body bent over and a finger laid on his lips, made the round of the whole room, raising the hangings one by one; and then, this done, he sat down again and said:

"Now, my lady, that I've seen nobody is listening to us on the sly, except those present, I'll answer without fear or alarm what I've been asked, and anything else I'm asked; and the first thing I say is that I take my master Don Quixote for a raving madman, though sometimes he says things that, to my mind, and to the mind of everybody who listens to him, are so sensible and run along such a good track that Satan himself couldn't say them better; but, for all that, truly and without a doubt, it's settled in my head that he's a simpleton. Well, since I have this in my noddle, I make bold to have him swallow things without head or tail, like that business of the answer to the letter, and the thing from six or eight days ago, which isn't in the history yet; that is to say, the enchantment of my lady Doña Dulcinea, for I've given him to understand that she's enchanted, when it's no more true than the hills of Úbeda."

The duchess begged him to tell her about that enchantment or jest, and Sancho told it all just as it had happened, from which the listeners got no small pleasure; and, going on with her talk, the duchess said:

"From what the good Sancho has told me, a scruple is skipping about in my soul, and a certain whisper reaches my ears that says to me: 'Since Don Quixote of La Mancha is mad, witless, and a simpleton, and Sancho Panza his squire knows it, and for all that serves him and follows him and hangs on his empty promises, without any doubt he must be madder and more foolish than his master; and, this being so, as it is, it will be held against you, my lady duchess, if you give this same Sancho Panza an isle to govern,

for he who does not know how to govern himself, how will he know how to govern others?'"

"By God, my lady," said Sancho, "that scruple comes out head-first, the right way; but tell it, your grace, to speak plainly, or however it likes, for I know it speaks the truth: if I were sensible, I'd have left my master days ago. But this was my lot, and this my bad luck; I can't help it, I have to follow him: we're from the same village, I've eaten his bread, I love him, he's grateful, he gave me his donkey colts, and, above all, I'm loyal; and so it's impossible for anything to part us except the spade and the hoe. And if your high-flyingness doesn't want me to be given the promised government, God made me out of less, and it might be that not giving it to me would redound to the good of my conscience; for, fool as I am, I understand that proverb that says 'to her harm the ant grew wings'; and it might even be that Sancho the squire would go to heaven sooner than Sancho the governor. They make as good bread here as in France; and by night all cats are gray; and plenty unlucky is the person who hasn't had his breakfast by two in the afternoon; and there's no stomach a span bigger than another, and any of them can be stuffed full, as the saying goes, of straw and of hay; and the little birds of the field have God for their purveyor and steward; and four yards of Cuenca cloth keep you warmer than another four of fine Segovia broadcloth; and when we leave this world and go into the ground, the prince goes by as narrow a path as the day laborer, and the Pope's body takes up no more feet of earth than the sacristan's, though the one may be taller than the other; for when we go into the hole we all squeeze ourselves in and shrink, or they make us squeeze in and shrink, whether we like it or not, and good night. And I say again that if your ladyship won't give me the isle because I'm a fool, I'll know how to care nothing about it because I'm sensible; and I've heard tell that behind the cross stands the devil, and that all that glitters isn't

gold, and that from among the oxen, plows, and yokes they took the farmer Wamba to be king of Spain, and from among the brocades, pastimes, and riches they took Rodrigo to be eaten by snakes, if the verses of the old ballads don't lie."

"And what do you mean, don't lie!" said Doña Rodríguez the duenna at this point, for she was one of the listeners. "For there's a ballad that says they put King Rodrigo, alive and kicking, into a tomb full of toads, snakes, and lizards, and that two days later the king said from inside the tomb, in a low and doleful voice:

"'Now they eat me, now they eat me
where the most of sin had been';

"and, according to this, the gentleman is very right to say he'd rather be a farmer than a king, if vermin are going to eat him."

The duchess could not keep from laughing at her duenna's simplicity, nor could she help marveling at Sancho's words and proverbs, and she said to him:

"The good Sancho knows by now that what a knight once promises he strives to fulfill, though it cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, though he is not one of the errant kind, is a knight for all that, and so he will keep his word about the promised isle, whatever the world's envy and malice may do. Let Sancho take heart, for when he least expects it he will see himself seated on the chair of his isle and of his estate, and will grasp his government, only to trade it in for another of triple-piled brocade. What I charge him with is to take care in governing his vassals, remembering that every one of them is loyal and wellborn."

"As for governing them well," answered Sancho, "there's no need to charge me with that, because I'm charitable by nature and have compassion for the poor; and don't steal a loaf from the one who bakes and kneads; and by my faith, they won't slip me a loaded die; I'm an old dog, and I understand every 'here, boy, here,'

and I know how to wake myself up in good time, and I don't let cobwebs float before my eyes, for I know where my shoe pinches: I say this because the good will find a hand and a hollow with me, and the bad neither foothold nor way in. And it seems to me that in this business of governments it's all in the beginning, and it might be that after a fortnight as governor I'd be licking my fingers for the job and know more about it than about the work of the fields, which I was brought up in."

"You are right, right indeed, Sancho," said the duchess, "for nobody is born taught, and bishops are made out of men, not out of stones. But, to come back to the talk we were having a little while ago about the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, I hold it as a certain and more than proven thing that that notion Sancho had of tricking his master and giving him to understand that the peasant girl was Dulcinea, and that if his master did not recognize her it must be because she was enchanted, was all the invention of one of the enchanters who persecute Señor Don Quixote; for really and truly I know on good authority that the peasant girl who gave the leap onto the she-ass was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, and that the good Sancho, thinking he was the deceiver, is the deceived; and there is no more doubting this truth than the things we never saw; and let Señor Sancho Panza know that we too have enchanters here who wish us well and tell us what goes on in the world, purely and simply, without tangles or contrivances; and let Sancho believe me that the leaping peasant girl was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, who is as enchanted as the mother who bore her; and when it is least expected we shall see her in her own form, and then Sancho will come out of the delusion he lives in."

"All that may well be," said Sancho Panza, "and now I'm ready to believe what my master tells about the cave of Montesinos, where he says the lady Dulcinea del Toboso appeared to him in the very same dress and clothes I said I'd seen her in when I enchanted her

just for my own pleasure; and it must all have been the other way round, as your grace, my lady, says, because from my poor wits nobody can or should suppose I made up so sharp a trick in an instant, nor do I believe my master is so mad that he'd believe a thing so far beyond all bounds on such a thin and skinny argument as mine. But, my lady, it won't be right for your goodness to take me for ill-meaning because of this, for a dunce like me isn't obliged to bore into the thoughts and mischief of the wickedest enchanters: I made that up to get out of my master Don Quixote's scoldings, and not meaning to offend him; and if it's come out the other way round, God is in heaven, who judges hearts."

"That is the truth of it," said the duchess, "but tell me now, Sancho, what is this about the cave of Montesinos? I would like to hear it."

Then Sancho Panza told her point by point what has been related about that adventure. Hearing which, the duchess said:

"From this event it may be inferred that, since the great Don Quixote says he saw there the same peasant girl Sancho saw on the way out of El Toboso, she is without a doubt Dulcinea, and that the enchanters hereabouts are very busy and excessively curious."

"That's what I say," said Sancho Panza, "that if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is enchanted, so much the worse for her; for I'm not going to pick a quarrel, not I, with my master's enemies, who must be many and wicked. True it is that the one I saw was a peasant girl, and I took her for a peasant girl, and I judged her to be that same peasant girl; and if that one was Dulcinea, it isn't to be put down to my account, nor is it to run against me, or else there'll be a fight over it. No, but let them come at me at every turn with tell-me-and-I'll-tell-you, 'Sancho said it, Sancho did it, Sancho came back and Sancho went back,' as if Sancho were some nobody, and not the very same Sancho Panza who's going about in books all over the world by now, as Sansón Carrasco told me, who is, at the

very least, a person bacheloried by Salamanca, and people like that can't lie except when they feel like it or it suits them very well; so there's no reason for anybody to pick a quarrel with me, and since I have a good name, and, as I heard my master say, a good name is worth more than great riches, just fit me into that government and you'll see wonders; for whoever has been a good squire will be a good governor."

"All that the good Sancho has said here," said the duchess, "are Catonian maxims, or at least drawn from the very bowels of Micael Verino himself, *florentibus occidit annis* (he died in the flower of his years). In short, in short, to speak in his own fashion, under a bad cloak there is often a good drinker."

"Truly, my lady," answered Sancho, "in my life I've never drunk out of wickedness; out of thirst it could well be, for I've nothing of the hypocrite in me: I drink when I feel like it, and when I don't feel like it and they give it to me, so as not to seem either finicky or ill-mannered; for when a friend drinks your health, what heart could be so made of marble as not to drink his in return? But though I lace the boots on, I don't muddy them; all the more since the squires of knights-errant nearly always drink water, because they're forever going through forests, woods and meadows, mountains and crags, without finding a mercy of a drop of wine, though they'd give an eye for it."

"I believe it," answered the duchess. "And for now let Sancho go and rest, for later we shall talk at greater length and give orders for him to go soon and fit himself, as he says, into that government."

Sancho kissed the duchess's hands again, and begged her to do him the favor of having good care taken of his gray, because he was the light of his eyes.

"What gray is this?" asked the duchess.

"My ass," answered Sancho, "for, so as not to call him by that name, I usually call him the gray; and I begged this lady duenna, when I came into this castle, to look after him, and she got as flustered as if I'd told her she was ugly or old, when it ought to be more proper and natural for duennas to feed donkeys than to lend dignity to drawing rooms. Oh, God help me, and how badly a hidalgo of my village got on with these ladies!"

"He must have been some peasant," said Doña Rodríguez the duenna, "for if he had been a hidalgo and wellborn, he would have set them on the horn of the moon."

"Come, now," said the duchess, "let there be no more of this: let Doña Rodríguez be quiet and Señor Panza calm himself, and let the gray's comfort be left in my charge; for, since he is Sancho's treasure, I shall put him on the apple of my eye."

"It's enough for him to be in the stable," answered Sancho, "for on the apple of your greatness's eye neither he nor I are worthy to be for a single moment, and I'd consent to it as soon as I'd stab myself; for though my master says that in courtesies it's a case of better lose the hand by holding one card too many than one too few, in donkeyish and asinine ones you have to go with the compass in your hand and in measured terms."

"Let Sancho take him to his government," said the duchess, "and there he can pamper him as he likes, and even pension him off from work."

"Don't think, my lady duchess, that your grace has said anything much," said Sancho, "for I've seen more than two asses go to governments, and if I took mine it wouldn't be anything new."

Sancho's words renewed the duchess's laughter and delight; and, sending him off to rest, she went to give the duke an account of what had passed with him, and between the two of them they laid out the plan and the orders for playing a jest on Don Quixote that would be famous and would fit the chivalric style; and in that

style they played many on him, so apt and so clever that they are the best adventures this great history contains.

Chapter XXXIV. Which tells of the news that was received of how the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso was to be disenchanted, which is one of the most famous adventures in this book

Great was the delight that the duke and duchess found in Don Quixote's conversation and in Sancho Panza's; and, confirmed in their intention of playing some jests on them that would carry the glimmer and look of adventures, they took their cue from the one Don Quixote had already told them about the cave of Montesinos, to play one on him that would be famous (but what most amazed the duchess was that Sancho's simplicity should be so great that he had come to believe it infallible truth that Dulcinea del Toboso was enchanted, when he himself had been the enchanter and the trickster in that business); and so, having given their servants orders for everything they were to do, six days later they took him out hunting big game, with as great a train of huntsmen and beaters as a crowned king could have taken. They gave Don Quixote a hunting suit, and Sancho another, green, of the finest cloth; but Don Quixote would not put his on, saying that one day soon he would have to go back to the hard exercise of arms and could not carry wardrobes or pantries around with him. Sancho did take the one they gave him, meaning to sell it at the first chance he could.

When the awaited day came, then, Don Quixote armed himself and Sancho dressed, and, on top of his gray, whom he would not

leave though they offered him a horse, he joined the troop of huntsmen. The duchess rode out in splendid array, and Don Quixote, out of sheer courtesy and good manners, took the rein of her palfrey, though the duke did not want to allow it; and at last they came to a wood that lay between two very high mountains, where, the stations, blinds, and paths having been taken up and the people placed at different posts, the hunt began with a great din, shouting, and hallooing, so that no one could hear anyone else, as much for the baying of the hounds as for the sound of the horns.

The duchess dismounted and, with a sharp boar spear in her hands, took up a post where she knew some wild boars usually came by. The duke and Don Quixote dismounted as well and placed themselves at her sides; Sancho placed himself behind them all, without getting down from the gray, whom he would not have dared abandon lest some mishap befall him. And they had scarcely set foot on the ground and drawn up in line with many other servants of theirs when, hounded by the dogs and followed by the huntsmen, they saw a monstrous boar coming toward them, gnashing teeth and tusks and casting foam from his mouth; and, on seeing him, Don Quixote, bracing his shield on his arm and putting his hand to his sword, stepped forward to meet him. The duke did the same with his boar spear; but the duchess would have got ahead of them all, if the duke had not stopped her. Only Sancho, on seeing the valiant animal, abandoned the gray and took to his heels as fast as he could, and he tried to climb a tall holm oak but could not; rather, being already halfway up it, clinging to a branch and struggling to reach the top, he was so short of luck and so unfortunate that the branch broke off, and as he came down he was left hanging in the air, caught on a snag of the oak, unable to reach the ground. And, seeing himself in this plight, and that the green hunting coat was tearing, and thinking that if that fierce ani-

mal came that way he could get at him, he began to give so many shrieks and to call for help so urgently that all who heard him and did not see him thought he was between the teeth of some wild beast.

In the end the tusked boar was run through by the blades of the many spears that were set against him; and Don Quixote, turning his head toward Sancho's shrieks, for by now he had recognized him by them, saw him hanging from the holm oak head downward, and the gray beside him, for the gray did not abandon him in his calamity; and Cide Hamete says that he seldom saw Sancho Panza without seeing the gray, or the gray without seeing Sancho: such was the friendship and good faith the two kept between them.

Don Quixote came up and unhooked Sancho; and he, finding himself free and on the ground, looked at the tear in his hunting coat and was grieved to the soul, for he thought he had an entailed estate in that suit. Meanwhile they laid the mighty boar across a pack mule and, covering him with sprigs of rosemary and branches of myrtle, carried him, as a token of victorious spoils, to some large field tents that stood pitched in the heart of the wood, and there they found the tables set and the meal prepared, so sumptuous and grand that the greatness and magnificence of the one who gave it could plainly be seen in it. Sancho, showing the duchess the wounds of his torn suit, said:

"If this hunt had been for hares or little birds, my coat would have been safe from coming to this pass. I don't know what pleasure there is in waiting for an animal that, if he gets you with a tusk, can take your life; I remember hearing an old ballad sung that goes:

"'By the bears may you be eaten,
like Favila of great renown.'"

"That was a Gothic king," said Don Quixote, "who, going out to hunt big game, was eaten by a bear."

"That's just what I'm saying," answered Sancho, "that I wouldn't want princes and kings to put themselves in such dangers in exchange for a pleasure that it seems to me shouldn't be one, since it consists in killing an animal that hasn't committed any crime."

"On the contrary, you are mistaken, Sancho," answered the duke, "for the exercise of hunting big game is more fitting and necessary for kings and princes than any other. The hunt is an image of war: there are stratagems in it, wiles, ambushes, for overcoming the enemy in safety; in it one suffers the bitterest cold and unbearable heat; idleness and sleep are cut down, strength is built up, the limbs of whoever practices it are made nimble, and, in short, it is an exercise that can be pursued without harm to anyone and to the pleasure of many; and the best thing about it is that it is not for everyone, as other kinds of hunting are, except hawking, which is also only for kings and great lords. So, O Sancho, change your opinion, and when you are governor, take up hunting, and you will see how it pays you back a hundred loaves for one."

"Not that," answered Sancho. "The good governor, a broken leg, and at home. A fine thing it would be if people with business came looking for him, worn out, and he was off in the hills enjoying himself! That's the way the government would go to the devil! On my faith, sir, hunting and pastimes are more for idlers than for governors. What I mean to amuse myself with is playing envite trumps at the great feasts, and ninepins on Sundays and holidays; for those chases and chafing dishes don't suit my nature or sit with my conscience."

"God grant, Sancho, that it be so, for from saying to doing is a long road."

"Come what may," replied Sancho, "for a good payer is not pained by pledges, and better off is the man God helps than the

man who gets up very early, and the guts carry the feet, not the feet the guts; I mean that if God helps me, and I do what I ought with good intentions, there's no doubt I'll govern better than a gerfalcon. No, just put a finger in my mouth and see whether I bite or not!"

"God and all His saints curse you, accursed Sancho!" said Don Quixote. "And when will the day come, as I have said many other times, when I shall see you speak one plain, well-ordered sentence without proverbs? Let your greatnesses leave this fool alone, my lord and lady, for he will grind your souls not between two but between two thousand proverbs, brought in as seasonably and as timely as God may give him health, or me, if I wanted to listen to them."

"Sancho Panza's proverbs," said the duchess, "though they are more than the Greek Commander's, are no less to be prized for that, because of the brevity of the maxims. For my part I can say that they give me more pleasure than others, though those may be better brought in and more seasonably fitted."

With this and other entertaining talk, they went out of the tent into the wood, and in looking over some of the hunting posts the day went by quickly and night came on them, and not so clear or so calm as the season called for, it being midsummer; but a certain twilight it brought with it helped the duke and duchess's plan a great deal; and, just as it began to grow dark, a little after dusk, all of a sudden it seemed that the whole wood was on fire on all four sides, and then there were heard, here and there, and on this side and on that, countless bugles and other instruments of war, as if of many troops of cavalry passing through the wood. The light of the fire and the sound of the warlike instruments almost blinded and deafened the eyes and ears of those present, and even of everyone in the wood. Then were heard countless *lelilíes*, the war cries the Moors raise when they go into battle; trumpets and clarions

sounded, drums rumbled, fifes shrilled, almost all at once, so continuously and so fast that anyone who did not lose his senses at the confused sound of so many instruments must have had none to lose. The duke was stunned, the duchess was struck still, Don Quixote marveled, Sancho Panza trembled, and, in short, even those who knew the cause were frightened. With the fear, silence took hold of them, and a postboy dressed as a demon rode past in front of them, blowing, in place of a bugle, a huge hollow horn that gave out a hoarse and frightful sound.

"Ho there, brother courier!" said the duke. "Who are you, where are you going, and what men of war are these that seem to be crossing this wood?"

To which the courier answered in a horrisonous and brazen voice:

"I am the Devil; I am going to look for Don Quixote of La Mancha; the people coming this way are six troops of enchanters, who are bringing the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso on a triumphal car. She comes enchanted, with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to give Don Quixote instructions on how this same lady is to be disenchanted."

"If you were a devil, as you say and as your figure shows, you would already have recognized this same knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, for you have him in front of you."

"By God and on my conscience," answered the Devil, "I wasn't looking at that, for I have my thoughts so distracted with so many things that I was forgetting the main one I came for."

"No doubt," said Sancho, "this demon must be an honest man and a good Christian, because if he weren't, he wouldn't swear by God and on his conscience. Now I hold for myself that even in hell itself there must be good people."

Then the Demon, without dismounting, turning his gaze on Don Quixote, said:

"To you, the Knight of the Lions (may I see you between their claws), I am sent by the unfortunate but valiant knight Montesinos, who bids me tell you on his behalf to wait for him in the very place I find you, for he brings with him the one they call Dulcinea del Toboso, with orders to give you the orders needed to disenchant her. And as my coming is for nothing more, my staying will be no longer: may demons like me remain with you, and the good angels with these lords."

And, saying this, he blew the monstrous horn, turned his back, and went off, without waiting for an answer from anyone.

Everyone's amazement was renewed, especially Sancho's and Don Quixote's: Sancho's at seeing that, in spite of the truth, they would have it that Dulcinea was enchanted; Don Quixote's at not being able to settle whether what befell him in the cave of Montesinos was true or false. And, as he was rapt in these thoughts, the duke said to him:

"Does your grace mean to wait, Señor Don Quixote?"

"Why not?" he answered. "Here I shall wait, dauntless and strong, though all hell should come to charge me."

"Well, if I see another devil and hear another horn like the last one, I'll wait here as surely as in Flanders," said Sancho.

At this the night closed in further, and many lights began to run through the wood, just as the dry exhalations of the earth run across the sky and look to our eyes like shooting stars. There was heard as well a frightful noise, like that made by the solid wheels ox carts usually have, from whose harsh and steady screeching wolves and bears are said to flee, if there are any where they pass. To all this tempest was added another that increased them all, which was that it truly seemed that on the four sides of the wood four skirmishes or battles were being fought at one and the same time, for here sounded the hard thunder of fearful artillery, there countless muskets were being fired, close by almost rang the

voices of the combatants, far off the Hagarene war cries were repeated again and again.

In the end the bugles, the horns, the hunting horns, the clarions, the trumpets, the drums, the artillery, the harquebuses, and, above all, the fearful noise of the carts, all together made a sound so confused and so horrendous that Don Quixote had to call on all his heart to bear it; but Sancho's gave way, and laid him fainting in the duchess's lap; she received him there and in great haste ordered water thrown in his face. This was done, and he came to himself just as one of the carts with the screeching wheels was reaching that post.

It was drawn by four sluggish oxen, all covered with black trappings; on each horn they had a great wax torch tied and lit, and on top of the cart a high seat had been made, and on it was seated a venerable old man, his beard whiter than snow itself, and so long that it fell below his waist; his garment was a long robe of black buckram; and, as the cart came full of countless lights, everything on it could well be made out and discerned. It was guided by two ugly demons dressed in the same buckram, with faces so ugly that Sancho, having seen them once, shut his eyes so as not to see them again. When the cart, then, came level with the post, the venerable old man rose from his high seat and, standing up, said in a loud voice:

"I am the sage Lirgandeo."

And the cart passed on, without his speaking another word. After this one came another cart in the same fashion, with another old man enthroned; and he, making the cart stop, said in a voice no less grave than the other's:

"I am the sage Alquife, great friend to Urganda the Unknown."

And it passed on.

Then, in the same manner, came another cart; but the one seated on the throne was not an old man like the others, but a big,

burly fellow with an evil look, who, on arriving, rising to his feet like the others, said in a voice hoarser and more devilish:

"I am Arcaláus the enchanter, mortal enemy of Amadís of Gaul and of all his kin."

And it passed on. A little way off from there these three carts halted, and the irksome noise of their wheels ceased, and then another was heard, not a noise, but a sound made of sweet and harmonious music, at which Sancho cheered up and took it for a good sign; and so he said to the duchess, from whom he did not stray a step or an inch:

"My lady, where there's music there can't be anything bad."

"Nor where there are lights and brightness," answered the duchess.

To which Sancho replied:

"Fire gives light and bonfires give brightness, as we see by the ones all around us, and they might well burn us up; but music is always a sign of rejoicing and festivities."

"That remains to be seen," said Don Quixote, who was listening to it all.

And he spoke well, as is shown in the following chapter.

Chapter XXXV. In which the news Don Quixote received of Dulcinea's disenchantment is continued, with other wonderful events

To the measure of the pleasant music they saw coming toward them a cart of the kind they call triumphal, drawn by six gray mules, caparisoned, however, in white linen, and on each one rode a torch-bearing penitent, likewise dressed in white, with a large lighted wax torch in his hand. The cart was twice, and even three times, the size of the earlier ones, and its sides and top were taken up by twelve more penitents, white as snow, all with their torches lit, a sight that caused wonder and fear together; and on a raised throne sat a nymph, dressed in a thousand veils of silver tissue, with countless spangles of gold tinsel glittering all over them, which made her, if not richly, at least showily dressed. She had her face covered with a transparent and delicate gauze, so that, without its threads hindering it, a most beautiful maiden's face could be made out through them, and the many lights allowed one to distinguish her beauty and her years, which, it seemed, did not reach twenty or fall below seventeen.

Beside her came a figure dressed in one of those robes they call trailing, down to the feet, its head covered with a black veil; but the moment the cart came face to face with the duke and duchess and Don Quixote, the music of the shawms stopped, and then that of the harps and lutes that were playing in the cart; and the figure in the robe, rising to its feet, threw it open on both sides and, tak-

ing the veil from its face, showed plainly that it was the very figure of death, fleshless and ugly, at which Don Quixote felt dismay and Sancho fear, and the duke and duchess made some show of alarm. This living death, risen and standing, began to speak in this manner, in a somewhat drowsy voice and with a tongue not very wide awake:

“I am that Merlin whom the histories
report to have had the devil for a father
(a lie that time has clothed with authority),
prince of the Magic Art, and monarch too
and archive of the Zoroastrian science,
rival to the ages and the centuries
that strive to cover up the gallant deeds
of the brave knights who wander through the world,
for whom I had and have a great affection.
And though the nature of enchanters is,
of wizards and of magi, all along,
forever harsh in temper, rough and hard,
mine is a tender, gentle, loving one,
and fond of doing good to all mankind.
Down in the gloomy caverns of dark Dis,
where my soul was whiling away its time
in tracing certain rhombs and characters,
there reached me the sad voice of the fair
and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.
I learned of her enchantment and mischance,
and how from a gentle lady she was changed
into a rustic village girl; I grieved,
and, shutting up my spirit in the hollow
of this most frightful and ferocious skeleton,
after I had turned a hundred thousand books
of this my science, devilish and base,
I come to give the remedy that suits
so great a sorrow and so great an ill.

O you, the glory and honor of all who wear
the tunics made of steel and adamant,
light and lantern, pathway, north, and guide
of those who, leaving the sluggard's sleep behind
and idle feather beds, inure themselves
to practicing the unendurable exercise
of bloodstained and of heavy arms of war!
To you I say, O man who never duly
has been lauded! to you, the valiant
and the wise together, Don Quixote,
splendor of La Mancha, star of Spain:
that, so that she may win her first estate,
the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso,
it is required that Sancho, your squire,
give himself three thousand lashes and three hundred
upon both of his valiant buttocks,
bared to the air, and laid on in such a way
that they shall sting and gall and vex him sore.
And on this all of them are now agreed
who have been the authors of her misfortune,
and this is why I come, my lords and ladies."

"I swear!" said Sancho at this point. "I won't say three thousand lashes, but I'd as soon give myself three of them as three stabs with a dagger. The devil take this way of disenchanting! I don't know what my rump has to do with enchantments! By God, if Señor Merlin hasn't found some other way to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she can go to her grave enchanted!"

"I shall take you," said Don Quixote, "Don Peasant, you garlic-stuffed lout, and I shall tie you to a tree, naked as your mother bore you; and I will not say three thousand three hundred, but six thousand six hundred lashes will I give you, so well stuck on that three thousand three hundred tugs will not pull them off. And answer me not a word, or I will tear out your soul."

Hearing which, Merlin said:

"It must not be so, for the lashes the good Sancho is to receive must be of his own free will, and not by force, and at whatever time he pleases; for no fixed term is set for him; but he is permitted, if he wishes to redeem his vexation by half of this vapulation, to let them be given by another's hand, though it be somewhat heavy."

"Neither another's, nor my own, nor heavy, nor heavy-handed," replied Sancho. "No hand at all is going to touch me. Did I give birth to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, by any chance, that my rump should pay for what her eyes sinned? My master, now, he's a part of her, since he calls her at every step his life, his soul, his sustenance and his support; he can and should whip himself for her and take all the steps needed for her disenchantment; but whip myself, me...? *Abernuncio*!"

Sancho had scarcely finished saying this when the silvery nymph who came beside Merlin's spirit rose to her feet and, taking the thin veil from her face, revealed it to be such that it seemed to everyone more than exceedingly beautiful; and, with a mannish ease and in a voice none too ladylike, speaking straight to Sancho Panza, she said:

"O ill-starred squire, pitcher-head, heart of cork oak, with innards of pebble and flint! If they ordered you, you face-flaying thief, to throw yourself from a high tower to the ground; if they asked you, you enemy of the human race, to eat a dozen toads, two dozen lizards, and three dozen snakes; if they urged you to kill

your wife and your children with some truculent and sharp scimitar, it would be no wonder for you to show yourself squeamish and shy; but to make a fuss over three thousand three hundred lashes, when there isn't a charity-school boy, however wretched, who doesn't get as many every month, amazes, stuns, and appalls all the compassionate hearts of those who hear it, and even those of all who may come to know of it in the course of time. Set, O miserable and hardened animal, set, I say, those eyes of yours like a skittish young mule's on the pupils of these of mine, which are compared to sparkling stars, and you will see them weep thread by thread and skein by skein, making furrows, tracks, and paths across the fair fields of my cheeks. Let it move you, you sly and ill-meaning monster, that my age, so flowery, which is still in the ten-and… of its years, for I am nineteen and not yet twenty, is wasting and withering beneath the bark of a rustic peasant girl; and if I do not look like one now, it is a special favor Señor Merlin, who is here present, has done me, only so that my beauty may soften you; for the tears of a beauty in affliction turn crags to cotton and tigers to ewes. Lay on, lay on to those great slabs of flesh, you untamed brute, and rouse out of its sloth that vigor of yours that inclines you only to eating and more eating, and set free the smoothness of my flesh, the gentleness of my nature, and the beauty of my face; and if you will not soften or come to some reasonable terms for my sake, do it for that poor knight you have at your side; for your master, I mean, whose soul I can see stuck crosswise in his throat, not ten fingers' breadth from his lips, waiting only for your hard or soft answer, either to come out through his mouth or to go back down into his stomach."

Don Quixote, hearing this, felt his throat and said, turning to the duke:

"By God, sir, Dulcinea has told the truth, for here I have my soul stuck crosswise in my throat, like the nut of a crossbow."

"What do you say to this, Sancho?" asked the duchess.

"I say, my lady," answered Sancho, "what I've said already: as for the lashes, *abernuncio*."

"*Abrenuncio* (I renounce) is what you should say, Sancho, and not what you are saying," said the duke.

"Leave me be, your greatness," answered Sancho, "for I'm in no state now to look into fine points or a letter more or less; because these lashes they're going to give me, or I'm to give myself, have got me so upset that I don't know what I'm saying or what I'm doing. But I'd like to know from the lady my lady Doña Dulcina del Toboso where she learned this way of begging she has: she comes asking me to lay my flesh open with lashes, and calls me pitcher-head and untamed brute, with a whole string of bad names, and may the devil put up with them. Is my flesh made of bronze, by any chance, or is it anything to me whether she gets disenchanted or not? What basket of white linen, of shirts, of kerchiefs and socks, though I don't wear them, does she bring along with her to soften me, instead of one insult after another, knowing that proverb they say around here, that an ass loaded with gold goes lightly up a mountain, and that gifts break rocks, and praying to God and swinging the mallet, and that one 'take this' is worth more than two 'I'll give you'? And my master, who ought to stroke my neck and coax me so I'd turn into wool and carded cotton, says that if he catches me he'll tie me naked to a tree and double the stakes on the lashes; and these afflicted lords and ladies ought to consider that it's not only a squire they're asking to whip himself, but a governor; as if to say, 'drink it with cherries in.' Let them learn, and bad luck to them, let them learn how to beg, and how to ask, and how to have manners, for all times are not the same, nor are men always in a good humor. Here I am now, bursting with grief at seeing my green coat torn, and they come asking me to whip myself

of my own free will, when I've as little will for it as for turning into a cacique."

"Well, truly, Sancho my friend," said the duke, "unless you soften more than a ripe early fig, you are not to lay hands on the government. A fine thing it would be for me to send my islanders a cruel governor, with flinty innards, who does not bend to the tears of afflicted damsels, or to the entreaties of wise, commanding, and ancient enchanters and sages! In short, Sancho, either you are to be whipped, or they are to whip you, or you are not to be governor."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "couldn't I be given two days' grace to think over what's best for me?"

"No, by no means," said Merlin. "Here, at this instant and in this place, it must be settled what is to be done in this business: either Dulcinea will go back to the cave of Montesinos and to her former state of peasant girl, or else, in the being she now has, she will be carried off to the Elysian Fields, where she will wait for the number of the vapulation to be fulfilled."

"Come, good Sancho," said the duchess, "be of good heart and make a good return for the bread you have eaten of Señor Don Quixote, whom we must all serve and please for his good nature and his lofty chivalries. Say yes, my son, to this whipping, and let the devil go to the devil and fear to the faint-hearted; for a stout heart breaks bad luck, as you well know."

To these words Sancho answered with these crazy ones, speaking to Merlin and asking him:

"Tell me, your grace, Señor Merlin: when the courier devil came here and gave my master a message from Señor Montesinos, ordering him on his behalf to wait for him here, because he was coming to give orders for the lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso to be disenchanted, and up to now we haven't seen Montesinos, or anybody like him."

To which Merlin answered:

"The Devil, Sancho my friend, is an ignoramus and a very great rogue: I sent him in search of your master, but not with a message from Montesinos, only with one from me, for Montesinos is in his cave, intent upon, or, to put it better, waiting for, his own disenchantment, for the tail is still left to skin. If he owes you anything, or you have any business to settle with him, I shall bring him to you and put him wherever you like best. And for now, finish saying yes to this discipline, and believe me that it will be of great profit to you, as much for your soul as for your body: for your soul, because of the charity with which you will perform it; for your body, because I know you are of a sanguine complexion, and it can do you no harm to let a little blood."

"There are a lot of doctors in the world: even enchanters are doctors," replied Sancho. "But since everybody tells me so, though I can't see it myself, I say that I'm content to give myself the three thousand three hundred lashes, on condition that I'm to give them to myself whenever and however I please, without any limit being set on the days or the time; and I'll try to get out of debt as quickly as possible, so the world can enjoy the beauty of the lady Doña Dulcinea del Toboso, since, it seems, contrary to what I thought, she really is beautiful. It's also to be a condition that I'm not to be obliged to draw blood with the whip, and that if some lashes are only fly-swats, they're to be counted toward the total. Item, that if I make a mistake in the number, Señor Merlin, since he knows everything, is to take care to count them and let me know how many I'm short or how many over."

"Of the overs there will be no need to give notice," answered Merlin, "because, once the full number is reached, the lady Dulcinea will at once and suddenly be disenchanted, and will come in gratitude to look for the good Sancho, and to give him thanks, and even rewards, for the good deed. So there is no reason to have

scruples about overs or shorts, nor may heaven permit me to deceive anyone, even by a hair of his head."

"Come on, then, in God's hands be it!" said Sancho. "I consent to my bad luck; I say that I accept the penance with the conditions laid down."

Sancho had scarcely said these last words when the music of the shawms struck up again and countless harquebuses were fired off once more, and Don Quixote hung on Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the forehead and on the cheeks. The duchess and the duke and all those present showed signs of having been greatly pleased, and the cart began to move off; and as it went past, the beautiful Dulcinea bowed her head to the duke and duchess and made a deep curtsy to Sancho.

And by now the dawn was coming on apace, merry and smiling: the little flowers of the fields lifted their heads and stood erect, and the liquid crystal of the brooks, murmuring among white and gray pebbles, went to pay tribute to the rivers that awaited them. The glad earth, the clear sky, the pure air, the serene light, each by itself and all together, gave plain signs that the day, which came treading on the skirts of the dawn, was to be calm and clear. And the duke and duchess, satisfied with the hunt and with having carried out their plan so cleverly and so happily, went back to their castle, intending to follow up with more jests, for to them there was nothing in earnest that gave them more pleasure.

Chapter XXXVI. In which is told the strange and never-imagined adventure of the Sorrowing Duenna, alias the Countess Trifaldi, with a letter Sancho Panza wrote to his wife, Teresa Panza

The duke had a steward of a very waggish and free and easy wit, who had played the part of Merlin and arranged all the apparatus of the past adventure, composed the verses, and had a page play Dulcinea. Finally, with his lord and lady taking a hand, he devised another, of the most amusing and strange contrivance that can be imagined.

The next day the duchess asked Sancho whether he had begun the task of the penance he was to do for Dulcinea's disenchantment. He said he had, and that the night before he had given himself five lashes. The duchess asked him what he had given them with. He answered that it was with his hand.

"That," replied the duchess, "is more like giving oneself slaps than lashes. I hold for myself that the sage Merlin will not be satisfied with such softness; the good Sancho will need to use some scourge of thistle spurs, or one of knotted cords, that make themselves felt; for letters go in with blood, and the freedom of so great a lady as Dulcinea is not to be given away so cheaply, for so small a price; and let Sancho bear in mind that works of charity done lukewarmly and slackly have no merit and are worth nothing."

To which Sancho answered:

"Let your ladyship give me some suitable scourge or rope's end, and I'll lay on with it, so long as it doesn't hurt too much, because I'll have your grace know that, though I'm a rustic, my flesh has more of cotton than of esparto grass about it, and it won't be right for me to ruin myself for somebody else's profit."

"So be it," answered the duchess. "Tomorrow I shall give you a scourge that will suit you to a nicety and agree with the tenderness of your flesh as if they were its own sisters."

To which Sancho said:

"Your highness should know, lady of my soul, that I have written a letter to my wife, Teresa Panza, giving her an account of everything that has happened to me since I left her; here I have it in my bosom, and it lacks nothing but the address; I'd like your wisdom to read it, because it seems to me it goes the way a governor's should, I mean, the way governors must write."

"And who dictated it?" asked the duchess.

"Who would dictate it but me, sinner that I am?" answered Sancho.

"And did you write it?" said the duchess.

"Not a bit of it," answered Sancho, "because I can't read or write, though I can sign my name."

"Let us see it," said the duchess, "for surely you will show in it the quality and sufficiency of your wit."

Sancho took an open letter out of his bosom, and the duchess, taking it, saw that it ran in this manner:

Letter from Sancho Panza to Teresa Panza, his wife

If they gave me a good whipping, I rode out on it like a fine gentleman; if I have a good government, it's costing me a good whipping. You won't understand this yet, my Teresa; another time you'll know. You must know, Teresa, that I've decided you're to ride in a coach, which is what matters, because any other way of going is going on all fours. You're a governor's wife: see if anybody dares

gnaw at your heels now! I'm sending you a green hunting suit that my lady the duchess gave me; fix it up so it'll do our daughter for a skirt and bodice. Don Quixote, my master, from what I've heard said in these parts, is a sane madman and a witty simpleton, and I'm not far behind him. We've been in the cave of Montesinos, and the sage Merlin has laid hands on me for the disenchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso, who back home is called Aldonza Lorenzo: once I've given myself three thousand three hundred lashes, less five, she'll be left as disenchanted as the mother who bore her. You won't say anything of this to anybody, because put your business before the council, and some will say it's white and others that it's black. A few days from now I'll set out for the government, where I'm going with the greatest wish to make money, because they've told me all new governors go with this same wish; I'll feel its pulse, and let you know whether you're to come and be with me or not. The gray is well, and sends you his best regards; and I don't mean to leave him, even if they took me off to be the Grand Turk. My lady the duchess kisses your hands a thousand times; send her back two thousand in return, for there's nothing that costs less or comes cheaper, as my master says, than good manners. God hasn't been pleased to put another valise in my way with another hundred escudos in it, like the one that time, but don't let it grieve you, my Teresa, for the man ringing the bells is safe and sound, and it'll all come out in the wash of the government; only it has grieved me a lot that they tell me that once I get a taste of it I'll be licking my fingers after it; and if that's so, it won't come very cheap to me, though the crippled and maimed already have their canonry in the alms they beg; so, one way or another, you're to be rich, and in luck. God give it to you, as He can, and keep me to serve you. From this castle, the twentieth of July, 1614.

Your husband the governor,

Sancho Panza.

When the duchess had finished reading the letter, she said to Sancho:

"In two things the good governor goes a little astray: one, in saying or giving to understand that this government has been given him for the lashes he is to give himself, when he knows, and cannot deny it, that when the duke my lord promised it to him, nobody dreamed there were such things as lashes in the world; the other is that he shows himself very greedy in it, and I should not like that to be oregano, for greed bursts the sack, and the greedy governor makes for ungoverned justice."

"I don't mean it that way, my lady," answered Sancho, "and if your grace thinks the letter doesn't go as it ought to, there's nothing for it but to tear it up and make a new one, and it might come out worse if they leave it to my noggin."

"No, no," replied the duchess, "this one is good, and I want the duke to see it."

With this they went to a garden, where they were to dine that day. The duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, who was hugely pleased with it. They dined, and after the cloth had been drawn, and after they had entertained themselves a good while with Sancho's savory conversation, all of a sudden they heard the most doleful sound of a fife and that of a hoarse and tuneless drum. Everyone appeared disturbed by that confused, martial, and mournful harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not keep still in his seat for sheer agitation; of Sancho there is nothing to say except that fear carried him to his usual refuge, which was the duchess's side or skirts, because really and truly the sound that was heard was most doleful and melancholy.

And, while they were all held in suspense in this way, they saw two men come in through the garden, dressed in mourning so long and trailing that it dragged along the ground; these came beating two great drums, likewise covered in black. At their side

came the fife, black and pitch-dark like the rest. The three were followed by a personage of gigantic body, mantled rather than dressed in a jet-black gown, whose skirt was likewise monstrously large. Over the gown a broad baldric, also black, girded him cross-wise, and from it hung an enormous scimitar with black hilt and scabbard. His face was covered with a transparent black veil, through which a very long beard, white as snow, could be glimpsed. He moved his steps to the sound of the drums with great gravity and composure. In short, his greatness, his swagger, his blackness, and his train could have held in suspense, and did, all who looked at him without knowing him.

He came, then, with the deliberation and pomp described, and knelt before the duke, who, standing with the others who were there, was awaiting him; but the duke would on no account let him speak until he got up. The prodigious scarecrow did so, and, standing up, raised the mask from his face and laid bare the most horrendous, the longest, the whitest, and the bushiest beard ever seen by human eyes up to that day, and then he wrenched and drew out of his broad and ample chest a grave and sonorous voice, and, fixing his eyes on the duke, said:

"Most high and mighty lord, I am called Trifaldín of the White Beard; I am squire to the Countess Trifaldi, called by another name the Sorrowing Duenna, on whose behalf I bring your greatness an embassy, which is that your magnificence be pleased to give her leave and license to come in and tell you her woe, which is one of the newest and most wondrous that the most woeful thought on the globe could have thought. And first she wishes to know whether the valiant and never-vanquished knight Don Quixote of La Mancha is in this your castle, in search of whom she comes on foot and without breaking her fast from the kingdom of Candaya to this your estate, a thing that can and should be held a miracle or the force of enchantment. She is at the gate of this fortress or

country house, and waits only for your good pleasure to come in. I have spoken."

And then he coughed and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both hands, and with great calm stood waiting for the duke's answer, which was:

"Good squire Trifaldín of the White Beard, it is many days now since we had news of the misfortune of my lady the Countess Trifaldi, whom the enchanters cause to be called the Sorrowing Duenna; you may well, stupendous squire, tell her to come in, and that here is the valiant knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, from whose generous nature she may safely promise herself every protection and every aid; and you may likewise tell her from me that if my favor is needed, it shall not be lacking, since I am already bound to give it by being a knight, to whom it belongs and pertains to favor every kind of woman, especially duennas who are widowed, wronged, and sorrowing, as her ladyship must be."

Hearing which, Trifaldín bent his knee to the ground and, signaling to the fife and drums to play, went back out of the garden to the same sound and at the same pace at which he had come in, leaving everyone amazed at his presence and bearing. And, turning to Don Quixote, the duke said to him:

"In short, famous knight, the darkness of malice and of ignorance cannot hide and obscure the light of valor and virtue. I say this because your goodness has scarcely been six days in this castle when already they come seeking you from far-off and distant lands, and not in coaches or on dromedaries, but on foot and fasting: the sad, the afflicted, confident that they will find in that most mighty arm the remedy for their woes and travails, thanks to your great exploits, which run about and encircle all the discovered earth."

"I could wish, lord duke," answered Don Quixote, "that the blessed man of religion who the other day at table showed so ill a

mien and such a grudge against knights-errant were present here, so that he might see with his own eyes whether such knights are needed in the world: he would at least have touched with his hand that the extraordinarily afflicted and disconsolate, in great cases and enormous misfortunes, do not go seeking their remedy at the houses of lawyers, nor at those of village sacristans, nor of the gentleman who has never managed to get past the boundaries of his own village, nor of the idle courtier who would rather go after news to repeat and recount than strive to do deeds and exploits for others to recount and write down; the remedy for woes, the relief of needs, the protection of damsels, the consolation of widows, is found in no kind of person better than in knights-errant, and I give infinite thanks to heaven for being one, and I count well spent any mishap and travail that may befall me in so honorable a calling. Let this duenna come and ask what she will, for I shall deliver her remedy by the strength of my arm and the dauntless resolution of my spirited soul."

Chapter XXXVII. In which the famous adventure of the Sorrowing Duenna is continued

The duke and the duchess were exceedingly pleased to see how well Don Quixote was answering to their purpose, and at this point Sancho said:

"I wouldn't want this lady duenna to put some stumbling block in the way of the promise of my government, because I've heard a Toledo apothecary who talked like a goldfinch say that wherever duennas had a hand nothing good could happen. God help me, and how badly that apothecary got on with them! From which I gather that, since all duennas are tiresome and meddlesome, of whatever quality and condition they may be, what will the sorrowing ones be like, as they say this Countess Three Skirts, or Three Tails, is? For in my country skirts and tails, tails and skirts, it's all one."

"Be quiet, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote, "for, since this lady duenna comes from lands so far afar to seek me, she cannot be one of those the apothecary counted among his number; all the more so since this one is a countess, and when countesses serve as duennas, it will be in the service of queens and empresses, who in their own houses are most lordly ladies served by other duennas."

To this Doña Rodríguez, who happened to be present, answered:

"My lady the duchess has duennas in her service who might have been countesses if fortune had willed it, but laws go where

kings want them to; and let no one speak ill of duennas, and least of all of the old maiden ones; for though I am not one, I can well see and make out the advantage a maiden duenna has over a widowed duenna; and whoever sheared us was left with the scissors in his hand."

"For all that," replied Sancho, "there's so much to shear in duennas, according to my barber, that it'll be best not to stir the rice, even if it sticks."

"Squires are always our enemies," answered Doña Rodríguez, "for, as they are the hobgoblins of the anterooms and see us at every step, the times they are not praying, which are many, they spend gossiping about us, digging up our bones and burying our good name. Well, I give notice to these walking logs that, whether they like it or not, we are to live in the world, and in great houses, though we die of hunger and cover our delicate or not so delicate flesh with a black nun's habit, like someone covering or hiding a dunghill with a wall hanging on a procession day. On my faith, if I were given leave, and the time called for it, I would make it understood, not only to those present but to the whole world, that there is no virtue that is not contained in a duenna."

"I believe," said the duchess, "that my good Doña Rodríguez is right, and very right; but she had better wait for a fit time to stand up for herself and for the other duennas, to confound the bad opinion of that bad apothecary and to root out the one the great Sancho Panza has in his breast."

To which Sancho answered:

"Since I've had a governor's airs in my head, a squire's dizzy spells have left me, and I don't care a wild fig for all the duennas there are."

They would have gone on with this duennaish colloquy if they had not heard the fife and drums strike up again, by which they understood that the Sorrowing Duenna was coming in. The

duchess asked the duke whether it would be well to go out to receive her, since she was a countess and a person of rank.

"As far as her being a countess goes," answered Sancho, before the duke could answer, "I'm all for your greatnesses going out to receive her; but as for her being a duenna, I'm of the opinion that you shouldn't stir a step."

"Who asked you to meddle in this, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"Who, sir?" answered Sancho. "I meddle, because I can meddle, as a squire who has learned the terms of courtesy in your grace's school, and your grace is the most courteous and well-bred knight there is in all courtliness; and in these things, as I've heard your grace say, you lose as much by a card too many as by a card too few; and to the good understander, few words."

"It is just as Sancho says," said the duke. "We shall see the countess's figure, and by it we shall gauge the courtesy that is due to her."

At this the drums and the fife came in, as they had the first time.

And here, with this short chapter, the author made an end, and began the next, following the same adventure, which is one of the most notable in the history.

Chapter XXXVIII. In which is told the account the Sorrowing Duenna gave of her ill fortune

Behind the mournful musicians there began to come in through the garden as many as twelve duennas, divided into two rows, all dressed in wide nuns' habits, of fulled serge, it seemed, with white coifs of thin muslin, so long that they showed only the hem of the habit. Behind them came the Countess Trifaldi, led by the hand by the squire Trifaldín of the White Beard, dressed in the finest black baize, unnapped, which, had it been napped, would have shown every nub the size of one of the good chickpeas of Martos. The train, or skirt, or whatever they may like to call it, had three points, which were held up in the hands of three pages, likewise dressed in mourning, making a showy and mathematical figure with those three acute angles that the three points formed, from which all who looked at the pointed skirt gathered that it was from it that she must be called the Countess Trifaldi, as if we were to say the Countess of the Three Skirts; and Benengeli says that this was the truth, and that by her own surname she was called the Countess Lobuna, the Wolfish, because many wolves were bred in her county, and that if instead of wolves they had been foxes, they would have called her the Countess Zorruna, the Foxy, it being the custom in those parts for lords to take the designation of their names from the thing or things their estates most abound in; but this countess, to favor the novelty of her skirt, dropped the Lobuna and took the Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and their lady came at a processional pace, their faces covered with black veils, not transparent like Trifaldín's, but so close-woven that nothing could be seen through them.

As soon as the duennaish squadron had come into view, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote rose to their feet, as did all who were watching the leisurely procession. The twelve duennas halted and made a lane, down the middle of which the Sorrowing One came forward, Trifaldín still holding her by the hand; on seeing which, the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote stepped forward some twelve paces to receive her. She, going down on her knees, said in a voice rather coarse and hoarse than fine and delicate:

"May your greatnesses be pleased not to show so much courtesy to this manservant of yours, I mean, to this maidservant of yours, for, sorrowing as I am, I shall not manage to respond as I ought, because my strange and never-seen misfortune has carried my understanding off I know not where, and it must be very far, for the more I look for it the less I find it."

"He would be without it, lady countess," answered the duke, "who did not discover your worth by your person, which, without seeing more, deserves all the cream of courtesy and all the flower of well-bred ceremonies."

And, raising her by the hand, he led her to sit in a chair beside the duchess, who likewise received her with great civility.

Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho was dying to see the face of the Trifaldi and of some of her many duennas, but it was not possible until they uncovered themselves of their own free will.

All being quiet and silent, they were waiting to see who would break the silence, and it was the Sorrowing Duenna, with these words:

"Confident I am, most mighty lord, most beautiful lady, and most sensible company, that my most woefulissima woe will find in

your most valorousissimo breasts a welcome no less kindly than generous and dolorous, for it is such that it is enough to soften marble, and melt diamonds, and mollify the steel of the hardest hearts there are; but before it goes out into the square of your hearing, not to say of your ears, I would be informed whether there is in this gathering, circle, and company the most refinedissimo knight Don Quixote of La Manchissima and his most squirissimo Panza."

"The Panza," said Sancho, before anyone else could answer, "is here, and the Don Quixotissimo likewise; and so, most dolorousissima duennissima, you may say whatever you wantissimis, for we are all readyissimo and preparedissimo to be your servantissimos."

At this Don Quixote rose and, directing his words to the Sorrowing Duenna, said:

"If your woes, afflicted lady, may promise themselves any hope of remedy from any valor or strength of any knight-errant, here are mine, which, though weak and slight, shall all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose calling is to come to the aid of every kind of needy person; and, this being so, as it is, you have no need, lady, to court goodwill or seek preambles, but only, plainly and without circling, to tell your ills, for ears are listening to you that will know, if not how to remedy them, how to grieve for them."

Hearing which, the Sorrowing Duenna made as if to throw herself at Don Quixote's feet, and did throw herself, and, struggling to embrace them, said:

"Before these feet and legs I cast myself, O unconquered knight, for they are the bases and columns of knight-errantry; these feet I would kiss, on whose steps hangs and depends the whole remedy of my misfortune, O valiant errant, whose true feats leave behind and darken the fabled ones of the Amadíses, Esplandiáns, and Belianíses!"

And, leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho Panza and, taking him by the hands, said to him:

"O you, the most loyal squire that ever served a knight-errant in present ages or in past, longer in goodness than the beard of Trifaldín, my escort, who is here present! You may well pride yourself that in serving the great Don Quixote you serve in epitome the whole host of knights who have handled arms in the world. I conjure you, by what you owe to your most faithful goodness, to be a good intercessor for me with your master, so that he may straightway favor this most humble and most unfortunate countess."

To which Sancho answered:

"Whether my goodness is as long and large as your squire's beard, my ladyship, matters very little to me; may I have my soul bearded and mustached when I leave this life, which is what counts, for I care little or nothing about the beards down here; but, without all this wheedling and pleading, I'll ask my master, for I know he loves me, and more so now that he needs me for a certain business, to favor and help your grace in everything he can. Let your grace unpack your woe and tell it to us, and leave the rest to us, for we'll all understand each other."

The duke and duchess were bursting with laughter at these things, as people who had taken the pulse of that adventure, and they praised between themselves the sharpness and dissembling of the Trifaldi, who, sitting down again, said:

"Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Trapobana and the South Sea, two leagues beyond Cape Comorín, the queen Doña Maguncia was mistress, widow of King Archipiela, her lord and husband, of which marriage they had and begot the Princess Antonomasia, heiress to the kingdom, which said Princess Antonomasia was reared and grew up under my tutelage and teaching, since I was the oldest and the most important duenna of her mother. It happened, then, that, days going and

days coming, the girl Antonomasia reached the age of fourteen, with so great a perfection of beauty that nature could not have raised it a point higher. And now shall we say her wits were still snot-nosed? She was as wise as she was beautiful, and she was the most beautiful in the world, and is, unless the envious fates and the hard-hearted Parcae have already cut her thread of life. But they will not have, for the heavens will not permit so much harm to be done to the earth as it would be to pluck unripe the cluster of the fairest vine on its soil. With this beauty, never duly extolled by my clumsy tongue, an infinite number of princes fell in love, native as well as foreign, among whom a private gentleman of the court made bold to lift his thoughts to the heaven of such loveliness, trusting in his youth and his gallantry, and in his many talents and graces, and the ease and happiness of his wit; for I would have your greatnesses know, if you do not take it amiss, that he played a guitar so that he made it talk, and, what is more, he was a poet and a great dancer, and knew how to make a birdcage, so that by making them alone he could have earned his living if he ever found himself in extreme need; for all these parts and graces are enough to topple a mountain, let alone a delicate maiden. But all his elegance and fine air and all his graces and talents would have counted for little or nothing toward taking my girl's fortress, if the face-flaying thief had not used the remedy of taking me first. First the miscreant and soulless vagabond sought to win my goodwill and bribe my liking, so that I, a bad warden, would hand over to him the keys of the fortress I was guarding. In short, he flattered my understanding and captured my will with I know not what trinkets and baubles he gave me; but what most laid me low and brought me to the ground was some verses I heard him sing one night from a window grating that gave on an alley where he was standing, which, if I remember rightly, went:

“‘From my sweet enemy there grows
an ill that wounds the soul within,
and, to make the torment worse,
wills it be felt and never told.’

“The verse seemed to me pearls, and his voice syrup, and ever since, I mean, from then on, seeing the ill I fell into through these and other such verses, I have considered that poets ought to be banished from good and well-ordered commonwealths, as Plato advised, at least the lascivious ones, because they write verses, not like those of the Marquis of Mantua, which entertain and make children and women cry, but sharp conceits which, like soft thorns, pierce your soul, and like lightning wound you in it while leaving your clothing whole. And another time he sang:

“‘Come, death, so hidden and so still
that I may never feel you come,
lest the pleasure of my dying
should give me back my life again.’

“And other little verses and tail-pieces of this stamp, which sung enchant and written entrance. And what of when they stoop to compose a kind of verse that was in use in Candaya then, which they called seguidillas? There was the leaping of souls, the frolicking of laughter, the restlessness of bodies, and, in short, the quicksilver of all the senses. And so I say, my lords and ladies, that such troubadours ought by just title to be banished to the Isles of the Lizards. But it is not they who are to blame, but the simpletons who praise them and the silly girls who believe them; and if I had been the good duenna I ought to have been, their stale conceits would not have moved me, nor would I have believed that saying to be true: ‘I live dying, I burn in the ice, I tremble in the fire, I

hope without hope, I go away and I stay,' with other impossibilities of that breed, which their writings are full of. And what of when they promise the Arabian phoenix, Aridiana's crown, the Sun's horses, the South's pearls, Tíbar's gold, and the balm of Pancaya? Here is where they stretch their pens the furthest, as it costs them little to promise what they never mean to keep or can. But where am I straying? Ah, wretched me! What madness or what folly leads me to tell other people's faults, when I have so much to say of my own? Ah, luckless me, once more! For it was not the verses that conquered me, but my simplicity; it was not the music that softened me, but my lightness: my great ignorance and my little foresight opened the way and cleared the path for the steps of Don Clavijo, for that is the name of the said gentleman; and so, with me as go-between, he found himself once and very many times in the chamber of Antonomasia, deceived by me, and not by him, under the title of her true husband; for, sinner though I am, I would not have consented, without his being her husband, to his coming near so much as the welt on the sole of her slippers. No, no, never that: in any business of this sort that passes through my hands, marriage has to lead the way! There was only one drawback in this business, which was the inequality, Don Clavijo being a private gentleman, and the Princess Antonomasia heiress, as I have said, to the kingdom. For some days this tangle stayed hidden and covered up in the shrewdness of my caution, until it seemed to me that a certain swelling of Antonomasia's belly was fast uncovering it, and the fear of it made the three of us go into council, and out of it came that, before the bad business came to light, Don Clavijo should ask for Antonomasia as his wife before the vicar, on the strength of a written pledge the princess had given him to be his wife, drawn up by my wits, so binding that the strength of Samson could not have broken it. The steps were taken, the vicar saw the pledge, the said vicar took the lady's confession, she confessed

outright, he ordered her placed in custody in the house of a very honorable court constable…"

At this point Sancho said:

"So in Candaya too there are court constables, poets, and seguidillas, from which I can swear I imagine the whole world is one. But hurry up, your grace, Señora Trifaldi, for it's late, and I'm dying to know the end of this very long history."

"I shall," answered the countess.

Chapter XXXIX. In which the Trifaldi continues her stupendous and memorable story

The duchess relished every word Sancho said as much as Don Quixote despaired of it; and, the knight bidding him be quiet, the Sorrowing One went on, saying:

"In the end, after many questions and answers, as the princess held stubbornly to her ground, without departing from or varying her first declaration, the vicar gave judgment in favor of Don Clavijo and handed her over to him as his lawful wife, at which Queen Doña Maguncia, the mother of the Princess Antonomasia, took such offense that within three days we buried her."

"She must have died, no doubt," said Sancho.

"Of course!" answered Trifaldín. "For in Candaya they do not bury the living, only the dead."

"It's been known before now, sir squire," replied Sancho, "for them to bury a man in a faint, thinking him dead, and it seemed to me that Queen Maguncia was obliged to faint rather than to die; for with life many things can be mended, and the princess's folly wasn't so great that she had to take it so hard. If that lady had married some page of hers, or another servant of her household, as many others have done, from what I've heard tell, the harm would have been past mending; but marrying a knight so much the gentleman and so clever as they've painted him for us here, truly, truly, though it was foolishness, it wasn't as great as people think; because, according to the rules of my master, who is here present

and won't let me lie, just as bishops are made out of learned men, so kings and emperors can be made out of knights, and all the more if they're errant."

"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for a knight-errant, provided he has two fingers' worth of luck, is in proximate potency to becoming the greatest lord in the world. But let the lady Sorrowing One go on, for I suspect that she has still to tell the bitter part of this history, so far so sweet."

"And is there a bitter part left!" answered the countess. "And so bitter that by comparison colocynths are sweet and oleanders savory. 'The queen being dead, then, and not fainted, we buried her; and we had scarcely covered her with earth and scarcely given her the last farewell when,

"*quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis?* (who, in telling such things, could keep from tears?),

"there appeared on top of the queen's grave, astride a wooden horse, the giant Malambruno, own cousin to Maguncia, an enchanter as well as a cruel man, who with his arts, in revenge for the death of his cousin, and as punishment for Don Clavijo's daring, and in spite at Antonomasia's excess, left them enchanted on the very grave: her turned into a bronze she-ape, and him into a frightful crocodile of some unknown metal, and between the two of them stands a pillar, likewise of metal, and on it are written in the Syriac tongue some letters which, having been rendered into Candayan, and now into Castilian, contain this sentence: "These two daring lovers shall not regain their first form until the valiant Manchegan comes to grips with me in single combat, for the fates keep this never-seen adventure for his great valor alone." This done, he drew from its scabbard a broad and enormous scimitar and, seizing me by the hair, made a feint of slitting my gullet and lopping my head clean off. I was struck with confusion, my voice stuck in my throat, I was down in the dumps to the last degree;

but, for all that, I took heart as much as I could, and in a trembling and doleful voice I said so many and such things to him that they made him suspend the execution of so harsh a punishment. Finally, he had all the duennas of the palace brought before him, who were these here present, and, after making much of our guilt and reviling the ways of duennas, their bad habits and worse schemes, and laying on all of them the guilt that I alone bore, he said he did not want to punish us with the death penalty, but with other drawn-out penalties that would give us a civil and continual death; and in the very moment and instant he finished saying this, we all felt the pores of our faces opening, and felt pricking all over them as if from the points of needles. At once we put our hands to our faces, and found ourselves in the state you will now see.'"

And then the Sorrowing One and the other duennas raised the masks they had come covered with, and uncovered their faces, all thick with beards, some fair, some black, some white, and some grizzled, at the sight of which the duke and duchess appeared amazed, Don Quixote and Sancho dumbfounded, and all those present astonished.

And the Trifaldi went on:

"In this way that caitiff and ill-intentioned Malambruno punished us, covering the softness and smoothness of our faces with the roughness of these bristles; and would to heaven he had rather struck off our heads with his enormous scimitar than darkened the light of our faces with this fluff that covers us; for if we go into the reckoning, my lords and ladies (and this that I am about to say now I should like to say with my eyes turned into fountains, but the thought of our misfortune, and the seas they have rained till now, have left them without moisture and as dry as chaff, and so I shall say it without tears), I say, then: where can a duenna with a beard go? What father or what mother will grieve for her? Who will give her help? For if, even when she has a smooth skin and a

face martyred with a thousand kinds of concoctions and lotions, she scarcely finds anyone to love her, what will she do when she shows her face turned into a forest? O duennas and companions of mine, in an unlucky moment we were born, in an evil hour our fathers begot us!"

And, saying this, she gave signs of fainting.

Chapter XL. Of things that relate and belong to this adventure and to this memorable history

Really and truly, all who enjoy histories like this one ought to show themselves grateful to Cide Hamete, its first author, for the care he took in telling us its semiquavers, without leaving anything, however small, that he did not bring distinctly to light: he paints the thoughts, uncovers the fancies, answers the unspoken questions, clears up the doubts, resolves the arguments; in short, he lays bare the atoms of the most curious desire. O most celebrated author! O fortunate Don Quixote! O famous Dulcinea! O droll Sancho Panza! All together and each one by yourself, may you live for endless ages, for the delight and general pastime of the living.

The history says, then, that as soon as Sancho saw the Sorrowing One in a faint, he said:

"By the faith of an honest man I swear, and by the souls of all my forebears the Panzas, that never have I heard or seen, nor has my master told me, nor has it entered his head, an adventure like this one. A thousand Satans take you, Malambruno, so as not to curse you for an enchanter and a giant; and couldn't you find any other kind of punishment to give these sinners but bearding them? What, wouldn't it have been better, and suited them better, to take off half their noses from the middle up, even if they talked through them, than to put beards on them? I'll bet they haven't the money to pay somebody to shave them."

"That is the truth, sir," answered one of the twelve, "for we haven't the money to get ourselves cleaned; and so some of us have taken up, as a money-saving remedy, the use of some sticking plasters or gummy patches, and, putting them on our faces and pulling them off all at once, we are left as smooth and bare as the bottom of a stone mortar; for, though there are women in Candaya who go from house to house to take off down and pluck eyebrows and make other concoctions having to do with women, we duennas of my lady would never let them in, because most of them smell of being thirds, bawds, that is, now that they have stopped being firsts; and if we are not relieved by Señor Don Quixote, they will carry us to our graves with beards."

"I would pluck out my own in the land of the Moors," said Don Quixote, "if I did not relieve you of yours."

At this point the Trifaldi came out of her faint and said:

"Valiant knight, the jingle of that promise came to my ears while I lay in my swoon, and has been the means of my coming out of it and recovering all my senses; and so I beseech you once more, illustrious errant and indomitable lord, that your gracious promise be turned into deed."

"It shall not be left undone through any fault of mine," answered Don Quixote. "Tell me, lady, what it is I must do, for my spirit is very ready to serve you."

"The case is," answered the Sorrowing One, "that from here to the kingdom of Candaya, if one goes by land, it is five thousand leagues, two more or less; but if one goes by air, as the crow flies, three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. It should also be known that Malambruno told me that when fortune brought me to the knight who would be our deliverer, he would send him a mount far better, and with fewer vices, than hired hacks on the way home, for it is to be that very wooden horse that bore away the fair Magalona when the valiant Pierres stole her, which horse

is steered by a peg he has in his forehead that serves him as a bridle, and flies through the air so lightly that it seems the very devils are carrying him. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was made by that sage Merlin; he lent him to Pierres, who was his friend, on whom he made great journeys and carried off, as has been said, the fair Magalona, taking her on the crupper through the air and leaving all who watched them from the ground gaping; and he lent him to no one but whom he pleased, or whoever paid him best; and from the great Pierres until now we do not know of anyone having mounted him. Malambruno has got him out of there with his arts, and has him in his power, and uses him on his journeys, which he makes every moment to different parts of the world, and today he is here and tomorrow in France and the day after in Potosí; and the best of it is that this horse neither eats nor sleeps nor wears out horseshoes, and goes at such an amble through the air, without having wings, that his rider may hold a brimming cup of water and not spill one drop, so smooth and gentle is his going; which is why the fair Magalona took great pleasure in riding him."

To this Sancho said:

"For going gentle and smooth, give me my gray, though he doesn't go through the air; but on the ground I'll match him against every amble in the world."

Everyone laughed, and the Sorrowing One went on:

"And this same horse, if Malambruno means to put an end to our misfortune, will be here before us before the night is half an hour old, for he gave me to understand that the sign he would give me, by which I would know that I had found the knight I was seeking, would be to send me the horse, wherever I might be, with ease and speed."

"And how many fit on that horse?" asked Sancho.

The Sorrowing One answered:

"Two persons: one in the saddle and the other on the crupper; and, for the most part, these two persons are knight and squire, when there is no stolen damsel to be had."

"I'd like to know, Lady Sorrowing One," said Sancho, "what name this horse has."

"His name," answered the Sorrowing One, "is not like that of Bellerophon's horse, which was called Pegasus, nor like that of Alexander the Great's, called Bucephalus, nor like that of the furious Orlando's, whose name was Brilladoro, still less Bayarte, which was the name of Reinaldos of Montalbán's, nor Frontino, like Rugero's, nor Bootes or Peritoa, the names they say the Sun's horses go by; nor is he called Orelia either, like the horse on which the unfortunate Rodrigo, last king of the Goths, rode into the battle where he lost his life and his kingdom."

"I'll bet," said Sancho, "that since they haven't given him any of those famous names of such well-known horses, they won't have given him my master's either, Rocinante, which for fitting him exceeds all those that have been named."

"That is so," answered the bearded countess, "but still his name suits him very well, for he is called Clavileño the Swift-Winged, a name that agrees with his being made of wood, *leño*, and with the peg, *clavija*, he carries in his forehead, and with the lightness, *ligereza*, with which he travels; and so, as far as the name goes, he may well compete with the famous Rocinante."

"I've nothing against the name," replied Sancho, "but with what bridle or what halter is he steered?"

"I have already said," answered the Trifaldi, "with the peg; by turning it one way or the other, the knight who rides him makes him go as he wishes, either up through the air, or skimming and almost sweeping the ground, or in the middle way, which is the one to be sought and kept to in all well-ordered actions."

"I'd like to see it," answered Sancho, "but to think I'm to get on him, either in the saddle or on the crupper, is asking the elm for pears. A fine thing, when I can barely keep my seat on my gray, and on a packsaddle softer than silk itself, and now they want me to keep my seat on a crupper of boards, without any cushion or pillow at all! By God, I don't mean to grind myself to bits to take the beards off anybody: let each one shave himself as best suits him, for I don't mean to go with my master on such a long journey. All the more since I can't be needed for shaving off these beards the way I am for disenchanting my lady Dulcinea."

"Yes, you are, my friend," answered the Trifaldi, "and so much so that without your presence I understand we shall do nothing."

"Help, in the king's name!" said Sancho. "What have squires to do with their masters' adventures? Are they to carry off the fame of the ones they finish, and we to carry the toil? Body of me! If only the historians would say: 'Such-and-such a knight finished such-and-such an adventure, but with the help of So-and-so, his squire, without whom it would have been impossible to finish it.' But for them to write just plain: 'Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars finished the adventure of the six monsters,' without naming the person of his squire, who was there through it all, as if he didn't exist in the world! Now, sirs, I say again that my master can go alone, and much good may it do him, for I'll stay here in the company of the duchess my lady, and it might be that when he came back he'd find the lady Dulcinea's cause bettered by the third and the fifth; because I mean, in my idle and unoccupied moments, to give myself a round of lashes that no hair will cover."

"For all that, you are to go with him if need be, good Sancho, for good people will beg it of you; for the faces of these ladies must not be left so overgrown because of your useless fear; for that, surely, would be a sorry thing."

"Help, in the king's name, again!" replied Sancho. "If this charity were being done for some cloistered maidens, or for some charity-school girls, a man might risk any hardship, but to put up with it to take the beards off duennas, bad year to that! I'd sooner see them all with beards, from the biggest to the smallest, and from the most finicky to the most prim."

"You bear duennas a grudge, Sancho my friend," said the duchess. "You go a long way after the opinion of the Toledo apothecary. Well, on my faith, you are not right; for there are duennas in my house who could be a model for duennas, and here is my Doña Rodríguez, who will not let me say otherwise."

"Let your excellency say it," said Rodríguez, "for God knows the truth of everything, and good or bad, bearded or beardless as we duennas may be, our mothers bore us like other women; and since God cast us into the world, He knows what for, and I rely on His mercy, and not on anybody's beard."

"Well, then, Señora Rodríguez," said Don Quixote, "and Señora Trifaldi and company, I trust in heaven that it will look with kindly eyes on your woes, and that Sancho will do what I command him, whether Clavileño comes or I find myself face to face with Malambruno; for I know there would be no razor that would shave your graces more easily than my sword would shave Malambruno's head from his shoulders; for God bears with the wicked, but not forever."

"Ah!" said the Sorrowing One at this point. "May all the stars of the celestial regions look with kindly eyes on your greatness, valiant knight, and pour into your spirit every prosperity and valor, to be the shield and protection of the reviled and downtrodden duennaish kind, abominated by apothecaries, gossiped about by squires, and wheedled by pages; and bad luck to the hussy who, in the flower of her age, did not become a nun before she became a duenna! Unhappy we duennas, for though we came in a straight

line, male to male, from Hector of Troy himself, our mistresses would not stop throwing a *vos* at us, the word one uses to inferiors, if they thought it would make them queens! O giant Malambruno, who, though you are an enchanter, are most certain in your promises, send us now the peerless Clavileño, so that our misfortune may end; for if the heat comes on and these beards of ours are still here, woe to our fortunes!"

The Trifaldi said this with so much feeling that she drew tears from the eyes of all those present, and even filled Sancho's, and he resolved in his heart to go with his master to the farthest ends of the world, if the removing of the wool from those venerable faces depended on it.

Chapter XLI. Of the coming of Clavileño, with the end of this lengthy adventure

Night came on at this, and with it the appointed moment for the famous horse Clavileño to come, whose delay was already wearing on Don Quixote, for it seemed to him that, since Malambruno was slow in sending him, either he was not the knight for whom that adventure was reserved, or Malambruno did not dare meet him in single combat. But behold, all of a sudden there came into the garden four wild men, all dressed in green ivy, carrying on their shoulders a great wooden horse. They set him on his feet on the ground, and one of the wild men said:

"Let him who has the spirit for it mount this machine."

"Here's one who isn't mounting," said Sancho, "because I haven't got the spirit, and I'm not a knight."

And the wild man went on, saying:

"And let the squire, if there is one, take the crupper, and let him trust the valiant Malambruno, for by no sword but his, and by no other malice, will he be harmed; and there is nothing to do but turn this peg he has set on his neck, and he will carry them through the air to where Malambruno awaits them; but, so that the height and sublimity of the road does not make them dizzy, they must cover their eyes until the horse neighs, which will be the sign that he has come to the end of his journey."

This said, leaving Clavileño behind, they went back the way they had come with a fine bearing. The Sorrowing One, as soon as she saw the horse, said to Don Quixote, almost in tears:

"Valiant knight, Malambruno's promises have proved true: the horse is in the house, our beards are growing, and each of us, and with every hair of them, beseech you to shave and shear us, for it depends on nothing more than your mounting him with your squire and making a happy beginning of your new journey."

"That I shall do, lady Countess Trifaldi, most willingly and with a better mien, without stopping to get a cushion or put on spurs, so as not to delay: so great is the wish I have to see you, lady, and all these duennas shaven and smooth."

"That I won't do," said Sancho, "with a bad mien or a good one, in any way at all; and if there's no shaving to be had unless I get up on the crupper, my master can very well look for another squire to go with him, and these ladies for another way of smoothing their faces; for I'm no wizard, to enjoy going about through the air. And what will my islanders say when they learn their governor goes strolling around on the winds? And one thing more: since it's three thousand and some leagues from here to Candaya, if the horse gets tired or the giant gets angry, we'll take half a dozen years to get back, and by then there'll be neither isle nor he-isles left in the world that know me; and since it's commonly said that in delay lies danger, and that 'when they give you the heifer, run with the halter,' these ladies' beards must forgive me, for Saint Peter is fine in Rome; I mean that I'm fine in this house, where so much kindness is done me and from whose master I hope for such a great good as seeing myself a governor."

To which the duke said:

"Sancho my friend, the isle I have promised you is neither movable nor fugitive: it has roots so deep, sunk in the abysses of the earth, that they will not pull it up or shift it from where it is with three tugs; and, since you know that I know there is no kind of office of the weightier sort that is not won with some sort of bribe, some more, some less, the one I mean to take for this government

is that you go with your master Don Quixote to put the crown and end to this memorable adventure; for whether you come back now on Clavileño with the speed his lightness promises, or contrary fortune brings you back on foot, turned pilgrim, from tavern to tavern and from inn to inn, whenever you come back you will find your isle where you leave it, and your islanders with the same wish to receive you as their governor that they have always had, and my will shall be the same; and do not doubt this truth, Señor Sancho, for that would be doing a notorious wrong to the wish I have to serve you."

"No more, sir," said Sancho. "I'm a poor squire and can't carry so many courtesies on my back; let my master get up, let them blindfold these eyes of mine and commend me to God, and let them tell me whether, when we're going through those high-flyingnesses, I can commend myself to our Lord or call on the angels to help me."

To which Trifaldi answered:

"Sancho, you may well commend yourself to God or to anyone you like, for Malambruno, though he is an enchanter, is a Christian, and works his enchantments with great shrewdness and great care, without meddling with anyone."

"Come on, then," said Sancho, "God help me, and the Most Holy Trinity of Gaeta!"

"Not since the memorable adventure of the fulling mills," said Don Quixote, "have I seen Sancho as frightened as now, and if I were as given to omens as others are, his faintheartedness would put some tickling into my spirit. But come here, Sancho, for with these lords' leave I wish to have two words with you apart."

And, drawing Sancho aside among some trees in the garden and taking him by both hands, he said to him:

"You see now, Sancho my brother, the long journey that awaits us, and God knows when we shall come back from it, or what ease and leisure our affairs will allow us; so I would have you withdraw

now to your room, as if you were going to look for something you need for the road, and, in a hand-me-the-straw, give yourself, on account of the three thousand three hundred lashes you are bound to, at least five hundred, for once given you will have them, for to begin things is to have them half done."

"By God," said Sancho, "your grace must be out of your wits! This is like what they say: 'You see me in a hurry and you ask me for my maidenhead!' Now that I'm to go sitting on a bare board, your grace wants me to hurt my rump? Truly, truly, your grace isn't right. Let's go now and shave these duennas, and when we get back I promise your grace, as sure as I am who I am, to hurry so hard to get out of my obligation that your grace will be satisfied, and I'll say no more."

And Don Quixote answered:

"Well, with that promise, good Sancho, I go comforted, and I believe you will keep it, because, in effect, though a fool, you are a veridical man."

"I'm not *verde*, green, I'm brown," said Sancho, "but even if I were of mixed color, I'd keep my word."

And with this they went back to mount Clavileño, and as he mounted Don Quixote said:

"Cover your eyes, Sancho, and get up, Sancho, for one who sends for us from lands so far afar will not do so to deceive us, for the little glory that can come to him from deceiving one who trusts him; and even if everything were to turn out the opposite of what I imagine, no malice will be able to obscure the glory of having undertaken this exploit."

"Let's go, sir," said Sancho, "for I have these ladies' beards and tears nailed in my heart, and I won't eat a mouthful that tastes good to me until I see them back in their first smoothness. Let your grace get up and cover your eyes first, for if I'm to go on the crupper, it's plain the one in the saddle gets up first."

"That is the truth," replied Don Quixote.

And, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he asked the Sorrowing One to bind his eyes very well, and, when she had done so, he uncovered them again and said:

"If I remember rightly, I have read in Virgil that business of the Palladium of Troy, which was a wooden horse the Greeks presented to the goddess Pallas, which went pregnant with armed knights, who afterward were the utter ruin of Troy; and so it would be well to see first what Clavileño carries in his stomach."

"There is no need," said the Sorrowing One, "for I will vouch for him, and I know Malambruno has nothing of the malicious or the traitor in him; your grace, Señor Don Quixote, may mount without any fear, and let any harm that befalls you be on my head."

It seemed to Don Quixote that anything he might reply about his safety would be to the detriment of his valor; and so, without more argument, he mounted Clavileño and tried the peg, which gave easily under his hand; and, with no stirrups and both legs dangling, he looked for all the world like a figure in a Flemish hanging, painted or woven in some Roman triumph. Unwillingly and little by little Sancho came to mount, and, settling himself as best he could on the crupper, he found it somewhat hard and nothing like soft, and asked the duke whether, if possible, they might fit him with some cushion or pillow, even if it were from the dais of his lady the duchess or from some page's bed, because the crupper of that horse seemed more like marble than wood.

To this the Trifaldi said that Clavileño would suffer no trappings or any kind of ornament on him; what he could do was sit sideways, woman-fashion, and so he would not feel the hardness so much. Sancho did so, and, saying "God be with you," let his eyes be bandaged; and, after they were bandaged, he uncovered them again and, looking at everyone in the garden tenderly and with tears, said they should help him in that pass with an Our Father

and a Hail Mary apiece, so that God would provide someone to say them for them when they found themselves in such straits. To which Don Quixote said:

"You thief, are you on the gallows, by any chance, or at the last end of your life, to be using such prayers? Are you not, you soulless and cowardly creature, in the very place the fair Magalona occupied, from which she came down, not to the grave, but to be queen of France, if the histories do not lie? And I, who go at your side, can I not put myself in the place of the valiant Pierres, who pressed this same seat that I now press? Cover your eyes, cover your eyes, you heartless animal, and let the fear you have not come out of your mouth, at least in my presence."

"Blindfold me," answered Sancho, "and, since they won't let me commend myself to God or be commended, what wonder if I'm afraid there may be some region of devils around here to dump us in Peralvillo?"

They covered their eyes, and Don Quixote, feeling that all was as it should be, felt for the peg, and he had scarcely put his fingers on it when all the duennas and everyone present raised their voices, saying:

"God guide you, valiant knight!"

"God be with you, dauntless squire!"

"Now, now you are going through the air, cleaving it faster than an arrow!"

"Now you are beginning to astonish and amaze all who are watching you from the earth!"

"Hold on, valiant Sancho, you're swaying! Mind you don't fall, for your fall will be worse than that of the daring youth who tried to drive the chariot of the Sun, his father!"

Sancho heard the voices and, pressing close to his master and clasping his arms around him, said to him:

"Sir, how can these people say we're so high up, when we can hear their voices, and it's as if they were standing right next to us talking?"

"Pay no heed to that, Sancho, for, as these things and these flights go beyond the ordinary courses, you will see and hear whatever you like from a thousand leagues away. And do not squeeze me so tight, for you are knocking me off; and truly I do not know what you are upset or frightened about, for I dare swear that in all the days of my life I have not ridden a mount of smoother pace: it is just as if we were not moving from one spot. Banish fear, my friend, for, in effect, the thing is going as it ought to go, and we have the wind astern."

"That's the truth," answered Sancho, "for on this side such a strong wind is hitting me that it seems they're blowing on me with a thousand bellows."

And so it was, for some great bellows were making a wind on them: so well planned was this adventure by the duke and duchess and their steward that it lacked no requisite to make it perfect.

Don Quixote, then, feeling the wind blowing, said:

"Without any doubt, Sancho, we must be reaching the second region of the air by now, where the hail and the snow are bred; the thunder, the lightning, and the thunderbolts are bred in the third region; and if we go on rising in this way, we shall soon strike the region of fire, and I do not know how to set this peg so that we do not rise to where we are burned."

At this, with some tow that caught fire and went out easily, hung from the end of a cane, they warmed their faces from a distance. Sancho, feeling the heat, said:

"Kill me if we're not in the place of fire already, or very near it, because a large part of my beard has been singed, and I've half a mind, sir, to uncover my eyes and see where we are."

"Do no such thing," answered Don Quixote, "and remember the true story of the licentiate Torralba, whom the devils carried flying through the air, astride a cane, with his eyes shut, and in twelve hours he reached Rome and got down at the Torre de Nona, which is a street in the city, and saw the whole calamity and assault and the death of Bourbon, and by morning he was already back in Madrid, where he gave an account of all he had seen; and he likewise said that, as he was going through the air, the devil told him to open his eyes, and he opened them and saw himself so close, as it seemed to him, to the body of the moon that he could have grasped it with his hand, and that he did not dare look at the earth for fear of growing dizzy. So, Sancho, there is no reason to uncover ourselves; for he who has us in his charge will answer for us, and perhaps we are wheeling about and climbing on high so as to drop all at once on the kingdom of Candaya, as the saker or the peregrine falcon does on the heron to seize it, however high it soars; and, though it seems to us barely half an hour since we set out from the garden, believe me, we must already be a great way along."

"I don't know what it is," answered Sancho Panza. "I only know how to say that if the lady Magallanes or Magalona was content with this crupper, she can't have been very tender of flesh."

All this talk of the two valiant men was heard by the duke and duchess and those in the garden, and they took extraordinary pleasure in it; and, wishing to put the finishing touch to the strange and well-contrived adventure, they set fire to Clavileño's tail with some tow, and at once, the horse being full of thundering rockets, he flew up into the air with a strange noise and threw Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to the ground, half singed.

By this time the whole bearded squadron of the duennas, and the Trifaldi and all, had vanished from the garden, and those in the garden lay as if in a swoon, stretched out on the ground. Don

Quixote and Sancho got up in a sorry state and, looking all around, were astounded to find themselves in the same garden they had set out from and to see so many people lying stretched on the ground; and their wonder grew when they saw at one side of the garden a great lance driven into the ground, and, hung from it by two green silk cords, a smooth white parchment, on which, in great golden letters, stood written what follows:

The illustrious knight Don Quixote of La Mancha concluded and finished the adventure of the Countess Trifaldi, called by another name the Sorrowing Duenna, and company, merely by attempting it.

Malambruno declares himself content and satisfied to his heart's desire, and the duennas' beards are now left smooth and clean, and the sovereigns Don Clavijo and Antonomasia in their pristine state. And when the squirely vapulation is fulfilled, the white dove will see herself free of the pestilent gerfalcons that pursue her, and in the arms of her beloved cooer; for so it is ordained by the sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanters.

Don Quixote, then, having read the letters on the parchment, understood clearly that they spoke of Dulcinea's disenchantment; and, giving many thanks to heaven that he had accomplished so great a feat with so little danger, restoring to their former complexion the faces of the venerable duennas, who were no longer to be seen, he went over to the duke and duchess, who had not yet come round, and, grasping the duke's hand, said to him:

"Come, good sir, take heart; take heart, for it is all nothing! The adventure is now finished with no harm to anyone, as the writing set on that post plainly shows."

The duke, little by little, and like one waking from a heavy sleep, came to himself, and in the same fashion the duchess and all those who had fallen in the garden, with such signs of wonder and fright that one could almost have taken it that what they knew so well

how to feign in jest had happened to them in earnest. The duke read the placard with his eyes half shut, and then, with open arms, went to embrace Don Quixote, telling him he was the best knight that had ever been seen in any age.

Sancho kept looking about for the Sorrowing One, to see what face she had without the beard, and whether she was as beautiful without it as her gallant figure promised, but they told him that, as soon as Clavileño came down burning through the air and struck the ground, the whole squadron of duennas, with the Trifaldi, had vanished, and that they were already shaven and without stubble. The duchess asked Sancho how that long journey had gone for him. Sancho answered:

"I, my lady, felt that we were flying, as my master told me, through the region of fire, and I wanted to uncover my eyes a little, but my master, whom I asked for leave to uncover them, wouldn't allow it; but I, who have some little shreds of curiosity in me and of wanting to know what's kept from me and stood in my way, nicely and without anybody seeing, pushed the handkerchief that covered my eyes a tiny bit aside, near my nose, and looked down at the earth from there, and it seemed to me that the whole of it was no bigger than a grain of mustard, and the men who were walking on it not much bigger than hazelnuts; so you can see how high we must have been going then."

To this the duchess said:

"Sancho my friend, mind what you are saying, for, from the look of it, you did not see the earth, but the men who were walking on it; and it is clear that if the earth looked to you like a grain of mustard, and each man like a hazelnut, one man alone would cover the whole earth."

"That's true," answered Sancho, "but, all the same, I uncovered it a little bit at one side, and saw the whole of it."

"Mind, Sancho," said the duchess, "that from a little bit at one side one does not see the whole of what one is looking at."

"I don't know about all that looking," replied Sancho. "I only know it would be well for your ladyship to understand that, since we were flying by enchantment, by enchantment I could see the whole earth and all the men, wherever I looked at them; and if this isn't believed of me, neither will your grace believe how, uncovering myself up by my eyebrows, I saw myself so close to the sky that there wasn't a span and a half between me and it, from which I can swear, my lady, that it's tremendously big. And it happened that we were going through the part where the stars called the Seven Little Goats are; and by God and by my soul, since as a boy I was a goatherd back home, as soon as I saw them, such a longing came over me to amuse myself with them a while…! And if I hadn't satisfied it, I think I'd have burst. So I come, and up I go, and what do I do? Not a word to a soul, nor to my master either, nicely and quietly I got down from Clavileño and amused myself with the little goats, who are like gillyflowers and like flowers, for nearly three quarters of an hour, and Clavileño didn't move from the spot or go on any further."

"And while the good Sancho was amusing himself with the goats," asked the duke, "what was Señor Don Quixote amusing himself with?"

To which Don Quixote answered:

"As all these things and such events go beyond the natural order, it is no great wonder that Sancho says what he says. For my part I can say that I did not uncover myself either above or below, nor did I see the sky or the earth, or the sea or the sands. It is quite true that I felt I was passing through the region of the air, and even that I was touching that of fire; but that we passed beyond it I cannot believe, since the region of fire lies between the last region of the air and the heaven of the moon, and so we could

not reach the heaven where the Seven Little Goats are that Sancho speaks of without being burned up; and since we were not scorched, either Sancho is lying or Sancho is dreaming."

"I'm neither lying nor dreaming," answered Sancho. "If not, ask me what those goats look like, and by that you'll see whether I'm telling the truth or not."

"Tell us, then, Sancho," said the duchess.

"They are," answered Sancho, "two of them green, two of them crimson, two of them blue, and one of mixed color."

"That is a new kind of goat," said the duke, "and in this region of ours down on the ground such colors are not in use; I mean, goats of such colors."

"That's plain enough," said Sancho. "Of course there has to be a difference between the goats of the sky and those of the ground."

"Tell me, Sancho," asked the duke, "did you see any billy goat up there among those goats?"

"No, sir," answered Sancho, "but I heard tell that none of them got past the horns of the moon."

They did not want to ask him any more about his journey, because it seemed to them that Sancho was on his way to strolling through all the heavens and giving news of everything that went on up there, without having stirred from the garden.

In short, this was the end of the adventure of the Sorrowing Duenna, which gave the duke and duchess something to laugh at, not only at that time, but for the whole of their lives, and Sancho something to tell for centuries, if he had lived them; and Don Quixote, going up to Sancho, said in his ear:

"Sancho, since you want people to believe what you saw in the sky, I want you to believe me about what I saw in the cave of Montesinos; and I say no more."

Chapter XLII. Of the counsels Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza before he went to govern the isle, with other well-considered matters

The duke and duchess were so pleased with the happy and amusing outcome of the adventure of the Sorrowing One that they resolved to carry the jests further, seeing what a fit subject they had for having them taken in earnest; and so, having laid out the plan and the orders their servants and vassals were to follow with Sancho in his government of the promised isle, the next day, which was the day after Clavileño's flight, the duke told Sancho to spruce himself up and make ready to take up his governorship, since his islanders were longing for him like rain in May. Sancho bowed low to him and said:

"Ever since I came down from the sky, and ever since I looked at the earth from up on its high summit and saw how small it was, the great longing I had to be a governor has cooled off in me somewhat; because what greatness is there in giving orders on a grain of mustard seed, or what dignity or power in governing half a dozen men the size of hazelnuts, for to my mind there weren't any more than that on the whole earth? If your lordship would be pleased to give me a tiny little bit of the sky, even if it were no more than half a league, I'd take it more gladly than the biggest isle in the world."

"Look, Sancho my friend," answered the duke, "I cannot give a piece of the sky to anyone, even if it is no bigger than a fingernail,

for such favors and graces are reserved to God alone. What I can give, I give you, and that is an isle, whole and entire, round and well proportioned, and exceedingly fertile and abundant, where, if you know how to manage, you can use the riches of the earth to earn those of heaven."

"Well, then," answered Sancho, "let that isle come, and I'll strive to be such a governor that I go to heaven in spite of all the rogues; and this isn't out of any greed I have to get above myself or to rise to bigger things, but out of the wish I have to find out what being a governor tastes like."

"Once you taste it, Sancho," said the duke, "you will be gnawing your hands off for more of governing, so sweet a thing it is to command and be obeyed. I am quite certain that when your master comes to be an emperor, as he will without a doubt, the way his affairs are heading, nobody will tear it from him easily, and that it will grieve him and weigh on half his soul to think of all the time he went without being one."

"Sir," replied Sancho, "I imagine it's a good thing to command, even if it's only a herd of cattle."

"I would gladly be buried at your side, Sancho, for you know something of everything," answered the duke, "and I hope you will be as good a governor as your judgment promises; and let us leave it there, and bear in mind that tomorrow, on this very day, you are to go to the government of the isle, and this afternoon they will fit you out with the proper dress you are to wear and with all the things you need for your departure."

"Let them dress me however they like," said Sancho, "for whatever way I go dressed, I'll be Sancho Panza."

"That is true," said the duke, "but dress must suit the office or rank a man professes, for a jurist dressed as a soldier would be out of place, and so would a soldier dressed as a priest. You, Sancho, will go dressed partly as a man of letters and partly as a captain,

because the isle I am giving you has as much need of arms as of letters, and of letters as of arms."

"Letters," answered Sancho, "I have few of, because I don't even know my ABC yet; but having the Christ-cross in my memory is enough to make me a good governor. Arms, now: I'll handle whatever they give me, till I drop, and God before me."

"With a memory as good as that," said the duke, "Sancho can make no mistake in anything."

At this Don Quixote arrived, and, learning what was going on and with what speed Sancho was to leave for his government, with the duke's leave he took him by the hand and went off with him to his room, meaning to counsel him on how he ought to conduct himself in his office.

Once they were inside his chamber, then, he shut the door behind him, and made Sancho, almost by force, sit down next to him, and said to him in an unhurried voice:

"I give infinite thanks to heaven, Sancho my friend, that before, and sooner than, I have met with any good luck of my own, good fortune has come out to receive and meet you. I, who had counted on my own good fortune to pay you for your services, find myself only at the beginnings of advancement, and you, before your time, against the law of reasonable expectation, see your wishes rewarded. Others bribe, pester, solicit, rise early, beg, insist, and do not obtain what they seek; and another comes along, and without knowing how or how not, finds himself with the post and office that many others sought; and here it is apt and fitting to say that there is good and bad luck in the seeking of posts. You, who to my mind are beyond any doubt a blockhead, without rising early or sitting up late and without taking any pains at all, with nothing but the breath of knight-errantry that has touched you, see yourself, just like that, governor of an isle, as if it were nothing at all. All this I say, O Sancho, so that you will not put down the favor you

have received to your own merits, but will give thanks to heaven, which disposes things gently, and after that to the greatness that the profession of knight-errantry holds within it. With your heart disposed, then, to believe what I have told you, be attentive, O my son, to this Cato of yours, who wishes to counsel you and to be the north star and guide that will set you on your way and bring you out into a safe harbor from this stormy sea where you are about to launch yourself; for offices and great posts are nothing but a deep gulf of confusions. First, O my son, you must fear God, for in fearing him lies wisdom, and being wise you will not be able to go wrong in anything. Second, you must fix your eyes on who you are, and try to know yourself, which is the hardest knowledge that can be imagined. From knowing yourself will come your not puffing yourself up like the frog that wanted to make itself as big as the ox; for if you do this, the thought of having kept pigs in your own country will come to be the ugly feet beneath the peacock's fan of your folly."

"That's the truth," answered Sancho, "but it was when I was a boy; and later, when I was something of a little man, it was geese I kept, not pigs; but this, it seems to me, is beside the point, for not everyone who governs comes of the stock of kings."

"That is true," replied Don Quixote, "and for that reason those who are not of noble beginnings must pair the gravity of the office they hold with a mild gentleness that, guided by prudence, will free them from malicious gossip, which no station in life escapes. Glory, Sancho, in the humbleness of your lineage, and do not scorn to say that you come of farmers; for when people see that you are not ashamed, no one will set about shaming you; and take more pride in being humble and virtuous than in being a proud sinner. Countless are those who, born of low stock, have risen to the highest dignity of pope and emperor; and of this truth I could bring you so many examples that they would weary you. Look,

Sancho: if you take virtue for your means, and pride yourself on doing virtuous deeds, there is no reason to envy those whose deeds come down to them from princes and lords, because blood is inherited and virtue is acquired, and virtue is worth by itself alone what blood is not worth. This being so, as it is, if one of your relatives should happen to come and see you when you are in your isle, do not turn him away or insult him; rather you must receive him, make much of him, and entertain him, for with this you will satisfy heaven, which is pleased when no one scorns what it has made, and you will answer to what you owe to well-ordered nature. If you bring your wife with you (because it is not good for those who are engaged in governments for a long time to be without their own), teach her, instruct her, and smooth off her natural roughness, because all that a sensible governor usually gains, a rustic and foolish wife usually loses and squanders. If you should happen to be widowed, a thing that may come to pass, and with your post you should better your match, do not take one who will serve you as hook and fishing rod, and as the 'no, I won't have it' that still lands in your hood; for truly I tell you that for everything the judge's wife receives, the husband will have to give account at the universal reckoning of his term, where in death he will pay fourfold for the items he did not answer for in life. Never be guided by the law of your own fancy, which tends to find great favor with ignorant men who set up to be clever. Let the tears of the poor man find more compassion in you, but not more justice, than the pleadings of the rich. Try to discover the truth amid the promises and gifts of the rich man as much as amid the sobs and importunities of the poor. When equity can and should have its place, do not lay the whole rigor of the law on the offender, for the fame of the harsh judge is no better than that of the compassionate one. If you should happen to bend the rod of justice, let it not be under a gift's weight, but under mercy's. When it falls to you to

judge some lawsuit of an enemy of yours, put your mind away from the injury done to you and set it on the truth of the case. Do not let your own passion blind you in another man's cause, for the mistakes you make in it will most often be beyond remedy; and if they have one, it will be at the cost of your good name, and even of your estate. If some beautiful woman should come to ask you for justice, take your eyes from her tears and your ears from her moans, and consider at leisure the substance of what she asks, unless you want your reason to drown in her weeping and your goodness in her sighs. The man you must punish with deeds, do not ill-treat with words, for the pain of the punishment is enough for the wretch without the addition of harsh language. The guilty man who falls under your jurisdiction, consider him a miserable man, subject to the conditions of our depraved nature, and in everything that lies on your side, without doing wrong to the opposing party, show yourself merciful and clement to him, because, although the attributes of God are all equal, the attribute of mercy shines and stands out more in our sight than that of justice. If you follow these precepts and these rules, Sancho, your days will be long, your fame eternal, your rewards brimming, your happiness beyond telling; you will marry off your children as you please, titles will be theirs and your grandchildren's, you will live in peace and in the goodwill of the people, and in the last steps of your life the step of death will overtake you, in a gentle, ripe old age, and your eyes will be closed by the tender and delicate hands of your great-grandchildren. What I have told you so far are instructions that are to adorn your soul; listen now to those that are to serve for the adornment of the body."

Chapter XLIII. Of the second counsels Don Quixote gave Sancho Panza

Who could have heard Don Quixote's discourse just set down and not taken him for a person of great good sense and better intentions? But, as has been said many times in the course of this great history, he went astray only when chivalry was touched on, and in every other subject he showed a clear and unclouded understanding, so that at every step his deeds discredited his judgment, and his judgment his deeds; but in this one, in these second instructions he gave Sancho, he showed great wit, and raised both his good sense and his madness to a lofty pitch.

Sancho listened to him with the closest attention and tried to keep his counsels in his memory, like a man who meant to hold to them and, by their help, come safely to a good delivery from the pregnancy of his government. Don Quixote went on, then, and said:

"As regards how you are to govern your person and your house, Sancho, the first thing I charge you with is to be clean, and to cut your nails and not let them grow, as some do whose ignorance has given them to understand that long nails make their hands handsome, as if that excrement and outgrowth they leave uncut were a nail, when it is rather the claws of a lizard-hunting kestrel: a filthy and outlandish abuse. Do not go about, Sancho, ungirt and slack, for disordered dress is a sign of a slovenly spirit, unless the disorder and slackness come under the head of slyness, as was judged to be the case with Julius Caesar. Take the pulse, with good sense,

of what your office may be worth, and if it allows you to give livery to your servants, give them one that is decent and serviceable rather than showy and splendid, and share it out between your servants and the poor: I mean that if you are to clothe six pages, clothe three and three poor men, and in that way you will have pages for heaven and for earth; and this new way of giving livery is beyond the reach of the vainglorious. Do not eat garlic or onions, lest the smell give away your peasant breeding. Walk slowly; speak calmly, but not so that it seems you are listening to yourself, for all affectation is bad. Eat little at dinner and less at supper, for it is in the stomach's workshop that the whole body's health is forged. Drink in moderation, and remember that too much wine neither keeps a secret nor keeps its word. Take care, Sancho, not to chew with both cheeks full, nor to eructate in front of anyone."

"That eructate I don't understand," said Sancho.

And Don Quixote said to him:

"To eructate, Sancho, means to belch, and that is one of the ugliest words the Castilian tongue has, though it is very expressive; and so careful speakers have taken refuge in Latin, and for belching they say eructating, and for belches, eructations; and if some people do not understand these terms, it matters little, for use will bring them in over time, so that they are easily understood; and this is how a language is enriched, over which the common people and usage hold power."

"Truly, sir," said Sancho, "one of the counsels and warnings I mean to carry in my memory has to be the one about not belching, because I do it very often."

"Eructating, Sancho, not belching," said Don Quixote.

"Eructating I'll say from now on," answered Sancho, "and on my faith I won't forget it."

"Also, Sancho, you are not to mix into your talk the throng of proverbs you usually do; for although proverbs are short maxims,

you very often drag them in so much by the hair that they seem more like nonsense than maxims."

"God alone can remedy that," answered Sancho, "because I know more proverbs than a book, and so many of them come into my mouth together when I talk that they fight one another to get out, but my tongue keeps throwing out the first ones it finds, even if they don't fit. But from now on I'll take care to say the ones that suit the gravity of my office, for in a full house supper is soon cooked, and he who sets the terms doesn't squabble after, and the man ringing the bells is safe and sound, and giving and keeping both take brains."

"That's it, Sancho!" said Don Quixote. "Cram them in, string them on, thread them up, your proverbs; nobody is stopping you! My mother punishes me, and I go on spinning my tops! Here I am telling you to avoid proverbs, and in a moment you have reeled off a whole litany of them, which have as much to do with what we are discussing as the hills of Úbeda. Look, Sancho, I am not saying that a proverb brought in to the purpose is out of place; but to pile up and string together proverbs helter-skelter makes talk feeble and low. When you mount a horse, do not go throwing your body back against the cantle, nor carry your legs stiff and stretched out and away from the horse's belly, nor yet ride so slack that it seems you are on the gray: for riding a horse makes knights of some men and stable boys of others. Let your sleep be moderate, for he who does not rise with the sun does not enjoy the day; and bear in mind, O Sancho, that diligence is the mother of good luck, and sloth, its opposite, never reached the goal that a good wish asks for. This last counsel that I wish to give you now, though it does not serve to adorn the body, I want you to carry well in your memory, for I believe it will be of no less profit to you than the ones I have given you so far; and it is that you never set about arguing over lineages, at least not comparing them with one another, since

among those compared one must of necessity be the best, and the one you put down will hate you, and the one you raise up will in no way reward you. Your dress shall be full hose, a long doublet, and a cape a little longer; wide breeches, not even in thought, for they do not become either gentlemen or governors. For now, this is what has occurred to me, Sancho, by way of counsel; time will go on, and as occasions arise, so will my instructions, provided you take care to let me know the state you find yourself in."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I can see very well that everything your grace has told me is good, holy, and profitable, but what use will it be if I don't remember any of it? True, that business about not letting my nails grow and marrying again, if the chance comes, won't slip out of my noggin, but those other odds and ends and tangles and jumbles, I don't remember them and won't remember them any more than last year's clouds; and so they'll have to be given me in writing, for though I can't read or write, I'll give them to my confessor so he can drive them into me and remind me when it's needed."

"Ah, sinner that I am," answered Don Quixote, "and what an ill look it has in a governor, not knowing how to read or write! For you must know, O Sancho, that a man's not knowing how to read, or being left-handed, is a sign of one of two things: either he was born of parents too humble and low, or he himself was so mischievous and wicked that good habits and good teaching could not get into him. It is a great lack you carry with you, and so I should like you at least to learn to sign your name."

"I know how to sign my name, all right," answered Sancho, "for when I was steward of the confraternity in my village, I learned to make some letters like the marks on a bale, which they said spelled my name; besides, I'll pretend my right hand is crippled and have someone else sign for me; for there's a remedy for everything except death; and with the command and the stick in my hands, I'll

do what I like; besides, he who has the mayor for a father… And me being governor, which is more than being mayor, come on, let them all come and look! No, let them just sneer at me and slander me, for they'll come for wool and go back shorn; and when God loves a man, his house knows it; and the rich man's follies pass for wise sayings in the world; and since I'll be rich, being a governor and liberal besides, as I mean to be, no fault will show on me. No, make yourself honey and the flies will eat you up; you're worth as much as you have, a grandmother of mine used to say; and on a man with deep roots you'll never get your revenge."

"Oh, God curse you, Sancho!" said Don Quixote at this point. "Sixty thousand Satans take you and your proverbs! For an hour now you have been stringing them together and giving me a draught of torment with every one. I assure you these proverbs will bring you to the gallows one day; because of them your vassals will take your government away from you, or there will be risings among them. Tell me, where do you find them, you ignoramus, or how do you apply them, you fool, when for me to say one and apply it properly I sweat and labor as if I were digging?"

"By God, sir, our master," replied Sancho, "your grace complains about very small things. Why the devil does it eat away at you that I make use of my own property, when I have no other, nor any other wealth at all, except proverbs and more proverbs? And just now four come to me that would fit here to a hair, or like pears in a basket, but I won't say them, because good keeping quiet goes by the name of Sancho."

"That Sancho is not you," said Don Quixote, "for not only are you no good keeping quiet, you are bad talking and bad wrangling; and for all that, I should like to know what four proverbs came to your memory just now that fitted here to the purpose, for I keep running through mine, which is a good one, and not one occurs to me."

"What better ones," said Sancho, "than 'never put your thumbs between two wisdom teeth,' and 'to "get out of my house" and "what do you want with my wife?" there's no answer,' and 'whether the pitcher hits the stone or the stone hits the pitcher, it will go ill with the pitcher,' all of which fit to a hair? That is, nobody should take on his governor or the man who gives him orders, because he'll come out of it hurt, like the man who puts his finger between two wisdom teeth, and even if they aren't wisdom teeth, so long as they're molars, it doesn't matter; and to whatever the governor says there's no answering back, any more than to 'get out of my house and what do you want with my wife?' As for the stone and the pitcher, a blind man could see it. So the man who sees the speck in someone else's eye had better see the beam in his own, so that nobody says of him, 'the dead woman took fright at the one with her throat cut'; and your grace knows very well that the fool in his own house knows more than the sage in another man's."

"Not so, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for the fool knows nothing, in his own house or in another's, because on a growth of folly no sensible building ever stands. And let us leave this here, Sancho, for if you govern badly, yours will be the fault and mine the shame; but I console myself that I have done what I ought in counseling you as earnestly and as wisely as I could: with this I am released from my obligation and my promise. God guide you, Sancho, and govern you in your government, and free me from the misgiving I still have that you will turn the whole isle upside down, a thing I could prevent by revealing to the duke who you are and telling him that all that fatness and that little person of yours is nothing but a sack full of proverbs and sly tricks."

"Sir," replied Sancho, "if it seems to your grace that I'm not fit for this government, I let go of it right here, for I care more for a single black speck of my soul's fingernail than for my whole body; and I'll keep myself going just as well as plain Sancho on bread and

onion as I would as governor on partridges and capons; and what's more, while we sleep we're all equal, the great and the small, the poor and the rich; and if your grace looks into it, you'll see that it was only your grace who put me up to this business of governing, for I know no more about governing isles than a vulture does; and if your grace imagines that because I'm a governor the devil is going to carry me off, I'd rather go to heaven as Sancho than to hell as a governor."

"By God, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for these last words you have spoken alone, I judge that you deserve to be governor of a thousand isles: you have a good nature, without which no learning is worth anything; commend yourself to God, and try not to go wrong in your first intention; I mean that you should always have the purpose and firm resolve to get right every matter that comes before you, for heaven always favors good desires. And let us go and eat, for I believe these lords and ladies are already waiting for us."

Chapter XLIV. How Sancho Panza was taken to his government, and of the strange adventure that befell Don Quixote in the castle

They say that in the very original of this history one reads that when Cide Hamete got to writing this chapter, his interpreter did not render it as he had written it, which was a kind of grievance the Moor had against himself for having undertaken a history as dry and as narrow as this one of Don Quixote, since it seemed to him that he must always be talking about him and about Sancho, without daring to spread himself into other digressions and episodes of more weight and more entertainment; and he said that to keep the mind, the hand, and the pen forever bound to writing on a single subject and speaking through the mouths of few persons was an unbearable labor, whose fruit did not redound to its author's credit, and that, to escape this drawback, he had made use in the first part of the device of some novels, such as *The Ill-Advised Curiosity* and *The Captive Captain*, which stand somewhat apart from the history, though the others told there are events that befell Don Quixote himself and could not be left unwritten. He also thought, as he says, that many readers, carried away by the attention that Don Quixote's exploits demand, would not give it to the novels, and would pass over them either in haste or in annoyance, without noticing the grace and art they contain, which would have shown up plainly if they had come out into the light on their own, without leaning on Don Quixote's madnesses or

Sancho's foolishness. And so in this second part he chose not to insert loose or tacked-on novels, but only some episodes that might seem like them, born of the very events that the truth offers; and even these sparingly, and with only the words needed to set them forth; and since he holds himself in and keeps within the narrow bounds of the narrative, though he has the skill, the sufficiency, and the understanding to treat of the whole universe, he asks that his labor not be scorned, and that he be given praise, not for what he writes, but for what he has refrained from writing.

And then the history goes on, saying that when Don Quixote finished his dinner, on the day he gave Sancho his counsels, that afternoon he gave them to him in writing, so that Sancho might find someone to read them to him; but scarcely had he given them to him when Sancho dropped them and they came into the duke's hands, and he shared them with the duchess, and the two of them marveled afresh at Don Quixote's madness and his wit; and so, carrying their jests forward, that afternoon they sent Sancho off with a large retinue to the place that was to be an isle for him.

It happened, then, that the man who had charge of him was a steward of the duke's, very sensible and very droll—for there can be no drollery where there is no good sense—the same who had played the part of the Countess Trifaldi with the wit already related; and with this, and with being well schooled by his master and mistress in how he was to deal with Sancho, he carried off his plan wonderfully. I say, then, that it happened that as soon as Sancho saw this steward, the steward's face seemed to him the very face of the Trifaldi, and, turning to his master, he said to him:

"Sir, either the devil is going to carry me off from right here where I stand, on the spot and just as I am, or your grace has got to admit to me that the face of this steward of the duke's here is the very face of the Sorrowing One."

Don Quixote looked closely at the steward, and, having looked at him, said to Sancho:

"There is no reason for the devil to carry you off, Sancho, either on the spot or just as you are, for I do not know what you mean; for the face of the Sorrowing One is the steward's, but that does not make the steward the Sorrowing One; for if he were, it would imply a very great contradiction, and this is no time to make these inquiries, which would be to plunge into tangled labyrinths. Believe me, my friend, we must pray to our Lord in all earnest to deliver us both from wicked sorcerers and wicked enchanters."

"It's no joke, sir," replied Sancho, "but a while ago I heard him talk, and it was just as if the Trifaldi's voice was ringing in my ears. Well, all right, I'll keep quiet, but from now on I won't stop keeping a lookout, to see whether he gives away some other sign that confirms or undoes my suspicion."

"So you must do, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and you will let me know everything you discover in this matter and everything that happens to you in your government."

At last Sancho set out, accompanied by a great many people, dressed as a man of letters, and over it a very full gown of tawny watered camlet, with a hunting cap of the same, mounted on a mule and riding short-stirruped, and behind him, by the duke's order, went the gray, in harness and asinine trappings of silk, brand new. Every now and then Sancho turned his head to look at his donkey, and he was so content in his company that he would not have changed places with the Emperor of Germany.

On taking his leave of the duke and duchess he kissed their hands, and received his master's blessing, which Don Quixote gave him with tears, and Sancho took it with little pouting sobs.

Let good Sancho go, kind reader, in peace and in a good hour, and look forward to two fanegas of laughter, which you will get from learning how he conducted himself in his office; and mean-

while attend to what happened to his master that night; for if it does not make you laugh, at least you will part your lips in an ape's grin, because Don Quixote's doings must be celebrated either with wonder or with laughter.

It is told, then, that scarcely had Sancho departed when Don Quixote felt his loneliness; and if it had been possible for him to revoke Sancho's commission and take the government away from him, he would have done it. The duchess saw his melancholy and asked him why he was sad; for if it was because of Sancho's absence, there were squires, duennas, and damsels in her house who would serve him entirely to his heart's content.

"It is true, my lady," answered Don Quixote, "that I feel Sancho's absence, but that is not the chief cause that makes me seem to be sad; and of the many offers Your Excellency makes me, I accept and choose only the goodwill with which they are made, and, for the rest, I beg Your Excellency to consent and allow that within my room I alone shall be the one who serves me."

"Truly, Señor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "it is not to be so: four of my damsels are to serve you, as lovely as flowers."

"For me," answered Don Quixote, "they will not be like flowers, but like thorns that prick my soul. They will no more come into my room, nor anything like them, than they will fly. If your greatness wishes to go on doing me favors I do not deserve, let me deal with myself on my own, and let me serve myself behind my own doors, so that I may set a wall between my desires and my chastity; and I do not wish to lose this custom for the sake of the liberality your highness would show me. And, in short, I will sooner sleep in my clothes than consent to anyone undressing me."

"No more, no more, Señor Don Quixote," replied the duchess. "For my part, I say I will give orders that not even a fly shall come into your room, let alone a damsel; I am not the person to spoil the decency of Señor Don Quixote, for from what has shone through

to me, the one that stands out most among his many virtues is chastity. Let your grace undress and dress by yourself and in your own way, how and when you like, for there will be no one to stop you, since inside your room you will find the vessels needed by one who sleeps behind a shut door, so that no natural necessity will oblige you to open it. A thousand ages of life to the great Dulcinea del Toboso, and may her name be spread over the whole round of the earth, since she deserved to be loved by so valiant and so chaste a knight; and may the kindly heavens pour into the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, a wish to finish his lashes soon, so that the world may once more enjoy the beauty of so great a lady."

To which Don Quixote said:

"Your loftiness has spoken like the lady you are, for in the mouths of good ladies there must be none that is bad; and Dulcinea will be more fortunate and better known in the world for having been praised by your greatness than for all the praises the most eloquent on earth could give her."

"Well, now, Señor Don Quixote," replied the duchess, "supper-time is coming on, and the duke must be waiting: come, your grace, and let us have supper, and you will go to bed early, for the journey you made yesterday from Candaya was not so short that it will not have left you somewhat sore."

"I feel none at all, my lady," answered Don Quixote, "for I would dare swear to Your Excellency that never in my life have I ridden a steadier beast or one of better pace than Clavileño; and I cannot think what could have moved Malambruno to get rid of so swift and so gallant a mount and burn him up like that, for no reason at all."

"As to that, one may imagine," answered the duchess, "that, repenting of the harm he had done the Trifaldi and company, and other people, and of the wickedness he must have committed as a

sorcerer and enchanter, he wanted to make an end of all the tools of his trade, and burned Clavileño as the chief of them and the one that kept him most unsettled, roaming from land to land; and with his burned ashes and with the trophy of the placard, the valor of the great Don Quixote of La Mancha remains eternal."

Once again Don Quixote gave the duchess fresh thanks, and, after supper, he withdrew to his room alone, without consenting to let anyone come in with him to serve him, so afraid was he of meeting with occasions that might move or force him to lose the chaste decorum he kept for his lady Dulcinea, always holding in his imagination the virtue of Amadís, flower and mirror of knights-errant. He closed the door after him and undressed by the light of two wax candles, and as he pulled off his stockings—O misfortune unworthy of such a person!—there escaped from him, not sighs, nor anything else that might discredit the cleanliness of his refinement, but some two dozen stitches in one stocking, which was left looking like a lattice. The good gentleman was distressed beyond measure, and he would have given an ounce of silver to have a dram of green silk at hand; green, I say, because the stockings were green.

Here Benengeli exclaimed, and, writing, said, "O poverty, poverty! I do not know what reason moved that great poet of Córdoba to call you

"holy gift unthanked!

"I, though a Moor, know very well, from my dealings with Christians, that holiness lies in charity, humility, faith, obedience, and poverty; and yet, all the same, I say that a man must have much of God in him who comes to be content with being poor, unless it is that kind of poverty of which one of their greatest saints says, 'Have all things as though you had them not'; and this they call poverty of spirit; but you, the second poverty, the one I am speaking of, why do you choose to dash yourself against hidal-

gos and the wellborn more than against other people? Why do you force them to daub the cracks in their shoes, and to have the buttons on their doublets some of silk, some of horsehair, and some of glass? Why must their collars, for the most part, always be ruffled like curly endive, and not set open on a mold?" And from this it may be seen how old is the use of starch and of open collars. And he went on: "Wretched the wellborn man who keeps feeding his honor on sips of broth, eating badly and behind closed doors, making a hypocrite of the toothpick he goes out into the street with after eating nothing that obliges him to clean his teeth! Wretched he, I say, whose honor is easily startled, and who thinks that from a league away people can spot the patch on his shoe, the sweat stain on his hat, the threadbare weave of his cape, and the hunger in his stomach!"

All this came back to Don Quixote with the running of his stitches, but he took comfort in seeing that Sancho had left him a pair of traveling boots, which he decided to put on the next day. At last he lay down, thoughtful and heavy-hearted, as much for the lack of Sancho as for the irreparable misfortune of his stockings, which he would have darned even with silk of another color, which is one of the greatest signs of want that an hidalgo can give in the course of his long-drawn-out penury. He put out the candles; it was hot and he could not sleep; he got up from the bed and opened a little the grated window that looked out over a beautiful garden, and, on opening it, he sensed and heard that there were people walking and talking in the garden. He listened closely. Those below raised their voices, so much that he could hear these words:

"Do not press me, O Emerencia, to sing, for you know that from the moment this stranger came into this castle and my eyes looked on him, I do not know how to sing, only how to weep; besides, my lady's sleep is more light than heavy, and I would not have her find

us here for all the treasure in the world. And granting that she slept and did not wake, my song would be in vain if this new Aeneas, who has come to my regions to leave me scorned, sleeps and does not wake to hear it."

"Do not fret over that, Altisidora my friend," came the answer, "for no doubt the duchess and everyone in that house are asleep, except the lord of your heart and the awakener of your soul, because just now I heard him opening the grated window of his room, and no doubt he must be awake; sing, my poor wounded one, softly and sweetly to the sound of your harp, and if the duchess hears us, we will put the blame on the heat."

"That is not the point, O Emerencia," answered Altisidora, "but rather that I would not want my song to lay bare my heart, and to be judged a flighty and wanton damsel by those who know nothing of the mighty forces of love. But come what may, for better a blush on the face than a stain on the heart."

And at this he heard a harp being played very softly. Hearing it, Don Quixote was struck with amazement, because in that instant there came to his memory the countless adventures like this one, of windows, gratings, and gardens, music, gallantries, and swoonings, that he had read in those light-headed books of chivalry of his. Then he imagined that one of the duchess's damsels was in love with him, and that modesty forced her to keep her desire secret; he feared she might conquer him, and resolved in his mind not to let himself be overcome; and, commending himself with all good heart and goodwill to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music; and, to let it be known that he was there, he gave a feigned sneeze, at which the damsels were not a little pleased, for they wished for nothing else but that Don Quixote should hear them. Once the harp had been run over and tuned, then, Altisidora began this ballad:

“O you who lie there in your bed
between your sheets of Holland linen,
sleeping with your legs stretched out
from the evening to the morning,
knight the bravest and most valiant
that La Mancha ever bred,
chaster and more richly blessed
than the finest gold of Araby!
Listen to a mournful damsel,
fully grown and ill-befallen,
who within the light of your two suns
feels her very soul is burning.
You go seeking your adventures,
and you find another’s sorrows;
you deal the wounds, and you deny
the remedy to heal them.
Tell me, valiant youth, I pray,
and may God prosper all your longings,
were you brought up there in Libya
or among the hills of Jaca;
was it serpents gave you milk;
were your nurses, it may be,
the harshness of the forests
and the horror of the mountains?
Well indeed may Dulcinea,
plump and healthy maid that she is,
boast that she has brought to heel
a tigress and a savage beast.

For this she will be famous
from Henares to Jarama,
from the Tagus to Manzanares,
from Pisuerga to Arlanza.
I would gladly change with her,
and throw in a skirt besides,
one of my most gaily colored,
trimmed all round with bands of gold.
Oh, to find myself in your arms,
or if not, beside your bed,
scratching your head for you
and killing off your dandruff!
I ask much, and am not worthy
of a favor so distinguished:
I would like to rub your feet,
for a humble girl that is enough.
Oh, the caps I'd give you then,
and the slippers made of silver,
and the hose of figured damask,
and the capes of Holland linen!
Oh, the pearls of finest water,
every one as big as oak galls,
which, if they had no companions,
would be called 'the Only Ones'!
Do not gaze down from your Tarpeia
on this fire that burns me up,
Manchegan Nero of the world,
nor fan it with your fury.

A girl I am, a tender maid,
my age is not past fifteen:
I am fourteen and three months,
I swear by God and by my soul.
I do not hobble, I do not limp,
nor is either hand a cripple's;
and my hair, just like the lilies,
when I stand, trails on the ground.
And though my mouth is aquiline
and my nose is somewhat flat,
my teeth, which are of topaz,
raise my beauty to the skies.
My voice, you see, if you are listening,
is the equal of the sweetest,
and as for figure, I am
something less than middling.
These and other charms of mine
are the spoils of your quiver;
I'm a damsel of this house,
and Altisidora is my name."

Here the song of the sore-wounded Altisidora came to an end, and the astonishment of the wooed Don Quixote began; and he, heaving a great sigh, said to himself:

"That I should be so unlucky a knight-errant that there is no damsel who looks at me but falls in love with me…! That the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso should be so short of luck that they will not let her enjoy my incomparable constancy alone…! What would you with her, queens? Why do you pursue her, empresses? Why do you harry her, damsels of fourteen and fifteen years? Leave, leave

the poor lady to triumph, rejoice, and glory in the lot that Love chose to give her in surrendering my heart to her and handing over my soul. Mark, ye lovesick throng, that for Dulcinea alone I am of dough and sugar paste, and for all others I am of flint; for her I am honey, and for you aloes; for me Dulcinea alone is the beautiful, the wise, the chaste, the gallant, and the wellborn, and the rest are the ugly, the foolish, the wanton, and the lowest born; to be hers, and no other's, nature cast me into the world. Let Altisidora weep or sing; let the Madama despair on whose account they cudgeled me in the castle of the enchanted Moor; for I must be Dulcinea's, boiled or roasted, clean, well-bred, and chaste, in spite of all the sorcerous powers on earth."

And with this he slammed the window shut, and, vexed and heavy-hearted, as if some great misfortune had befallen him, he lay down on his bed, where we will leave him for now, because the great Sancho Panza is calling us, wishing to make a beginning of his famous government.

Chapter XLV. Of how the great Sancho Panza took possession of his isle, and of the way he began to govern

O you who forever discover the antipodes, torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet stirrer of the wine coolers, Thymbrius here, Phoebus there, archer in one place, physician in another, father of Poetry, inventor of Music: you who always rise and, though it seems so, never set! To you I speak, O sun, with whose help man engenders man; to you I speak, that you may favor me and light the darkness of my wit, so that I may run point by point through the account of the great Sancho Panza's government; for without you I feel lukewarm, listless, and confused.

I say, then, that with all his retinue Sancho came to a town of some thousand householders, which was one of the best the duke had. They gave him to understand that it was called the isle of Barataria, either because the town was called Baratario, or because of the bargain, the *barato*, at which the government had been given him. On his arrival at the gates of the town, which was walled, the town council came out to receive him; the bells were rung, and all the townspeople showed signs of general rejoicing, and with great pomp they led him to the main church so that he might thank God, and then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they handed him the keys of the town and admitted him as perpetual governor of the isle of Barataria.

The new governor's dress, his beard, his fatness, and his smallness had all the people amazed who did not know the nub of the

tale, and even all those who did know it, who were many. At last, bringing him out of the church, they took him to the judgment seat and sat him on it; and the duke's steward said to him:

"It is an ancient custom in this isle, lord governor, that whoever comes to take possession of this famous isle is obliged to answer a question that is put to him, one that is somewhat tangled and difficult, and from his answer the people take and feel the pulse of their new governor's wit; and so they either rejoice or grieve at his coming."

While the steward was saying this to Sancho, Sancho was looking at a great many large letters written on the wall facing his seat; and, since he did not know how to read, he asked what those paintings on that wall were. The answer came:

"Sir, what is written and set down there is the day your lordship took possession of this isle, and the epitaph says: This day, the such-and-such of such a month and such a year, Señor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this isle; may he enjoy it many years."

"And who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?" asked Sancho.

"Your lordship," answered the steward, "for no other Panza has come into this isle but the one who is sitting in that seat."

"Then mark this, brother," said Sancho: "I have no Don, nor has there ever been one in my whole lineage: plain Sancho Panza is what they call me, and Sancho was my father's name, and Sancho my grandfather's, and they were all Panzas, without any tacked-on Dons or Doñas; and I imagine there must be more Dons than stones in this isle; but enough: God understands me, and it may be that if my government lasts four days, I'll weed out these Dons, for there are so many of them they must be as annoying as mosquitoes. Let the lord steward go on with his question, and I'll answer as best I know how, whether the people grieve or don't grieve."

At this moment two men came into the courtroom, one dressed as a farmer and the other as a tailor, for he had a pair of shears in his hand, and the tailor said:

"Lord governor, this farmer and I come before your grace by reason that this good man came to my shop yesterday (for I, begging the pardon of those present, am a licensed master tailor, God be blessed), and, putting a piece of cloth in my hands, asked me, 'Sir, would there be cloth enough in this to make me a hood?' I, sizing up the cloth, answered him that there would; he must have imagined, as I imagine, and I imagined right, that I no doubt wanted to steal some part of the cloth from him, going by his own malice and the bad name tailors have, and he came back at me to see whether there would be enough for two; I guessed what he was thinking and told him yes; and he, riding high on his first spiteful notion, kept adding hoods, and I kept adding yeses, until we got to five hoods, and just now he has come for them: I give them to him, and he won't pay me for the work; instead he wants me to pay him or give him back his cloth."

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

"Yes, sir," answered the man, "but have your grace make him show the five hoods he's made me."

"Gladly," answered the tailor.

And, drawing his hand at once from under his cape, he showed in it five hoods set on the five tips of the fingers of his hand, and said:

"Here are the five hoods this good man asks me for, and by God and my conscience no cloth has been left over to me, and I'll submit the work to the inspectors of the trade."

All those present laughed at the number of the hoods and at the novelty of the suit. Sancho set himself to think a little, and said:

"It seems to me that in this suit there needn't be long delays; rather, it should be judged at once by the judgment of a sound

man; and so I give it as my sentence that the tailor lose his work and the farmer his cloth, and that the hoods be taken to the prisoners in the jail, and let there be no more about it."

If the earlier sentence, about the herdsman's purse, moved the bystanders to wonder, this one moved them to laughter; but in the end the governor's orders were carried out; and before him there came two old men; one carried a cane of hollow reed for a staff, and the one without a staff said:

"Sir, some days ago I lent this good man ten gold escudos, in gold coin, to please him and do him a good turn, on condition that he give them back to me when I asked for them; many days went by without my asking for them, so as not to put him in greater need to pay me back than he was in when I lent them to him; but since it seemed to me he was getting careless about payment, I have asked him for them once and many times, and not only does he not give them back, but he denies them to me and says I never lent him any such ten escudos, and that if I did, he has already given them back. I have no witnesses either of the loan or of the return, because he hasn't returned them; I'd like your grace to put him to his oath, and if he swears he has given them back to me, I'll forgive him them here and before God."

"What do you say to this, good old man with the staff?" said Sancho.

To which the old man said:

"I, sir, admit that he lent them to me; lower that rod of office, your grace, and since he leaves it to my oath, I'll swear that I have given them back and paid them really and truly."

The governor lowered the rod, and meanwhile the old man with the staff gave the other old man his staff to keep while he took the oath, as though it hampered him a great deal, and then he put his hand on the cross of the rod, saying that it was true that those ten escudos being asked of him had been lent to him; but that he had

given them back from his hand into the other man's, and that because the other did not remember it, he kept asking him for them every minute. Seeing this, the great governor asked the creditor what he answered to what his opponent said; and he said that without any doubt his debtor must be telling the truth, because he took him for an honest man and a good Christian, and that he himself must have forgotten how and when the money had been returned, and that from then on he would never ask him for anything. The debtor took back his staff, and, bowing his head, went out of the courtroom. Seeing this, and that he was leaving just like that, and seeing too the plaintiff's patience, Sancho bowed his head on his chest, and, laying the forefinger of his right hand along his eyebrows and nose, he sat as if lost in thought for a short space, and then he raised his head and ordered them to call back the old man with the staff, who had already gone. They brought him back, and as soon as Sancho saw him, he said to him:

"Give me that staff, good man, for I have need of it."

"Very gladly," answered the old man. "Here it is, sir."

And he put it in his hand. Sancho took it and passed it to the other old man, saying:

"Go with God, for now you're paid."

"I, sir?" answered the old man. "Why, is this reed cane worth ten gold escudos?"

"Yes," said the governor, "or if not, I'm the biggest blockhead in the world. And now we'll see whether I have the brains to govern a whole kingdom."

And he ordered the cane to be broken and split open there in front of everyone. It was done, and in its heart they found ten escudos in gold. They were all amazed, and took their governor for a new Solomon.

They asked him how he had gathered that those ten escudos were inside that cane, and he answered that from having seen the

old man who was swearing hand his opponent that staff while he took his oath, and swear that he had given them to him really and truly, and then, as soon as he had finished swearing, ask for the staff back again, it came into his head that the payment they were asking for was inside it. From which it might be gathered that those who govern, even if they are fools, are sometimes guided by God in their judgments; and besides, he had heard the priest of his village tell of another case like that one, and he had such a great memory that, if it weren't that he forgot everything he wanted to remember, there would be no such memory in the whole isle. In the end, the one old man put to shame and the other paid, they went away, and those present were left amazed, and the man who was writing down Sancho's words, deeds, and movements could not make up his mind whether he ought to hold him, and enter him in the record, as a fool or as a sensible man.

Then, this suit being ended, a woman came into the courtroom clutching tightly a man dressed as a rich herdsman, and she came shouting at the top of her voice:

"Justice, lord governor, justice, and if I don't find it on earth, I'll go and look for it in heaven! Lord governor of my soul, this bad man seized me out in the middle of that field and made use of my body as if it were a badly washed rag, and, wretch that I am, he has taken from me what I had kept safe for more than twenty-three years, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and foreigners; and I, always as hard as a cork oak, keeping myself whole like the salamander in the fire, or like wool among the brambles, only for this good man to come along now and paw me with his clean hands."

"That's still to be looked into: whether this gallant has clean hands or not," said Sancho.

And, turning to the man, he asked him what he had to say and answer to that woman's complaint. And he, all flustered, answered:

"Sirs, I'm a poor herdsman of swine, and this morning I was leaving this town after selling, begging your pardon, four pigs, of which they took from me in taxes and squeezes little less than they were worth; I was going back to my village, I ran into this good lady on the road, and the devil, who stirs everything up and cooks everything, made us lie together; I paid her enough, and she, not satisfied, grabbed hold of me and hasn't let go of me till she brought me to this place. She says I forced her, and she lies, by the oath I take or mean to take; and this is the whole truth, without a crumb missing."

Then the governor asked him whether he had any money in silver on him; he said he had some twenty ducats in his bosom, in a leather purse. Sancho ordered him to take it out and hand it over, just as it was, to the complainant; he did so, trembling; the woman took it, making a thousand salaams to everyone and praying to God for the life and health of the lord governor, who looked out so well for needy orphan girls and maidens; and with this she went out of the courtroom, holding the purse with both hands, though first she looked to see whether the money inside was silver.

Scarcely had she gone out when Sancho said to the herdsman, whose tears were already starting, and whose eyes and heart were going after his purse:

"Good man, go after that woman and take the purse from her, even if she doesn't want you to, and come back here with it."

And he did not say it to a fool or to a deaf man, for the man was off at once like a flash of lightning and went to do what he was told. All those present were in suspense, waiting for the end of that suit, and shortly afterward the man and the woman came back, more tightly locked and grappled than the first time: she with her skirt lifted and the purse laid in the lap of it, and the man struggling to take it from her; but it was not possible, the way the woman defended it, and she was shouting:

"Justice from God and from the world! Look, your grace, lord governor, at the shamelessness and lack of fear of this heartless wretch, who in the middle of town and in the middle of the street tried to take from me the purse your grace ordered given to me."

"And has he taken it from you?" asked the governor.

"Taken it?" answered the woman. "I'd sooner let them take my life than take my purse. A fine little girl I'd be! They'll have to throw other cats at my beard, not this miserable, disgusting fellow! Pincers and hammers, mallets and chisels won't be enough to get it out of my clutches, nor even lions' claws: they'd sooner get my soul out from the very middle of my flesh!"

"She's right," said the man, "and I give up, beaten and with no strength left, and I confess mine isn't enough to take it from her, and I let it go."

Then the governor said to the woman:

"Let me see that purse, my honorable and valiant woman."

She gave it to him at once, and the governor gave it back to the man, and said to the forceful and unforced woman:

"Sister, if you had shown the same spirit and courage you have shown in defending this purse, or even half as much, in defending your body, the strength of Hercules couldn't have forced you. Go with God, and in a very bad hour, and don't stop anywhere in this whole isle or within six leagues around it, on pain of two hundred lashes. Off with you at once, I say, you prattler, you shameless hussy, you swindler!"

The woman was frightened and went off crestfallen and ill pleased, and the governor said to the man:

"Good man, go with God to your village with your money, and from now on, if you'd rather not lose it, take care that no fancy comes over you to lie with anybody."

The man thanked him as clumsily as he knew how, and went away, and the bystanders were amazed afresh at the judgments

and sentences of their new governor. All of which, noted down by his chronicler, was written at once to the duke, who was waiting for it with great eagerness.

And let good Sancho stay here, for his master, all stirred up by Altisidora's music, is pressing us hard.

Chapter XLVI. Of the dreadful fright of bells and cats that Don Quixote received in the course of the enamored Altisidora's love

We left the great Don Quixote wrapped in the thoughts that the music of the enamored damsel Altisidora had stirred up in him. He went to bed with them, and, as if they were fleas, they would not let him sleep or rest for a moment, and to them were added the stitches missing from his stockings; but since time is swift, and there is no ravine that can hold it back, it went galloping on the back of the hours, and very quickly the hour of morning arrived. Seeing which, Don Quixote left the soft feathers, and, not at all slothful, put on his chamois-colored suit and pulled on his traveling boots, to hide the misfortune of his stockings; he threw his scarlet mantle over himself and put on his head a cap of green velvet trimmed with silver braid; he hung the baldric with his good, keen-cutting sword from his shoulders, took up a great rosary that he always carried with him, and with great pomp and swagger went out into the antechamber, where the duke and duchess were already dressed and as if waiting for him; and, as he passed along a gallery, Altisidora and the other damsel, her friend, were waiting for him on purpose, and, as soon as Altisidora saw Don Quixote, she pretended to faint, and her friend caught her in her lap and very quickly set about unlacing her bodice. Don Quixote, seeing this, went up to them and said:

"I know very well what these fits come from."

"I don't know what from," answered the friend, "because Altisidora is the healthiest damsel in this whole house, and I've never heard so much as an 'oh' from her in all the time I've known her, and bad luck to all the knights-errant there are in the world, if they are all so ungrateful. Go away, your grace, Señor Don Quixote, for this poor girl won't come to herself as long as your grace is here."

To which Don Quixote answered:

"Let your grace, my lady, have a lute put in my room tonight, and I will console this wounded damsel as best I can; for at the beginnings of love, prompt disillusionment is usually a proven remedy."

And with this he left, so as not to be noticed by those who might see him there. He had hardly moved away when the fainting Altisidora, coming to herself, said to her companion:

"We'll have to give him the lute, for no doubt Don Quixote means to give us some music, and it won't be bad, being his."

They went at once to report to the duchess what was going on and the lute Don Quixote was asking for, and she, delighted beyond measure, arranged with the duke and her damsels to play a jest on him that would be more laughable than harmful, and they waited very contentedly for the night, which came on as quickly as the day had come, a day the duke and duchess spent in delightful conversation with Don Quixote. And that day the duchess really and truly dispatched a page of hers, the one who had played the enchanted figure of Dulcinea in the wood, to Teresa Panza, with the letter from her husband Sancho Panza and with the bundle of clothes he had left to be sent to her, charging him to bring back a good account of everything that passed with her.

This done, and eleven o'clock at night having come, Don Quixote found a guitar in his room; he tuned it, opened the grating, and sensed that there were people walking in the garden; and,

having run his fingers over the frets and brought the strings into tune as best he could, he spat and cleared his throat, and then, in a voice a little hoarse though true to pitch, he sang the following ballad, which he had composed himself that day:

“Mighty forces of Love are wont
to knock souls clean off their hinges,
and the tool they take in hand
is a careless idleness.
Sewing and embroidering,
and a maid’s being always busy,
are the antidote, as a rule,
to the poison of love’s longings.
For the damsels kept at home
who aspire to be married,
modesty is all their dowry
and the voice that sings their praises.
Knights who go a-wandering,
and the gallants of the court,
whisper sweet words to the free ones
but they marry the chaste.
There are loves of the rising east,
struck up among guests at inns,
that soon reach their western setting,
for they end with the leave-taking.
Love that is but newly come,
here today, tomorrow going,
does not leave its images
deeply printed on the soul.
Painting laid on painting
neither shows nor leaves its mark;
and where there is a first beauty
the second takes no trick.

Dulcinea del Toboso
on the blank slate of my soul
I have painted in such fashion
that she never can be erased.
Constancy in those who love
is the part most highly prized,
for its sake Love works his wonders,
and he lifts them high as well."

Don Quixote had got this far in his song, to which the duke and duchess, Altisidora, and almost all the people of the castle were listening, when suddenly, from a gallery that fell straight down above Don Quixote's grating, they let down a cord on which more than a hundred cowbells were strung, and then, after them, emptied out a great sackful of cats, which also had smaller bells tied to their tails. So great was the din of the bells and the yowling of the cats that, although the duke and duchess had been the inventors of the jest, it still startled them; and Don Quixote, frightened, stood stunned. And luck would have it that two or three cats got in through the grating of his room, and, as they dashed from one side to the other, it seemed as if a region of devils were loose in it. The cats put out the candles that were burning in the room and went about looking for a way out. The letting down and hauling up of the cord with the big bells never stopped; most of the people of the castle, who did not know the truth of the matter, were left in suspense and amazement.

Don Quixote rose to his feet, and, setting hand to his sword, began to make thrusts through the grating and to shout at the top of his voice:

"Away, malignant enchanters! Away, ye sorcerous rabble, for I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, against whom your wicked intentions avail naught and have no force!"

And, turning on the cats that were running about the room, he slashed at them many times; they made for the grating and got out that way, though one of them, finding itself so harried by Don Quixote's slashes, sprang at his face and seized him by the nose with claws and teeth, at the pain of which Don Quixote began to let out the loudest yells he could. Hearing this, the duke and duchess, and guessing what it might be, ran very quickly to his room, and, opening it with a master key, saw the poor knight struggling with all his strength to tear the cat off his face. They came in with lights and saw the unequal fight; the duke hurried to part it, and Don Quixote cried out:

"Let no one take him off me! Leave me hand to hand with this demon, with this sorcerer, with this enchanter, for I will make him understand, between me and him, who Don Quixote of La Mancha is!"

But the cat, paying no heed to these threats, snarled and held on tight. In the end, though, the duke pulled it loose and threw it out through the grating.

Don Quixote was left with his face riddled like a sieve and his nose not very sound, though he was greatly vexed because they had not let him finish the battle he had so hotly joined with that miscreant enchanter. They had oil of Aparicio, the famous wound salve, brought, and Altisidora herself, with her whitest of hands, put some bandages on all the wounded places; and, as she put them on, she said to him in a low voice:

"All these mishaps befall you, hard-hearted knight, for the sin of your hardness and obstinacy; and please God your squire Sancho forgets to whip himself, so that this beloved Dulcinea of yours may never come out of her enchantment, and you may never enjoy her or come to the marriage bed with her, at least while I live, for I adore you."

To all this Don Quixote answered not a word but gave a deep sigh, and then he stretched out on his bed, thanking the duke and duchess for the favor, not because he had any fear of that catty, enchanting, cowbelled rabble, but because he had recognized the good intention with which they had come to help him. The duke and duchess let him rest and went away, sorry for the bad outcome of the jest; for they had not thought that this adventure would turn out so heavy and costly for Don Quixote, since it cost him five days of being shut in and in bed, where another adventure befell him more delightful than the last, which his historian does not wish to tell now, so as to attend to Sancho Panza, who was going about his government very busily and very amusingly.

Chapter XLVII. In which is continued how Sancho Panza conducted himself in his government

The history tells that from the courtroom they took Sancho Panza to a sumptuous palace, where in a great hall a royal and spotless table had been laid; and as soon as Sancho came into the hall, shawms sounded, and four pages came out to give him water for his hands, which Sancho received with great gravity.

The music stopped, and Sancho sat down at the head of the table, for there was no seat but that one, and no other place set at the whole of it. A personage, who later turned out to be a physician, took his stand beside him with a little whalebone rod in his hand. They lifted a very rich white cloth with which the fruit and a great variety of dishes of different foods were covered; one who looked like a student said the blessing, and a page tied a lace-trimmed bib on Sancho; another, who was acting as table steward, set a plate of fruit before him; but scarcely had he eaten a mouthful when the man with the rod touched the plate with it, and they whisked it away from in front of him with the greatest speed; but the table steward set before him another, of another dish. Sancho was about to taste it; but before he could reach it or try it, the rod had already touched it, and a page had lifted it away as quickly as the fruit. Seeing this, Sancho was left bewildered, and, looking at all of them, he asked whether this meal was to be eaten like a conjuror's trick. To which the man with the rod answered:

"It is not to be eaten, lord governor, except as is the use and custom in the other isles where there are governors. I, sir, am a physician, and I am salaried in this isle to be physician to its governors, and I look after their health much more than after my own, studying night and day and sounding out the governor's constitution so as to hit on the right cure when he falls ill; and the chief thing I do is to attend his dinners and suppers, and to let him eat what seems to me good for him, and to take away from him what I imagine will do him harm and be noxious to the stomach; and so I ordered the plate of fruit taken away, because it was excessively moist, and the plate of the other dish I also ordered taken away, because it was excessively hot and had many spices, which increase thirst; and the man who drinks a great deal kills and consumes the radical moisture, wherein life consists."

"In that case, that plate of partridges over there, roasted and, as far as I can see, well seasoned, won't do me any harm."

To which the physician answered:

"Those the lord governor shall not eat as long as I have life in me."

"Why not?" said Sancho.

And the physician answered:

"Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and light of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms: *Omnis saturatio mala, perdices autem pessima.* Which means, 'All surfeit is bad, but surfeit of partridges worst of all.'"

"If that's so," said Sancho, "let the Señor Doctor see which of all the dishes on this table will do me the most good and the least harm, and let me eat of it without his rapping it away; because, by the governor's life, and may God let me enjoy it, I'm dying of hunger, and to deny me food, however much it grieves the Señor Doctor and whatever more he tells me, will sooner take my life away than add to it."

"Your grace is right, lord governor," answered the physician, "and so it is my opinion that your grace should leave those stewed rabbits alone, for it is a hairy dish. As for that veal, if it were not roasted and marinated, it might still be tried, but there is no call for it."

And Sancho said:

"That big platter farther along, steaming away, looks to me like an olla podrida, and with all the different things there are in such ollas podridas, I can't fail to come across something that will be tasty and good for me."

"*Absit!*" said the physician. "Far from us be so evil a thought: there is nothing in the world worse for nourishment than an olla podrida. Leave ollas podridas to canons, or to the rectors of colleges, or to peasant weddings, and let the tables of governors be free of them, where every refinement and every nicety should be present; and the reason is that always, and everywhere, and by everyone, simple medicines are more highly esteemed than compound ones, because in simple ones there is no going wrong, and in compound ones there is, through altering the quantity of the things they are compounded of; but what I know the lord governor ought to eat now, to preserve his health and fortify it, is a hundred or so rolled wafers and some thin little slices of quince paste, to settle his stomach and help his digestion."

Hearing this, Sancho leaned back against the back of his chair and stared hard at this physician, and in a grave voice asked him what his name was and where he had studied. To which he answered:

"I, lord governor, am called Doctor Pedro Recio de Agüero, and I was born in a place called Tirteafuera, which lies between Caracuel and Almodóvar del Campo, on the right hand, and I hold the degree of doctor from the University of Osuna."

To which Sancho answered, all ablaze with anger:

"Well, then, Señor Doctor Pedro Recio de Mal Agüero, of Ill Omen, native of Tirteafuera, a place that lies on the right hand as we go from Caracuel to Almodóvar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, get yourself out of my sight this minute; if not, I swear by the sun I'll take a cudgel and with cudgel blows, beginning with him, I won't leave a single physician in the whole isle, at least of those I take to be ignorant; for the wise, prudent, and sensible physicians I'll set on my head and honor like divine persons. And I say again, Pedro Recio, get away from here; if not, I'll take this chair I'm sitting on and smash it over his head; and let them call me to account for it when my term is reviewed, for I'll clear myself by saying I did God a service by killing a bad physician, an executioner of the commonwealth. And give me something to eat, or else take back your government, for an office that doesn't feed the man who holds it isn't worth two beans."

The doctor was alarmed to see the governor in such a rage and would have liked to make a Tirteafuera of it, a get-yourself-out, from the hall, except that at that instant a post horn sounded in the street, and the table steward, looking out of the window, came back saying:

"A courier is coming from the duke my lord; he must be bringing some dispatch of importance."

The courier came in, sweating and flustered, and, taking a folded letter from his bosom, put it into the governor's hands, and Sancho put it into the steward's, whom he ordered to read the address, which ran thus: To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the isle of Barataria, into his own hand or that of his secretary. Hearing which, Sancho said:

"Who is my secretary here?"

And one of those present answered:

"I, sir, because I know how to read and write, and I am a Biscayan."

"With that addition," said Sancho, "you could very well be secretary to the emperor himself. Open that letter and see what it says."

The newborn secretary did so, and, having read what it said, said it was a matter to be dealt with in private. Sancho ordered the hall cleared, and that no one stay in it but the steward and the table steward, and the rest and the physician went away; and then the secretary read the letter, which said:

It has come to my notice, Señor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of that isle are to make a furious assault on it, I do not know what night; you must keep watch and be on the alert, so that they do not catch you unprepared. I know too, from trustworthy spies, that four persons in disguise have entered that town to take your life, because they fear your wit; keep your eyes open, and watch who comes to speak to you, and eat nothing that is offered you. I will take care to come to your aid if you find yourself in trouble, and in everything you will act as is expected of your understanding. From this place, the 16th of August, at four in the morning.

Your friend,

The Duke.

Sancho was dumbfounded, and the bystanders made a show of being so too; and, turning to the steward, he said to him:

"What has to be done now, and done at once, is to put Doctor Recio in a dungeon; because if anybody is going to kill me, it's him, and with a death adminicular and *pessima*, which is the death of hunger."

"It also seems to me," said the table steward, "that your grace should not eat anything that is on this table, because it was sent as a present by some nuns, and, as they say, behind the cross stands the devil."

"I don't deny it," answered Sancho, "and for now let them bring me a piece of bread and some four pounds of grapes, for there can't be poison in them; because, in effect, I can't get along without eating, and if we have to be ready for these battles that threaten us, we'll need to be well fed, because the guts carry the heart, not the heart the guts. And you, secretary, answer the duke my lord and tell him that what he commands will be carried out as he commands it, without missing a point; and you'll give my lady the duchess a kiss of the hands from me, and say I beg her not to forget to send my letter and my bundle to my wife Teresa Panza by a messenger of her own, for I'll take it as a great favor and I'll take care to serve her with everything my strength can reach; and on the way you can fit in a kiss of the hands for my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, so he'll see that I'm bread that knows gratitude; and you, as a good secretary and a good Biscayan, can add anything you like and anything more that fits. And let these tablecloths be taken up, and give me something to eat, for I'll deal with all the spies and murderers and enchanters that come at me and at my isle."

At this a page came in and said:

"There is a farmer with some business here who wants to speak to your lordship about a matter, so he says, of great importance."

"It's a strange thing," said Sancho, "with these people who come on business. Is it possible they're so foolish they don't see that hours like these aren't the hours to come doing business? Do they think, by any chance, that we who govern, we who are judges, aren't men of flesh and bone, and that we don't need to be let rest for the time necessity asks, but that we're made of marble stone? By God and on my conscience, if my government lasts (which it won't, from what I can make out), I'll bring more than one of these business folk to heel. Now tell that good man to come in; but let it

be looked into first that he isn't one of the spies, or a murderer of mine."

"No, sir," answered the page, "because he looks like a pitcher-head, and either I know very little or he's as good as good bread."

"There is nothing to fear," said the steward, "for we are all here."

"Would it be possible, table steward," said Sancho, "now that Doctor Pedro Recio isn't here, for me to eat something with weight and substance to it, even if it were a piece of bread and an onion?"

"Tonight, at supper, the lack of dinner will be made good, and your lordship will be left satisfied and paid in full," said the table steward.

"God grant it," answered Sancho.

And at this the farmer came in, a man of very good presence, and one could see from a thousand leagues off that he was a good man and a good soul. The first thing he said was:

"Which of you here is the lord governor?"

"Who should it be," answered the secretary, "but the one sitting in the chair?"

"Then I humble myself in his presence," said the farmer.

And, kneeling, he begged to kiss his hand. Sancho would not give it and ordered him to get up and say what he wanted. The farmer did so, and then said:

"I, sir, am a farmer, a native of Miguel Turra, a place two leagues from Ciudad Real."

"We have another Tirteafuera!" said Sancho. "Speak, brother, for what I can tell you is that I know Miguel Turra very well, and it's not very far from my own village."

"The case, then, sir," the farmer went on, "is that I, by the mercy of God, am married in peace and in the face of the Holy Roman Catholic Church; I have two sons who are students, the younger studying to be a bachelor and the elder to be a licentiate; I am a widower, because my wife died, or, to put it better, a bad physician

killed her for me by purging her when she was pregnant, and if God had been pleased for the child to be born, and it had been a son, I would have set him to study to be a doctor, so that he wouldn't envy his brothers the bachelor and the licentiate."

"So," said Sancho, "if your wife hadn't died, or hadn't been killed, you wouldn't be a widower now."

"No, sir, not in any way," answered the farmer.

"We're getting on nicely!" replied Sancho. "Go on, brother, for it's more the hour for sleeping than for business."

"I say, then," said the farmer, "that this son of mine who is to be a bachelor fell in love, in our own village, with a damsel called Clara Perlerina, daughter of Andrés Perlerino, a very rich farmer; and this name of Perlerines doesn't come to them from ancestry or any other lineage, but because everyone in this family is palsied, *perlático*, and to improve the name they call them Perlerines; though, if the truth be told, the damsel is like an oriental pearl, and, looked at from the right side, she seems a flower of the field; from the left not so much, because she lacks that eye, which popped out with smallpox; and, though the pits in her face are many and big, those who love her say they aren't pits but graves where the souls of her lovers are buried. She is so clean that, so as not to dirty her face, she carries her nose, as they say, turned up, so that it looks for all the world as if it were running away from her mouth; and for all that, she looks extremely well, because she has a big mouth, and if it weren't for missing ten or twelve teeth and molars, she could pass muster, and even stand out, among the best-shaped mouths. Of her lips I have nothing to say, because they are so fine and delicate that, if it were the custom to reel lips, a skein could be made of them; but since they have a different color from the one usual in lips, they seem miraculous, because they are veined like jasper with blue and green and eggplant purple; and may the lord governor forgive me if I go painting so

minutely the parts of the one who, in the end, in the end, is to be my daughter, for I love her and she doesn't look bad to me."

"Paint whatever you like," said Sancho, "for I'm enjoying the painting, and if I'd had my dinner, there'd be no better dessert for me than your portrait."

"That dish I have yet to serve you," answered the farmer, "but a time will come when we shall, if we can't now. And I say, sir, that if I could paint her elegance and the height of her body, it would be a thing to marvel at; but that can't be, because she is bent double and hunched up, and has her knees up against her mouth, and for all that, it can be seen plainly that if she could stand up, she would hit her head on the ceiling; and she would already have given her hand in marriage to my bachelor, except that she can't stretch it out, for it's all knotted up; and still, in her long, fluted nails her goodness and fine make show themselves."

"That's fine," said Sancho, "and take it, brother, that you've painted her from head to foot. What is it you want now? And come to the point, without detours or back alleys, or scraps or add-ons."

"I would like, sir," answered the farmer, "for your grace to do me the favor of giving me a letter of recommendation to my son's father-in-law-to-be, begging him to be pleased to let this marriage take place, since we are not unequal in the goods of fortune nor in those of nature; because, to tell the truth, lord governor, my son is possessed by a devil, and there isn't a day that the evil spirits don't torment him three or four times; and from having fallen into the fire once, his face is as wrinkled as parchment, and his eyes are somewhat watery and running; but he has the disposition of an angel, and if it weren't that he beats himself and punches himself with his own fists, he would be a blessed soul."

"Do you want anything else, good man?" replied Sancho.

"There is something else I would like," said the farmer, "only I don't dare say it; but here goes, for after all it mustn't rot in my

breast, stick or not stick. I say, sir, that I would like your grace to give me three hundred or six hundred ducats to help with my bachelor's dowry; I mean to help set up his house, because, after all, they must live on their own, without being subject to the impertinences of their in-laws."

"See whether you want anything else," said Sancho, "and don't leave it unsaid out of bashfulness or shame."

"No, certainly not," answered the farmer.

And scarcely had he said this when the governor, rising to his feet, seized the chair he was sitting on and said:

"I swear, Don Lout, you rude ill-bred rustic, that if you don't clear out and hide yourself from my presence at once, I'll break and split your head open with this chair! You son of a whore, you rogue, painter for the devil himself, is this the hour you come to ask me for six hundred ducats? And where do I have them, you stinker? And why should I give them to you, even if I had them, you sly fox and halfwit? And what do I care about Miguel Turra, or about the whole lineage of the Perlerines? Get away from me, I say; if not, by the life of the duke my lord, I'll do what I've said! You can't be from Miguel Turra, but some sly fox hell has sent here to tempt me. Tell me, you heartless wretch, I haven't had the government a day and a half yet, and you already want me to have six hundred ducats?"

The table steward signaled to the farmer to leave the hall, and he did so with his head hanging and, to all appearances, afraid that the governor might carry out his anger, for the big rascal knew very well how to play his part.

But let us leave Sancho with his anger, and let peace go round the ring, and let us return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bandaged and treated for his cattish wounds, from which he was not healed for eight days, on one of which there befell him what Cide Hamete promises to tell with the exactness and truth

with which he usually tells the things of this history, however small they may be.

Chapter XLVIII. Of what befell Don Quixote with Doña Rodríguez, the duchess's duenna, with other happenings worthy of writing and of eternal memory

Exceedingly glum and melancholy was the sorely wounded Don Quixote, his face bandaged and branded, not by God's hand, but by a cat's claws, misfortunes that go with knight-errantry. For six days he did not appear in public, and on one of those nights, as he lay awake and sleepless, thinking of his misfortunes and of Altisidora's pursuit of him, he heard someone opening the door of his room with a key, and at once he imagined that the enamored damsel was coming to assail his chastity and put him in danger of failing in the faith he was bound to keep to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

"No," he said, believing his imagination, and this in a voice that could be heard, "the greatest beauty on earth shall not avail to make me cease adoring her whom I bear engraved and stamped in the midst of my heart and in the most hidden depths of my being, whether you be, my lady, transformed into an onion-reeking peasant girl, or into a nymph of the golden Tagus, weaving cloths of gold and silk, or whether Merlin or Montesinos hold you wherever they will; for wherever you are, you are mine, and wherever I have been, I have been, and shall be, yours."

The ending of these words and the opening of the door were all one. He got to his feet on the bed, swathed top to bottom in a coverlet of yellow satin, a nightcap on his head, and his face and mus-

taches bandaged: his face, because of the scratches; his mustaches, so that they would not droop and fall; in which attire he looked like the most extraordinary phantom that could be imagined.

He fixed his eyes on the door, and when he expected to see the yielding and lovelorn Altisidora come in through it, he saw come in a most reverend duenna in long white coifs, hemmed and pleated, so long that they covered and cloaked her from her feet to her head. Between the fingers of her left hand she carried half a lighted candle, and with her right she shaded it so that the light would not strike her eyes, which were covered by a very large pair of spectacles. She came treading very softly, and moved her feet gently.

Don Quixote looked at her from his watchtower, and when he saw her getup and noted her silence, he thought that some witch or sorceress was coming in that dress to do him some evil mischief, and he began to cross himself in great haste. The vision kept coming on, and when it reached the middle of the room it raised its eyes and saw the haste with which Don Quixote was making the sign of the cross; and if he was frightened at seeing such a figure, she was terrified at seeing his, because as soon as she saw him so tall and so yellow, with the coverlet and with the bandages that disfigured him, she gave a great cry, saying:

"Jesus! What is this I see?"

And with the fright the candle fell from her hands; and, finding herself in the dark, she turned her back to go, and in her fear she tripped on her skirts and took a great fall. Don Quixote, frightened, began to say:

"I conjure you, phantom, or whatever you are, to tell me who you are, and to tell me what it is you want of me. If you are a soul in torment, tell me, for I will do for you everything my strength can reach, because I am a Catholic Christian and fond of doing

good to all the world; for this I took up the order of knight-errantry that I profess, whose exercise extends even to doing good to the souls in purgatory."

The battered duenna, hearing herself conjured, gathered Don Quixote's fear from her own, and in a low and afflicted voice answered him:

"Señor Don Quixote, if your grace is in fact Don Quixote, I am no phantom, nor vision, nor soul from purgatory, as your grace must have thought, but Doña Rodríguez, the duenna of honor to my lady the duchess, and I come to your grace with one of those needs that your grace is accustomed to remedy."

"Tell me, Señora Doña Rodríguez," said Don Quixote, "has your grace by any chance come to do some go-between's work? Because I would have you know that I am of no use to anyone, thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. I say, in short, Señora Doña Rodríguez, that provided your grace leaves out and sets aside every amorous message, you may go and light your candle again, and come back, and we will discourse of whatever you may command and whatever is most to your liking, saving, as I say, all provocative coyness."

"I, carry a message from anyone, my good sir?" answered the duenna. "Your grace little knows me; no indeed, for I am not yet so far along in years that I should take to such childishness, since, God be praised, I still have my soul in my flesh, and all my teeth and molars in my mouth, apart from a few that have been usurped from me by some colds, which are so common in this land of Aragon. But wait for me a little, your grace; I will go out and light my candle, and I will be back in an instant to tell my woes, as to the remedier of all the woes in the world."

And, without waiting for an answer, she went out of the room, where Don Quixote remained, calm and thoughtful, waiting for her; but soon a thousand thoughts about that new adventure came

over him, and it seemed to him an ill deed and a worse thought to put himself in danger of breaking the faith he had promised his lady, and he said to himself:

"Who knows whether the devil, who is subtle and crafty, will try to deceive me now with a duenna, as he has not managed to do with empresses, queens, duchesses, marchionesses, or countesses? For I have heard it said many times, and by many sensible people, that if he can, he will hand her to you snub-nosed rather than hawk-nosed. And who knows whether this solitude, this occasion, and this silence will awaken my desires that are sleeping, and make me, at the end of my years, come to fall where I have never stumbled? And in such cases it is better to flee than to wait for the battle. But I must not be in my right mind, since I say and think such nonsense; for it is not possible that a white-coifed, lanky, bespectacled duenna could stir or raise a lascivious thought in the most godless breast in the world. Is there by any chance a duenna on earth who has good flesh on her? Is there by any chance a duenna in the whole orb who is not impertinent, puckered, and finicky? Away, then, duennaish throng, useless for any human pleasure! Oh, how well that lady did of whom it is told that she had two dummy duennas, with their spectacles and their sewing cushions, at the end of her dais, as if they were doing needlework, and those statues served her as well for the dignity of the room as real duennas!"

And, saying this, he leaped from the bed, meaning to shut the door and not let Señora Rodríguez in; but when he went to shut it, Señora Rodríguez was already coming back, with a white wax candle lit, and when she saw Don Quixote closer, wrapped in the coverlet, with the bandages, the nightcap or skullcap, she was frightened again, and, drawing back some two steps, she said:

"Are we safe, sir knight? For I do not take it as a very chaste sign that your grace has got up out of bed."

"That very thing is what I ought to ask, my lady," answered Don Quixote; "and so I ask whether I shall be safe from being assaulted and forced."

"Of whom or from whom do you ask this assurance, sir knight?" answered the duenna.

"Of you and from you I ask it," replied Don Quixote, "for I am not made of marble nor you of bronze, nor is it now ten in the morning, but midnight, and even a little past, as I imagine, and in a room more shut away and secret than the cave must have been where the treacherous and daring Aeneas enjoyed the beautiful and tender Dido. But give me your hand, my lady, for I want no greater assurance than my own continence and modesty, and that offered by those most reverend coifs."

And, saying this, he kissed his own right hand and took hold of hers, which she gave him with the same ceremonies.

Here Cide Hamete makes a parenthesis, and says that by Mohammed he would have given the better of the two Moorish robes he owned to see the two of them going along like that, hand in hand and linked together, from the door to the bed.

At last Don Quixote got into his bed, and Doña Rodríguez sat down on a chair a little way off from it, without taking off her spectacles or putting down the candle. Don Quixote huddled up and covered himself entirely, leaving nothing but his face uncovered; and, the two of them having settled down, the first to break the silence was Don Quixote, saying:

"Now, my lady Doña Rodríguez, your grace may unstitch yourself and unbosom all that you have inside your woeful heart and grieving entrails, for it will be heard by me with chaste ears and relieved with compassionate deeds."

"So I believe," answered the duenna, "for from your grace's gentle and pleasing presence nothing could be expected but so Christian an answer. 'The case, then, Señor Don Quixote, is that

though your grace sees me sitting in this chair, and in the middle of the kingdom of Aragon, and in the dress of a worn-out, hard-driven duenna, I am a native of the Asturias of Oviedo, and of a lineage crossed with many of the best in that province; but my short luck and the carelessness of my parents, who grew poor before their time, without knowing how or how not, brought me to the court, to Madrid, where, for the sake of peace and to avoid greater misfortunes, my parents placed me as a sewing maid in the service of a great lady; and I would have your grace know that in hemstitching and plain needlework nobody has got a foot ahead of me in all my life. My parents left me in service and went back to their own country, and a few years after that they must have gone to heaven, because they were exceedingly good and Catholic Christians. I was left an orphan, and dependent on the miserable wages and the pinched favors that are usually given to such servants in great houses; and at this time, without my giving any occasion for it, a squire of the household fell in love with me, a man well on in years, bearded and of good presence, and above all as much an hidalgo as the king, because he came from the mountains of the north. We did not carry on our love so secretly that it did not come to the notice of my lady, who, to avoid tittle-tattle, had us married in peace and in the face of Holy Mother the Roman Catholic Church; and from this marriage a daughter was born, to finish off my good fortune, if I had any; not because I died in childbirth, for I had her right and in due season, but because shortly after that my husband died of a certain fright he had, which, if there were time now to tell it, I know your grace would marvel at.'"

And at this she began to weep tenderly, and said:

"Forgive me, your grace, Señor Don Quixote, for it is beyond my power, because every time I remember my poor departed one my eyes brim with tears. God help me, and with what dignity he used to carry my lady on the crupper of a powerful mule, as black as jet

itself! For in those days coaches and chairs were not used, as they say they are now, and ladies rode on the cruppers behind their squires. This much, at least, I cannot leave untold, so that the breeding and punctiliousness of my good husband may be noted. 'As he turned into the Calle de Santiago in Madrid, which is rather narrow, a judge of the court was coming out of it with two constables before him, and as soon as my good squire saw him, he turned the mule's reins, making as if to turn back and escort him. My lady, who was riding behind, said to him in a low voice, "What are you doing, you wretch? Don't you see that I am here?" The judge, out of courtesy, reined in his horse and said to him, "Go on your way, sir, for it is I who ought to escort my lady Doña Casilda," for that was my mistress's name. Still my husband insisted, with his cap in his hand, on wanting to go escorting the judge, and seeing this, my lady, full of rage and anger, took a thick pin, or I believe a bodkin, out of her case and stuck it into his loins, so that my husband gave a great cry and twisted his body, in such a way that he brought his lady down on the ground. Two lackeys of hers ran to lift her up, and the judge and the constables did the same; the Guadalajara Gate was in an uproar, I mean the idle people who were there; my mistress went home on foot, and my husband ran to a barber's house, saying his entrails had been run clean through. My husband's courtesy was spread abroad so much that the boys ran after him in the streets, and for this, and because he was somewhat shortsighted, my lady the duchess dismissed him, and from the grief of it, I hold beyond any doubt, his mortal illness was brought on. I was left a widow and unprotected, and with a daughter on my back, who kept growing in beauty like the foam of the sea. At last, since I had a name as a great needlewoman, my lady the duchess, who was newly married to the duke my lord, wanted to bring me with her to this kingdom of Aragon, and my daughter no more and no less, where, with days going and days coming, my

daughter grew up, and with her all the grace in the world: she sings like a lark, steps a court dance as swift as thought, dances country dances like a wild thing, reads and writes like a schoolmaster, and reckons like a miser. Of her cleanliness I say nothing: running water is no cleaner; and she must be now, if I remember rightly, sixteen years, five months, and three days old, one more or less. In short: this girl of mine won the heart of the son of a very rich farmer who lives in one of the duke my lord's villages, not very far from here. In effect, I do not know how or how not, they came together, and under the promise of being her husband he deceived my daughter, and he will not keep it; and though the duke my lord knows of it, because I have complained to him, not once, but many times, and begged him to order this farmer to marry my daughter, he turns a merchant's ear and will hardly listen to me; and the reason is that since the deceiver's father is so rich and lends him money and stands surety for his debts every other minute, he does not want to displease him or give him any trouble in any way.' I would like, then, my good sir, for your grace to take on yourself the undoing of this wrong, either by entreaties or by arms, since, according to what everybody says, your grace was born into the world to undo them and to right wrongs and protect the wretched; and let your grace set before yourself my daughter's orphanhood, her grace, her youth, with all the good qualities I have said she has; for by God and on my conscience, of all the damsels my lady has, there is not one that comes up to the sole of her shoe, and one they call Altisidora, who is the one they consider the most forward and gallant, if you set her beside my daughter, falls two leagues short of her. Because I want your grace to know, my good sir, that all that glitters isn't gold; for this little Altisidora has more of presumption than of beauty, and more of the forward than of the modest, besides which she is not very healthy: she has a certain stale breath about her, so that there is no bearing to be

near her for a moment. And even my lady the duchess... I want to keep quiet, for it is commonly said that walls have ears."

"What is the matter with my lady the duchess, upon my life, Señora Doña Rodríguez?" asked Don Quixote.

"With that conjuring," answered the duenna, "I cannot help answering what I am asked, with all truth. Does your grace see, Señor Don Quixote, the beauty of my lady the duchess, that complexion of her face, which looks like nothing so much as a burnished and polished sword, those two cheeks of milk and carmine, with the sun in one and the moon in the other, and that gallantry with which she goes treading and even scorning the ground, so that it seems she goes scattering health wherever she passes? Well, let your grace know that she can thank for it, first, God, and then two fountains she has in her two legs, through which all the bad humor drains away, which the physicians say she is full of."

"Holy Mary!" said Don Quixote. "And is it possible that my lady the duchess has such drains? I would not believe it if barefoot friars told me so; but since Señora Doña Rodríguez says it, it must be so. But such fountains, and in such places, must flow not with humor but with liquid amber. Truly, now I am at last convinced that this business of having fountains made must be an important thing for health."

Scarcely had Don Quixote finished saying this when the doors of the room were flung open with a great bang, and at the start the bang gave her, the candle fell from Doña Rodríguez's hand, and the room was left, as they say, as black as a wolf's mouth. Then the poor duenna felt herself seized by the throat with two hands, so tightly that she could not so much as squeal, and felt another person, very swiftly, without saying a word, lift her skirts, and with what seemed to be a slipper begin to give her so many lashes that it was pitiful; and though Don Quixote felt for her, he did not stir from the bed, and he did not know what this could be, and he lay

still and silent, and even afraid that the round of lashing and thrashing might come to him. And his fear was not in vain, because the silent executioners, having left the duenna well pounded (and she dared not complain), came at Don Quixote, and, unwrapping him from the sheet and the coverlet, they pinched him so often and so hard that he could not help defending himself with his fists, and all this in a wondrous silence. The battle lasted almost half an hour; the phantoms went out, Doña Rodríguez gathered up her skirts, and, bewailing her misfortune, went out through the door without saying a word to Don Quixote, who, sore and pinched, bewildered and thoughtful, was left alone, where we will leave him, eager to know who had been the perverse enchanter who had put him in such a state. But that will be told in its time, for Sancho Panza is calling us, and the good order of the history requires it.

Chapter XLIX. Of what befell Sancho Panza as he made the rounds of his isle

We left the great governor angry and out of sorts with the sly, portrait-painting farmer, who had been schooled by the steward, as the steward had been by the duke, and they were all making fun of Sancho; but he held his own against them all, for all that he was a fool, rough and roly-poly, and he said to those who were with him, and to Doctor Pedro Recio, who, now that the secret of the duke's letter was over, had come back into the hall:

"Now I truly understand that judges and governors must be, or have to be, made of bronze, so as not to feel the pestering of the people who come on business, who at every hour and at all times want to be heard and dispatched, thinking only of their own business, come what may; and if the poor judge doesn't hear them and dispatch them, either because he can't or because it isn't the time set aside for giving them a hearing, they curse him straightaway and gossip about him, and gnaw his bones, and even pick his lineage apart. You foolish petitioner, you halfwit petitioner, don't be in such a hurry; wait for the right season and the right moment to do business: don't come at dinnertime or at bedtime, for judges are made of flesh and bone and have to give nature what it naturally asks of them, except me, for I don't give mine anything to eat, thanks to the Señor Doctor Pedro Recio Tirteafuera here before me, who wants me to die of hunger and declares that this death is life; may God give him the same, and all his breed: I mean the

breed of bad physicians, for the good ones deserve palms and laurels."

Everyone who knew Sancho Panza marveled to hear him speak so elegantly, and did not know what to put it down to, unless it was that offices and grave posts either season the understanding or stupefy it. At last Doctor Pedro Recio Agüero de Tirteafuera promised to give him supper that night, even if it went beyond all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this the governor was content, and he waited with great longing for night and suppertime to come; and though time, to his way of thinking, was standing still without moving from the spot, still the moment he so desired came at last, and they gave him for supper a cold salad of beef with onion and some boiled calves' feet somewhat far gone in days. He fell to on all of it with more relish than if they had served him Milanese francolins, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, Morón partridges, or Lavajos geese; and, in the middle of supper, turning to the doctor, he said to him:

"Look, Señor Doctor: from now on don't trouble to give me dainty things or exquisite dishes to eat, because that will be to knock my stomach off its hinges, which is used to goat, beef, bacon, salt meat, turnips, and onions; and if by chance it is given other palace dishes, it takes them squeamishly, and sometimes with disgust. What the table steward can do is bring me these things they call ollas podridas, rotten pots, for the more rotten they are, the better they smell, and he can pack and shut up in them anything he likes, so long as it's something to eat, and I'll thank him for it and repay him someday; and let nobody play jokes on me, because either we are or we aren't: let's all live and eat together in good peace and company, for when God sends the dawn, it dawns for everyone. I'll govern this isle taking no bribe and losing no right, and let everyone keep his eyes open and look to his own arrow, because I give them notice that the devil is in

Cantillana, and if they give me cause, they'll see wonders. No, make yourself honey and the flies will eat you up."

"Certainly, lord governor," said the table steward, "your grace is very much in the right in all you have said, and I promise in the name of all the islanders of this isle that they will serve your grace with all punctuality, love, and goodwill, because the mild way of governing your grace has shown at these beginnings gives them no room to do or think anything that might turn to your grace's disservice."

"I believe it," answered Sancho, "and they'd be fools if they did or thought otherwise. And I say again, let care be taken over my keep and over my gray's, for that is what matters in this business and what counts most; and when it's time, let's go and make the rounds, for it's my intention to clean this isle of every kind of filth and of vagabond, idle, and ill-occupied people; because I want you to know, friends, that idle and lazy people are the same in the commonwealth as drones in the hives, which eat the honey the worker bees make. I mean to favor the farmers, keep their privileges for the hidalgos, reward the virtuous, and above all have respect for religion and for the honor of the religious. What do you think of this, friends? Am I saying something, or am I just cracking my head?"

"Your grace says so much, lord governor," said the steward, "that I am amazed to see a man as unlettered as your grace, who, as I believe, has no letters at all, say such things and so many, full of maxims and good counsel, so far beyond everything that those who sent us and those of us who came here expected of your grace's wit. Every day new things are seen in the world: jests turn to earnest and the mockers find themselves mocked."

Night came, and the governor had supper, by leave of Señor Doctor Recio. They made ready for the round; he went out with the steward, the secretary, and the table steward, and the chroni-

cler who had the task of putting his deeds on record, and constables and notaries, so many that they could have made up a middling squadron. Sancho went in the middle, with his rod of office, which was a sight to see; and they had gone through only a few streets of the town when they heard the clash of swords; they hurried there, and found that it was just two men fighting, who, seeing the law coming, stood still; and one of them said:

"Help, in the name of God and the king! How can it be borne that people are robbed in a town, in this town, and that a man should come out and hold people up in it in the middle of the streets?"

"Easy, my good man," said Sancho, "and tell me what this quarrel is about, for I am the governor."

The other man, his opponent, said:

"Lord governor, I will tell it very briefly. Your grace must know that this gentleman has just now won more than a thousand reales in this gaming house here across the way, and God knows how; and, since I was present, I judged more than one doubtful throw in his favor, against everything my conscience dictated to me; he got up with his winnings, and when I expected him to give me an escudo at least as a winner's tip, as it is the use and custom to give one to men of standing like me, who stand by for fair play and foul, to back up wrongs and head off quarrels, he pocketed his money and left the house. I came after him in a fury, and with good and courteous words I have asked him to give me at least eight reales, for he knows I am an honorable man and that I have neither office nor benefice, because my parents neither taught me one nor left me one; and the sly fellow, who is no more a thief than Cacus, nor more of a cardsharp than Andradilla, would not give me more than four reales; so your grace may see, lord governor, how little shame and how little conscience he has! But on my faith, if your grace

had not come, I would have made him vomit up his winnings, and he would have learned how much the steelyard can take."

"What do you say to this?" asked Sancho.

And the other answered that everything his opponent said was true, and that he had not wanted to give him more than four reales because he gave them to him often; and those who expect a tip must be modest and take with a cheerful face what they are given, without going into accounts with the winners, unless they know for certain that they are cardsharps and that what they win is ill won; and that as a sign that he was an honest man and not a thief, as the other said, there was none better than his not having wanted to give him anything; for cardsharps are always tributaries of the onlookers who know them.

"That is so," said the steward. "Let your grace see, lord governor, what is to be done with these men."

"What is to be done is this," answered Sancho: "you, winner, good, bad, or indifferent, give this slasher of yours a hundred reales at once, and besides that you're to pay out thirty for the poor in the jail; and you, who have neither office nor benefice and go about this isle with nothing to do, take those hundred reales at once, and some time tomorrow leave this isle, banished for ten years, on pain, if you break it, of serving them out in the next life, for I'll hang you from a gibbet, or at least the hangman will, at my orders; and let nobody answer me back, or I'll lay my hand on him."

The one paid out, the other received, this one left the isle, and that one went home, and the governor was left saying:

"Now, either I'll have very little power, or I'll do away with these gaming houses, for it strikes me they do a great deal of harm."

"This one, at least," said a notary, "your grace will not be able to do away with, because a great personage keeps it, and what he loses in a year is beyond comparison more than what he makes from the cards. Against other gambling dens of lesser account

your grace may show your power, for they are the ones that do the most harm and cover up the most outrages; for in the houses of gentlemen of rank and of lords the famous cardsharps do not dare use their tricks; and since the vice of gaming has become a common practice, it is better that it be played in great houses than in some tradesman's, where they catch some poor wretch after midnight and skin him alive."

"Well, notary," said Sancho, "I know there's a lot to be said about that."

And at this a catchpole arrived holding a young man by the arm, and said:

"Lord governor, this youth was coming toward us, and as soon as he caught sight of the law, he turned his back and began to run like a deer, a sign that he must be some offender. I went after him, and if he hadn't tripped and fallen, I would never have caught him."

"Why were you running away, man?" asked Sancho.

To which the youth answered:

"Sir, to get out of answering the many questions the law asks."

"What is your trade?"

"Weaver."

"And what do you weave?"

"Lance heads, by your grace's good leave."

"A wag, are you, with me? Fancy yourself a jester? Very well! And where were you going just now?"

"Sir, to take the air."

"And where does one take the air in this isle?"

"Where it blows."

"Good: you answer very much to the point! A clever one you are, young man; but take it that I am the air, and that I'm blowing on your stern and sending you on your way to the jail. Seize him, ho there, and take him off, for I'll see that he sleeps there tonight without any air!"

"By God," said the youth, "your grace can no more make me sleep in jail than make me king!"

"And why shouldn't I make you sleep in jail?" answered Sancho. "Don't I have power to arrest you and let you go whenever and as often as I like?"

"However much power your grace has," said the youth, "it won't be enough to make me sleep in jail."

"What do you mean, no?" replied Sancho. "Take him away at once to where he'll see his mistake with his own eyes, however much the warden may want to use his money-minded generosity on him; for I'll fine the warden two thousand ducats if he lets you take one step out of the jail."

"All that is something to laugh at," answered the youth. "The fact is that all the people alive today put together won't make me sleep in jail."

"Tell me, you devil," said Sancho, "do you have some angel to get you out and take off the fetters I mean to order put on you?"

"Now, lord governor," answered the youth with a very good grace, "let's be reasonable and come to the point. Suppose your grace orders me taken to jail, and that there they put fetters and chains on me, and put me in a dungeon, and the warden is threatened with heavy penalties if he lets me out, and he does as he is told; for all that, if I don't want to sleep, and stay awake all night without shutting an eye, will all your grace's power be enough to put me to sleep against my will?"

"No, certainly not," said the secretary, "and the man has made his point."

"So," said Sancho, "you'll be keeping from sleep only because you choose to, and not to go against my will."

"No, sir," said the youth, "not even in thought."

"Then go with God," said Sancho; "go home to sleep, and God give you good sleep, for I don't want to take it from you; but I

advise you from now on not to play jokes on the law, for you'll run into one that will crack the joke over your skull."

The youth went off, and the governor went on with his round, and shortly afterward two catchpoles came holding a man and said:

"Lord governor, this one who looks like a man isn't one, but a woman, and not an ugly one, who's going about dressed as a man."

They brought two or three lanterns up to her eyes, and by their light they made out the face of a woman, sixteen years old, it seemed, or a little more, her hair gathered in a little net of gold and green silk, as beautiful as a thousand pearls. They looked her over from top to bottom, and saw that she wore stockings of crimson silk with garters of white taffeta and fringes of gold and seed pearls; her breeches were green, of cloth of gold, and a loose jacket or doublet of the same, under which she wore a waistcoat of very fine cloth of gold and white, and her shoes were white and a man's. She wore no sword at her waist, but a very rich dagger, and on her fingers many very fine rings. In short, the girl pleased everyone, and not one of all who saw her knew her, and the natives of the town said they could not think who she might be, and those who were in the secret of the jests to be played on Sancho were the most amazed of all, because this happening and discovery had not been arranged by them; and so they were in doubt, waiting to see how the matter would end.

Sancho was stunned by the girl's beauty, and asked her who she was, where she was going, and what reason had moved her to dress in that attire. She, her eyes on the ground in the most modest shame, answered:

"I cannot, sir, say so publicly what it mattered so much to me to keep secret; one thing I want understood: that I am no thief nor criminal, but an unhappy damsel whom the force of jealousy has made break the decorum owed to modesty."

Hearing this, the steward said to Sancho:

"Have the people moved away, lord governor, so that this lady may say what she likes with less embarrassment."

The governor ordered it so; they all moved away except the steward, the table steward, and the secretary. Finding themselves alone, then, the damsel went on, saying:

"I, sirs, am the daughter of Pedro Pérez Mazorca, the wool contractor of this town, who often comes to my father's house."

"That doesn't hold together, madam," said the steward, "because I know Pedro Pérez very well and I know he has no child at all, neither son nor daughter; and what's more, you say he is your father, and then you add that he often comes to your father's house."

"I had already noticed that," said Sancho.

"Now, sirs, I'm all confused and don't know what I'm saying," answered the damsel, "but the truth is that my father is Diego de la Llana, whom all your graces must know."

"That holds together better," answered the steward, "for I know Diego de la Llana, and I know he is a rich hidalgo of standing, and that he has a son and a daughter, and that since he was widowed there has been no one in this whole town who can say he has seen his daughter's face; for he keeps her so shut away that he does not give the sun a chance to see her; and for all that, report says she is extremely beautiful."

"That is the truth," answered the damsel, "and I am that daughter; whether report lies about my beauty or not, you will have found out by now, sirs, since you have seen me."

And at this she began to weep tenderly; seeing which, the secretary went up to the table steward's ear and said to him very softly:

"Beyond any doubt, something of importance must have happened to this poor damsel, since she is out of her house in such

dress, and at such an hour, and being of such standing."

"There is no doubting it," answered the table steward; "and what's more, her tears confirm the suspicion."

Sancho consoled her with the best words he knew, and asked her to tell them without any fear what had happened to her; for they would all try to remedy it in good earnest and by every possible means.

"The case, sirs," she answered, "is that my father has kept me shut up for ten years now, which is just as long as the earth has been eating my mother. Mass is said in our house in a rich oratory, and in all this time I have seen nothing but the sun in the sky by day, and the moon and stars by night, nor do I know what streets, squares, or churches are, nor even men, except my father and a brother of mine, and Pedro Pérez the contractor, whom, because he is always in and out of our house, I chose on a whim to name as my father, so as not to name my own. This shutting away and this denying me leave to go out of the house, even to church, has kept me very unhappy for many days and months; I longed to see the world, or at any rate the town I was born in, for it seemed to me this wish did not go against the good decorum that damsels of standing must keep for themselves. When I heard it said that bulls were being run and canes were being played and plays were being performed, I would ask my brother, who is a year younger than I am, to tell me what those things were and many others that I have not seen; he would explain them to me in the best ways he knew, but it all only fired my wish to see them the more. At last, to cut short the tale of my ruin, I say that I begged and asked my brother, and I wish I had never asked or begged such a thing…"

And she began to weep afresh. The steward said to her:

"Go on, your grace, madam, and finish telling us what has happened to you, for your words and your tears are keeping us all in suspense."

"I have few words left to say," answered the damsel, "though tears I have many left to weep, because ill-placed desires can bring no other returns than these."

The damsel's beauty had settled into the table steward's soul, and he brought his lantern near again to see her once more; and it seemed to him that it was not tears she was weeping, but seed pearls or the dew of the meadows, and he even raised them higher and made them out to be oriental pearls, and he was wishing that her misfortune might not be as great as the signs of her weeping and her sighs gave one to understand. The governor was in despair at how long the girl was taking to spin out her story, and told her to stop keeping them in suspense any longer, for it was late and much of the town was still to be gone over. She, between broken sobs and half-formed sighs, said:

"My misfortune is nothing else, and my ill luck is no other, than that I begged my brother to dress me as a man in one of his suits and take me out one night to see the whole town, while our father was asleep; he, worn down by my pleading, gave in to my wish, and, putting this suit on me and dressing himself in one of mine, which fits him as if he were born to it, because he has no hair of a beard and looks like nothing but a very beautiful damsel, tonight, about an hour ago, more or less, we went out of the house; and, guided by our youthful and harebrained notion, we have been all round the town, and when we wanted to go back home, we saw a great crowd of people coming, and my brother said to me, 'Sister, this must be the watch: quicken your feet and put wings on them, and come running after me, so they don't recognize us, for it will go badly for us.' And, saying this, he turned his back and began, I won't say to run, but to fly; I, before I had gone six steps, fell down with the fright, and then the officer of the law came up who brought me before your graces, where, for being wicked and willful, I find myself shamed before so many people."

"In fact, madam," said Sancho, "nothing else untoward has happened to you, and it wasn't jealousy, as you said at the beginning of your tale, that took you out of your house?"

"Nothing has happened to me, and it wasn't jealousy that took me out, but only the wish to see the world, which went no further than seeing the streets of this town."

And what finished confirming that the damsel was telling the truth was the arrival of the catchpoles with her brother under arrest, whom one of them had caught when he ran away from his sister. He had on nothing but a rich petticoat and a little mantle of blue damask with braid of fine gold, his head with no coif nor anything else to adorn it but his own hair, which was all rings of gold, so fair and curly was it. The governor, the steward, and the table steward drew him aside, and, without his sister hearing, asked him how he came to be in that dress, and he, with no less shame and embarrassment, told the same thing his sister had told, at which the enamored table steward was greatly pleased. But the governor said to them:

"Certainly, sirs, this has been a great piece of childishness, and to tell this foolishness and rashness there was no need of so many delays, nor so many tears and sighs; for by saying, 'We are so-and-so and such-and-such, who slipped out of our parents' house for a stroll with this trick, only out of curiosity, with no other purpose at all,' the tale would have been over, and none of this whimpering and sniveling and on and on."

"That is the truth," answered the damsel, "but let your graces know that the confusion I have been in was so great that it did not let me keep within the bounds I ought."

"Nothing has been lost," answered Sancho. "Let's go, and we'll leave your graces at your father's house; perhaps he won't have missed you. And from now on, don't act so childish, or so eager to see the world, for the honest maiden, a broken leg, and at home;

and woman and hen, by gadding about, are soon lost; and she who longs to see longs to be seen as well. I say no more."

The young man thanked the governor for the favor he meant to do them in taking them back to their house, and so they set off toward it, for it was not very far from there. They arrived, then, and, the brother tossing a pebble at a grating, a maid who was waiting for them came down at once and opened the door for them, and they went in, leaving everyone amazed, as much at their elegance and beauty as at the wish they had to see the world, by night and without leaving the town; but they put it all down to their youth.

The table steward was left with his heart pierced through, and resolved that the very next day he would ask her father for her hand, taking it for certain that he would not refuse her to him, since he was the duke's servant; and even Sancho had wishes and inklings of marrying the young man to Sanchica, his daughter, and he resolved to bring the matter up in due course, giving himself to understand that no husband could be denied to a governor's daughter.

With this the round of that night came to an end, and two days later the government, with which all his plans were cut off at the root and wiped out, as will be seen further on.

Chapter L. In which is declared who the enchanters and executioners were who flogged the duenna and pinched and scratched Don Quixote, with what happened to the page who carried the letter to Teresa Sancha, wife of Sancho Panza

Cide Hamete, that most punctilious searcher into the atoms of this true history, says that when Doña Rodríguez left her room to go to Don Quixote's chamber, another duenna who slept with her heard her, and that, since all duennas are fond of knowing, understanding, and sniffing things out, she went after her, so silently that the good Rodríguez did not notice; and as soon as the duenna saw her go into Don Quixote's chamber, so that the general habit all duennas have of being talebearers should not fail in her, she went at once to pour it into the ear of her lady the duchess, how Doña Rodríguez was in Don Quixote's room.

The duchess told the duke, and asked his leave for her and Altisidora to come and see what that duenna wanted with Don Quixote; the duke gave it, and the two of them, with great care and quiet, step by step, came and stood by the door of the room, and so close that they heard everything that was being said inside; and when the duchess heard that Rodríguez had thrown the Aranjuez of her fountains out into the street, she could not bear it, nor still less could Altisidora; and so, full of rage and longing for

revenge, they burst into the room, and riddled Don Quixote and thrashed the duenna in the way that has been told; because affronts aimed straight at women's beauty and vanity greatly awaken their wrath and kindle their desire for revenge.

The duchess told the duke what had happened to her, at which he was much amused, and the duchess, keeping on with her plan of making fun of Don Quixote and getting entertainment out of him, dispatched the page who had played the part of Dulcinea in the business of her disenchantment—which Sancho Panza had quite forgotten in the occupation of his government—to Teresa Panza, his wife, with her husband's letter and with another of her own, and with a great string of fine corals as a present.

The history says, then, that the page was very sensible and sharp, and, eager to serve his master and mistress, he set off very gladly for Sancho's village; and, before he entered it, he saw a number of women washing in a stream, and asked them whether they could tell him if a woman called Teresa Panza lived in that village, the wife of a certain Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote of La Mancha; at which question a young girl who was washing stood up and said:

"That Teresa Panza is my mother, and that Sancho is my lord father, and that knight is our master."

"Then come, damsel," said the page, "and show me your mother, because I bring her a letter and a present from that father of yours."

"That I'll do very gladly, my good sir," answered the girl, who looked to be about fourteen years old, a little more or less.

And, leaving the clothes she was washing to another of her companions, without putting on a headdress or shoes, for she was barelegged and her hair was every which way, she went skipping along in front of the page's mount and said:

"Come along, your grace, for our house is at the entrance to the village, and my mother is in it, very worried at not having heard of my lord father for many days."

"Well, I bring her such good news of him," said the page, "that she has cause to thank God heartily for it."

At last, skipping, running, and leaping, the girl reached the village, and before going into her house she shouted from the door:

"Come out, Mother Teresa, come out, come out, for here's a gentleman who brings letters and other things from my good father."

At her shouts Teresa Panza, her mother, came out, spinning a tuft of tow, in a gray-brown skirt. It was so short that it looked as if it had been cut off at a shameful place, with a bodice of the same gray-brown and a smock. She was not very old, though she looked past forty, but strong, straight, sinewy, and as weathered as a hazelnut; and, seeing her daughter, and the page on horseback, she said to her:

"What is this, child? What gentleman is this?"

"It is a servant of my lady Doña Teresa Panza," answered the page.

And, suiting the action to the word, he jumped down from his horse and went with great humility and knelt before Señora Teresa, saying:

"Give me your hands, your grace, my lady Doña Teresa, as the lawful and very own wife of Señor Don Sancho Panza, governor in his own right of the isle of Barataria."

"Oh, my good sir, get up from there; don't do that," answered Teresa, "for I'm nothing of a palace lady, only a poor farm woman, the daughter of a clodbuster and the wife of a squire-errant, and not of any governor!"

"Your grace," answered the page, "is the most worthy wife of a most archworthy governor; and as proof of this truth, let your

grace receive this letter and this present."

And he took out of his pocket at once a string of corals with gold clasps, and put it around her neck and said:

"This letter is from the lord governor, and another I bring and these corals are from my lady the duchess, who sends me to your grace."

Teresa was stunned, and her daughter no more and no less, and the girl said:

"Kill me if our lord master Don Quixote isn't mixed up in this, for he must have given Father the government or earldom he promised him so many times."

"That is the truth," answered the page: "out of regard for Señor Don Quixote, Señor Sancho is now governor of the isle of Barataria, as will be seen by this letter."

"Read it to me, your grace, sir gentleman," said Teresa, "because, though I know how to spin, I can't read a crumb."

"Nor can I," added Sanchica, "but wait for me here, for I'll go and call somebody to read it, whether it's the priest himself or the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, for they'll come very gladly to hear news of my father."

"There is no need to call anyone, for I don't know how to spin, but I do know how to read, and I will read it."

And so he read it all to her, which, since it has already been given, is not set down here; and then he took out another, from the duchess, which ran in this way:

Teresa my friend:

The fine qualities of goodness and wit in your husband Sancho moved and obliged me to ask my husband the duke to give him the government of one isle, of the many he has. I have word that he governs like a gerfalcon, at which I am very pleased, and the duke my lord likewise; for which I give many thanks to heaven that I was not deceived in choosing him for that government; because I want

Señora Teresa to know that a good governor is hard to find in the world, and may God make me as good as Sancho governs.

Herewith I send you, my dear, a string of corals with gold clasps; I would have been glad for it to be of oriental pearls, but whoever gives you the bone would not like to see you dead: a time will come when we shall know each other and talk together, and God knows what will come of it. Commend me to Sanchica, your daughter, and tell her from me to make herself ready, for I mean to marry her off high when she least expects it.

They tell me there are fat acorns in your village: send me some two dozen, for I shall think a great deal of them, coming from your hand; and write to me at length, letting me know of your health and well-being; and if you need anything, you have only to open your mouth: your mouth shall be the measure; and God keep you for me. From this place.

Your friend, who loves you dearly,

The Duchess.

"Oh," said Teresa on hearing the letter, "what a good and plain and humble lady! Let them bury me with ladies like these, and not the hidalgo ladies we have in this village, who think that because they're hidalgas the wind mustn't touch them, and go to church with as many airs as if they were queens themselves, as if they thought it a disgrace to look at a farm woman; and look here how this good lady, for all she's a duchess, calls me friend and treats me as if I were her equal, and may I see her raised up equal with the highest bell tower there is in La Mancha. And as for the acorns, my good sir, I'll send her ladyship a peck, so big that people can come to gaze and marvel at them. And for now, Sanchica, see that this gentleman is made comfortable: look after this horse, and get eggs from the stable, and slice bacon aplenty, and let's feed him like a prince, for the good news he has brought us and the good face he has deserve it all; and meanwhile I'll go out and give my neighbors

the news of our happiness, and Father Priest and Master Nicolás the barber, who are and always have been such friends of your father."

"Yes, I will, Mother," answered Sanchica, "but mind you give me half of that string; for I don't take my lady the duchess for such a fool that she'd send the whole of it to you."

"It's all for you, daughter," answered Teresa, "but let me wear it around my neck a few days, for it truly seems to gladden my heart."

"You will be gladdened too," said the page, "when you see the bundle that comes in this portmanteau, which is a suit of the finest cloth that the governor wore only one day, to the hunt, and he sends all of it for Señorita Sanchica."

"May he live a thousand years for me," answered Sanchica, "and the one who brings it no more and no less, and even two thousand, if need be."

At this Teresa went out of the house with the letters, and with the string around her neck, and she went along drumming on the letters as if they were a tambourine; and, chancing to meet the priest and Sansón Carrasco, she began to dance and say:

"On my faith, now there's no poor relation! We've got ourselves a little government! No, just let the finest painted hidalga lady take me on, and I'll leave her looking like new!"

"What is this, Teresa Panza? What madness is this, and what papers are those?"

"The madness is nothing else but that these are letters from duchesses and governors, and these I have around my neck are fine corals; the Hail Marys and the Our Fathers are of beaten gold, and I'm a governess."

"Saving God above, none of us understands you, Teresa, nor do we know what you're saying."

"There you can see for yourselves," answered Teresa.

And she gave them the letters. The priest read them so that Sansón Carrasco heard them, and Sansón and the priest looked at each other, as if amazed at what they had read; and the bachelor asked who had brought those letters. Teresa answered that they should come with her to her house and they would see the messenger, who was a youth like a golden pine tree, and that he had brought her another present worth twice as much. The priest took the corals off her neck, and looked at them and looked at them again, and, making sure they were fine ones, marveled afresh, and said:

"By the habit I wear, I do not know what to say or think of these letters and these presents: on the one hand I see and touch the fineness of these corals, and on the other I read that a duchess sends to ask for two dozen acorns."

"Now make those measures match for me!" said Carrasco then. "Well, let us go and see the bearer of this letter, for we will get from him an explanation of the difficulties we find."

They did so, and Teresa went back with them. The page, when they found him, was sifting some barley for his mount, and Sanchica cutting a rasher of bacon to pave with eggs and give the page something to eat, and his looks and fine dress pleased the two of them very much; and, after they had greeted him courteously, and he them, Sansón asked him to give them news of Don Quixote as well as of Sancho Panza; for though they had read the letters of Sancho and of the lady duchess, they were still bewildered and could not make out what this business of Sancho's government might be, and of an isle at that, when all or most of those there are in the Mediterranean Sea belong to His Majesty. To which the page answered:

"That Señor Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no doubting; whether what he governs is an isle or not, that I do not meddle in, but it is enough that it is a town of more than a thousand house-

holders; and as for the acorns, I say that my lady the duchess is so plain and so humble that—he said—never mind sending to ask a farm woman for acorns, she has been known to send to borrow a comb from a neighbor. Because I want your graces to know that the ladies of Aragon, though they are of such high rank, are not as punctilious and lofty as Castilian ladies; they deal with people more plainly."

In the middle of this talk Sanchica came bounding in with her skirt full of eggs and asked the page:

"Tell me, sir: does my lord father by any chance wear laced-up trunk hose since he became a governor?"

"I have not looked into that," answered the page, "but he must wear them, yes."

"Oh, my God," replied Sanchica, "and what a sight it will be to see my father in windbag breeches! Isn't it something, that ever since I was born I've wanted to see my father in laced-up trunk hose?"

"Things like that your grace will see him in, if you live," answered the page. "By God, if his government lasts him only two months, he's on the way to traveling in a muffler hood."

The priest and the bachelor saw very well that the page was speaking slyly, but the fineness of the corals and the hunting suit Sancho was sending undid it all; for Teresa had already shown them the suit. And they could not help laughing at Sanchica's wish, and more so when Teresa said:

"Father Priest, look around to see if there's someone going to Madrid, or to Toledo, so he can buy me a round farthingale, full and proper, in the fashion and of the best there is; for truly, truly, I have to honor my husband's government as much as I can, and even, if I get annoyed, I'll have to go to that court and set up a coach, like all the rest; for a woman whose husband is a governor can very well keep one and support it."

"And how, Mother!" said Sanchica. "Please God it were today rather than tomorrow, even if people who saw me riding along seated with my lady mother in that coach said, 'Look at Miss So-and-so, the daughter of that garlic-stuffed fellow, how she goes sitting and sprawling in the coach as if she were a she-pope!' But let them go slogging through the mud, while I ride in my coach, with my feet up off the ground. A bad year and a bad month to all the backbiters there are in the world, and let me go warm, and let people laugh! Am I right, Mother dear?"

"And how right you are, daughter!" answered Teresa. "And all these good fortunes, and even greater ones, my good Sancho has foretold me, and you'll see, daughter, how he won't stop till he makes me a countess: for it's all in the beginning, with being lucky; and, as I've heard your good father say many times, who is as much the father of proverbs as he is yours, when they give you the heifer, run with the halter: when they give you a government, take it; when they give you an earldom, grab it; and when they call you 'here, boy, here' with some good gift, gulp it down. No, just go to sleep, and don't answer the good fortune and good luck that come knocking at the door of your house!"

"And what do I care," added Sanchica, "if anybody who likes says, when they see me all puffed up and full of airs, 'The dog found himself in flaxen breeches…' and the rest?"

Hearing which, the priest said:

"I can only believe that everyone of this lineage of the Panzas was born with a sack of proverbs in his body: I have not seen one of them who does not spill them at all hours and in every conversation they have."

"That is the truth," said the page, "for the lord governor Sancho says them at every step, and though many of them are not to the purpose, still they give pleasure, and my lady the duchess and the duke make much of them."

"So your grace still maintains, sir," said the bachelor, "that this business of Sancho's government is true, and that there is a duchess in the world who sends him presents and writes to him? Because we, though we touch the presents and have read the letters, do not believe it, and think this is one of the things of Don Quixote, our fellow countryman, who thinks they are all done by enchantment; and so I am of a mind to say that I want to touch and feel your grace, to see whether you are a phantom ambassador or a man of flesh and bone."

"Sirs, I know no more of myself," answered the page, "than that I am a true ambassador, and that Señor Sancho Panza is governor in fact, and that this government is in the gift of my lord and lady the duke and duchess, who have given it; and that I have heard it said that this Sancho Panza conducts himself most valiantly in it; whether there is enchantment in this or not, your graces may dispute it among yourselves, for I know nothing else, by the oath I take, which is by the life of my parents, who are alive and whom I love and cherish dearly."

"That may well be so," replied the bachelor, "but *dubitat Augustinus* (Augustine doubts)."

"Doubt it who will," answered the page, "the truth is what I have said, and the truth must always float above the lie, as oil floats above water; and if not, *operibus credite, et non verbis* (believe the works, and not the words): let one of your graces come with me, and you will see with your eyes what you do not believe through your ears."

"That going is for me," said Sanchica. "Take me, sir, your grace, on the crupper of your nag, for I'll go very gladly to see my lord father."

"The daughters of governors must not travel the roads alone, but accompanied by carriages and litters and a great number of servants."

“By God,” answered Sancha, “I’ll do just as well on a she-ass as in a coach. A fine fussy miss you’ve found in me!”

“Hush, girl,” said Teresa, “for you don’t know what you’re saying, and this gentleman is right: as the times, so the touch; when it’s Sancho, Sancha, and when it’s governor, my lady; and I don’t know if I’m saying anything.”

“Señora Teresa says more than she thinks,” said the page; “and give me something to eat and send me off at once, because I mean to go back this afternoon.”

To which the priest said:

“Your grace will come and do penance with me, for Señora Teresa has more goodwill than household goods to serve so good a guest.”

The page declined; but in the end he had to agree, for his own good, and the priest took him off with him gladly, so as to have the chance to question him at leisure about Don Quixote and his exploits.

The bachelor offered to write the letters of reply for Teresa, but she did not want the bachelor meddling in her affairs, for she took him for something of a joker; and so she gave a bun and two eggs to an altar boy who knew how to write, who wrote two letters for her, one to her husband and the other to the duchess, dictated out of her own head, and they are not the worst to be found in this great history, as will be seen further on.

Chapter LI. Of the progress of Sancho Panza's government, with other events as good as they are

Day dawned after the night of the governor's round, which the table steward spent without sleeping, his thoughts taken up with the face, spirit, and beauty of the disguised damsel; and the steward spent what was left of it writing to his master and mistress what Sancho Panza was doing and saying, as amazed at his deeds as at his sayings, for his words and his actions went mixed together, with glimmers of good sense and of foolishness.

At last the lord governor got up, and, by order of Doctor Pedro Recio, they had him breakfast on a little fruit preserve and four swallows of cold water, which Sancho would gladly have swapped for a hunk of bread and a cluster of grapes; but, seeing that this was more a matter of force than of choice, he put up with it, to the great grief of his soul and the distress of his stomach, Pedro Recio making him believe that few and delicate dishes sharpened the wit, which was what most befitted persons placed in command and in grave offices, where they must make use not so much of the strength of the body as of the strength of the understanding.

With this sophistry Sancho suffered hunger, and such hunger that in secret he cursed the government and even the man who had given it to him; but, with his hunger and his preserve, he sat in judgment that day, and the first matter brought to him was a question from a stranger, with the steward and the rest of the acolytes present for all of it, which was this:

"Sir, a mighty river divided two districts of one and the same lordship (and let your grace pay attention, for the case is important and somewhat difficult). I say, then, that over this river there was a bridge, and at the end of it a gallows and a sort of courthouse, in which there were usually four judges who judged by the law laid down by the owner of the river, the bridge, and the lordship, which was in this form: 'If anyone crosses by this bridge from one side to the other, he must first swear where he is going and for what; and if he swears truly, let him pass; and if he tells a lie, let him die for it, hanged on the gallows displayed there, without any reprieve.' This law and its harsh condition being known, many crossed, and from what they swore it was soon seen that they were telling the truth, and the judges let them pass freely. It happened, then, that when they put a man to his oath, he swore and said that by the oath he was taking he was going to die on that gallows standing there, and for nothing else. The judges considered the oath and said, 'If we let this man pass freely, he lied in his oath, and, by the law, he must die; and if we hang him, he swore he was going to die on that gallows, and, having sworn truly, by the same law he must go free.' It is asked of your grace, lord governor, what the judges are to do with this man; for even now they are still in doubt and suspense. And, having heard of your grace's sharp and lofty understanding, they sent me to beg your grace on their behalf to give your opinion on so tangled and doubtful a case."

To which Sancho answered:

"Truly those lord judges who send you to me could have spared themselves the trouble, because I'm a man who has more of the dullard than of the sharp one about him; but for all that, tell me the business over again so that I understand it: it may be that I'll hit the mark."

The questioner went over what he had said at first again and yet again, and Sancho said:

"To my mind, I'll set out this business in two shakes, and it's like this: the man swears he is going to die on the gallows, and if he dies on it, he swore the truth, and by the law laid down he deserves to go free and cross the bridge; and if they don't hang him, he swore a lie, and by the same law he deserves to be hanged."

"It is just as the lord governor says," said the messenger, "and as for the fullness and understanding of the case, there is nothing more to ask or to doubt."

"Then what I say now," replied Sancho, "is that the part of this man that swore truly be let pass, and the part that told a lie be hanged, and in this way the condition for crossing will be carried out to the letter."

"But, lord governor," replied the questioner, "it will be necessary for this man to be divided into parts, into a lying one and a truthful one; and if he is divided, he must of necessity die, and so nothing of what the law demands is achieved, and it is of express necessity that it be complied with."

"Come here, my good sir," answered Sancho. "This traveler you speak of, either I'm a blockhead or he has the same reason to die as to live and cross the bridge; because if the truth saves him, the lie condemns him equally; and, this being so, as it is, my opinion is that you should tell those gentlemen who sent you to me that, since the reasons for condemning him or absolving him hang on a hair's balance, they should let him pass freely, for doing good is always more praised than doing ill; and I'd put my name to this, if I knew how to write it; and in this case I haven't spoken out of my own head, but there came to my memory a precept, among many others my master Don Quixote gave me the night before I came to be governor of this isle, which was that when justice was in doubt I should lean toward mercy and take shelter in it; and God has been pleased that I should remember it now, since it fits this case as if cast in a mold."

"That is so," answered the steward, "and I hold that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedaemonians, could not have given a better sentence than the one the great Panza has given. And let the morning's hearing end with this, and I will give orders for the lord governor to dine very much to his liking."

"That's what I ask, and no tricks," said Sancho. "Give me something to eat, and let cases and doubts rain down on me, for I'll trim the wicks of them in midair."

The steward kept his word, for it seemed to him a matter of conscience to starve so sensible a governor to death; and besides, he meant to finish with him that very night by playing on him the last jest he had been commissioned to play.

It happened, then, that, Sancho having dined that day against the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, as the cloths were being taken up a courier came in with a letter from Don Quixote for the governor. Sancho told the secretary to read it over silently first, and if there was nothing in it that called for secrecy, to read it aloud. The secretary did so, and, running his eye over it first, said:

"It may very well be read aloud, for what Señor Don Quixote writes to your grace deserves to be printed and written in letters of gold, and it says this:"

Letter from Don Quixote of La Mancha to Sancho Panza, governor of the isle of Barataria

When I expected to hear news of your carelessness and blunders, Sancho my friend, I heard news of your good sense, for which I gave particular thanks to heaven, which knows how to raise the poor from the dunghill and make sensible men out of fools. They tell me you govern as if you were a man, and that you are a man as if you were a beast, such is the humility with which you carry yourself; and I want you to note, Sancho, that it is often fitting and necessary, for the dignity of the office, to go against the

humility of the heart; for the proper dress of a person placed in grave posts must accord with what they demand, and not with the measure to which his humble condition inclines him. Dress well, for a stick dressed up does not look like a stick. My meaning is not that you should wear trinkets or finery, or dress like a soldier when you are a judge, but that you should adorn yourself with the garb your office requires, provided it is clean and well kept.

To win the goodwill of the people you govern, you must do two things among others: one, be well-mannered with everyone, though I have told you this once before; and the other, see to it that there is an abundance of provisions; for there is nothing that wears down the hearts of the poor more than hunger and scarcity.

Do not make many decrees; and if you make them, see that they are good, and above all that they are kept and carried out; for decrees that are not kept are the same as if they did not exist; rather they give it to be understood that the prince who had the wisdom and authority to make them did not have the courage to see that they were kept; and laws that frighten and are not enforced come to be like the log that was king of the frogs: at first it frightened them, and in time they scorned it and climbed up on top of it.

Be a father to the virtues and a stepfather to the vices. Do not be always harsh, nor always soft, and choose the mean between these two extremes, for in this lies the point of good sense. Visit the jails, the butcher shops, and the markets, for the governor's presence in such places is of great importance: it comforts the prisoners, who hope for the speedy dispatch of their cases; it is a bogeyman to the butchers, who for the time being make their weights honest, and a scarecrow to the market women, for the same reason. Do not show yourself, even if by chance you are so—which I do not believe—greedy, a woman chaser, or a glutton; because once the people and those who deal with you know your

particular inclination, they will lay their battery against you there until they bring you down into the depths of perdition.

Look and look again, go over and over the counsels and instructions I gave you in writing before you left here for your government, and you will see how you find in them, if you keep them, an allowance to help you bear the labors and difficulties that governors meet at every step. Write to your master and mistress and let them see your gratitude, for ingratitude is pride's daughter and among the worst sins we know of, and the person who is grateful to those who have done him good gives a sign that he will also be grateful to God, who has done him so much good and does him good continually.

My lady the duchess sent off a messenger of her own with your suit and another present to your wife Teresa Panza; we expect an answer any moment.

I have been a little out of sorts from a certain cat-clawing that befell me, not much to the credit of my nose; but it was nothing, for if there are enchanters who ill-treat me, there are also some who defend me.

Let me know whether the steward who is with you had anything to do with the doings of the Trifaldi, as you suspected, and you will keep me informed of everything that happens to you, since the distance is so short; all the more since I mean to leave this idle life I am leading soon, for I was not born for it.

A matter has come up that I believe is going to put me out of favor with these lords; but though it matters a great deal to me, it matters nothing to me, since, in the end, in the end, I must comply with my profession before their pleasure, according to what is often said: *amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas* (Plato is a friend, but truth a greater friend). I tell you this Latin because I take it that, since you became a governor, you will have learned it. And

God be with you, and may he keep you from anyone's having pity on you.

Your friend,

Don Quixote of La Mancha.

Sancho heard the letter with great attention, and it was praised and held to be wise by those who heard it; and then Sancho got up from the table, and, calling the secretary, shut himself up with him in his room, and, without delaying any longer, wished to answer his master Don Quixote at once, and told the secretary to write down what he told him, without adding or taking away anything, and so he did; and the letter of reply ran as follows:

Letter from Sancho Panza to Don Quixote of La Mancha

I'm so taken up with business that I don't get a moment to scratch my head, or even to pare my nails; and so I'm wearing them so long that God help them. I say this, master of my soul, so that your grace won't be shocked if I haven't let you know before now how well or badly I'm doing in this government, in which I'm hungrier than when the two of us went wandering through the woods and the wilds.

The duke, my lord, wrote to me the other day, warning me that certain spies had come into this isle to kill me, and so far I haven't discovered any but a certain doctor who is on salary in this town to kill every governor who comes here: he is called Doctor Pedro Recio, and he's a native of Tirteafuera: so your grace can see what a name it is, and whether I've no reason to fear I'll die at his hands! This doctor says himself of himself that he doesn't cure illnesses when there are any, but heads them off so they don't come; and his medicines are diet and then more diet, till a person is worn down to the bare bones, as if weakness weren't a worse ill than fever. In short, he's killing me with hunger, and I'm dying of vexation, for when I thought I'd be coming to this government to eat hot and drink cold, and to take my ease between Holland sheets on feather

mattresses, I've come to do penance, as if I were a hermit; and since I don't do it of my own free will, I think that in the end, in the end, the devil is going to carry me off.

So far I haven't touched a fee or taken a bribe, and I can't think what this is coming to; because here they've told me that the governors who usually come to this isle, before they come into it, have been given or lent a great deal of money by the people of the town, and that this is the ordinary custom with others who go to governments too, not just in this one.

Last night, making the rounds, I came on a very beautiful damsel in men's clothes and a brother of hers dressed as a woman; my table steward fell in love with the girl and chose her in his imagination for his wife, so he has said, and I chose the boy for my son-in-law; today the two of us will put our ideas before the father of the pair of them, who is a certain Diego de la Llana, as much an hidalgo and Old Christian as anyone could want.

I visit the markets, as your grace advises me, and yesterday I found a woman stall keeper selling new hazelnuts, and I found out that she had mixed a fanega of old ones, empty and rotten, in with a fanega of new; I handed them all over to the orphan children of the catechism school, who would know very well how to tell them apart, and sentenced her not to come into the market for fifteen days. They've told me I acted valiantly; what I can tell your grace is that it's common talk in this town that there are no worse people than market women, because they are all shameless, heartless, and bold, and I believe it, from those I've seen in other towns.

I'm very pleased that my lady the duchess has written my wife Teresa Panza a letter and made her the present your grace speaks of, and I'll try to show myself grateful in due course: kiss her hands for me, your grace, saying that I say it hasn't gone into a torn sack, as she'll see by the deed.

I wouldn't want your grace to have any falling out over accounts with those lords of mine, because if your grace gets angry with them, it's clear it will redound to my harm, and it won't be right, since I'm being counseled to be grateful, for your grace not to be grateful to those who have done you so many favors and treated you so handsomely in their castle.

That cat-clawing business I don't understand, but I imagine it must be one of the wicked tricks the wicked enchanters are always playing on your grace; I'll find out when we see each other.

I'd like to send your grace something, but I don't know what to send, unless it's some syringe tubes, which they make very nicely in this isle to go with bladders; though if my office lasts, I'll find something to send, by the skirts or by the sleeves.

If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, pay the postage, your grace, and send me the letter, for I'm dying to know how things stand at home, with my wife and my children. And with this, may God deliver your grace from ill-intentioned enchanters, and bring me out of this government safe and in peace, which I doubt, because I expect to leave it along with my life, the way Doctor Pedro Recio is treating me.

Your grace's servant,

Sancho Panza, the Governor.

The secretary sealed the letter and dispatched the courier at once; and those who were making fun of Sancho, getting together, agreed among themselves how to dispatch him from the government; and that afternoon Sancho spent in making some ordinances touching the good government of what he imagined to be an isle, and he ordered that there should be no hucksters reselling provisions in the commonwealth, and that wine might be brought in from whatever parts people liked, with the proviso that they declare the place it came from, so that a price could be set on it

according to its worth, quality, and reputation, and that whoever watered it or changed its name should lose his life for it.

He lowered the price of all footwear, chiefly that of shoes, because it seemed to him to be running to excess; he set a cap on servants' wages, which were galloping at full rein down the road of self-interest; he laid very heavy penalties on those who sang lewd and indecent songs, whether by night or by day. He ordered that no blind man should sing a miracle in verses unless he brought authentic testimony that it was true, for it seemed to him that most of those the blind men sing are made up, to the detriment of the true ones.

He made and created a constable of the poor, not to persecute them, but to examine them as to whether they were poor, because under cover of feigned maiming and false sores go thieving arms and drunken health. In short, he ordained things so good that they are kept in that town to this day, and are called *The Constitutions of the Great Governor Sancho Panza*.

Chapter LII. In which is told the adventure of the second Sorrowing, or Distraught, Duenna, called by another name Doña Rodríguez

Cide Hamete tells that, Don Quixote being now healed of his scratches, it seemed to him that the life he was leading in that castle was against the whole order of chivalry he professed, and so he decided to ask the duke and duchess for leave to set out for Zaragoza, whose festival was drawing near, where he meant to win the suit of armor that is the prize at such festivals.

And one day, as he sat at table with the duke and duchess and was beginning to put his intention into effect and ask for leave, behold, all of a sudden, two women came in through the door of the great hall, covered, as it later turned out, in mourning from head to foot, and one of them, coming up to Don Quixote, threw herself at his feet full length, her mouth sewn to Don Quixote's feet, and gave such sad, such deep, and such sorrowful moans that she threw into confusion all who heard and saw her; and though the duke and duchess thought it must be some jest their servants wished to play on Don Quixote, still, seeing how earnestly the woman sighed, moaned, and wept, they were left doubtful and in suspense, until Don Quixote, moved to compassion, raised her from the floor and had her uncover herself and take the mantle from her tearful face.

She did so, and showed herself to be what no one could ever have thought, for she uncovered the face of Doña Rodríguez, the

duenna of the household, and the other woman in mourning was her daughter, the one deceived by the son of the rich farmer. All who knew her were amazed, and the duke and duchess more than anyone; for though they took her for a simpleton and soft-natured, they did not take her for one so far gone as to come and commit follies. At last Doña Rodríguez, turning to her master and mistress, said to them:

"May your excellencies be pleased to give me leave to discourse a little with this knight, for so it is fitting if I am to come well out of the business into which the boldness of an evil-minded peasant has put me."

The duke said that he gave her leave, and that she might discourse with Señor Don Quixote as much as she pleased. She, turning her voice and her face toward Don Quixote, said:

"Some days ago, valiant knight, I gave you an account of the unreason and treachery that a wicked farmer hath done to my most dear and beloved daughter, who is this unhappy girl here present, and you promised me to take up her cause and right the wrong that hath been done her; and now it has come to my notice that you would depart from this castle in search of the good fortunes God may send you; and so I would wish that, before you slip away along those roads, you would challenge this untamed rustic and make him marry my daughter, in fulfillment of the word he gave her to be her husband, before and prior to lying with her; for to think that the duke my lord will do me justice is asking the elm for pears, for the reason I have already declared to your grace in confidence. And with this, may our Lord give your grace much health, and may he not forsake us."

To which words Don Quixote answered, with much gravity and pomp:

"Good duenna, temper your tears, or, to put it better, dry them, and spare your sighs, for I take upon myself the remedy of your

daughter, for whom it would have been better not to have been so ready to believe the promises of lovers, which for the most part are light to make and very heavy to keep; and so, with the leave of the duke my lord, I will set out at once in search of that heartless youth, and I will find him, and I will challenge him, and I will slay him if and whenever he excuses himself from keeping his promised word; for the principal concern of my calling is to pardon the humble and punish the proud; I mean, to come to the aid of the wretched and bring down the harsh."

"There is no need," answered the duke, "for your grace to put yourself to the trouble of seeking the rustic of whom this good duenna complains, nor is there any need, either, for your grace to ask leave of me to challenge him; for I hold him challenged, and I take it upon myself to let him know of this challenge, and to see that he accepts it and comes to answer for himself at this castle of mine, where I will give both of you a safe field, observing all the conditions that are and ought to be observed in such acts, and observing equally the justice of each, as all those princes are bound to observe it who grant a free field to those who fight within the bounds of their lordships."

"Then with that assurance, and by the good leave of your greatness," replied Don Quixote, "I say here and now that for this once I renounce my hidalgo rank, and I lower and level myself to the plainness of the wrongdoer, and make myself his equal, qualifying him to be able to fight with me; and so, though he is absent, I challenge and arraign him, on the ground that he did wrong in defrauding this poor girl, who was a maiden and through his fault is one no longer, and that he must keep the word he gave her to be her lawful husband, or die in the attempt."

And then, drawing off a glove, he flung it down in mid-hall, and the duke took it up, saying that, as he had already said, he accepted that challenge in the name of his vassal, and fixed the

term at six days from then; and the field, in the courtyard of that castle; and the arms, those customary among knights: lance and shield and jointed armor, with all the other pieces, without trickery, fraud, or charm of any kind, examined and inspected by the judges of the field.

"But before all things, it is necessary that this good duenna and this bad maiden place the right of their cause in the hands of Señor Don Quixote; for otherwise nothing will be done, nor will such a challenge come to its due execution."

"I do place it," answered the duenna.

"And I too," added the daughter, all in tears and all ashamed and much out of countenance.

This agreement made, then, and the duke having thought out what he was to do in the case, the women in mourning went away, and the duchess ordered that from then on they were not to be treated as her servants, but as adventuring ladies who had come to her house to ask for justice; and so they were given a room apart and were waited on like strangers, not without the astonishment of the other servant women, who did not know where the folly and forwardness of Doña Rodríguez and her ill-starred daughter were to end.

While this was going on, to crown the merriment and bring the meal to a good end, behold, in through the hall came the page who had taken Teresa Panza the letters and presents, wife of the governor Sancho Panza, at whose arrival the duke and duchess were greatly pleased, eager to know what had happened to him on his journey; and when they asked him, the page answered that he could not tell it so publicly or in few words: that their excellencies might be pleased to leave it for when they were alone, and meanwhile entertain themselves with those letters. And, taking out two letters, he put them in the duchess's hands. One of them said on the cover: Letter for my lady the duchess so-and-so, of I don't

know where; and the other: To my husband Sancho Panza, governor of the isle of Barataria, whom God prosper more years than me. The duchess's bread would not bake, as the saying goes, until she had read her letter; and opening it and reading it to herself, and seeing that she could read it aloud so that the duke and those present might hear it, she read it in this manner:

Letter from Teresa Panza to the Duchess

The letter your greatness wrote me, my lady, gave me great pleasure, for truly I had been longing for it. The string of corals is very good, and my husband's hunting suit doesn't fall behind it. That your ladyship has made Sancho, my consort, a governor has given great satisfaction to this whole village, though there's nobody who believes it, chiefly the priest, and Master Nicolás the barber, and Sansón Carrasco the bachelor; but it's nothing to me; for as long as it's so, as it is, let everyone say what he likes; though, if the truth be told, if the corals and the suit hadn't come, I wouldn't have believed it either, because in this village everybody takes my husband for a blockhead, and outside of governing a flock of goats they can't imagine what government he could be good for. God make it so, and guide him as he sees his children need.

I, lady of my soul, am determined, with your grace's leave, to bring this good day into my house, by going to court to stretch myself out in a coach, to make the eyes of the thousand envious people I already have pop out of their heads; and so I beg your excellency to order my husband to send me a little money, and let it be something worth the having, because at court the expenses are great: for bread goes at a real, and meat at thirty maravedís the pound, which is a sin and a shame; and if he'd rather I didn't go, let him tell me in good time, because my feet are itching to be on the road; for my friends and neighbors tell me that if my daughter and I go about puffed up and pompous at court, my husband will come

to be known by me more than I by him, since many people are bound to ask: "Who are these ladies in this coach?" And a servant of mine to answer: "The wife and the daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the isle of Barataria"; and in this way Sancho will be known, and I'll be esteemed, and to Rome for everything.

It grieves me as much as anything can grieve me that this year no acorns have been gathered in this village; for all that, I send your highness as much as half a peck, which I went to the hills to pick and choose one by one, and I couldn't find any more bigger; I wish they were like ostrich eggs.

Don't let your pomposity forget to write to me, for I'll take care with the answer, letting you know about my health and everything there is to let you know about in this village, where I remain praying to our Lord to keep your greatness, and not to forget me. Your grace's hands are kissed by Sancha, my daughter, and by my son.

She who has more wish to see your ladyship than to write to you, your servant,

Teresa Panza.

Great was the pleasure all took in hearing Teresa Panza's letter, chiefly the duke and duchess, and the duchess sought Don Quixote's view as to whether it would be right to open the letter that had come for the governor, which she imagined must be very good indeed. Don Quixote said that he would open it to give them pleasure, and so he did, and saw that it said as follows:

Letter from Teresa Panza to Sancho Panza her husband

I got your letter, my Sancho of my soul, and I promise you and swear as a Catholic Christian that I came within two fingers of going mad with happiness. Look, brother: when I came to hear that you're a governor, I thought I'd drop dead right there of pure joy, for you know they say sudden happiness kills as surely as great grief. Sanchica, your daughter, wet herself without knowing it, out of pure happiness. I had the suit you sent me in front of me, and

the corals my lady the duchess sent me around my neck, and the letters in my hands, and the man who brought them there present, and for all that I believed and thought that everything I saw and touched was a dream; because who could think that a goatherd would come to be governor of isles? You know, my friend, that my mother used to say you had to live long to see much: I say it because I mean to see more if I live longer; because I don't mean to stop until I see you a tax farmer or an excise collector, which are offices that, though the devil carries off whoever uses them badly, when all's said and done always have money in them and handle it. My lady the duchess will tell you how I long to go to court; think it over, and let me know your pleasure, for I'll try to do you honor there by riding in a coach.

The priest, the barber, the bachelor, and even the sacristan can't believe you're a governor, and they say it's all humbug, or matters of enchantment, as all those of Don Quixote your master are; and Sansón says he's going to go and find you and get the government out of your head, and the madness out of Don Quixote's skull; I do nothing but laugh, and look at my string of corals, and work out how to make a dress for our daughter out of your suit.

I sent some acorns to my lady the duchess; I wish they'd been of gold. You send me some strings of pearls, if they're worn on that isle.

The news from this village is that La Berrueca married her daughter to a painter with a bad hand, who came to this village to paint whatever might turn out; the Council ordered him to paint His Majesty's arms over the doors of the town hall; he asked two ducats, they gave them to him in advance, he worked eight days, at the end of which he had painted nothing, and said he couldn't manage to paint so many knickknacks; he gave back the money, and for all that he married on the strength of being a good craftsman; it's true he has now left the brush and taken up the hoe, and

goes to the fields like a gentleman. Pedro de Lobo's son has taken minor orders and the tonsure, meaning to become a priest; Minguilla, Mingo Silvato's granddaughter, heard of it and has brought a suit against him saying he gave her his word of marriage; evil tongues will have it that she's been with child by him, but he denies it flat with both feet.

This year there are no olives, and not a drop of vinegar is to be found in this whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here; they carried off three girls of this village along the way; I won't tell you who they are: perhaps they'll come back, and there'll be no lack of men to take them for wives, with their faults, good or bad.

Sanchica makes bobbin lace; she earns eight maravedís clear every day, which she keeps dropping in a money box to help with her trousseau; but now that she's a governor's daughter, you'll give her the dowry without her working for it. The fountain in the square has dried up; lightning struck the pillory, and may every bad luck land there.

I await an answer to this and the decision about my going to court; and with this, God keep you for me more years than me, or as many, for I wouldn't want to leave you in this world without me.

Your wife,

Teresa Panza.

The letters were celebrated, laughed at, praised, and marveled at; and, to set the seal on it all, the courier arrived, the one bringing the letter Sancho was sending to Don Quixote, which was likewise read in public, and which cast doubt on the governor's foolishness.

The duchess withdrew to learn from the page what had happened to him in Sancho's village, and he told it to her at great length, leaving out no circumstance he did not relate; he gave her the acorns, and a cheese besides that Teresa had given him, as

being very good, which surpassed those of Tronchón. The duchess received it with the greatest pleasure, with which we will leave her, to tell the end that the government of the great Sancho Panza had, the flower and mirror of all governors of isles.

Chapter LIII. Of the toilsome end and conclusion that Sancho Panza's government had

"To think that the things of this life must last forever in one state is to think in vain; rather, it seems that life goes all in a round, I mean, round about: spring pursues the early summer, the early summer the high summer, the high summer the autumn, and autumn goes after winter, and winter in its turn after spring, and so time turns and goes on again with this continual wheel; human life alone runs to its end swifter than time, with no hope of being renewed unless it be in the other life, which has no bounds to limit it." This says Cide Hamete, the Muhammadan philosopher; for this matter of understanding the swiftness and instability of the present life, and the endurance of the eternal life we hope for, many without the lamp of faith, by natural light alone, have understood; but here our author says it on account of the speed with which Sancho's government was ended, consumed, undone, and went off as if in shadow and smoke.

For on the seventh night of the days of his government, as he lay in his bed, sated not with bread or wine but with judging and giving opinions and making statutes and decrees, just when sleep, in spite and despite of hunger, was beginning to close his eyelids, he heard so great a noise of bells and voices that it seemed nothing less than that the whole isle was sinking. He sat up in bed and stayed alert and listening, to see whether he could work out what could be the cause of so great an uproar; but not only did he fail to

find out, but, as the noise of voices and bells was joined by that of countless trumpets and drums, he was left more bewildered and full of fear and dread; and getting to his feet, he put on a pair of slippers, because of the damp floor, and, without putting on a dressing gown or anything like one, he went out to the door of his room, just in time to see more than twenty people coming along some galleries with lighted torches in their hands and with their swords unsheathed, all shouting at the top of their voices:

"To arms, to arms, lord governor, to arms! Countless enemies have entered the isle, and we are lost if your skill and valor do not come to our aid."

With this noise, fury, and uproar they came up to where Sancho stood, astounded and stupefied by what he heard and saw; and when they reached him, one said to him:

"Arm yourself at once, your lordship, unless you want to be lost and have this whole isle lost!"

"What should I arm myself for," answered Sancho, "and what do I know about arms or rescues? These things had better be left for my master Don Quixote, who'll dispatch them in two shakes and put them in safety; for I, as I'm a sinner before God, understand nothing of these hurries."

"Ah, lord governor!" said another. "What chill is this? Let your grace arm yourself, for here we bring you arms offensive and defensive, and come out into that square, and be our guide and our captain, for by right it falls to you to be so, being our governor."

"Arm me, then, and good luck to it," replied Sancho.

And at once they brought him two pavises, for they had come provided with them, and they put them on him over his shirt, without letting him put on any other clothes, one pavise in front and the other behind, and through some hollows they had made in them they brought his arms out, and they bound him up very

tightly with some cords, so that he was left walled in and boarded up, upright as a spindle, with no way to bend his knees or move so much as one step. They put a lance in his hands, on which he leaned so as to keep on his feet. When they had him like this, they told him to march, and to lead and encourage them all; for with him as their north star, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs would come to a good end.

"How am I to march, wretch that I am," answered Sancho, "when I can't work the kneecaps of my knees, because these boards I have sewn so tight to my flesh won't let me? What you must do is carry me in your arms and set me, crosswise or standing up, in some postern, and I'll guard it, either with this lance or with my body."

"Come on, lord governor," said another, "for it's fear more than the boards that keeps you from moving; have done with it and stir yourself, for it's late, and the enemies are growing, and the shouts are increasing, and the danger is pressing."

At which urging and abuse the poor governor tried to move, and the result was that he came down on the ground with such a great thump that he thought he had broken himself to pieces. He lay like a turtle shut up and covered in its shell, or like half a side of bacon put between two kneading troughs, or just like a boat that runs aground on the sand; and that jesting crowd had no compassion on him for seeing him fallen; rather, putting out the torches, they redoubled their shouts and repeated the "To arms!" with such great haste, trampling over poor Sancho and dealing him countless slashes on the pavises, that if he had not gathered himself in and shrunk down, drawing his head in between the pavises, the poor governor would have fared very badly; and he, huddled in that narrow space, sweated and sweated again, and with all his heart commended himself to God to bring him out of that danger.

Some stumbled over him, others fell, and there was one who stood on top of him for a good while, and from there, as from a watchtower, directed the armies, and in a great voice said:

"Here, our men, for on this side the enemy is pressing hardest! Guard that breach, shut that gate, bar those ladders! Bring fire pots, pitch and resin in caldrons of boiling oil! Barricade the streets with mattresses!"

In short, he named with all eagerness all the gear and the instruments and engines of war with which the assault on a city is usually repelled, and the battered Sancho, who listened to it all and suffered it all, said to himself:

"Oh, if only my Lord would be pleased to let this isle be lost for good and all, and I could see myself either dead or out of this great anguish!"

Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected it, he heard voices saying:

"Victory, victory! The enemies are giving way! Come, lord governor, let your grace get up and come and enjoy the conquest and share out the spoils that have been taken from the enemies by the valor of that invincible arm!"

"Lift me up," said the sorrowful Sancho in a sorrowing voice.

They helped him up, and once he was on his feet, he said:

"Any enemy I may have conquered, I want nailed to my forehead. I don't want to share out spoils of enemies, but to ask and beg some friend, if I have one, to give me a drink of wine, for I'm drying up, and to wipe off this sweat, for I'm turning to water."

They wiped him, brought him the wine, unbound the pavises; he sat down on his bed and fainted from fear, fright, and toil. The jesters were already sorry they had made the jest weigh so heavy; but Sancho's coming to himself tempered the regret his fainting had caused them. He asked what time it was; they answered that it was already dawn. He said nothing, and without another word he

began to dress, all buried in silence, and they all watched him and waited to see where the haste with which he was dressing would end. He dressed at last, and slowly, because he was battered and could not go very fast, he went to the stable, followed by all who were there, and going up to the gray, he embraced him and gave him a kiss of peace on the forehead, and, not without tears in his eyes, said to him:

"Come here, you, my companion and my friend, and fellow bearer of my toils and miseries: when I kept company with you and had no other thoughts than those the cares of mending your harness and feeding your little body gave me, my hours, my days, and my years were happy ones; but once I'd left you and climbed up onto the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand worries have gotten into my soul."

And while he was saying these words, he was likewise saddling the ass, with no one saying anything to him. The gray saddled, then, with great pain and sorrow he climbed onto him, and, directing his words and speech to the steward, the secretary, the table steward, and Pedro Recio the doctor, and to many others who were there present, he said:

"Make way, my lords, and let me return to the freedom I used to have; let me go and look for my past life, so it may raise me up from this present death. I wasn't born to be a governor, or to defend isles or cities from the enemies who might want to attack them. I know more about plowing and digging, pruning and layering vines, than about giving laws or defending provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is fine in Rome: I mean, each man is fine plying the trade he was born for. A sickle in my hand suits me better than a governor's scepter; I'd sooner stuff myself on gazpacho than live under the wretchedness of some meddling doctor who's starving me to death; and I'd rather lie down in the shade of an oak in sum-

mer and wrap up in a double-fleeced sheepskin in winter, in my freedom, than go to bed under the yoke of government between sheets of Holland linen and dress in sable furs. Your graces, God be with you, and tell the duke my lord that naked I was born, naked I am now: I neither lose nor gain; I mean, that I came into this government without a *blanca*, and without one I leave it, quite the reverse of how governors of other isles usually leave. And stand aside: let me go, for I'm off to get myself plastered; for I think all my ribs are bruised, thanks to the enemies who went strolling over me tonight."

"It must not be so, lord governor," said Doctor Recio, "for I will give your grace a draught against falls and batterings that will at once restore you to your pristine soundness and vigor; and as for meals, I promise your grace to mend my ways, letting you eat plentifully of whatever you like."

"Too late you cheep!" answered Sancho. "I'd as soon stay as turn Turk. These jests aren't for twice. By God, I'd as soon stay in this one, or take any other government, even if they served it up to me between two plates, as fly to heaven without wings. I'm of the line of the Panzas, who are all stubborn, and if once they say odds, odds it has to be, even if it's evens, in spite of the whole world. Let the ant's wings stay here in this stable, the ones that lifted me up into the air for swifts and other birds to eat me, and let's go back to walking on the ground with a level foot, for if it isn't adorned with pinked shoes of Córdoba leather, it won't lack rough rope sandals. Every ewe with her mate, and let no one stretch his leg farther than the sheet is long; and let me pass, for it's getting late."

To which the steward said:

"Lord governor, we would very gladly let your grace go, though we shall be very sorry to lose you, for your wit and your Christian conduct oblige us to wish for you; but it is well known that every governor is bound, before he leaves the place where he has gov-

erned, first to render an account of his term: let your grace render it for the ten days you have held the government, and go in God's peace."

"No one can ask it of me," answered Sancho, "except whoever the duke my lord appoints; I'm going to see him, and I'll render it to him to the letter; besides, since I leave naked, as I do, no other sign is needed to show that I've governed like an angel."

"By God, the great Sancho is right," said Doctor Recio, "and I am of the opinion that we should let him go, for the duke will be infinitely pleased to see him."

They all agreed to it, and let him go, first offering him company and everything he might want for the comfort of his person and the ease of his journey. Sancho said that he wanted nothing but a little barley for the gray and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; for since the road was so short, he had no need of a bigger or better larder. They all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced them all, and left them amazed, as much by his words as by his resolve, so firm and so sensible.

Chapter LIV. Which deals with things that concern this history, and no other

The duke and duchess resolved that the challenge Don Quixote had made to their vassal, for the reason already told, should go forward; and since the young man was in Flanders, where he had fled so as not to have Doña Rodríguez for a mother-in-law, they arranged to put in his place a Gascon lackey named Tosilos, first coaching him very thoroughly in everything he was to do.

Two days later the duke told Don Quixote that in four days' time his opponent would come and present himself in the field, armed as a knight, and would maintain that the damsel lied through half her beard, and even through the whole of it, if she claimed that he had given her his word of marriage. Don Quixote was greatly pleased by such news, and promised himself to work wonders in the matter, and counted it great good fortune that an occasion had offered itself in which those lords might see how far the valor of his mighty arm extended; and so, with glee and contentment, he waited out the four days, which, by the reckoning of his desire, were turning into four hundred centuries.

Let us let them pass, as we let other things pass, and go and keep company with Sancho, who, between glad and sad, was coming along on the gray in search of his master, whose company pleased him more than being governor of all the isles in the world.

It happened, then, that before he had gone very far from the isle of his government—for he never set himself to find out whether what he governed was an isle, a city, a town, or a village—

he saw coming along the road he was traveling six pilgrims with their staffs, of those foreigners who beg alms by singing, who, when they reached him, drew up in a line and, raising their voices all together, began to sing in their own tongue something Sancho could not understand, except for one word they pronounced clearly, *limosna*, from which he understood that it was alms they were asking for in their song; and since he, as Cide Hamete says, was exceedingly charitable, he took out of his saddlebags half a loaf and half a cheese, with which he had come provided, and gave it to them, making signs to them that this was all he had to give. They took it very willingly, and said:

"*Guelte! Guelte!*"

"I don't understand," answered Sancho, "what it is you're asking me for, good people."

Then one of them took a purse out of his bosom and showed it to Sancho, from which he understood that they were asking him for money; and he, putting his thumb to his throat and stretching his hand upward, gave them to understand that he had not a scrap of coin, and, spurring the gray, broke through them; and as he passed, one of them, who had been looking at him very closely, rushed at him, throwing his arms around his waist, and in a loud voice and very Castilian, said:

"God help me! What is this I see? Can it be that these arms of mine are holding my dear friend, my good neighbor Sancho Panza? Yes, I do, no doubt of it, because I'm neither asleep nor drunk just now."

Sancho was amazed to hear himself called by his name and to find himself embraced by the foreign pilgrim, and, after looking at him for a while very closely without saying a word, he still could not recognize him; but the pilgrim, seeing his bewilderment, said to him:

"What, and is it possible, brother Sancho Panza, that you don't know your neighbor Ricote the Morisco, the shopkeeper of your village?"

Then Sancho looked at him more closely and began to make out his features, and at last came to know him entirely, and without getting off his donkey he threw his arms around his neck and said to him:

"Who the devil would know you, Ricote, in that mummer's getup you're wearing? Tell me: who's made a Frenchy of you, and how do you have the nerve to come back to Spain, where if they catch you and know you you'll have mighty bad luck?"

"If you don't give me away, Sancho," answered the pilgrim, "I'm sure that in this getup there'll be nobody who knows me; and let's get off the road into that poplar grove you can see over there, where my companions want to eat and rest, and you'll eat with them there, for they're very easygoing people. I'll have time to tell you what's happened to me since I left our village, to obey His Majesty's edict, which threatened the unfortunates of my nation with such severity, as you heard."

Sancho did so, and, Ricote speaking to the other pilgrims, they went aside to the poplar grove that could be seen, well away from the highway. They threw down their staffs, took off their short capes or pilgrims' cloaks, and were left in their doublets, and they were all young and very fine-looking men, except Ricote, who was already a man well on in years. They all carried saddlebags, and all of these, as it turned out, came well provided, at least with things that provoke thirst and call it up from two leagues off.

They stretched out on the ground, and, making tablecloths of the grass, they laid on it bread, salt, knives, walnuts, slices of cheese, and bare ham bones that, if they would not let themselves be chewed, did not refuse to be sucked. They also set out a black food that they say is called caviar, and is made of fish eggs, a great

awakener of the wineskins. There was no lack of olives, dry, it is true, and without any dressing, but tasty and good for whiling away the time. But what made the bravest show on the field of that banquet were six wineskins, for each of them took his own out of his saddlebags; even the good Ricote, who had turned himself from a Morisco into a German, or a Teuton, took out his, which in size could compete with the other five.

They began to eat with the greatest relish and very slowly, savoring every mouthful, which they took up on the point of the knife, and only a very little of each thing, and then, all at once, all together, they raised their arms and their wineskins into the air; with their mouths set to the skins' mouths and their eyes nailed on the sky, it seemed nothing less than that they were taking aim at it; and in this way, wagging their heads from side to side, signs that vouched for the pleasure they were getting, they kept at it a good while, decanting the innards of the vessels into their stomachs.

Sancho watched it all, and was grieved by none of it; rather, to comply with the proverb, which he knew very well, of "when you go to Rome, do as you see done," he asked Ricote for the wineskin, and took his aim like the rest, and with no less relish than they.

Four times the wineskins allowed themselves to be tipped up; but the fifth was not possible, because by then they were drier and more shriveled than esparto grass, a thing that withered the merriment they had shown until then. Every so often one of them would join his right hand with Sancho's and say:

"*Español y tudesqui, tuto uno: bon compaño*" (Spaniard and German, all one: a boon companion).

And Sancho would answer: *Bon compaño, jura Di!* (boon companion, by God!)

And he would burst into a laugh that lasted him an hour, without remembering at the time anything of what had happened to him in his government; for over the time and the while when one

eats and drinks, cares are apt to have little jurisdiction. At last, the wine's running out was the beginning of a sleep that came over them all, and they dropped off on their very tables and tablecloths; only Ricote and Sancho stayed awake, because they had done more eating than drinking; and Ricote, taking Sancho off to one side, they sat down at the foot of a beech tree, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet sleep; and Ricote, without stumbling once into his Morisco tongue, spoke the following words to him in pure Castilian:

"You know well, O Sancho Panza, my neighbor and friend, how the proclamation and edict His Majesty ordered published against those of my nation struck terror and dread into all of us; in me, at least, it struck them in such a way that it seems to me that, before the time granted us for taking ourselves out of Spain, I already had the full rigor of the penalty carried out on my person and on my children's. I arranged, then, prudently as it seemed to me, just like a man who knows that by a certain time they will take from him the house he lives in, and provides himself with another to move to; I arranged, I say, to leave my village alone, without my family, and go and look for a place to take them in comfort and without the haste in which the others left; because I saw clearly, and all our elders saw, that those proclamations were not mere threats, as some said, but true laws, which were to be put into execution at their appointed time; and I was forced to believe this truth by knowing the vile and reckless designs our people had, and such that it seems to me it was divine inspiration that moved His Majesty to put into effect so gallant a resolution, not because we were all guilty, for some were firm and true Christians; but they were so few that they could not stand against those who were not, and it was not well to rear the serpent in one's bosom, keeping enemies inside the house. In short, with just reason we were punished with the penalty of exile, mild and gentle in the opinion of

some, but in ours the most terrible that could be given us. Wherever we may be, it is for Spain that we weep, for, when all is said, we were born in it and it is our natural homeland; nowhere do we find the welcome our misfortune longs for, and in Barbary, and in all the parts of Africa, where we hoped to be received, welcomed, and made much of, that is where they offend and mistreat us most. We did not know our blessing until we lost it; and so great is the longing nearly all of us have to return to Spain that most of those, and they are many, who know the language as I do come back to it, and leave their wives and children there forsaken: so great is the love they bear it; and now I know and feel by experience what people are wont to say: that sweet is the love of one's homeland. I left our village, as I say, and went into France, and though they gave us a good welcome there, I wanted to see everything. I went on to Italy and reached Germany, and there it seemed to me one could live with more freedom, because its inhabitants do not look into many niceties: each one lives as he pleases, because in most of it people live with freedom of conscience. I left a house rented in a village near Augsburg; I joined these pilgrims, many of whom are in the habit of coming to Spain every year to visit its shrines, which they look on as their Indies, and as a most certain trade and known profit. They travel over nearly the whole of it, and there is no village they do not leave fed and watered, as the saying goes, and with a real, at least, in money, and at the end of their journey they come away with more than a hundred escudos to spare, which, changed into gold, either in the hollow of their staffs or among the patches of their cloaks, or by whatever cunning they can, they take out of the kingdom and get across to their own lands, in spite of the guards at the posts and ports where they are searched. Now, Sancho, my intention is to take out the treasure I left buried, which, since it is outside the village, I shall be able to do without danger, and to write to, or cross

over from Valencia to, my daughter and my wife, who I know is in Algiers, and find a way to bring them to some port in France, and from there take them to Germany, where we will wait for whatever God may please to do with us; for, in short, Sancho, I know for certain that my daughter the Ricota and my wife Francisca Ricota are Catholic Christians, and though I am less of one, still I have more of the Christian than of the Moor, and I always pray God to open the eyes of my understanding and make known to me how I am to serve him. And what has me amazed is not knowing why my wife and daughter went to Barbary rather than to France, where she could live as a Christian."

To which Sancho answered:

"Look, Ricote, that can't have been in their hands, because Juan Tiopieyo, your wife's brother, took them; and since he must be a thoroughgoing Moor, he went where things were best set up; and I can tell you something else: I think you're going in vain to look for what you left shut away; because we had news that they took a lot of pearls and a lot of money in gold from your brother-in-law and your wife, which they were carrying undeclared."

"That may well be," replied Ricote, "but I know, Sancho, that they didn't touch my hoard, because I didn't reveal to them where it was, for fear of some mishap; and so, Sancho, if you'll come with me and help me dig it up and hide it, I'll give you two hundred escudos, with which you can relieve your needs, for you know that I know you have plenty of them."

"I would do it," answered Sancho, "but I'm not a bit greedy; for if I were, I let an office slip out of my hands this morning in which I could have made the walls of my house of gold and been eating off silver plates within six months; and so, for this reason as well as because it seems to me I'd be betraying my king by giving aid to his enemies, I wouldn't go with you, even if, instead of the two

hundred escudos you promise me, you gave me four hundred cash down right here."

"And what office is it you've given up, Sancho?" asked Ricote.

"I've given up being governor of an isle," answered Sancho, "and such an isle that, on my faith, they won't find another like it in a hurry."

"And where is this isle?" asked Ricote.

"Where?" answered Sancho. "Two leagues from here, and it's called the isle of Barataria."

"Hush, Sancho," said Ricote, "for isles are out there in the sea; there are no isles on the mainland."

"Why not?" replied Sancho. "I tell you, Ricote my friend, that I left it this morning, and yesterday I was in it governing at my pleasure, like a Sagittarius; but for all that, I've left it, because the governor's trade seemed a dangerous one to me."

"And what have you gained by the government?" asked Ricote.

"I've gained," answered Sancho, "the knowledge that I'm no good for governing, unless it's a herd of cattle, and that the riches that are gained in such governments are gained at the cost of losing rest and sleep, and even food; because on isles governors must eat little, especially if they have doctors looking after their health."

"I don't understand you, Sancho," said Ricote, "but it seems to me that everything you say is nonsense; for who would give you isles to govern? Were there no men in the world better fitted to be governors than you are? Hush, Sancho, and come to your senses, and see whether you'll come with me, as I've told you, to help me dig up the treasure I left hidden; for truly it's so great that it can be called a treasure, and I'll give you enough to live on, as I've told you."

"I've already told you, Ricote," replied Sancho, "that I won't; be content that you won't be given away by me, and go on your way

and good luck to you, and let me go on mine; for I know that the well-gotten is lost, and the ill-gotten, both it and its owner."

"I won't press it, Sancho," said Ricote, "but tell me: were you in our village when my wife, my daughter, and my brother-in-law left it?"

"Yes, I was," answered Sancho, "and I can tell you your daughter came out looking so lovely that everyone in the village came out to see her, and all of them said she was the most beautiful creature in the world. She went weeping and embracing all her friends and acquaintances, and all who came up to see her, and she asked them all to commend her to God and to Our Lady his mother; and this with so much feeling that it made me weep, and I'm not much given to weeping. And on my faith, many had a mind to hide her and go out and take her from them on the road; but the fear of going against the king's order held them back. The one who showed himself most stricken was Don Pedro Gregorio, that rich young heir to an entailed estate whom you know, who they say loved her dearly, and since she left he has never been seen again in our village, and we all think he went after her to carry her off; but so far nothing has been heard."

"I always had an uneasy suspicion," said Ricote, "that that gentleman was sweet on my daughter; but, trusting in my Ricota's virtue, it never troubled me to know that he loved her; for you'll have heard it said, Sancho, that Morisco women seldom or never mixed in love with Old Christians, and my daughter, who, as far as I believe, cared more about being a Christian than about being in love, would pay no heed to the courting of that young heir."

"God grant it," replied Sancho, "for it would go ill with them both. And let me leave here, Ricote my friend, for I want to get tonight to where my master Don Quixote is."

"God go with you, brother Sancho, for my companions are already stirring, and it's time for us too to go on our way."

And then the two embraced, and Sancho mounted his gray, and Ricote leaned on his staff, and they parted.

Chapter LV. Of things that happened to Sancho on the road, and others that are simply worth seeing

Sancho's having lingered with Ricote did not allow him to reach the duke's castle that day, though he got to within half a league of it, where night overtook him, somewhat dark and overcast; but since it was summer, this did not trouble him much; and so he went off the road, meaning to wait for morning; and his scant and luckless fortune would have it that, as he looked for a place where he could best settle himself, he and the gray fell into a deep and very dark pit that lay among some very ancient buildings, and as he fell he commended himself to God with all his heart, thinking he would not stop until he reached the bottom of the abyss. And it was not so, because at little more than three times a man's height the gray touched bottom, and Sancho found himself on top of him without having received any hurt or harm.

He felt himself all over and caught his breath, to see whether he was sound or holed somewhere; and finding himself well, whole, and in Catholic health, he could not have his fill of giving thanks to God our Lord for the mercy he had shown him, because he had surely thought he was broken into a thousand pieces. He likewise felt with his hands along the walls of the pit, to see whether it would be possible to get out of it without anyone's help; but he found them all smooth and without any handhold, at which Sancho was greatly distressed, especially when he heard the gray moaning tenderly and piteously; and it was no wonder, nor was he

complaining out of mere habit, for, in truth, he was not in very good shape.

"Ah," said Sancho Panza then, "and what unthought-of happenings keep happening, at every step, to us who live in this miserable world! Who would have said that the man who yesterday saw himself enthroned governor of an isle, giving orders to his servants and his vassals, would today find himself buried in a pit, with no one at all to help him, nor servant nor vassal to come to his aid? Here my donkey and I will have to perish of hunger, unless we die first, he of being battered and broken, and I of grief. At least I won't be as lucky as my master Don Quixote of La Mancha was when he went down and descended into the cave of that enchanted Montesinos, where he found someone to treat him better than in his own house, for it seems nothing less than that he went to a table laid and a bed made. There he saw beautiful and pleasant visions, and here I'll see, as I believe, toads and snakes. Unhappy me, and what my follies and fancies have come to! From here they'll take out my bones, when heaven is pleased to let them be found, bare, white, and scraped, and those of my good gray with them, by which perhaps it will be seen who we are, at least by those who know that Sancho Panza never left his ass, nor his ass Sancho Panza. Again I say: wretched us, for our scant luck hasn't seen fit to have us die in our homeland with our own folk around us, where, even if our misfortune found no remedy, there would be no lack of someone to grieve for it, and to close our eyes in the last hour of our passing! O my companion and my friend, what a poor reward I've given you for your good services! Forgive me, and ask fortune, in the best way you know, to get us out of this miserable trouble the two of us have been put in; and I promise to set a crown of laurel on your head, so that you'll look nothing less than a poet laureate, and to give you double feed."

In this way Sancho Panza lamented, and his donkey listened to him without answering him a single word: such was the straits and anguish the poor beast was in. At last, after spending that whole night in miserable complaints and lamentations, the day came, by whose clearness and brightness Sancho saw that it was impossible, of all impossibility, to get out of that well without being helped, and he began to lament and shout, to see whether anyone could hear him; but all his shouts were shouted in the wilderness, for in all those parts there was no one who could hear him, and then he gave himself up for dead altogether.

The gray was lying on his back, and Sancho Panza worked him around so that he set him on his feet, though he could hardly stand; and, taking out of the saddlebags, which had also shared the same fortune of the fall, a piece of bread, he gave it to his donkey, who did not find it bad, and Sancho said to him, as if he understood:

"With bread, all griefs are good."

At this point he found on one side of the pit a hole big enough for a person to get through if he stooped and crouched. Sancho Panza went to it, and, squatting down, he went in through it and saw that on the inside it was roomy and long, and he could see it, because through what could be called the roof came a ray of sunlight that showed it all. He saw too that it widened and stretched away into another roomy hollow; seeing which, he went back out to where the donkey was, and with a stone he began to break away the earth of the hole, so that in a short while he made room enough for the ass to get in easily, as he did; and, taking him by the halter, he began to walk on along that grotto, to see whether he could find some way out on the other side. Sometimes he went in the dark, and sometimes without light, but never once without fear.

"God almighty help me!" he said to himself. "This, which for me is a misadventure, would be better as an adventure for my master Don Quixote. He'd certainly take these depths and dungeons for flowering gardens and palaces of Galiana, and expect to come out of this darkness and narrowness into some flowering meadow; but I, luckless, short of counsel and shrunken of courage, at every step think that under my feet, all of a sudden, another pit deeper than the last is going to open and finish swallowing me. Welcome, misfortune, if you come alone!"

In this way and with these thoughts it seemed to him that he must have walked a little more than half a league, at the end of which he made out a dim light, which seemed to be daylight already, coming in somewhere, which gave a sign that the road, for him a road to the other life, had an open end.

Here Cide Hamete Benengeli leaves him, and turns again to deal with Don Quixote, who, gleeful and content, was waiting for the appointed day of the battle he was to fight with the robber of the honor of Doña Rodríguez's daughter, for whom he meant to right the wrong, the foul wrong, that had been wickedly done her.

It happened, then, that, going out one morning to practice and rehearse what he would have to do in the encounter in which he expected to find himself the next day, he gave Rocinante a short dash or charge, and brought his feet so close to a cave that, had he not pulled hard on the reins, it would have been impossible for him not to fall into it. At last he stopped him and did not fall, and, going a little closer, without dismounting, he looked down into that depth; and as he was looking into it, he heard loud shouts inside; and, listening attentively, he was able to make out and understand that the one shouting was saying:

"Hello up there! Is there any Christian who hears me, or any charitable knight who will take pity on a sinner buried alive, an unhappy ungoverned governor?"

It seemed to Don Quixote that he was hearing Sancho Panza's voice, at which he was left astounded and amazed, and, raising his voice as loud as he could, he said:

"Who is down there? Who is it that complains?"

"Who can be here, or who should be complaining," came the answer, "but the much-harried Sancho Panza, governor, for his sins and his ill fortune, of the isle of Barataria, formerly squire to the famous knight Don Quixote of La Mancha?"

On hearing this, Don Quixote's wonder was doubled and his amazement grew, for it came into his mind that Sancho Panza must be dead, and that his soul was there doing its penance, and carried away by this fancy he said:

"I conjure you by everything by which I can conjure you as a Catholic Christian to tell me who you are; and if you are a soul in torment, tell me what you would have me do for you; for since it is my profession to favor and succor the needy of this world, I will be the same in succoring and helping the needy of the other world, who cannot help themselves."

"In that case," came the answer, "your grace who is speaking to me must be my master Don Quixote of La Mancha, and even by the organ of the voice it can be no one else, no doubt of it."

"Don Quixote I am," replied Don Quixote, "he who professes to succor and help the living and the dead in their needs. So tell me who you are, for you have me astounded; because if you are my squire Sancho Panza, and have died, provided the devils have not carried you off and you are, by the mercy of God, in purgatory, our Holy Mother the Roman Catholic Church has suffrages enough to bring you out of the pains you are in, and I for my part will solicit them from her with as much as my estate will run to; so finish declaring yourself, and tell me who you are."

"I swear," came the answer, "and by the birth of whoever your grace pleases, I swear, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, that I am

your squire Sancho Panza, and that I've never died in all the days of my life; but that, having left my government for things and causes that need more room to be told, last night I fell into this pit where I lie, and the gray with me, who won't let me lie, for, to give you a further sign, he's here with me."

And there is more: for it seems nothing less than that the donkey understood what Sancho said, because then and there he started braying, and so loud that it echoed through the whole cave.

"A famous witness!" said Don Quixote. "I know that bray as if I had given birth to it, and I hear your voice, my Sancho. Wait for me; I will go to the duke's castle, which is near here, and bring someone to get you out of this pit, where your sins must have put you."

"Go, your grace," said Sancho, "and come back soon, for the one God's sake, for I can't bear being buried alive here any longer, and I'm dying of fear."

Don Quixote left him, and went off to the castle to give the duke and duchess an account of Sancho Panza's mishap, at which they marveled not a little, though they well understood that he must have fallen in through the passage that led from that grotto, which had been made there from time immemorial; but they could not think how he had left the government without their having had notice of his coming. At last, as they say, they took ropes and cables; and, at the cost of many people and much toil, they brought the gray and Sancho Panza out of that darkness into the light of the sun. A student saw him and said:

"This is how all bad governors ought to come out of their governments, as this sinner is coming out of the depths of the abyss: starved, pale, and without a *blanca*, as I believe."

Sancho heard him, and said:

"It's eight or ten days ago, brother backbiter, that I went in to govern the isle they gave me, in which I never once had my fill of bread, not for a single hour; in them doctors have persecuted me and enemies have trampled my bones; nor have I had a chance to take bribes or to collect fees; and this being so, as it is, I didn't deserve, in my opinion, to come out like this; but man proposes and God disposes, and God knows what's best and what suits each one; and as the times, so the touch; and let no one say 'of this water I will not drink,' for where you think there's bacon, there isn't even a peg to hang it on; and God understands me, and that's enough, and I say no more, though I could."

"Don't be angry, Sancho, or take it to heart, whatever you hear, for that would be never to finish: come you with a clear conscience, and let them say what they will; and as for tying the tongues of slanderers, who can put gates on the open country? If the governor comes out of his government rich, they say of him that he was a thief, and if he comes out poor, that he was a good-for-nothing and a fool."

"For certain," answered Sancho, "this time they'll sooner take me for a fool than for a thief."

With this talk they arrived, surrounded by boys and many other people, at the castle, where in some galleries the duke and duchess were already waiting for Don Quixote and Sancho, who refused to go up and see the duke before he had settled the gray in the stable, because he said he had spent a very bad night at his lodging; and then he went up to see his lord and lady, before whom, on his knees, he said:

"My lords, because your greatness so willed it, with no merit of mine, I went to govern your isle of Barataria, into which I went naked, and naked I am now: I neither lose nor gain. Whether I've governed well or badly, I've had witnesses before me, who will say what they like. I've cleared up doubts and sentenced lawsuits,

always starving, because Doctor Pedro Recio, native of Tirteafuera, physician isle-ish and governorish, would have it so. Enemies attacked us by night, and after putting us in a great fix, the people of the isle say they came out free and victorious through the valor of my arm, and God grant them health in the same measure as they're telling the truth. In short, in this time I've sized up the burdens and the obligations that governing brings with it, and I've found by my own reckoning that my shoulders won't be able to carry them, nor are they a weight for my ribs, nor arrows from my quiver; and so, before the government could run me aground, I chose to run the government aground, and yesterday morning I left the isle the way I found it: its streets, houses, and roofs the same as on the day I went into it. I haven't borrowed from anyone, or gone in for moneymaking; and though I meant to make some profitable ordinances, I made none, for fear they wouldn't be kept: for making them or not making them comes to the same. I left the isle, as I say, with no other retinue than my gray; I fell into a pit, I went on along it, until this morning I caught sight of the way out by the sunlight, but not so easy that, if heaven hadn't sent me my master Don Quixote, I wouldn't have stayed there till the end of the world. So, my lords duke and duchess, here is your governor Sancho Panza, who in the mere ten days he's held the government has earned the knowledge that he wouldn't give a thing to be governor, not of one isle, but of the whole world; and with this understood, kissing your graces' feet, and imitating the boys' game in which they say 'You jump, and you hand it to me,' I take a jump out of the government and pass over to the service of my master Don Quixote; for after all, with him, though I eat my bread in a fright, at least I get my fill, and for me, so long as I'm full, it's all one whether it's carrots or partridges."

With this Sancho brought his long speech to an end, Don Quixote fearing all the while that he would say thousands of

absurdities in it; and when he saw him finish with so few, he gave thanks to heaven in his heart, and the duke embraced Sancho and told him he was sorry to the soul that he had left the government so soon; but that he would see to it that he was given another office on his estate, of less burden and more profit. The duchess likewise embraced him, and ordered that he be well looked after, because he showed signs of having come back badly battered and in worse shape.

Chapter LVI. Of the monstrous and never-seen battle that took place between Don Quixote of La Mancha and the lackey Tosilos, in defense of the daughter of the duenna Doña Rodríguez

The duke and duchess did not repent of the jest played on Sancho Panza with the government they had given him; all the more since that very day their steward came and told them, point by point, nearly all the words and actions Sancho had said and done in those days, and at last he made much of the assault on the isle, and Sancho's fear, and his departure, at which they took no small pleasure.

After this, the history tells, the day of the appointed battle arrived, and the duke, having warned his lackey Tosilos once and very many times over how he was to deal with Don Quixote so as to defeat him without killing or wounding him, ordered the iron heads to be taken off the lances, telling Don Quixote that the Christian spirit on which he prided himself did not permit that battle to put lives at such risk and hazard, and that he should be content that he was giving him a free field on his land, though it went against the decree of the Holy Council that forbids such challenges, and should not wish to carry so hard an encounter to the utmost rigor.

Don Quixote said that His Excellency might arrange the matters of that business as he best pleased; that he would obey him in

everything. The dreadful day having come, then, and the duke having ordered a spacious stand to be built before the courtyard of the castle, where the judges of the field and the duennas, mother and daughter, the plaintiffs, were to sit, a countless crowd had come from all the surrounding towns and villages to see the novelty of that battle; for nothing like it had ever been seen or heard tell of in that land, either by those living or by those who had died.

The first to enter the field and the lists was the master of ceremonies, who sounded out the field and walked over all of it, so that there should be no trick in it, nor anything hidden that one might stumble over and fall; then the duennas came in and sat down in their seats, covered with their mantles to the eyes and even to the breast, with signs of no small grief. Don Quixote being present in the lists, shortly afterward, accompanied by many trumpets, there appeared on one side of the courtyard, on a powerful horse, shaking the whole place, the great lackey Tosilos, his visor down and all stiff and braced in a suit of strong and shining armor. The horse looked to be a Frisian, broad and dapple-gray; from each forefoot and hind foot hung an arroba of wool.

The valiant combatant came well instructed by the duke his lord in how he was to behave with the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, warned that he was by no means to kill him, but to try to avoid the first encounter so as to escape the danger of his death, which was certain if he met him full on. He paraded around the courtyard, and, coming to where the duennas were, he stopped a little to look at the one who was asking for him as a husband. The master of the field called Don Quixote, who had already presented himself in the courtyard, and together with Tosilos spoke to the duennas, asking them whether they consented that Don Quixote of La Mancha should take up the defense of their right. They said yes, and that whatever he might do in that case they held as well done, binding, and valid.

By this time the duke and duchess were seated in a gallery that overlooked the lists, all of which was crowned with a countless crowd waiting to see the harsh and never-seen encounter. It was a condition of the combatants that if Don Quixote won, his opponent was to marry Doña Rodríguez's daughter; and if he were beaten, his adversary was free of the word that was being claimed from him, without giving any other satisfaction.

The master of ceremonies divided the sun between them and put each of the two in the place where he was to stand. The drums sounded, the blare of the trumpets filled the air, the earth trembled underfoot; the hearts of the watching throng were in suspense, some fearing and others hoping for the good or bad outcome of that affair. At last Don Quixote, who had commended himself wholeheartedly to God our Lord and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, was waiting for the exact signal to charge to be given him; our lackey, however, had different thoughts: he was thinking of nothing but what I will now tell:

It seems that when he was looking at his enemy, she struck him as the most beautiful woman he had seen in all his life, and the little blind boy whom people commonly call Love in the streets would not lose the chance that offered itself of triumphing over a lackeyish soul and putting it on the list of his trophies; and so, stealing up to him prettily, without anyone seeing him, he thrust into the poor lackey's left side an arrow two yards long, and ran him through the heart from side to side; and he could do it in perfect safety, because Love is invisible, and comes and goes where he pleases, with no one calling him to account for his deeds.

I say, then, that when they gave the signal to charge, our lackey was transported, thinking of the beauty of the one whom he had already made mistress of his freedom, and so he paid no heed to the sound of the trumpet, as Don Quixote did, who had scarcely heard it when he charged and, at the fullest gallop Rocinante

allowed, set off against his enemy; and his good squire Sancho, seeing him set off, cried out in a loud voice:

"God guide you, cream and flower of knights-errant! God give you the victory, for you have right on your side!"

And though Tosilos saw Don Quixote coming at him, he did not stir a step from his place; rather, in a loud voice, he called the master of the field, who came to see what he wanted, and to whom he said:

"Sir, isn't this battle being fought over whether I marry, or don't marry, that lady?"

"That is so," came the answer.

"Well, I," said the lackey, "am fearful for my conscience, and I would lay a great weight on it if I went on with this battle; and so I say that I yield myself beaten and that I want to marry that lady at once."

The master of the field was amazed at Tosilos's words; and since he was one of those in the secret of the contrivance of that affair, he could not find a word to answer him. Don Quixote stopped halfway through his charge, seeing that his enemy was not attacking him. The duke did not know the reason why the battle was not going forward, but the master of the field went and explained to him what Tosilos was saying, at which he was left in suspense and extremely angry.

While this was going on, Tosilos went up to where Doña Rodríguez was, and said in a loud voice:

"I, madam, want to marry your daughter, and I don't want to get by lawsuits or fights what I can get in peace and without danger of death."

The valiant Don Quixote heard this, and said:

"Since this is so, I am free and released from my promise: let them marry, and good luck to them, and since God our Lord gave her to him, may Saint Peter bless her for him."

The duke had come down into the courtyard of the castle, and, going up to Tosilos, said to him:

"Is it true, sir knight, that you yield yourself beaten, and that, urged on by your fearful conscience, you wish to marry this damsel?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tosilos.

"He's doing very right," said Sancho Panza at this point, "because what you have to give the mouse, give to the cat, and it'll rid you of care."

Tosilos was busy unlacing his helmet, and begged them to help him quickly, because the spirits of his breath were failing him, and he could not bear to be shut up so long in the narrowness of that lodging. They took it off quickly, and his lackey's face was left uncovered and plain to see. Seeing which, Doña Rodríguez and her daughter, raising a great outcry, said:

"This is a fraud, a fraud is this! They've put Tosilos, the lackey of the duke my lord, in the place of my true husband! Justice from God and the King against such malice, not to say knavery!"

"Be not in woe, ladies," said Don Quixote, "for this is neither malice nor knavery; or if it is, the cause has not been the duke, but the wicked enchanters who persecute me, who, envious that I should win the glory of this victory, have changed your husband's face into that of this man you say is the duke's lackey. Take my advice, and in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry him, for he is without a doubt the very man you desire to win as a husband."

The duke, who heard this, was on the point of bursting all his anger into laughter, and said:

"The things that happen to Señor Don Quixote are so extraordinary that I am inclined to believe this lackey of mine is not one; but let us use this stratagem and device: let us put off the marriage for a fortnight, if they like, and keep this personage who has us in doubt shut up, during which time it might be that he returns to his

pristine shape; for the rancor the enchanters bear Señor Don Quixote cannot last so long, all the more since they gain so little by using these deceptions and transformations."

"Oh, sir!" said Sancho. "These miscreants have made it their use and custom to change things that concern my master from one into another. A knight he defeated the other day, called the Knight of the Mirrors, they changed so he looked like the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, a native of our village and a great friend of ours, and my lady Dulcinea del Toboso they've turned into a rustic village girl; and so I imagine this lackey is going to die and live a lackey all the days of his life."

To which Rodríguez's daughter said:

"Be he whoever he may, this man who asks for me as his wife, I thank him for it; for I would rather be the lawful wife of a lackey than the mistress and dupe of a gentleman, though the one who deceived me is no gentleman."

In short, all these tales and happenings came to this, that Tosilos was to be kept in seclusion until it could be seen where his transformation would end; they all acclaimed the victory as Don Quixote's, and most of them were left sad and downcast at seeing that the so long-awaited combatants had not hacked each other to pieces, just as boys are left sad when the hanged man they have been waiting for fails to appear, because either the injured party or the law has pardoned him. The people went away, the duke and Don Quixote went back to the castle, they shut Tosilos up, and Doña Rodríguez and her daughter were left most content at seeing that, one way or another, that affair was bound to end in marriage, and Tosilos hoped for no less.

Chapter LVII. Which deals with how Don Quixote took his leave of the duke, and of what befell him with the witty and forward Altisidora, the duchess's damsel

By now it seemed to Don Quixote that it was right to leave behind so much idleness as he was living in at that castle; for he imagined that his person was greatly missed while he let himself stay shut up and slothful among the countless comforts and delights that those lords and ladies lavished on him as a knight-errant, and it seemed to him that he would have to give a strict account to heaven for that idleness and seclusion; and so one day he begged leave of the duke and duchess to depart. They gave it to him, with signs that it grieved them greatly that he was leaving them. The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, and he wept over them, and said:

"Who would have thought that hopes as great as those the news of my government bred in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza were to end in my going back now to the dragged-out adventures of my master Don Quixote of La Mancha? For all that, I'm glad to see that my Teresa lived up to who she is by sending the acorns to the duchess; for if she hadn't sent them, she'd have shown herself ungrateful, and I'd have been sorry for it. What comforts me is that this gift can't be given the name of a bribe, because I already had the government when she sent them, and it stands to reason that those who receive some kindness should show themselves grateful, even if it's with trifles. In effect, naked I

went into the government and naked I leave it; and so I can say with a clear conscience, which is no small thing: 'Naked I was born, naked I am now: I neither lose nor gain.'"

This was what Sancho was turning over to himself on the day of departure; and Don Quixote, having taken his leave of the duke and duchess the night before, came out one morning and presented himself in armor in the courtyard of the castle. All the people of the castle watched him from the galleries, and the duke and duchess also came out to watch him. Sancho was on his gray, with his saddlebags, his valise, and his provisions, as happy as could be, because the duke's steward, the one who had been the Trifaldi, had handed him a small purse holding two hundred gold escudos, to meet the needs of the road, and this Don Quixote did not yet know.

While, as has been said, they were all watching him, all of a sudden, from among the other duennas and damsels of the duchess who were watching him, the forward and witty Altisidora raised her voice and in a doleful tone said:

“Listen to me, you wicked knight;
rein your horse in for a while;
do not weary out the flanks
of your ill-commanded beast.
Look, false one, you are not fleeing
from some savage serpent’s fangs,
but from a little lamb
who is a long way from a ewe.
You have deceived, you hideous monster,
the loveliest of damsels
that Diana saw upon her mountains,
that Venus looked on in her woods.
Cruel Vireno, fugitive Aeneas,
Barabbas go with you; settle it there yourself.
You carry off, O impious carrying,
in the talons of your claws
the heart of a humble maiden,
tender as a girl in love.
You carried off three kerchiefs
and a pair of garters, from legs
that are the equal of pure marble
in smoothness, white and black.
You carried off two thousand sighs,
which, if they had been of fire,
could have burned two thousand Troys,
if two thousand Troys there were.
Cruel Vireno, fugitive Aeneas,
Barabbas go with you; settle it there yourself.

As for that Sancho, your squire,
may his bowels be so stubborn
and so hard that Dulcinea
never comes out of her enchantment.
For the fault that lies with you
let the sad lady bear the pain;
for here at home it can befall
that sometimes the just pay for the sinners.
May your finest adventures
turn into misadventures,
your pastimes into dreams,
your constancy into forgetting.
Cruel Vireno, fugitive Aeneas,
Barabbas go with you; settle it there yourself.
May you be held a faithless man
from Seville to Marchena,
from Granada as far as Loja,
from London to England.
If you play at *reinado*,
at *cientos*, or at *primera*,
may the kings all fly from you;
may you see no aces and no sevens.
If you ever cut your corns,
may the cuts gush out with blood,
and may the stumps stay in your gums
if you ever have your molars pulled.
Cruel Vireno, fugitive Aeneas,
Barabbas go with you; settle it there yourself."

While the stricken Altisidora was complaining in the manner described, Don Quixote kept looking at her, and, without answering her a word, he turned his face to Sancho and said to him:

"By the souls of your forebears, my Sancho, I conjure you to tell me one truth. Tell me, are you by any chance carrying off the three kerchiefs and the garters this enamored damsel speaks of?"

To which Sancho answered:

"The three kerchiefs, yes, I've got; but the garters have as much to do with me as the hills of Úbeda."

The duchess was amazed at Altisidora's forwardness, for though she took her for bold, witty, and forward, it was not to the point of daring such liberties; and since she had not been warned of this jest, her amazement grew. The duke wanted to strengthen the joke, and said:

"It does not seem right to me, sir knight, that, having received in this castle of mine the good welcome that has been given you here, you should have dared to carry off three kerchiefs at the least, if not, at the most, my damsel's garters; these are signs of a bad heart and tokens that do not match your fame. Give her back the garters; if not, I challenge you to mortal combat, with no fear that miscreant enchanters will turn or change my face, as they have done that of Tosilos my lackey, the one who entered into battle with you."

"God forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should unsheathe my sword against your most illustrious person, from whom I have received so many favors; the kerchiefs I will return, for Sancho says he has them; the garters are impossible, because neither have I received them, nor he either; and if this damsel of yours will look in her hiding places, she will surely find them. I, lord duke, have never been a thief, nor do I mean to be one in all my life, so long as God does not let me slip from his hand. This damsel speaks, as she says, as one in love, for which I am not to blame; and so I have no

reason to ask pardon either of her or of Your Excellency, whom I beg to hold me in a better opinion, and to give me leave once more to go on my way."

"May God give you so good a one, Señor Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that the news we hear of your exploits may always be good. And go with God; for the longer you stay, the more you increase the fire in the breasts of the damsels who look at you; and as for mine, I will punish her so that from now on she does not run wild with her eyes or her words."

"Only one word more I want you to hear from me, O valiant Don Quixote!" said Altisidora then. "And it is that I beg your pardon for the theft of the garters, because, by God and by my soul, I have them on, and I've fallen into the carelessness of the man who went looking for the ass he was riding."

"Didn't I say so?" said Sancho. "A fine one I am for covering up thefts! Why, if I'd wanted to commit them, the chance came to me on a plate in my government."

Don Quixote bowed his head and made a reverence to the duke and duchess and to all those present, and, turning Rocinante's reins, with Sancho following him on the gray, he rode out of the castle, setting his course for Zaragoza.

Chapter LVIII. Which deals with how adventures came crowding upon Don Quixote so thick that they left one another no room

When Don Quixote found himself in the open country, free and rid of Altisidora's amorous advances, he felt he was in his element, and that his spirits were renewed for pursuing afresh the business of his chivalries, and, turning to Sancho, he said to him:

"Freedom, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that the heavens have given to men; the treasures the earth holds and the sea conceals cannot equal it; for freedom, as for honor, one can and should venture one's life, and, on the other hand, captivity is the greatest evil that can come upon men. I say this, Sancho, because you have seen very well the luxury and plenty we have had in this castle we are leaving; well, in the midst of those savory banquets and those snow-cooled drinks, it seemed to me that I was shut up in the straits of hunger, because I did not enjoy them with the freedom with which I would have enjoyed them had they been my own; for the obligation to repay benefits and favors received is a bond that does not let the free spirit range at large. Happy the man to whom heaven has given a piece of bread, with no obligation to thank anyone for it but heaven itself!"

"For all that your grace has told me," said Sancho, "it isn't right for two hundred gold escudos to go without thanks on our part, which the duke's steward gave me in a little purse, and which I carry on my heart like a poultice and a cordial, for whatever may

come up; for we won't always find castles where they treat us well, and now and then we'll run into some inns where they beat us."

With these and other discourses the errant pair, knight and squire, were going along, when, after traveling little more than a league, they saw that on the grass of a little green meadow, on top of their cloaks, as many as a dozen men dressed as farmers were eating. Beside them they had what looked like white sheets, with which they were covering something underneath; these stood up on end and lay stretched out, and were set at intervals. Don Quixote went up to those who were eating, and, first greeting them courteously, asked them what it was those cloths were covering. One of them answered him:

"Sir, under these cloths are some images in relief and carved work that are to go into an altarpiece we are making in our village; we carry them covered so that they won't lose their freshness, and on our shoulders so that they won't break."

"If you would be so kind," answered Don Quixote, "I should be glad to see them, for images carried with such care must no doubt be good."

"And how good they are!" said another. "If not, let what they cost speak for it: for truly there isn't one of them that doesn't stand at more than fifty ducats; and so that your grace may see this truth, wait, your grace, and you will see it with your own eyes."

And getting up, he left off eating and went to take the cover off the first image, which proved to be Saint George on horseback, with a serpent coiled at his feet and the lance thrust through its mouth, with all the fierceness with which he is usually painted. The whole image looked like a blaze of gold, as the saying goes. On seeing it, Don Quixote said:

"This knight was one of the best errant knights the divine host ever had: his name was Don Saint George, and he was besides a defender of damsels. Let us see this other one."

The man uncovered it, and it proved to be Saint Martin on horseback, sharing his cloak with the poor man; and scarcely had Don Quixote seen it when he said:

"This knight too was one of the Christian adventurers, and I believe he was more liberal than valiant, as you can see, Sancho, from his sharing his cloak with the poor man and giving him half; and no doubt it must have been winter then, for otherwise he would have given him all of it, so charitable was he."

"That can't have been it," said Sancho, "but he must have held to the proverb that says: giving and keeping both take brains."

Don Quixote laughed and asked them to take off another cloth, beneath which was revealed the image of the Patron of the Spains on horseback, his sword bloodied, trampling Moors and treading on heads; and on seeing it, Don Quixote said:

"This one is a knight indeed, and of the squadrons of Christ; this one is called Don Saint Diego Matamoros, Saint James the Moor-slayer, one of the most valiant saints and knights the world ever had and heaven now has."

Then they uncovered another cloth, and it turned out to be hiding the fall of Saint Paul from his horse, with all the circumstances usually painted in altarpieces of his conversion. When he saw it so lifelike, one would have said that Christ was speaking to him and Paul was answering.

"This one," said Don Quixote, "was the greatest enemy the Church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender it will ever have: a knight-errant in his life, and a saint standing firm in his death, a tireless laborer in the Lord's vineyard, teacher of the Gentiles, for whom the heavens served as schools, and Jesus Christ himself as professor and master to teach him."

There were no more images, and so Don Quixote ordered them to be covered again, and said to those who were carrying them:

"I have taken it for a good omen, brothers, to have seen what I have seen, for these saints and knights professed what I profess, which is the exercise of arms; only the difference between me and them is that they were saints and fought in the divine fashion, and I am a sinner and fight in the human fashion. They conquered heaven by force of arms, for heaven suffers violence, and I so far do not know what I am conquering by force of my labors; but if my Dulcinea del Toboso were to come out of the ones she is suffering, my fortune improving and my judgment being mended, it might be that I would turn my steps toward a better road than the one I am on."

"May God hear it and sin be deaf," said Sancho at this.

The men marveled as much at Don Quixote's figure as at his words, without understanding half of what he meant by them. They finished eating, took up their images, and, taking their leave of Don Quixote, went on their way.

Sancho was left once more as if he had never known his master, amazed at how much he knew, for it seemed to him that there could be no history or event in the world that he did not have written on his fingernail and nailed in his memory, and he said to him:

"Truly, sir, our master, if what has happened to us today can be called an adventure, it has been one of the gentlest and sweetest that have happened to us in the whole course of our pilgrimage: we've come out of it without cudgelings or any fright, and we haven't laid hands on our swords, or beaten the ground with our bodies, or been left hungry. Blessed be God, who has let me see such a thing with my own eyes."

"You say well, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "but you must note that all times are not the same, nor do they all run the same way, and these things the common people usually call omens, which are founded on no natural reason, must be taken by the sensible man

and judged as fortunate happenings. One of these omen-mongers gets up in the morning, goes out of his house, runs into a friar of blessed Saint Francis's order, and, as though it were a griffin he had come upon, turns his back and goes home again. Another, some Mendoza, spills the salt on the table, and melancholy spills over his heart, as if nature were bound to give signs of coming misfortunes by things of as little moment as those mentioned. The sensible and Christian man must not split hairs over what heaven means to do. Scipio reaches Africa, stumbles as he leaps ashore, and his soldiers take it for a bad omen; but he, embracing the ground, said: 'You cannot escape me, Africa, because I have you held fast in my arms.' So, Sancho, our having come upon these images has been a most fortunate happening for me."

"So I believe," answered Sancho, "and I'd like your grace to tell me what's the reason why the Spaniards, when they're about to give battle, call on that Saint Diego Matamoros and say: 'Santiago, and close in, Spain!' Is Spain by any chance open, so that it needs closing, or what ceremony is this?"

"You are most simple, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and mark that this great knight of the red cross was given by God to Spain as its patron and protector, especially in the harsh encounters the Spaniards have had with the Moors; and so they invoke and call on him as their defender in all the battles they undertake, and many times they have plainly seen him in them, overthrowing, trampling, destroying, and slaying the Hagarene squadrons; and of this truth I could bring you many examples told in the true Spanish histories."

Sancho changed the subject, and said to his master:

"I'm amazed, sir, at the forwardness of Altisidora, the duchess's damsel: the one they call Love must have her badly wounded and pierced through, for they say he's a little blind brat who, though he's bleary-eyed, or, to put it better, sightless, if he takes a heart

for his target, however small it is, hits it and runs it through from side to side with his arrows. I've also heard it said that the arrows of love are blunted and dulled against the modesty and reserve of maidens, but in this Altisidora it looks more as if they're sharpened than blunted."

"Note, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that love neither regards respect nor keeps the bounds of reason in its course, and it has the same nature as death: that it attacks the lofty palaces of kings as readily as the humble huts of shepherds, and when it takes full possession of a soul, the first thing it does is to rid it of fear and shame; and so, without shame, Altisidora declared her desires, which bred in my breast confusion rather than pity."

"Plain cruelty!" said Sancho. "Unheard-of ingratitude! For my part I can say that the slightest loving word of hers would have conquered and enslaved me. Son of a whore, and what a heart of marble, what bowels of bronze, and what a soul of mortar! But I can't think what this damsel saw in your grace that so conquered and enslaved her: what elegance, what dash, what grace, what face, which of these things by itself, or all of them together, made her fall in love; for truly, truly, many times I stop to look at your grace from the tip of your foot to the last hair on your head, and I see more things to frighten than to make anyone fall in love; and since I've also heard it said that beauty is the first and chief thing that makes people fall in love, and your grace having none, I don't know what the poor girl fell in love with."

"Note, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that there are two kinds of beauty: one of the soul and the other of the body; that of the soul shines out and shows itself in understanding, in modesty, in good conduct, in liberality, and in good breeding, and all these qualities can find room and be present in an ugly man; and when one sets one's sights on this beauty, and not on that of the body, love is apt to be born with force and to great advantage. I, Sancho,

see very well that I am not handsome, but I also know that I am not deformed; and it is enough for a man of worth not to be a monster to be well loved, provided he has the gifts of the soul I have told you of."

With these words and talk they were making their way into a wood that lay off the road, and all of a sudden, without thinking of it, Don Quixote found himself entangled in some nets of green thread that were stretched from one tree to another; and, unable to imagine what this could be, he said to Sancho:

"It seems to me, Sancho, that this business of the nets must be one of the newest adventures I could imagine. May they kill me if the enchanters who persecute me do not mean to entangle me in them and stop my way, as if in revenge for the harshness I showed Altisidora. Well, I tell them that even if these nets, made as they are of green thread, were of the hardest diamonds, or stronger than the one with which the jealous god of smiths entangled Venus and Mars, I would break it as if it were made of sea rushes or cotton threads."

And as he was about to push forward and break through it all, suddenly two most beautiful shepherdesses appeared before him, coming out from among some trees; at least they were dressed as shepherdesses, except that their jackets and skirts were of fine brocade; I mean that the skirts were the richest petticoats of gold tabby. They wore their hair loose over their shoulders, and in its fairness it could rival the rays of the sun itself; and it was crowned with two garlands woven of green laurel and red amaranth. Their age, by the look of it, was not below fifteen nor above eighteen.

This was a sight that amazed Sancho, held Don Quixote spell-bound, made the sun stop in its course to see them, and kept all four in a wondering silence. At last the first to speak was one of the two shepherd girls, who said to Don Quixote:

“Stay your step, sir knight, and do not break the nets, for they are stretched there not for your harm but for our pastime; and since I know you will ask us what they have been put there for and who we are, I will tell you briefly. In a village about two leagues from here, where there are many people of rank and many hidalgos and rich folk, it was agreed among a number of friends and relations that, with their sons, wives, and daughters, neighbors, friends, and relations, we should come and enjoy ourselves in this spot, which is one of the most pleasant in all these parts, forming among us all a new and pastoral Arcadia, the maidens dressing as shepherd girls and the young men as shepherds. We have learned two eclogues, one by the famous poet Garcilaso, and another by the most excellent Camoes, in his own Portuguese tongue, which we have not performed until now. Yesterday was the first day we arrived here; we have pitched some tents among these branches, which they say are called field tents, on the bank of a plentiful stream that makes all these meadows fertile; last night we stretched these nets from these trees to deceive the simple little birds which, startled by our noise, should fly into them. If it pleases you, sir, to be our guest, you will be entertained liberally and courteously; for for now neither sorrow nor melancholy is to enter this spot.”

She fell silent and said no more. To which Don Quixote answered:

“Certainly, most beautiful lady, Anteón cannot have been more spellbound or amazed when he suddenly saw Diana bathing in the waters than I have been astounded at seeing your beauty. I praise the purpose of your entertainments, and that of your offers I thank you for; and if I can serve you, you may command me in the certainty of being obeyed; for my calling is no other than to prove myself thankful and beneficent to every kind of people, especially to people of rank such as your persons represent; and if these

nets, which must take up some small space, took up the whole round of the earth, I would seek new worlds through which to pass without breaking them; and so that you may give some credit to this exaggeration of mine, see that it is promised you by no less than Don Quixote of La Mancha, if indeed this name has reached your ears."

"Ah, friend of my soul," said the other shepherd girl then, "and what great good luck has befallen us! Do you see this gentleman before us? Well, I would have you know that he is the most valiant, and the most enamored, and the most courteous man in the world, unless a history of his exploits that is going about in print, and that I have read, lies to us and deceives us. I will wager that this good man who comes with him is a certain Sancho Panza, his squire, whose drolleries have none to equal them."

"That is the truth," said Sancho, "for I am that droll one and that squire your grace speaks of, and this gentleman is my master, the very Don Quixote of La Mancha, written up in histories and told of."

"Ah!" said the other. "Let us beg him, friend, to stay; for our fathers and our brothers will be infinitely pleased by it, for I too have heard said of his valor and his drolleries the same things you have told me, and above all they say of him that he is the most constant and most loyal lover that is known, and that his lady is a certain Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom all Spain gives the palm of beauty."

"And rightly they give it to her," said Don Quixote, "unless your peerless beauty puts it in doubt. Do not tire yourselves, ladies, in trying to detain me, for the strict obligations of my profession do not let me rest anywhere."

At this point there came up to where the four were a brother of one of the two shepherdesses, likewise dressed as a shepherd, with a richness and finery that matched the shepherd girls'; they

told him that the man who was with them was the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha, and the other his squire Sancho, of whom he already had knowledge from having read their history. The gallant shepherd offered him his services and asked him to come with him to their tents; Don Quixote had to grant it, and so he did.

At this point the beaters came up, and the nets were filled with various little birds that, deceived by the color of the nets, fell into the danger they were fleeing from. More than thirty people gathered in that spot, all gaily dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, and in an instant they were informed of who Don Quixote and his squire were, at which they took no small pleasure, because they already knew of him from his history. They went to the tents and found the tables laid, rich, plentiful, and clean; they honored Don Quixote by giving him the first place at them; they all looked at him, and marveled to see him.

At last, when the cloths had been removed, Don Quixote, with great composure, raised his voice and said:

"Among the greatest sins that men commit, though some say it is pride, I say it is ingratitude, holding to what is commonly said: that hell is full of the ungrateful. This sin I have tried to flee, as far as has been possible for me, from the instant I had the use of reason; and if I cannot repay the good deeds done me with other deeds, I put in their place the wish to do them, and when that is not enough, I make them public; for whoever tells and makes public the good deeds he receives would also repay them with others, if he could; for for the most part those who receive are inferior to those who give; and so God is above all, because he is the giver above all, and the gifts of man cannot match those of God on equal terms, being infinitely distant from them; and this narrowness and shortcoming is in a certain way made up for by gratitude. I, then, grateful for the favor that has been done me here, and unable to return it in the same measure, keeping within the narrow limits of

my power, offer what I can and what I have of my own harvest; and so I say that for two natural days I will maintain, in the middle of that highway that goes to Zaragoza, that these ladies, counterfeit shepherd girls who are here, are the most beautiful and most courteous damsels in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, sole lady of my thoughts, be it said with the leave of all the men and women who hear me."

Hearing which, Sancho, who had been listening to him with great attention, gave a great shout and said:

"Is it possible that there are people in the world who dare to say and swear that this master of mine is mad? Tell me, your graces, lord shepherds: is there any village priest, however sensible and however learned he may be, who can say what my master has said, or is there any knight-errant, however famous he may be for valor, who can offer what my master has offered here?"

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and, his face flushed and angry, said to him:

"Is it possible, O Sancho, that there is anyone in the whole globe who says you are not a fool, lined with the same stuff, with some trimmings or other of malice and roguery? Who puts you into my affairs, and into finding out whether I am sensible or a blockhead? Be quiet and do not answer me back, but saddle Rocinante, if he is unsaddled: let us go and put my offer into effect, for, with the right that is on my side, you may count as beaten all who choose to gainsay it."

And with great fury and signs of anger he rose from his seat, leaving those present amazed and making them doubt whether they could take him for mad or sane. At last, though they tried to persuade him not to undertake such a challenge, for they held his grateful goodwill as well known and no new demonstrations were needed to know his valiant spirit, since those related in the history of his deeds were enough, for all that, Don Quixote had his way;

and, mounted on Rocinante, slinging his shield on his arm and taking his lance, he planted himself in the middle of a highway that lay not far from the green meadow. Sancho followed him on his gray, with all the people of the pastoral flock, eager to see where his arrogant and never-seen offer would end.

Don Quixote, then, being planted in the middle of the road—as I have told you—smote the air with words like these:

"O ye passersby and wayfarers, knights, squires, people on foot and on horseback who pass along this road, or are to pass in these next two days! Know that here stands Don Quixote of La Mancha, knight-errant, posted to uphold that all the beauties and courtesies of the world are surpassed by those contained in the nymphs who dwell in these meadows and woods, setting aside the lady of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso. Therefore, let whoever is of the contrary opinion come forward, for here I await him."

Twice he repeated these same words, and twice they were heard by no adventurer; but fortune, which was steering his affairs from good to better, ordained that shortly afterward a multitude of men on horseback should appear along the road, and many of them with lances in their hands, all riding packed together, in a crowd and in great haste. No sooner had those who were with Don Quixote seen them than, turning their backs, they went off well away from the road, because they knew that if they waited, some danger might befall them; only Don Quixote, with dauntless heart, stood firm, and Sancho Panza shielded himself behind Rocinante's haunches.

The troop of lancers came up, and one of them, who rode farther ahead, began to shout at Don Quixote:

"Get out of the road, you devil of a man, or these bulls will tear you to pieces!"

"Come, you rabble," answered Don Quixote, "for me there are no bulls that count for anything, even if they are of the fiercest

that the Jarama breeds along its banks! Confess, you miscreants, all of you together, that what I have proclaimed here is the truth; else with me ye shall do battle!"

The herdsman had no time to answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, even had he wished to; and so the troop of fierce bulls and that of the tame lead oxen, with the multitude of herdsmen and other people who were taking them to be penned in a town where they were to be run the next day, swept right over Don Quixote, and over Sancho, Rocinante, and the gray, throwing them all to the ground and sending him rolling over the earth. Sancho was left battered, Don Quixote terrified, the gray bruised, and Rocinante none too Catholic in his health; but at last they all got up, and Don Quixote, in great haste, stumbling here and falling there, began to run after the herd, shouting:

"Stop and wait, you miscreant rabble, for a single knight awaits you, who is not of the temper or the opinion of those who say that for a fleeing enemy one should build a bridge of silver!"

But the hurrying runners did not stop for that, nor did they take more notice of his threats than of last year's clouds. Weariness stopped Don Quixote, and, more angered than avenged, he sat down in the road, waiting for Sancho, Rocinante, and the gray to come up. They came, master and man mounted again, and, without going back to take leave of the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, and with more shame than pleasure, they went on their way.

Chapter LIX. In which is told the extraordinary event, which may be taken for an adventure, that befell Don Quixote

The dust and weariness that Don Quixote and Sancho carried away from the bulls' discourtesy found relief at a clear, clean spring they came upon in a cool grove, on whose bank, leaving the gray and Rocinante loose, without halter or bridle, the two much-harried travelers, master and man, sat down. Sancho went to the larder of his saddlebags and took out of them some of what he used to call his grub; he rinsed his mouth, Don Quixote washed his face, and with this refreshment their flagging spirits revived. Don Quixote did not eat, out of pure sorrow, nor did Sancho dare to touch the food before him, out of pure good manners, and he waited for his master to make the first taste; but seeing that, carried away by his fancies, he did not remember to raise the bread to his mouth, Sancho did not open his own, and, trampling over every kind of good breeding, he began to stow away in his stomach the bread and cheese that offered itself.

"Eat, Sancho my friend," said Don Quixote, "sustain your life, which matters more to you than to me, and let me die at the hands of my thoughts and by the force of my misfortunes. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and you to die eating; and so that you may see that I am telling you the truth in this, consider me printed in histories, famous in arms, courteous in my actions, respected by princes, sought after by damsels; and in the end, in the very end, when I was expecting palms, triumphs, and crowns, earned and

deserved by my valiant deeds, I have seen myself this morning trodden on and kicked and battered by the feet of unclean and filthy animals. This reflection sets my teeth on edge, numbs my molars, and stiffens my hands, and takes away entirely the desire to eat, so that I mean to let myself die of hunger: the cruelest of deaths."

"In that case," said Sancho, without leaving off his quick chewing, "your grace won't approve of that proverb that says: 'Let Marta die, but die full.' I, at least, don't mean to kill myself; rather, I mean to do like the shoemaker, who pulls the leather with his teeth till he gets it to reach as far as he likes; I'll pull my life out by eating till it gets to the end heaven has set for it; and know, sir, that there's no greater madness than the kind that goes in for despairing, as your grace does, and believe me, and after you've eaten, lie down to sleep a while on the green mattresses of this grass, and you'll see how when you wake you'll find yourself somewhat relieved."

Don Quixote did so, for it seemed to him that Sancho's words were more those of a philosopher than of a fool, and he said to him:

"If you, O Sancho, would do for me what I will now tell you, my relief would be more certain and my sorrows not so great; and it is that, while I sleep, following your advice, you should go off a little way from here, and with Rocinante's reins, laying your flesh bare to the air, give yourself three or four hundred lashes on account of the three thousand and some you are to give yourself for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is no small pity that that poor lady should remain enchanted through your carelessness and negligence."

"There's much to be said on that," said Sancho. "Let's both sleep for now, and afterward, God has said what will be. Your grace should know that this business of a man whipping himself in cold blood is a hard thing, and more so if the lashes fall on a body

poorly fed and worse nourished: let my lady Dulcinea have patience, for when she least expects it she'll see me made into a sieve of lashes; and until death, it's all life; I mean that I still have mine, along with the wish to do what I've promised."

Don Quixote thanked him for it, and ate something, and Sancho a great deal, and they both lay down to sleep, leaving the two constant companions and friends, Rocinante and the gray, to graze at their own will and without any order on the abundant grass of which that meadow was full. They woke rather late, mounted again, and went on their way, hurrying to reach an inn that could be seen, by the look of it, a league from there. I say it was an inn because Don Quixote called it so, contrary to his custom of calling all inns castles.

They reached it, then; they asked the innkeeper if there was lodging. They were told yes, with all the comfort and good cheer they could find in Zaragoza. They dismounted, and Sancho stowed his larder in a room of which the innkeeper gave him the key; he took the beasts to the stable, gave them their feed, and came out to see what Don Quixote, who was sitting on a stone bench, wanted of him, giving particular thanks to heaven that the inn had not looked like a castle to his master.

The supper hour came; they withdrew to their room; Sancho asked the innkeeper what he had to give them for supper. To which the innkeeper answered that his mouth should be the measure; and so he might ask for whatever he liked: for that inn was provided with the little birds of the air, the fowls of the earth, and the fish of the sea.

"There's no need for so much," answered Sancho, "for with a couple of chickens roasted for us we'll have enough, because my master is delicate and eats little, and I'm not too much of a glutton."

The innkeeper answered that he had no chickens, because the kites had wiped them out.

"Then let master host," said Sancho, "have a pullet roasted, a tender one."

"A pullet? Good heavens!" answered the innkeeper. "Truly, truly, I sent more than fifty to the city to sell yesterday; but, apart from pullets, ask your grace for whatever you like."

"In that case," said Sancho, "there'll be no lack of veal or kid."

"In the house just now," answered the innkeeper, "there's none, because it's run out; but next week there'll be plenty and to spare."

"A fine lot of good that does us!" answered Sancho. "I'll wager all these shortages come down in the end to a surplus of bacon and eggs."

"By God," answered the innkeeper, "what a fine cheek my guest has! I've told him there are no pullets here and no hens, and he expects me to have eggs? Run your mind, if you like, over other dainties, and leave off asking for hens."

"Let's settle it, body of me," said Sancho, "and tell me at last what you do have, and leave off your runnings, master host."

The innkeeper said:

"What I really and truly have is a pair of cow-heels that look like calves' feet, or a pair of calves' feet that look like cow-heels; they're stewed with their chickpeas, onions, and bacon, and at this very minute they're saying: 'Eat me! Eat me!'"

"I mark them as mine from here," said Sancho, "and let no one touch them, for I'll pay for them better than anyone, because I couldn't hope for anything more to my taste, and it would be all one to me whether they were feet, so long as they were heels."

"No one will touch them," said the innkeeper, "because some other guests I have, being such grand people, bring their own cook, steward, and larder with them."

"If it comes to grandness," said Sancho, "nobody grander than my master; but the trade he follows doesn't allow for pantries or wine cellars: there we stretch out in the middle of a meadow and fill ourselves up with acorns or medlars."

This was the talk Sancho had with the innkeeper, Sancho not caring to go further in answering him; for he had already asked him what trade or occupation his master followed.

The supper hour came, then; Don Quixote withdrew to his room; the innkeeper brought the stew just as it was, and Don Quixote sat down to sup in all earnest. It seems that in another room next to Don Quixote's, which was divided from it by nothing but a thin partition, Don Quixote heard someone say:

"On your grace's life, Señor Don Jerónimo, while they bring the supper let us read another chapter of the *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*."

Scarcely had Don Quixote heard his name when he got to his feet, and with an alert ear listened to what they were saying about him, and he heard the said Don Jerónimo answer:

"Why does your grace want us to read this nonsense, Señor Don Juan? Whoever has read the first part of the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha cannot possibly take any pleasure in reading this second one."

"For all that," said Don Juan, "it will be well to read it, for there is no book so bad that it has nothing good in it. What displeases me most in this one is that it paints Don Quixote as no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso."

Hearing which, Don Quixote, full of wrath and indignation, raised his voice and said:

"Whoever says that Dulcinea del Toboso has been forgotten, or can be, by Don Quixote of La Mancha, I will make him understand with equal arms that he is very far from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten, nor is forgetting possi-

ble in Don Quixote: his blazon is constancy, and his profession to keep it gently and without forcing himself in any way."

"Who is it that answers us?" came the reply from the other room.

"Who should it be," answered Sancho, "but the very Don Quixote of La Mancha, who'll back up everything he's said, and everything he may say besides? For a good payer is not pained by pledges."

Scarcely had Sancho said this when two gentlemen came in through the door of their room, for such they seemed, and one of them, throwing his arms around Don Quixote's neck, said to him:

"Neither can your presence belie your name, nor can your name fail to vouch for your presence: without a doubt, you, sir, are the true Don Quixote of La Mancha, north star and morning star of knight-errantry, in spite and despite of the one who has tried to usurp your name and bring your deeds to nothing, as the author of this book I here deliver to you has done."

And, putting into his hands a book his companion was carrying, Don Quixote took it, and without answering a word began to leaf through it, and shortly afterward handed it back, saying:

"In this little I have seen I have found three things in this author deserving reproof. The first is some words I have read in the prologue; the next, that the language is Aragonese, for at times he writes without articles; and the third, which most confirms him as ignorant, is that he errs and strays from the truth in the most essential point of the history; for here he says that the wife of my squire Sancho Panza is called Mari Gutiérrez, and she is not called that, but Teresa Panza; and whoever errs in so essential a point may well be feared to err in all the rest of the history."

To this Sancho said:

"A pretty kind of historian! He must be well up in the story of our doings, to be sure, when he calls my wife Teresa Panza Mari

Gutiérrez! Take the book again, sir, and see if I go about in it and if he's changed my name."

"From what I have heard you say, friend," said Don Jerónimo, "you must doubtless be Sancho Panza, Señor Don Quixote's squire."

"That I am," answered Sancho, "and proud of it."

"Well, on my faith," said the gentleman, "this modern author does not treat you with the decency your person shows: he paints you as a glutton, and simple, and not the least bit droll, and quite another man from the Sancho whom the first part of your master's history describes."

"God forgive him," said Sancho. "He should have left me in my corner, without remembering me, for let him play the tunes who knows them, and Saint Peter is fine in Rome."

The two gentlemen asked Don Quixote to come over to their room and sup with them, for they well knew that in that inn there was nothing fit for his person. Don Quixote, who was always courteous, granted what they asked and had supper with them; Sancho was left with the stew in pure and mixed sovereignty; he sat at the head of the table, and with him the innkeeper, who was no less fond than Sancho of his feet and his heels.

In the course of supper Don Juan asked Don Quixote what news he had of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso: whether she had married, whether she had given birth or was with child, or whether, still in her maidenhood, she remembered—keeping her modesty and good decorum—the loving thoughts of Señor Don Quixote. To which he answered:

"Dulcinea remains a maiden, and my thoughts firmer than ever; our dealings, in their old dryness; her beauty, transformed into that of a coarse village girl."

And then he went on to tell them, point by point, of the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, and of what had befallen him in

the cave of Montesinos, with the order the sage Merlin had given him for disenchanting her, which was that of Sancho's lashes.

Very great was the pleasure the two gentlemen took in hearing Don Quixote tell the strange events of his history, and they were as amazed at his absurdities as at the elegant manner in which he told them. At one moment they took him for sensible, and at the next he slipped from their grasp as a fool, and they could not decide what degree to give him between good sense and madness.

Sancho finished his supper, and, leaving the innkeeper as crooked in the legs as an X, went over to his master's room; and on coming in, he said:

"May they kill me, gentlemen, if the author of this book your graces have isn't set on the two of us never sharing good crumbs together; I'd like it, since he calls me a glutton, as your graces say, if he didn't call me a drunkard too."

"He does," said Don Jerónimo, "but I do not remember in what way, though I know the words are ill-sounding, and false besides, as I can see from the face of the good Sancho here present."

"Believe me, your graces," said Sancho, "the Sancho and the Don Quixote of that history must be different from the ones who go about in the one Cide Hamete Benengeli composed, who are us: my master, valiant, sensible, and in love; and I, a droll simpleton, and no glutton or drunkard."

"So I believe," said Don Juan; "and if it were possible, it ought to be ordered that no one should dare to deal with the doings of the great Don Quixote except Cide Hamete, his first author, just as Alexander ordered that no one should dare to paint his portrait except Apelles."

"Let whoever likes portray me," said Don Quixote, "but let him not mistreat me; for patience often gives way when it is loaded with insults."

"None," said Don Juan, "can be done to Señor Don Quixote that he cannot avenge, unless he parries it with the shield of his patience, which, in my opinion, is strong and great."

In this and other talk a great part of the night passed; and though Don Juan would have liked Don Quixote to read more of the book, to see what he would make of it, they could not get him to do it, for he said that he took it as read and confirmed it as foolish in every way, and that he did not want its author, if by chance it came to his notice that he had held it in his hands, to rejoice at the thought that he had read it; since from obscene and filthy things one's thoughts must turn away, and much more one's eyes. They asked him where he had decided to direct his journey. He answered that it was to Zaragoza, to take part in the jousts for the suit of armor that are usually held in that city every year. Don Juan told him that that new history related how Don Quixote, whoever he might be, had taken part there in a ring-tilting, lacking in invention, poor in its mottoes, poorest in its liveries, though rich in simplicities.

"For that very reason," answered Don Quixote, "I will not set foot in Zaragoza, and so I will bring out into the public square of the world the lie of this modern historian, and people will see that I am not the Don Quixote he says."

"You will do very well," said Don Jerónimo; "and there are other jousts in Barcelona, where Señor Don Quixote will be able to show his valor."

"So I mean to do," said Don Quixote; "and may your graces give me leave, for it is now time for me to go to bed, and count and place me among the number of your greatest friends and servants."

"And me too," said Sancho; "maybe I'll be good for something."

With this they took their leave, and Don Quixote and Sancho withdrew to their room, leaving Don Juan and Don Jerónimo

amazed to see the mixture he had made of his good sense and his madness; and they truly believed that these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not the ones their Aragonese author described.

Don Quixote rose early, and, knocking on the partition of the other room, took his leave of his hosts. Sancho paid the innkeeper magnificently, and advised him to praise the provisions of his inn less, or to keep it better provided.

Chapter LX. Of what befell Don Quixote on the way to Barcelona

The morning was cool, and the day gave signs of being so too, on which Don Quixote left the inn, first inquiring which was the most direct road to Barcelona without touching Zaragoza: such was his desire to prove that new historian a liar, who, they said, so abused him.

It happened, then, that for more than six days nothing happened to him worth putting in writing, at the end of which, as he was going off the road, night overtook him among some thick oaks or cork trees; for on this point Cide Hamete does not keep the exactness he usually keeps in other things.

Master and man got down from their beasts, and, settling themselves against the trunks of the trees, Sancho, who had had a good meal that day, let himself go headlong in at the gates of sleep; but Don Quixote, who was kept awake by his fancies far more than by hunger, could not close his eyes; rather, he went to and fro in thought through a thousand kinds of places. Now he seemed to be in the cave of Montesinos; now to see Dulcinea, turned into a village girl, leaping up onto her she-ass; now the words of the sage Merlin rang in his ears, setting out the conditions and the steps to be taken and observed in the disenchantment of Dulcinea. He despaired at seeing the slackness and scant charity of Sancho his squire, for, as he believed, he had given himself only five lashes, a number unequal and small against the countless ones still wanting;

and at this he felt such sorrow and vexation that he made this argument:

"If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, 'Cutting is as good as untying,' and did not for that cease to be universal lord of all Asia, neither more nor less might happen now in the disenchantment of Dulcinea if I were to whip Sancho in spite of himself; for if the condition of this remedy lies in Sancho's receiving the three thousand and some lashes, what does it matter to me whether he gives them to himself or someone else gives them to him, since the substance lies in his receiving them, come from where they may?"

With this notion he went up to Sancho, having first taken Rocinante's reins and arranged them so that he could whip him with them, and began to undo his points, of which it is believed he had only the front one, by which his breeches were held up; but scarcely had he come near when Sancho woke up wide awake and said:

"What's this? Who's touching me and untying my points?"

"It is I," answered Don Quixote, "who come to make good your shortcomings and to remedy my troubles: I have come to whip you, Sancho, and to discharge, in part, the debt to which you bound yourself. Dulcinea is perishing; you live carefree; I am dying of longing; and so untruss yourself of your own will, for mine is to give you, here in this solitude, at least two thousand lashes."

"Not that," said Sancho; "your grace keep still; if not, by the true God, the deaf are going to hear us. The lashes I bound myself to have to be voluntary, and not by force, and right now I have no wish to whip myself; let it be enough that I give your grace my word to vapulate and fly-swat myself when I feel like it."

"There is no leaving it to your courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "because you are hard of heart and, though a peasant, soft of flesh."

And so he tried and struggled to unlace him. Seeing which, Sancho Panza got to his feet, and, rushing at his master, grappled him bodily, and, tripping him, brought him down on the ground on his back; he put his right knee on his chest, and with his hands held his hands, so that he could neither turn over nor draw breath. Don Quixote said to him:

"What, traitor? Do you rise against your master and natural lord? Do you dare to lay hands on the one who gives you his bread?"

"I neither unmake kings nor make kings," answered Sancho, "but help myself, for I am my own lord. Let your grace promise me to keep still and not try to whip me for now, and I'll let you go free and unhindered; otherwise,

Here you shall die, you traitor,
enemy of Doña Sancha."

Don Quixote promised it, and swore by the life of his thoughts that he would not lay a finger on so much as the nap of his clothing, and to leave the whipping entirely to his will and pleasure, whenever he chose.

Sancho got up and went off a good way from that spot; and as he went to lean against another tree, he felt something touch his head, and, raising his hands, he came upon two human feet, with shoes and stockings. He trembled with fear; he went to another tree, and the same thing happened to him. He shouted, calling on Don Quixote to help him. Don Quixote did so, and, asking him what had happened to him and what he was afraid of, Sancho answered that all those trees were full of human feet and legs. Don Quixote felt them, and at once realized what it could be, and said to Sancho:

"You have nothing to be afraid of, because these feet and legs you feel and do not see are no doubt those of some outlaws and

bandits who are hanged on these trees; for around here the law usually hangs them when it catches them, by twenties and by thirties; from which I gather that I must be near Barcelona."

And the truth was as he had imagined it.

It seems they raised their eyes and saw the clusters on those trees, which were the bodies of bandits. By now it was dawning, and if the dead had frightened them, they were no less dismayed by more than forty living bandits who suddenly surrounded them, telling them in the Catalan tongue to keep still and stay where they were until their captain arrived.

Don Quixote found himself on foot, his horse unbridled, his lance propped against a tree, and, in short, with no defense at all; and so he thought it best to cross his hands and bow his head, saving himself for a better season and juncture.

The bandits fell to picking the gray over and leaving him nothing of all he carried in the saddlebags and the valise; and it went well for Sancho that the duke's escudos, and those they had brought from home, were in a money belt he had girded about him, and even so, those good people would have weeded him and searched him down to whatever he might have hidden between his skin and his flesh, had their captain not arrived at that moment, who proved to be about thirty-four years of age, robust, more than middling tall, of grave look and dark complexion. He came on a powerful horse, wearing a steel coat of mail, and with four pistols —which in that country are called *pedreñales*—at his sides. He saw that his squires, for that is what they call those who follow that trade, were about to strip Sancho Panza; he ordered them not to, and was obeyed at once; and so the money belt escaped. He was amazed to see a lance propped against the tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armor and pensive, with the saddest and most melancholy figure that sadness itself could have made. He went up to him, saying:

“Do not be so sad, good man, for you have not fallen into the hands of some cruel Osiris, but into those of Roque Guinart, which are more compassionate than harsh.”

“My sadness,” answered Don Quixote, “is not for having fallen into your power, O valiant Roque, whose fame has no bounds on earth to contain it, but for my carelessness having been such that your soldiers caught me with my horse unbridled, when I am bound, by the order of knight-errantry that I profess, to live continually on the alert, being at all hours my own sentinel; for I would have you know, O great Roque, that had they found me on my horse, with my lance and with my shield, it would not have been very easy for them to make me yield, because I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, he who has filled the whole globe with his exploits.”

Roque Guinart saw at once that Don Quixote’s infirmity bordered more on madness than on valor, and though he had heard him named a few times, he had never taken his deeds for truth, nor could he persuade himself that such a humor could reign in a man’s heart; and he was extremely glad to have met him, so as to touch at close range what he had heard of him from afar; and so he said to him:

“Valiant knight, do not despair, or take this situation you find yourself in for ill fortune, for it might be that through these stumbles your crooked luck will straighten out; for heaven, by strange and never-seen roundabout ways, unimagined by men, is apt to raise up the fallen and enrich the poor.”

Don Quixote was on the point of thanking him when at their backs they heard what sounded like a troop of horses, and it was only a single one, on which a youth came riding at full fury, by the look of him about twenty years old, dressed in green damask with gold braid, loose breeches and a short jacket, a hat cocked Walloon fashion, close-fitting waxed boots, spurs, dagger, and sword

gilded, a small musket in his hands and two pistols at his sides. At the noise Roque turned his head and saw this handsome figure, which, on reaching him, said:

"I came in search of you, O valiant Roque, to find in you, if not a remedy, at least relief in my misfortune; and so as not to keep you in suspense, for I know you have not recognized me, I will tell you who I am: I am Claudia Jerónima, daughter of Simón Forte, your singular friend and the particular enemy of Clauquel Torrellas, who is likewise yours, being one of the opposing faction; and you know that this Torrellas has a son who is called Don Vicente Torrellas, or at least was called so less than two hours ago. He, then, to cut short the tale of my misfortune, I will tell you in a few words what he has caused me. He saw me, he courted me, I listened to him, I fell in love, behind my father's back; for there is no woman, however secluded she may be and however modest, who does not have time and to spare to put her headlong desires into execution and effect. At last he promised to be my husband, and I gave him my word to be his, without our going any further in deeds. Yesterday I learned that, forgetful of what he owed me, he was marrying another, and that this morning he was going to be betrothed, news that unsettled my senses and put an end to my patience; and since my father was not in the town, I took it on myself to put on the clothes you see, and, spurring this horse on, I overtook Don Vicente about a league from here; and without stopping to make complaints or hear excuses, I fired these muskets at him, and, for good measure, these two pistols; and, as I believe, I must have shut more than two balls in his body, opening doors through which my honor might come out, wrapped in his blood. There I leave him among his servants, who neither dared nor were able to defend him. I come in search of you so that you may get me across into France, where I have relatives to live with, and likewise

to beg you to defend my father, so that Don Vicente's many kinsmen may not dare to take outrageous vengeance on him."

Roque, amazed at the gallantry, the spirit, the fine bearing, and the deed of the beautiful Claudia, said to her:

"Come, lady, and let us go and see whether your enemy is dead, for afterward we will see what else concerns you."

Don Quixote, who had been listening attentively to what Claudia had said and what Roque Guinart answered, said:

"There is no need for anyone to take the trouble of defending this lady, for I take that charge on myself: let my horse and my arms be given me, and wait for me here, for I will go and seek that knight, and, dead or alive, I will make him keep the word he promised to such beauty."

"Let no one doubt it," said Sancho, "because my master has a very good hand as a matchmaker, for not many days ago he made another man marry who was also denying a maiden his word; and if it weren't that the enchanters who persecute him changed his true shape into that of a lackey, by this time the said maiden would be a maiden no longer."

Roque, who was paying more attention to the fate of the beautiful Claudia than to the words of master and man, did not understand them; and ordering his squires to give back to Sancho everything they had taken from him off the gray, and likewise ordering them to withdraw to the place where they had been quartered that night, he then set off with Claudia in all haste to look for the wounded, or dead, Don Vicente. They came to the place where Claudia had met him, and found nothing in it but freshly spilled blood; but, casting their eyes about on every side, they made out some people up a slope, and they concluded, as was the truth, that it must be Don Vicente, whom his servants, either dead or alive, were carrying, either to treat him or to bury him; they hurried to

overtake them, and, since they were going slowly, they did so easily.

They found Don Vicente in the arms of his servants, whom he was begging in a tired and weakened voice to let him die there, because the pain of his wounds would not allow him to go any farther.

Claudia and Roque threw themselves off their horses and went up to him; the servants were afraid at the sight of Roque, and Claudia was troubled at the sight of Don Vicente; and so, between tenderness and sternness, she went up to him, and, taking him by the hands, said to him:

"If you had given me these, as we agreed, you would never have come to this pass."

The wounded gentleman opened his almost closed eyes, and, recognizing Claudia, said to her:

"I see well, beautiful and deceived lady, that you are the one who has killed me: a penalty neither deserved nor owed to my desires, with which, nor with my deeds, did I ever wish or know how to offend you."

"Then is it not true," said Claudia, "that you were going this morning to be betrothed to Leonora, the daughter of the rich Balvastro?"

"No, indeed," answered Don Vicente; "my ill fortune must have brought you this news, so that, jealous, you would take my life, which, since I leave it in your hands and in your arms, I count my lot a happy one. And to assure you of this truth, press my hand and take me as your husband, if you will, for I have no greater satisfaction to give you for the wrong you think you have received from me."

Claudia pressed his hand, and her heart was pressed so tight that she fell in a faint on Don Vicente's blood and breast, and a mortal seizure took him. Roque was bewildered, and did not know

what to do. The servants ran to look for water to throw in their faces, and brought it, and bathed their faces with it. Claudia came back from her faint, but Don Vicente did not come back from his seizure, for his life came to an end. When Claudia saw this, and understood that her sweet husband was no longer living, she rent the air with sighs, smote the heavens with complaints, ill-used her hair, giving it to the wind, and disfigured her face with her own hands, with every sign of grief and sorrow that could be imagined from a stricken breast.

"O cruel and thoughtless woman," she said, "how easily you were moved to put so evil a thought into execution! O raging force of jealousy, to what desperate end you lead those who give you shelter in their breast! O my husband, whose unhappy lot, for being my pledge, has carried you from the bridal bed to the grave!"

Such and so sad were Claudia's laments that they drew tears from Roque's eyes, unused to shedding them on any occasion. The servants wept, Claudia fainted at every step, and that whole ring of ground seemed a field of sadness and a place of misfortune. At last Roque Guinart ordered Don Vicente's servants to carry his body to his father's town, which was near by, so that they might give it burial. Claudia told Roque that she wished to go to a convent where an aunt of hers was abbess, in which she meant to end her life, accompanied by another and more eternal husband. Roque praised her good purpose, offered to accompany her wherever she wished, and to defend her father from the kinsmen and from the whole world, if they should seek to harm him. Claudia would by no means have his company, and, thanking him for his offers with the best words she knew, she took leave of him in tears. Don Vicente's servants carried away his body, and Roque went back to his men, and this was the end of the love of Claudia Jerónima. But what wonder, if the weft of her pitiful history was woven by the invincible and cruel forces of jealousy?

Roque Guinart found his squires in the place where he had ordered them, and Don Quixote among them, on Rocinante, making them a speech in which he urged them to give up that way of life, so dangerous to the soul as well as to the body; but since most of them were Gascons, a rough and unruly people, Don Quixote's speech did not go down well with them. When Roque had arrived, he asked Sancho Panza whether they had given back and restored to him the trinkets and valuables his men had taken from him off the gray. Sancho answered yes, except that three kerchiefs were missing, which were worth three cities.

"What are you saying, man?" said one of those present. "For I have them, and they aren't worth three reales."

"That is so," said Don Quixote, "but my squire values them at what he has said, because of who gave them to me."

Roque Guinart ordered them to be returned at once, and, ordering his men to draw up in a line, he had brought before them there all the clothes, jewels, and money, and everything they had stolen since the last distribution; and, making a quick reckoning, setting aside what could not be divided and turning it into money, he shared it out among his whole company, with such fairness and prudence that he did not go a hair beyond, or cheat in anything, the bounds of distributive justice. This done, and all being left content, satisfied, and paid by it, Roque said to Don Quixote:

"If this exactness were not kept with these men, there would be no living with them."

To which Sancho said:

"From what I've seen here, justice is so good a thing that it has to be used even among thieves themselves."

One of the squires heard it, and raised the butt of a harquebus, with which he would no doubt have split Sancho's head open if Roque Guinart had not shouted to him to stop. Sancho was

stunned, and resolved not to unstitch his lips as long as he was among those people.

At this point one, or some, of those squires who had been posted as sentinels along the roads to watch for people coming along them and give word to their chief of what was happening came up, and he said:

"Sir, not far from here, on the road that goes to Barcelona, a great crowd of people is coming."

To which Roque answered:

"Have you made out whether they are of those who are looking for us, or of those we are looking for?"

"No, but of those we are looking for," answered the squire.

"Then go out, all of you," replied Roque, "and bring them here to me at once, without letting a single one escape you."

They did so, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque, being left alone, waited to see what the squires would bring; and meanwhile Roque said to Don Quixote:

"Our way of life must seem a new one to Señor Don Quixote, new adventures, new happenings, and all of them dangerous; and I do not wonder that it seems so to you, because I truly confess to you that there is no way of life more restless or more full of alarms than ours. I was put into it by I know not what desires for vengeance, which have the power to trouble the calmest hearts; I am by nature compassionate and well-meaning; but, as I have said, the wish to avenge a wrong that was done me so throws all my good inclinations to the ground that I persevere in this state, in spite and despite of what I know; and as one abyss calls to another and one sin to another sin, the acts of vengeance have been linked together in such a way that I take upon myself not only my own but other people's; but God is pleased that, though I see myself in the middle of the labyrinth of my confusions, I do not lose hope of coming out of it to a safe harbor."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear Roque speak such good and well-ordered words, because he had thought that among those of such trades as robbing, killing, and waylaying there could be no one who had good judgment, and he answered him:

"Señor Roque, the beginning of health lies in knowing the illness and in the sick man's being willing to take the medicines the doctor prescribes for him: your grace is sick, you know your ailment, and heaven, or God, to put it better, who is our physician, will apply medicines that will heal you, which are apt to heal little by little and not all at once and by miracle; and besides, sensible sinners are nearer to amendment than simple ones; and since your grace has shown your prudence in your words, there is nothing for it but to take good heart and hope for improvement in the sickness of your conscience; and if your grace wants to save time and set yourself easily on the road to your salvation, come with me, and I will teach you to be a knight-errant, a life in which one goes through so many toils and misadventures that, taken as penance, they will put you in heaven in two shakes."

Roque laughed at Don Quixote's advice, and, changing the subject, told him the tragic fate of Claudia Jerónima, which grieved Sancho extremely, for the girl's beauty, boldness, and spirit had not seemed bad to him.

At this point the squires came up with their catch, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach of women with about six servants, who accompanied them on foot and on horseback, with two more mule boys whom the gentlemen had with them. The squires surrounded them, conquered and conquerors keeping a great silence, waiting for the great Roque Guinart to speak, and he asked the gentlemen who they were and where they were going, and what money they were carrying. One of them answered him:

"Sir, we are two captains of Spanish infantry; we have our companies in Naples and are going to take ship in four galleys which, they say, are at Barcelona with orders to cross to Sicily; we are carrying some two or three hundred escudos, with which, in our opinion, we go rich and content, for the ordinary straits of soldiers do not allow greater treasures."

Roque asked the pilgrims the same as the captains; he was answered that they were going to take ship to cross to Rome, and that between the two of them they might be carrying some sixty reales. He wanted to know also who was in the coach, and where they were going, and the money they had; and one of those on horseback said:

"My lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the regent of the Vicaría of Naples, with a little daughter, a maid, and a duenna, are the ones in the coach; six of us servants accompany her, and the money is six hundred escudos."

"So," said Roque Guinart, "we already have here nine hundred escudos and sixty reales; my soldiers must be about sixty; see how much falls to each, for I am a poor reckoner."

Hearing this, the highwaymen raised their voices, saying:

"Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of the *lladres*, the thieves, who seek his ruin!"

The captains showed their distress, the lady regent grew sad, and the pilgrims were not a bit pleased, seeing the confiscation of their goods. Roque kept them in suspense like this for a while, but he did not want their sadness, which could be seen a harquebus shot away, to go any further, and, turning to the captains, he said:

"Let your graces, lord captains, be pleased, out of courtesy, to lend me sixty escudos, and the lady regent eighty, to satisfy this band that goes with me, for the abbot dines from what he sings, and then you may go your way freely and unhindered, with a safe-conduct I will give you, so that if you meet others of some bands of

mine that I have spread about these parts, they will do you no harm; for it is not my intention to wrong soldiers or any woman, especially those of rank."

Countless and well spoken were the words with which the captains thanked Roque for his courtesy and liberality, for so they took it, in leaving them their own money. The lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones tried to throw herself out of the coach to kiss the great Roque's feet and hands, but he would by no means allow it; rather, he begged her pardon for the wrong he was doing her, forced to comply with the strict obligations of his evil trade. The lady regent ordered a servant of hers to give at once the eighty escudos that had been assessed on her, and the captains had already paid out their sixty. The pilgrims were about to give up all their pittance, but Roque told them to keep still, and, turning to his men, he said to them:

"Of these escudos two fall to each man, and twenty are left over: let these pilgrims have ten, and this good squire the other ten, so that he may speak well of this adventure."

And, having writing materials brought to him, with which he always went provided, Roque gave them in writing a safe-conduct to the chiefs of his bands, and, taking leave of them, let them go free, and amazed at his nobility, his gallant bearing, and his strange conduct, taking him for an Alexander the Great rather than a known thief. One of the squires said in his Gascon and Catalan tongue:

"This captain of ours is more fit to be a *frade*, a friar, than a bandit: if from now on he wants to show himself liberal, let him be so with his own property and not with ours."

The wretch did not say it so softly that Roque failed to hear it, and he, laying hand on his sword, split his head almost in two, saying to him:

"This is how I punish the loose-tongued and the insolent."

They were all stunned, and not one dared say a word to him: so great was the obedience they bore him.

Roque withdrew to one side and wrote to a friend of his in Barcelona, letting him know that the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha was with him, that knight-errant of whom so many things were told; and that he would have him know that he was the wittiest and most intelligent man in the world, and that four days from then, which was Saint John the Baptist's day, he would set him down in the middle of the city's beach, armed at all points, on Rocinante, his horse, and his squire Sancho on an ass, and that he should give notice of this to his friends the Niarros, so that they might amuse themselves with him; that he would have liked the Cadells, their opponents, to be denied this pleasure, but that this was impossible, because the madnesses and good sense of Don Quixote and the drolleries of his squire Sancho Panza could not fail to give general pleasure to the whole world. He dispatched these letters with one of his squires, who, changing his bandit's dress for that of a farmer, entered Barcelona and gave it to the one it was for.

Chapter LXI. Of what befell Don Quixote on his entry into Barcelona, with other things that have more of truth than of wit

Three days and three nights Don Quixote spent with Roque, and had he spent three hundred years he would not have lacked things to see and marvel at in his way of life: here they woke at dawn, there they ate; sometimes they fled, without knowing from whom, and at other times they waited, without knowing for whom. They slept on their feet, breaking off their sleep, moving from one place to another. It was all posting spies, listening to sentinels, blowing on the matches of the harquebuses, though they carried few of these, because they all used *pedreñales*. Roque spent the nights apart from his men, in parts and places of which they could have no knowledge; for the viceroy of Barcelona had put out so many proclamations on his life that they kept him restless and fearful, and he dared not trust anyone, fearing that his very own men would either kill him or hand him over to the law: a life, to be sure, miserable and wearisome.

At last, by unfrequented roads, by shortcuts and hidden paths, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho set out for Barcelona with six other squires. They reached its beach on the eve of Saint John at night, and Roque, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the ten escudos he had promised, which he had not given him until then, left them, with a thousand offers made on the one side and on the other.

Roque went back; Don Quixote stayed waiting for day, just as he was, on horseback, and it was not long before the face of the white dawn began to look out from the balconies of the East, bringing joy to the grass and the flowers instead of to the ear; though at that same instant the ear too was gladdened by the sound of many shawms and kettledrums, the noise of bells, and the "Tramp, tramp, make way, make way!" of horsemen who, it seemed, were coming out of the city. The dawn gave way to the sun, which, with a face bigger than a buckler, was rising little by little over the lowest rim of the horizon.

Don Quixote and Sancho cast their eyes on every side: they saw the sea, until then unseen by them; it seemed to them very wide and broad, far more so than the lagoons of Ruidera they had seen in La Mancha; they saw the galleys that lay along the beach, which, lowering their awnings, showed themselves full of streamers and pennants that fluttered in the wind and kissed and swept the water; on board sounded bugles, trumpets, and shawms, which near and far filled the air with sweet and warlike strains. They began to move and to make a sort of skirmish over the calm waters, answered in almost the same manner by countless gentlemen who were riding out of the city on handsome horses and in showy liveries. The soldiers on the galleys fired off countless guns, to which those on the walls and forts of the city replied, and the heavy artillery rent the winds with a fearful roar, answered by the gangway cannons of the galleys. The glad sea, the joyous earth, the clear air, clouded only now and then by the smoke of the guns, seemed to be filling and breeding a sudden delight in all the people.

Sancho could not imagine how those bulks moving over the sea could have so many feet. At this point those in liveries came galloping, with shouts, *lililíes*, and hullabaloo, to where Don Quixote stood in suspense and astonishment, and one of them, who was

the one Roque had sent word to, said in a loud voice to Don Quixote:

"Welcome to our city be the mirror, the beacon, the star, and the north star of all knight-errantry, in the fullest extent thereof. Welcome, I say, be the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha: not the false, not the fictitious, not the apocryphal one that false histories have shown us these days, but the true, the lawful, and the faithful one that Cide Hamete Benengeli, flower of historians, described for us."

Don Quixote did not answer a word, nor did the gentlemen wait for him to answer, but, wheeling and wheeling again with the others who followed them, they began to ride a tangled caracole around Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said:

"These men know us well: I will wager they have read our history, and even the Aragonese's, newly printed."

The gentleman who had spoken to Don Quixote came back again and said to him:

"Let your grace, Señor Don Quixote, come with us, for we are all your servants and great friends of Roque Guinart."

To which Don Quixote answered:

"If courtesies beget courtesies, yours, sir knight, is the daughter or a very close kinswoman of those of the great Roque. Take me where you will, for I shall have no will but yours, and the more so if you choose to employ it in your service."

The gentleman answered him with words no less courteous than these, and, all enclosing him in their midst, to the sound of the shawms and kettledrums, they made their way with him toward the city, on entering which the Evil One, who ordains everything evil, and the boys, who are more evil than the Evil One, saw to it that two of them, mischievous and bold, slipped in through all the crowd, and, one lifting the gray's tail and the other Rocinante's, stuck and fixed a bunch of furze under each. The poor

animals felt the new spurs, and, clamping their tails down, increased their discomfort, so that, bucking a thousand times, they threw their masters to the ground. Don Quixote, mortified and affronted, went to take the plume from his old nag's tail, and Sancho the one from his gray's. Those who were escorting Don Quixote would have liked to punish the boys' boldness, but it was not possible, because they hid themselves among more than a thousand others who were following them.

Don Quixote and Sancho mounted again; with the same applause and music they reached their guide's house, which was large and stately, in short, like a rich gentleman's; where we will leave him for now, because Cide Hamete will have it so.

Chapter LXII. Which deals with the adventure of the enchanted head, with other childish things that cannot be left untold

Don Antonio Moreno was the name of Don Quixote's host, a rich and discerning gentleman, fond of amusing himself in a decent and friendly way, who, having Don Quixote in his house, began looking for ways to bring his follies out into the open without harming him; for jests that hurt are no jests, and no pastime is worth having if it comes at a third party's cost. The first thing he did was to have Don Quixote's armor taken off and bring him out for all to see, in that tight, chamois-colored suit of his—as we have already described and depicted it at other times—onto a balcony overlooking one of the main streets of the city, in full view of the people and the boys, who stared at him as if he were a monkey. The men in liveries rode their courses before him again, as if they had put them on for him alone and not to brighten that festive day; and Sancho was delighted, because it seemed to him that he had found, without knowing how or why, another wedding of Camacho, another house like Don Diego de Miranda's, and another castle like the duke's.

That day some of his friends dined with Don Antonio, all of them honoring Don Quixote and treating him as a knight-errant, at which he was so puffed up and pompous that he could not contain himself for joy. Sancho's witticisms were so many that all the servants of the house, and everyone who heard him, hung as it

were upon his lips. While they were at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho:

"We have word here, good Sancho, that you are so fond of blancmange and little meatballs that, if any are left over, you keep them in your shirt for the next day."

"No, sir, that's not so," answered Sancho, "because I'm more clean than greedy, and my master Don Quixote, who is here present, knows well that the two of us are used to getting through eight days on a handful of acorns or walnuts. True, if now and then it happens that they give me the heifer, I run with the halter; I mean that I eat what I'm given and take the times as I find them; and whoever said I'm a champion eater and not a clean one can take it from me that he's wide of the mark; and I'd say this another way if I didn't have respect for the honorable beards at this table."

"To be sure," said Don Quixote, "the frugality and cleanliness with which Sancho eats could be written down and engraved on plates of bronze, so as to stay in the eternal memory of the ages to come. True, when he is hungry he seems something of a glutton, because he eats fast and chews with both cheeks; but his cleanliness he always keeps in good order, and in the time he was a governor he learned to eat in a dainty fashion: so much so that he ate grapes, and even pomegranate seeds, with a fork."

"What!" said Don Antonio. "Sancho has been a governor?"

"Yes," answered Sancho, "and of an isle called Barataria. Ten days I governed it, as smooth as you could ask; in them I lost my peace of mind and learned to despise all the governments in the world; I came out of it running, fell into a cave where I gave myself up for dead, and got out of it alive by a miracle."

Don Quixote told in detail the whole affair of Sancho's government, which gave his hearers great pleasure.

When the cloth had been removed, Don Antonio took Don Quixote by the hand and went with him into a room set apart,

where there was no other ornament than a table, of jasper by the look of it, which stood on a pedestal of the same, and on it was set, after the fashion of the busts of the Roman emperors, from the chest up, a head that seemed to be of bronze. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote all about the room, going round the table many times, after which he said:

"Now, Señor Don Quixote, that I am assured no one is listening or overhearing us, and the door is shut, I wish to tell your grace of one of the rarest adventures, or, better said, novelties, that can be imagined, on condition that what I tell your grace must be laid away in the innermost closets of secrecy."

"That I swear," answered Don Quixote, "and I will even lay a slab on top of it, to make it safer; for I would have your grace know, Señor Don Antonio"—for he already knew his name—"that the man you are speaking to has ears for hearing but no tongue for speaking; and so your grace may safely transfer what is in your breast into mine, and reckon that you have flung it into the abysses of silence."

"On the faith of that promise," answered Don Antonio, "I mean to fill your grace with wonder at what you will see and hear, and to give myself some relief from the pain it causes me to have no one to share my secrets with, for they are not to be trusted to just anyone."

Don Quixote waited in suspense to see where so many precautions were to end. At this, Don Antonio, taking his hand, ran it over the bronze head and over the whole table and over the jasper pedestal that held it up, and then he said:

"This head, Señor Don Quixote, was made and fashioned by one of the greatest enchanters and sorcerers the world has ever had, who was, I believe, a Pole by birth and a disciple of the famous Escotillo, of whom so many marvels are told; he stayed here in my house, and for the price of a thousand escudos that I gave him he

wrought this head, which has the property and virtue of answering whatever is asked of it in its ear. He took bearings, drew characters, observed the stars, studied the points, and in the end brought it out with the perfection we shall see tomorrow, because on Fridays it is mute, and today, being Friday, it will make us wait until tomorrow. In the meantime your grace can prepare what you will wish to ask, for I know by experience that it tells the truth in all it answers."

The head's virtue and property left Don Quixote amazed, and he was on the point of not believing Don Antonio; but, seeing how little time there was before the trial would be made, he chose to say nothing to him except that he thanked him for having revealed so great a secret to him. They left the room, Don Antonio locked the door, and they went off to the hall where the other gentlemen were. In the meantime Sancho had told them many of the adventures and happenings that had befallen his master.

That afternoon they took Don Quixote out for a ride, not in armor but in street clothes, wearing a loose coat of tawny cloth that at that season could have made ice itself sweat. They arranged with their servants to keep Sancho amused in such a way that they would not let him leave the house. Don Quixote rode, not on Rocinante, but on a large, easy-paced mule, very handsomely fitted out. They put the coat on him, and on his back, without his seeing it, they sewed a parchment bearing, in large letters, the words "This is Don Quixote of La Mancha." As soon as the ride began, the placard drew the eyes of all who came to see him, and as they read "This is Don Quixote of La Mancha," Don Quixote was amazed to see that everyone who looked at him named him and knew him; and he turned to Don Antonio, riding beside him, and said:

"Great is the prerogative that knight-errantry holds within itself, since it makes the one who professes it known and famous

in every corner of the earth; or if not, let your grace see, Señor Don Antonio, how even the boys of this city know me without ever having seen me."

"So it is, Señor Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio, "for just as fire cannot be hidden and shut away, virtue cannot fail to be known, and the virtue gained by the profession of arms shines and stands out above all the others."

It happened, then, that as Don Quixote was going along amid the applause that has been described, a Castilian who read the placard on his back raised his voice, saying:

"The devil take you for a Don Quixote of La Mancha! How have you got this far without being killed by the countless beatings you carry on your back? You are mad, and if you were mad on your own and inside the doors of your madness it would not be so bad; but you have the property of turning everyone who deals and keeps company with you into madmen and dolts; if not, let people look at these gentlemen who are with you. Go home, you dolt, and look after your property, your wife, and your children, and leave off these empty things that are eating away your brain and skimming the cream off your understanding."

"Brother," said Don Antonio, "go your way, and do not give advice to those who do not ask you for it. Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha is very sane, and we who keep him company are no fools; virtue is to be honored wherever it is found; and go to the devil, and do not meddle where you are not wanted."

"By God, your grace is right," answered the Castilian, "for giving advice to this good man is kicking against the goad; but, for all that, it grieves me very much that the good wit they say this dolt has in all things should drain away down the gutter of his knight-errantry; and may the go-to-the-devil your grace spoke fall on me and on all my descendants if from this day on, though I should live

longer than Methuselah, I give advice to anyone, even if he asks me for it."

The adviser went off; the ride went on; but the boys and all the people were in such a rush to read the placard that Don Antonio had to take it off him, as though he were taking off something else.

Night came, and they went back to the house; there was a ball with ladies, because Don Antonio's wife, who was a lady of quality, merry, beautiful, and sensible, had invited some of her friends to come and honor her guest and enjoy his never-seen follies. A number of them came, there was a splendid supper, and the ball began at almost ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies were two of a roguish taste and fond of jesting, and, though they were very virtuous, they were somewhat free in their ways, so as to let the jests give pleasure without giving offense. These two were in such a hurry to take Don Quixote out to dance that they wore him out, not only in body but in soul. It was a thing to see, the figure Don Quixote cut: long, stretched out, lean, sallow, tight in his clothes, ungainly, and above all not in the least light on his feet. The young ladies wooed him on the sly, and he, also on the sly, scorned them; but, finding himself hard pressed with their wooing, he raised his voice and said:

"*Fugite, partes adversae*! (Flee, you adverse powers!) Leave me in my peace, unwelcome thoughts. Settle matters with your desires yourselves, ladies, for she who reigns over mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not consent that any desires but hers should subdue and conquer me."

And, saying this, he sat down on the floor in the middle of the hall, worn out and broken by so much dancing. Don Antonio had him carried bodily to his bed, and the first to lay hold of him was Sancho, saying to him:

"Bad luck to it, sir, our master, you've danced yourself into a fine fix! Do you think all brave men are dancers and all knights-

errant high-steppers? I say that if you think so, you're mistaken; there are men who'll dare to kill a giant before they'll cut a caper. If it were a matter of stamping and slapping your shoes, I'd make up for what you lack, for I can stamp like a gerfalcon; but when it comes to dancing, I can't put in a stitch."

With these and other remarks Sancho gave the people at the ball something to laugh at, and he put his master to bed, wrapping him up so that he would sweat out the chill of his dancing.

The next day Don Antonio thought it would be well to make the trial of the enchanted head, and with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two other friends, and the two ladies who had worn Don Quixote out at the ball, who had stayed with Don Antonio's wife that same night, he shut himself up in the room where the head was. He told them of the property it had, charged them to keep the secret, and told them that this was the first day on which the virtue of the said enchanted head was to be tried; and except for Don Antonio's two friends no other person knew the trick of the enchantment, and even they, if Don Antonio had not revealed it to his friends first, would also have fallen into the amazement into which the rest fell, nor could it have been otherwise: with such skill and design was it built.

The first to put his mouth to the head's ear was Don Antonio himself, and he said to it in a low voice, but not so low that it was not heard by all:

"Tell me, head, by the virtue that is enclosed in you: what thoughts am I having now?"

And the head answered him, without moving its lips, in a clear and distinct voice, so that it was heard by all, these words:

"I do not judge of thoughts."

Hearing which, they were all astounded, and the more so seeing that in the whole room, or around the table, there was no human being who could have answered.

"How many of us are here?" Don Antonio asked again.

And the answer was given in the same manner, softly:

"There are you and your wife, with two friends of yours and two friends of hers, and a famous knight whose name is Don Quixote of La Mancha, and a squire of his who goes by the name of Sancho Panza."

Now there was marveling anew indeed, now indeed everyone's hair stood on end from sheer fright! And Don Antonio, stepping back from the head, said:

"This is enough to give me to understand that I was not deceived by the man who sold you to me, O wise head, talking head, head that answers back, and marvelous head! Let someone else come up and ask it what he will."

And as women are ordinarily hasty and eager to know things, the first to come up was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and what she asked it was:

"Tell me, head, what shall I do to be very beautiful?"

And the answer given her was:

"Be very virtuous."

"I ask you no more," said the questioner.

Then her companion came up and said:

"Head, I would like to know if my husband loves me well or not."

And they answered her:

"Look at the deeds he does for you, and you will see."

The married woman stepped away, saying:

"That answer had no need of a question, because, in effect, the deeds a man does declare the will of the one who does them."

Then one of Don Antonio's two friends came up and asked it:

"Who am I?"

And the answer given was:

"You know."

"That is not what I ask you," replied the gentleman, "but for you to tell me whether you know me."

"Yes, I know you," they answered him, "for you are Don Pedro Noriz."

"I wish to know no more, since this is enough to understand, O head, that you know everything."

And as he stepped away, the other friend came up and asked it:

"Tell me, head, what desires has my son, my eldest and heir?"

"I have already said," they answered him, "that I do not judge of desires; but for all that, I can tell you that the ones your son has are to bury you."

"That's it," said the gentleman: "what I see with my eyes, I point out with my finger."

And he asked no more. Don Antonio's wife came up and said:

"I do not know, head, what to ask you; I should only like to know from you whether I shall enjoy a good husband for many years."

And they answered her:

"Yes, you shall, because his health and his temperance in living promise many years of life, which many are apt to cut short by their intemperance."

Then Don Quixote came up and said:

"Tell me, you who answer: was it truth or was it a dream, what I tell of having happened to me in the cave of Montesinos? Will the lashes of Sancho my squire be certain? Will the disenchantment of Dulcinea come to pass?"

"As to the cave," they answered, "there is much to be said: it has something of everything; Sancho's lashes will go slowly; the disenchantment of Dulcinea will be duly carried out."

"I wish to know no more," said Don Quixote, "for once I see Dulcinea disenchanted, I shall reckon that all the good fortune I could think to wish for has come to me at a stroke."

The last questioner was Sancho, and what he asked was:

"By any chance, head, will I have another government? Will I get out of the tight squeeze of being a squire? Will I see my wife and my children again?"

To which they answered him:

"You shall govern in your own house; and if you go back to it, you shall see your wife and your children; and when you leave off serving, you shall leave off being a squire."

"Good, by God!" said Sancho Panza. "I could have told myself that: the prophet Perogrullo couldn't have said more."

"Beast," said Don Quixote, "what do you want them to answer you? Is it not enough that the answers this head has given fit what is asked of it?"

"Yes, it's enough," answered Sancho, "but I'd have liked it to explain itself more and tell me more."

With this the questions and the answers came to an end, but not the amazement in which they were all left, except for Don Antonio's two friends, who knew the secret. The secret Cide Hamete Benengeli chose to reveal at once, so as not to keep the world in suspense, believing that some sorcery and extraordinary mystery was enclosed in the said head; and so he says that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of another head he saw in Madrid, made by a maker of prints, made this one in his house, to amuse himself and astonish the ignorant; and the construction was of this sort: the top of the table was of wood, painted and varnished like jasper, and the pedestal it stood on was of the same, with four eagle's claws coming out of it to bear the weight more firmly. The head, which looked like a medallion and figure of a Roman emperor, and was the color of bronze, was hollow throughout, and so, neither more nor less, was the top of the table, into which it was fitted so exactly that no sign of a joint could be seen. The pedestal of the table was likewise hollow, matching the throat and

chest of the head, and all this led down to another room that lay beneath the room of the head. Through all this hollow of pedestal, table, throat, and chest of the said medallion and figure ran a tube of tin, very closely fitted, that no one could see. In the room below, which corresponded to the one above, the one who was to answer was stationed, with his mouth against that same tube, so that, as through a blowpipe, the voice went from above to below and from below to above, in words articulate and clear; and in this way it was impossible to detect the trick. A nephew of Don Antonio's, a sharp and sensible student, was the answerer; and since he had been told by his lord uncle who would go in with him that day to the room of the head, it was easy for him to answer the first question promptly and precisely; the rest he answered by guesswork, and, being sensible, sensibly. And Cide Hamete says further that this marvelous machine lasted some ten or twelve days; but that, when it got about the city that Don Antonio had an enchanted head in his house that answered all who questioned it, he, fearing lest it reach the ears of the wakeful sentinels of our Faith, laid the matter before the lords inquisitors, who ordered him to take it apart and go no further with it, so that the ignorant common people would not be scandalized; but in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza the head remained enchanted and a giver of answers, more to Don Quixote's satisfaction than to Sancho's.

The gentlemen of the city, to please Don Antonio and to entertain Don Quixote and give him room to bring out his absurdities, arranged to run a ring-tilting six days from then; which did not take place, for the reason that will be told further on. Don Quixote took a fancy to walk about the city plainly and on foot, fearing that, if he went on horseback, the boys would chase after him; and so he and Sancho, with two other servants Don Antonio gave him, went out for a walk.

It happened, then, that as they went along a street, Don Quixote raised his eyes and saw written over a door, in very large letters: "Books Printed Here"; at which he was much pleased, because until then he had never seen a printing house and wanted to know what one was like. He went in with all his retinue, and saw them pulling sheets in one place, correcting in another, setting type in this one, revising in that, and, in short, all the machinery that is to be seen in large printing houses. Don Quixote would go up to a case and ask what was being done there; the workmen would explain it to him; he would marvel and move on. Among others he came up to one man and asked him what it was he was doing. The workman answered him:

"Sir, this gentleman here"—and he showed him a man of very good figure and appearance and of some gravity—"has translated a Tuscan book into our Castilian tongue, and I am setting it in type to send it to press."

"What is the title of the book?" asked Don Quixote.

To which the author answered:

"Sir, the book, in Tuscan, is called *Le bagatele*."

"And what does *le bagatele* answer to in our Castilian?" asked Don Quixote.

"*Le bagatele*," said the author, "is as if we said in Castilian *the playthings*; and though this book is humble in its name, it holds and encloses within itself very good and substantial things."

"I," said Don Quixote, "know something of Tuscan, and I pride myself on singing some stanzas of Ariosto. But tell me, your grace, my good sir, and I do not say this because I wish to examine your grace's wit, but out of curiosity, nothing more: have you ever found the word *piñata* in your text?"

"Yes, many times," answered the author.

"And how does your grace translate it into Castilian?" asked Don Quixote.

"How should I translate it," replied the author, "except by saying *pot*?"

"Body of me," said Don Quixote, "and how far advanced your grace is in the Tuscan tongue! I will lay a good wager that where the Tuscan says *piache*, your grace says in Castilian *it pleases*; and where it says *più*, you say *more*; and you render *su* as *up* and *giù* as *down*."

"I do render them so, certainly," said the author, "for those are their proper equivalents."

"I would dare to swear," said Don Quixote, "that your grace is not known in the world, which is always loath to reward flowering wits and praiseworthy labors. What talents are lost out there! What wits pushed into corners! What virtues held in contempt! But for all that, it seems to me that translating from one language into another, unless it is from the queens of languages, Greek and Latin, is like looking at Flemish tapestries from the wrong side: though the figures can be seen, they are full of threads that obscure them, and they are not seen with the smoothness and finish of the right side; and translating from easy languages argues neither wit nor eloquence, no more than it argues them in a man who transcribes or copies one paper from another. And I do not mean to infer from this that this exercise of translating is not praiseworthy; for a man might busy himself in other, worse things, and ones that would bring him less profit. Outside this reckoning stand the two famous translators: the one, Doctor Cristóbal de Figueroa, in his *Pastor Fido*, and the other, Don Juan de Jáurigui, in his *Aminta*, where they so happily put in doubt which one is the translation and which the original. But tell me, your grace: is this book being printed at your own expense, or have you already sold the privilege to some bookseller?"

"I am printing it at my own expense," answered the author, "and with this first impression, which is to be of two thousand copies, I

reckon on making a thousand ducats at the least; they will go at six reales apiece, before you can say *hand me the straw*."

"Your grace has done your sums nicely!" answered Don Quixote. "It is plain that you do not know the ins and outs of the printers, and the understandings they have with one another; I promise you that when you find yourself loaded down with two thousand bodies of books, you will find your own body so battered that it will frighten you, and the more so if the book is a little off and not in the least spicy."

"Well, what then?" said the author. "Would your grace have me give it to a bookseller, who will give me three maravedís for the privilege, and think he's doing me a favor in giving them to me at that? It is not to win fame in the world that I print my books, for I am known in it already by my works: profit is what I want, for without it good fame is not worth a *cuatrín*."

"God give your grace a lucky hand," answered Don Quixote.

And he passed on to another case, where he saw they were correcting a sheet of a book entitled *Light of the Soul*; and, on seeing it, he said:

"Such books as this, though there are many of the sort, are the ones that should be printed, because the sinners going about these days are many, and countless lights are needed for so many who are in the dark."

He passed on and saw that they were likewise correcting another book; and, when he asked its title, they answered that it was called *Second Part of the Ingenious Hidalgo Don Quixote of La Mancha*, composed by one so-and-so, a resident of Tordesillas.

"I have already heard of this book," said Don Quixote, "and in truth and on my conscience I thought it had been burned by now and turned to dust for its impertinence; but its Saint Martin's Day will come for it, as it does for every hog; for made-up histories are

good and delightful just so far as they come near the truth or the likeness of it, and true ones are the better the truer they are."

And, saying this, with signs of some vexation, he left the printing house. And that very day Don Antonio made plans to take him to visit the galleys lying off the beach, at which Sancho rejoiced greatly, since he had never seen any in his life. Don Antonio sent word to the commander of the galleys that he would bring his guest, the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, to see them that afternoon, of whom the commander and all the people of the city had already heard; and what befell him in them will be told in the next chapter.

Chapter LXIII. Of how badly Sancho Panza fared on the visit to the galleys, and the new adventure of the beautiful Morisca

Great were the reflections Don Quixote made on the enchanted head's answer, without any of them hitting upon the trick, and all of them came to rest on the promise, which he took for certain, of Dulcinea's disenchantment. He went over it and over it, rejoicing within himself, believing that he would soon see it fulfilled; and Sancho, though he loathed being a governor, as has been said, still wished to give orders again and be obeyed; for this is the bad luck that command brings with it, even command in jest.

In short, that afternoon Don Antonio Moreno, his host, and his two friends went with Don Quixote and Sancho to the galleys. The commander, who had been told of their happy coming, was eager to see the two so famous Quixote and Sancho, and they had scarcely reached the shore when all the galleys struck their awnings and the shawms sounded; then they put the skiff into the water, covered with rich carpets and cushions of crimson velvet, and the moment Don Quixote set his feet in it the flagship fired her gangway cannon, and the other galleys did the same; and as Don Quixote climbed up the starboard ladder, the whole crew of rowers saluted him as is the custom when a person of rank comes aboard a galley, crying "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" three times. The general, for so we shall call him, who was a Valencian gentleman of rank, gave him his hand; he embraced Don Quixote, saying to him:

"This day I shall mark with a white stone, for it is one of the best I expect to spend in my life, now that I have seen Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha: a time and a sign that shows us that all the worth of knight-errantry is contained and summed up in him."

Don Quixote answered him with other words no less courteous, overjoyed to see himself treated so like a lord. They all went into the poop, which was very well fitted out, and sat down on the side benches; the boatswain went along the gangway and gave the signal with his whistle for the rowers to strip, which was done in an instant. Sancho, seeing so many people stark naked, was stunned, and more so when he saw them spread the awning with such speed that it seemed to him all the devils were at work there; but all this was cakes and fancy bread next to what I shall now tell. Sancho was sitting on the stern post, beside the stroke oarsman on the right-hand side, who, already told what he was to do, seized hold of Sancho, and, lifting him up in his arms, the whole crew standing up and on the alert, beginning on the right-hand side, sent him passing and spinning over the rowers' arms from bench to bench, so fast that poor Sancho lost the sight of his eyes, and no doubt thought the very demons were carrying him off; and they did not stop with him until they had brought him back by the left-hand side and set him down in the poop. The poor fellow was left battered and panting and in a sweat, unable to imagine what it was that had happened to him.

Don Quixote, who had seen Sancho's wingless flight, asked the general whether those were ceremonies used with people coming aboard galleys for the first time; because, if by chance they were, he, who had no intention of taking vows in them, did not wish to go through such exercises, and he swore to God that if anyone came to lay hold of him to spin him about, he would kick the soul out of him; and, saying this, he rose to his feet and gripped his sword.

At that instant they struck the awning and with a tremendous noise let the yard fall from on high. Sancho thought the sky was coming off its hinges and falling on his head; and, ducking it, full of fear, he put it between his legs. Don Quixote was not altogether easy either; for he too shuddered and hunched his shoulders and lost the color in his face. The crew hoisted the yard with the same speed and noise with which they had lowered it, and all of this in silence, as though voice and breath had been taken from them. The boatswain signaled them to weigh anchor, and, leaping into the middle of the gangway with his bullwhip, or lash, he began to flick at the rowers' backs, and little by little they put out to sea. When Sancho saw so many red feet moving all at once, for that is what he took the oars to be, he said to himself:

"These really are enchanted things, and not the ones my master talks about. What have these poor wretches done that they whip them like this, and how does this one man who goes about whistling here have the nerve to whip so many people? Now I say this is hell, or at the very least purgatory."

Don Quixote, who saw how closely Sancho was watching what went on, said to him:

"Ah, Sancho, my friend, how quickly and at how little cost you might, if you would, strip yourself from the waist up and put yourself among these gentlemen and finish off Dulcinea's disenchantment! For amid the misery and pain of so many, you would not feel your own much; and, what is more, it might be that the sage Merlin would count each one of these lashes, being laid on by a good hand, for ten of the ones you must give yourself in the end."

The general wanted to ask what lashes those were, or what disenchantment of Dulcinea, when the sailor said:

"Monjuí signals that there is an oared vessel off the coast on the western side."

Hearing this, the general leaped onto the gangway and said:

"Come on, lads, don't let her get away! This must be some brigantine of Algerian corsairs that the watchtower is signaling to us."

Then the other three galleys came up to the flagship to learn what their orders were. The general ordered two of them to put out to sea while he with the other would keep close inshore, because in that way the vessel would not escape them. The crews pulled at the oars, driving the galleys forward with such fury that they seemed to fly. Those that put out to sea sighted a vessel about two miles off, which by eye they judged to be of some fourteen or fifteen benches, and so it was in truth; and this vessel, when it sighted the galleys, ran for it, with the intention and hope of escaping by its lightness; but it fared badly, because the flagship was one of the lightest vessels sailing the sea, and so she gained on it until those on the brigantine saw plainly that they could not escape; and so their captain would have had them leave the oars and surrender, so as not to provoke to anger the captain who commanded our galleys. But fortune, which was steering things otherwise, ordained that, just as the flagship came so close that those on the vessel could hear the voices calling on them from her to surrender, two *toraquís*, which is as much as to say two drunken Turks, who were coming in the brigantine with these twelve, fired two muskets, with which they killed two soldiers who were standing on our forecastle. Seeing which, the general swore not to leave alive a single one of all those he took on the vessel, and when he came on to ram it with full fury, the vessel slipped away from him under the oars. The galley ran on past a good distance; those on the vessel saw they were lost, made sail while the galley was turning, and once more, under sail and oar, ran for it; but their diligence did not help them so much as their boldness harmed them, because the flagship, overtaking them a little more than half a mile on, threw her oars over them and took them all alive.

At this point the other two galleys came up, and all four returned with the prize to the beach, where countless people were waiting for them, eager to see what they were bringing. The general dropped anchor near land and saw that the city's viceroy was down on the shore. He had the skiff lowered to bring him, and ordered the yard lowered so as to hang at once, without delay, the captain and the rest of the Turks he had taken in the vessel, who must have been some thirty-six persons, all of them fine-looking, and most of them Turkish musketeers. The general asked who was the captain of the brigantine, and he was answered in the Castilian tongue by one of the captives, who afterward turned out to be a Spanish renegade:

"This youth, sir, whom you see here is our captain."

And he pointed out to him one of the most beautiful and gallant young men that human imagination could paint. His age, by the look of him, did not reach twenty years. The general asked him:

"Tell me, you ill-advised dog, who moved you to kill my soldiers, when you saw it was impossible to escape? Is that the respect paid to flagships? Don't you know that rashness is not valor? Doubtful hopes should make men bold, but not rash."

The captain wanted to answer; but the general could not hear the answer just then, because he went to receive the viceroy, who was already coming aboard the galley, and with him came some of his servants and some people of the town.

"The hunt has gone well, lord general!" said the viceroy.

"So well," answered the general, "that Your Excellency shall see it now hanging from this yard."

"How so?" replied the viceroy.

"Because, against all law and against all reason and the usage of war," answered the general, "they have killed me two of the best soldiers aboard these galleys, and I have sworn to hang every one I

have taken captive, chiefly this youth, who is the captain of the brigantine."

And he showed him the one who already had his hands tied and the rope thrown about his neck, waiting for death.

The viceroy looked at him, and, seeing him so handsome, and so gallant, and so humble, his beauty serving him in that instant as a letter of recommendation, he felt a desire to spare him from death; and so he asked him:

"Tell me, captain, are you a Turk by birth, or a Moor, or a renegade?"

To which the youth answered, likewise in the Castilian tongue:

"I am neither a Turk by birth, nor a Moor, nor a renegade."

"Then what are you?" replied the viceroy.

"A Christian woman," answered the youth.

"A woman and a Christian, and in such dress and in such straits? It is a thing more to marvel at than to believe."

"Suspend, O my lords," said the youth, "the carrying out of my death, for little will be lost if your vengeance is put off while I tell you my life."

Who could have so hard a heart that he would not have softened at these words, or at least until he had heard those the sad and pitiful youth wished to speak? The general told the youth to say what he wished, but not to expect to obtain pardon for a fault that was plain to all. With this leave, the youth began to speak in this manner:

"Of that nation more unfortunate than prudent, upon which a sea of misfortunes has rained down in these days, I was born, begotten of Morisco parents. In the current of their misfortune I was carried off to Barbary by two uncles of mine, and it was no use my saying that I was a Christian, as in fact I am, and not one of the feigned or seeming ones, but of the true and Catholic. It did me no good to tell this truth to those who had charge of our wretched

banishment, nor would my uncles believe it; rather, they took it for a lie and a scheme to stay behind in the land where I had been born, and so, more by force than by my will, they brought me with them. I had a Christian mother, and a father who was sensible and a Christian, neither more nor less; I drank in the Catholic faith with my milk; I was brought up in good ways; neither in my speech nor in them did I ever, as far as I know, give signs of being a Morisca. Side by side and step by step with these virtues, for I believe they are such, my beauty grew, if I have any; and though my modesty and seclusion were great, they cannot have been so great that a young gentleman named Don Gaspar Gregorio, eldest son and heir of a gentleman who has another village next to ours, did not find a chance to see me. How he saw me, how we spoke, how he found himself lost for me and how I was not so very much won by him, would take long to tell, and the more so at a time when I fear that the harsh rope that threatens me will come between my tongue and my throat; and so I will only tell how Don Gregorio chose to go with me in our banishment. He mingled with the Moriscos who came out of other villages, for he knew the language very well, and on the journey he made friends with my two uncles who were bringing me with them; because my father, prudent and forewarned, as soon as he heard the first edict of our banishment, left the village and went to seek one in foreign kingdoms that would take us in. He left shut up and buried, in a place of which I alone know, many pearls and stones of great value, with some money in cruzados and gold doubloons. He ordered me on no account to touch the treasure he was leaving, if by chance they banished us before he came back. I did so, and with my uncles, as I have said, and other relatives and connections, we crossed over to Barbary; and the place where we settled was Algiers, as if we had settled in hell itself. The king had word of my beauty, and rumor gave him word of my riches, which in part was my good fortune.

He called me before him, asked me what part of Spain I was from and what money and what jewels I had brought. I told him the village, and that the jewels and money were left buried there, but that, were I to go back for them myself, they could easily be recovered. I told him all this, fearing that it might not be my beauty that blinded him but his greed. While he was in these talks with me, they came to tell him that with me had come one of the most gallant and handsome youths that could be imagined. I understood at once that they meant Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty leaves behind the greatest that can be praised. I was alarmed, considering the danger Don Gregorio was in, because among those barbarous Turks a boy or a handsome youth is more prized and esteemed than a woman, however lovely she may be. The king ordered at once that he be brought there before him so that he could see him, and asked me whether what they said of that youth was true. Then I, almost as though forewarned by heaven, told him that it was; but that I wished him to know that it was not a man but a woman like myself, and I begged him to let me go and dress her in her natural dress, so that she might show her beauty fully and appear before him with less embarrassment. He told me to go, and welcome, and that the next day we would talk of the way it might be managed for me to go back to Spain to bring out the hidden treasure. I spoke with Don Gaspar and told him of the danger he ran in showing himself to be a man; I put him in a Moorish woman's clothes, and that very afternoon I brought him into the presence of the king, who on seeing him was amazed, and formed the design of keeping her to make a present of her to the Grand Lord; and, to avoid the danger she might run in the seraglio of his wives, and the danger he might fear from himself, he ordered her to be put in the house of some Moorish ladies of rank who would guard and serve her, and there he was taken at once. What the two of us felt (for I cannot deny that I love him) I leave to the consider-

ation of those who must part though they love each other well. The king then arranged for me to go back to Spain in this brigantine, and for two Turks by birth to go with me, and they were the ones who killed your soldiers. This Spanish renegade came with me too"—pointing to the one who had spoken first—"of whom I know well that he is a hidden Christian and that he comes with more desire of staying in Spain than of going back to Barbary; the brigantine's other rowers are Moors and Turks, who serve for nothing more than to pull at the oar. The two Turks, greedy and insolent, without keeping to the orders we had, that they were to put me and this renegade ashore at the first point of Spain, in Christian dress, with which we came provided, chose first to sweep this coast and take some prize if they could, fearing that if they put us ashore first, through some mishap that might befall the two of us, we might reveal that the brigantine was left at sea, and that, if by chance there were galleys along this coast, they would take them. Last night we sighted this beach, and, knowing nothing of these four galleys, we were sighted, and there has befallen us what you have seen. In short: Don Gregorio is left in woman's dress among women, in plain danger of being lost, and I see myself with my hands tied, waiting, or, better said, fearing, to lose my life, which already wearies me. This, my lords, is the end of my lamentable story, as true as it is unhappy; what I beg of you is that you let me die as a Christian, since, as I have said, I have had no share at all in the guilt into which those of my nation have fallen."

And then she fell silent, her eyes big with tender tears, which were joined by many from those who were present. The viceroy, tender and compassionate, without speaking a word to her, went up to her and with his own hands took off the rope that bound the Moorish girl's lovely hands.

Now, while the Christian Morisca was telling her strange story, an aged pilgrim, who had come aboard the galley when the viceroy did, kept his eyes fixed on her; and the Morisca had scarcely ended her account when he threw himself at her feet, and, clasping them, in words broken by a thousand sobs and sighs, he said to her:

"O Ana Félix, my unhappy daughter! I am your father Ricote, who was coming back to look for you because I cannot live without you, for you are my soul."

At these words Sancho opened his eyes and lifted his head (he had kept it bowed, thinking about the misfortune of his outing), and, looking at the pilgrim, he recognized him as the same Ricote he had met the day he left his government, and he made sure that this was his daughter, who, now untied, embraced her father, mingling her tears with his; and he said to the general and the viceroy:

"This, my lords, is my daughter, more unfortunate in her fortunes than in her name. Ana Félix she is called, with the surname of Ricote, as famous for her beauty as for my riches. I left my homeland to seek in foreign kingdoms someone who would shelter and take us in, and, having found it in Germany, I came back in this pilgrim's dress, in the company of other Germans, to look for my daughter and to dig up a great deal of wealth I left hidden. I did not find my daughter; I found the treasure, which I bring with me, and now, by the strange roundabout way you have seen, I have found the treasure that enriches me most, which is my dear daughter. If our small fault and her tears and mine can, through the integrity of your justice, open doors to mercy, use it with us, for we never had a thought of offending you, nor did we in any way agree with the intention of our people, who have justly been banished."

Then Sancho said:

"I know Ricote well, and I know what he says is true as far as Ana Félix being his daughter goes; as for those other odds and

ends about coming and going and having good or bad intentions, I don't meddle in them."

All those present being amazed at the strange case, the general said:

"Be that as it may, your tears will not let me fulfill my oath: live, fair Ana Félix, the years of life that heaven has allotted you, and let the insolent and bold who committed the fault bear the penalty for it."

And he ordered at once that the two Turks who had killed his two soldiers be hanged from the yard; but the viceroy earnestly asked him not to hang them, since theirs had been more madness than valor. The general did what the viceroy asked of him, because vengeance is not well carried out in cold blood. Then they tried to work out a plan for getting Don Gaspar Gregorio out of the danger in which he had been left. Ricote offered more than two thousand ducats he had in pearls and jewels for the purpose. Many means were proposed, but none was as good as the one put forward by the Spanish renegade already mentioned, who offered to go back to Algiers in some small boat of about six benches, manned by Christian oarsmen, because he knew where, how, and when he could and should land, and he was not ignorant either of the house where Don Gaspar had been left. The general and the viceroy hesitated to trust the renegade, or to rely on the Christians who were to pull the oars; Ana Félix vouched for him, and Ricote, her father, said he would stand surety for the Christians' ransom, if by chance they were lost.

Agreed, then, on this course, the viceroy went ashore, and Don Antonio Moreno took the Morisca and her father with him, the viceroy charging him to make much of them and treat them as kindly as he possibly could; for his part he offered whatever there was in his house for their comfort. Such was the benevolence and charity that Ana Félix's beauty had instilled in his breast.

Chapter LXIV. Which deals with the adventure that gave Don Quixote more sorrow than any that had befallen him until then

Don Antonio Moreno's wife, the history tells, was overjoyed to see Ana Félix in her house. She received her with great kindness, taken as much with her beauty as with her good sense, for in the one and in the other the Morisca was outstanding, and all the people of the city came to see her as if summoned by the ringing of a bell.

Don Quixote told Don Antonio that the course they had taken for the freeing of Don Gregorio was not a good one, because it had more of danger than of advantage, and that it would be better to set him down in Barbary with his arms and his horse; for he would bring the young man out in spite of all Moordom, as Don Gaiferos had done with his wife Melisendra.

"Let your grace take note," said Sancho, hearing this, "that Señor Don Gaiferos took his wife out of the mainland and carried her to France over the mainland; but here, if by chance we get Don Gregorio out, we've no way to bring him to Spain, since there's the sea in between."

"There is a remedy for everything except death," answered Don Quixote; "for when the boat comes to the shore, we can go aboard it, though the whole world stand in the way."

"Your grace paints it very nicely and makes it sound very easy," said Sancho, "but from saying to doing is a long road, and I'll stick

with the renegade, who seems to me a very decent man with a very good heart."

Don Antonio said that if the renegade did not come off well in the affair, they would fall back on the expedient of the great Don Quixote crossing over to Barbary.

Two days later the renegade set out in a light boat with six oars to a side, manned by a most valiant crew; and two days after that the galleys left for the Levant, the general having asked the viceroy to be so good as to let him know what happened in the freeing of Don Gregorio and in the case of Ana Félix; and the viceroy agreed to do just as he asked.

And one morning, as Don Quixote went out to walk on the beach armed with all his arms, because, as he often said, they were his finery and fighting was his rest, and he could not be without them for a moment, he saw coming toward him a knight, likewise armed from head to foot, who bore painted on his shield a shining moon; and, coming within earshot, he directed his words to Don Quixote and said in a loud voice:

"Illustrious knight and never-duly-lauded Don Quixote of La Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose unheard-of deeds have perhaps brought him to your memory. I come to contend with you and to prove the strength of your arms, to make you know and confess that my lady, whoever she may be, is beyond compare more beautiful than your Dulcinea del Toboso; and if you confess this truth plainly and openly, you will spare yourself your death and spare me the trouble I must take in giving it to you; and if you fight and I vanquish you, I want no other satisfaction than that, laying down your arms and refraining from seeking adventures, you withdraw and retire to your village for the space of a year, where you are to live without laying hand to your sword, in tranquil peace and profitable quiet, for so it befits the increase of your estate and the salvation of your soul; and if you vanquish me,

my head shall be at your discretion, and the spoils of my arms and horse shall be yours, and the fame of my deeds shall pass to yours. See what suits you best, and answer me at once, for I have this whole day as my term for dispatching this business."

Don Quixote was left astonished and amazed, as much at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon as at the cause for which he challenged him; and with composure and a stern bearing he answered him:

"Knight of the White Moon, whose deeds have not until now come to my notice, I will dare to swear that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for if you had seen her, I know you would have taken care not to engage in this suit, because the sight of her would have undeceived you, and shown you that there has never been nor can be any beauty to compare with hers; and so, not telling you that you lie, but that you are mistaken in what you propose, I accept your challenge on the conditions you have stated, and at once, so that the day you have set may not go by; and from the conditions I except only the one that the fame of your deeds should pass to me, because I know not which they are nor of what sort: I am content with my own, such as they are. Take, then, whatever part of the field you please, and I will do the same, and whom God gives it to, may Saint Peter bless it for him."

From the city they had sighted the Knight of the White Moon, and had told the viceroy that he was talking with Don Quixote of La Mancha. The viceroy, believing it must be some new adventure contrived by Don Antonio Moreno or by some other gentleman of the city, came out at once to the beach with Don Antonio and with many other gentlemen who were with him, just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rocinante about to take the ground he needed.

The viceroy, then, seeing that the two were giving signs of turning to charge each other, put himself between them, asking them what cause moved them to do battle so suddenly. The Knight

of the White Moon answered that it was a question of precedence in beauty, and in a few words told him the same thing he had told Don Quixote, together with the acceptance of the conditions of the challenge made by both parties. The viceroy went over to Don Antonio and asked him quietly whether he knew who this Knight of the White Moon was, or whether it was some jest they meant to play on Don Quixote. Don Antonio answered that he knew neither who he was nor whether the challenge was in jest or in earnest. This answer left the viceroy perplexed whether to let them go on with the battle or not; but, since he could not bring himself to believe it was other than a jest, he drew aside, saying:

"Sir knights, if there is no other remedy here than to confess or die, and Señor Don Quixote is set on his thirteen and your grace of the White Moon on your fourteen, in God's hands, then, and have at it."

The Knight of the White Moon thanked the viceroy in courteous and sensible words for the leave he gave them, and Don Quixote did the same; and he, commending himself with all his heart to heaven and to his Dulcinea—as was his custom at the start of the battles that came his way—went back to take a little more of the field, because he saw that his adversary was doing the same; and, with no trumpet or other instrument of war sounding to give them the signal to charge, both wheeled their horses at the same moment; and, as the horse of the Knight of the White Moon was the swifter, he reached Don Quixote two thirds of the way down the course, and there he met him with such mighty force, without touching him with the lance (for he raised it, it seems, on purpose), that he brought Rocinante and Don Quixote to the ground in a perilous fall. He was upon him at once, and, setting the lance against his visor, said to him:

"You are vanquished, knight, and dead besides, if you do not confess the conditions of our challenge."

Don Quixote, battered and stunned, without raising his visor, as if he were speaking from inside a tomb, said in a weak and sickly voice:

"Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight on earth, and it is not right that my weakness should defraud this truth. Drive home your lance, knight, and take my life, since you have taken away my honor."

"That I will surely not do," said the Knight of the White Moon. "Let the fame of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's beauty live, live on unimpaired; for I am content only that the great Don Quixote retire to his village for a year, or until such time as I shall command him, as we agreed before we entered on this battle."

All this the viceroy and Don Antonio heard, with many others who were there, and they heard as well that Don Quixote answered that, so long as he asked nothing of him that would be to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would fulfill all the rest as a punctilious and true knight.

This confession made, the Knight of the White Moon turned his horse's head, and, bowing to the viceroy, rode into the city at a half gallop.

The viceroy ordered Don Antonio to go after him and find out by every means who he was. They raised Don Quixote and uncovered his face and found him pale and in a sweat. Rocinante, from sheer ill usage, could not move for the time being. Sancho, all sad and all sorrowful, did not know what to say or what to do: it seemed to him that the whole affair was happening in a dream and that all that business was a thing of enchantment. He saw his master vanquished and bound not to take up arms for a year; he imagined the light of the glory of his deeds darkened, the hopes of his new promises undone, as smoke is undone by the wind. He feared whether Rocinante would be left crippled or his master put out of joint; and it would have been no small luck if he had been put out

of his madness. At last, in a sedan chair the viceroy had sent for, they carried him to the city, and the viceroy went back there too, wishing to know who the Knight of the White Moon might be who had left Don Quixote in so sorry a state.

Chapter LXV. In which is made known who the Knight of the White Moon was, with the freeing of Don Gregorio, and other events

Don Antonio Moreno followed the Knight of the White Moon, and a crowd of boys followed him too, and even hounded him, until they had shut him up in a tavern inside the city. Don Antonio went in, eager to make his acquaintance; a squire came out to receive him and take off his armor; he shut himself up in a room on the ground floor, and Don Antonio with him, whose bread would not bake until he knew who he was. The Knight of the White Moon, then, seeing that this gentleman would not leave him, said to him:

"I know well, sir, what you have come for, which is to learn who I am; and, since there is no reason to deny it to you, while this servant of mine takes off my armor I will tell you, without straying one point from the truth of the matter. You should know, sir, that I am called the bachelor Sansón Carrasco; I am from the same village as Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose madness and folly move all of us who know him to pity him, and among those who have pitied him most I have been one; and, believing that his health lies in his rest and in his staying in his own country and his own house, I devised a plan to keep him there; and so, some three months ago, I went out to meet him on the road as a knight-errant, calling myself the Knight of the Mirrors, with the intention of fighting with him and vanquishing him without doing him harm, making it a condition of our fight that the vanquished should be at the discretion of the victor; and what I meant to ask of him, for I already

counted him vanquished, was that he go back to his village and not leave it for a whole year, in which time he might be cured; but fortune ordained it otherwise, because he vanquished me and threw me from my horse, and so my plan came to nothing: he went on his way, and I went back, vanquished, shamed, and bruised from the fall, which was exceedingly dangerous; but that did not take away my wish to go and look for him again and vanquish him, as has been seen today. And since he is so punctilious in keeping the laws of knight-errantry, he will without any doubt keep the one I have laid on him, in fulfillment of his word. This, sir, is how matters stand, and I have nothing else whatever to tell you; I beg you not to give me away or tell Don Quixote who I am, so that my good intentions may take effect and a man who has a very fine mind may get it back again, if only the follies of chivalry will let him."

"Oh, sir," said Don Antonio, "may God forgive you for wronging all the world by trying to make sane the most amusing madman there is in it! Do you not see, sir, that the profit Don Quixote's sanity might bring can never come up to the pleasure he gives with his ravings? But I imagine that all the bachelor's ingenuity will not be enough to make sane a man so utterly mad; and if it were not against charity, I would say may Don Quixote never be cured, because with his recovery we lose not only his drolleries but those of Sancho Panza, his squire, any one of which could make melancholy itself merry again. For all that, I will hold my tongue and tell him nothing, to see whether I prove right in suspecting that the pains Señor Carrasco has taken will come to nothing."

He answered that, be that as it may, the business was now well on its way, and he hoped for a happy outcome from it. And when Don Antonio had offered to do whatever else he might bid him, he took his leave of him; and, having his armor tied onto a mule, then and there, on the horse on which he had gone into battle, he rode out of the city that same day and went back to his own country,

without anything befalling him that obliges us to tell it in this true history.

Don Antonio told the viceroy all that Carrasco had told him, which gave the viceroy no great pleasure, because with Don Quixote shut away the pleasure was lost that all those who knew of his follies might have had.

Six days Don Quixote lay in bed, dejected, sad, brooding, and in a bad humor, his imagination going back and forth over the unhappy event of his defeat. Sancho comforted him, and, among other things, said to him:

"My master, let your grace hold up your head and cheer up, if you can, and give thanks to heaven that, though you were thrown to the ground, you didn't come out of it with a broken rib; and since you know that where they give, they also take, and that there isn't always bacon where there are pegs, give the doctor a fig, for you don't need him to cure you of this illness: let's go back home and give up going about looking for adventures in lands and places we don't know; and, if you think it over, I'm the one who's lost most here, though it's your grace who's come off worst. I, who gave up wanting to be a governor any more along with the government, didn't give up my longing to be a count, which will never come to pass if your grace gives up being a king by giving up the exercise of your chivalry; and so my hopes come to go up in smoke."

"Be quiet, Sancho, since you see that my seclusion and retirement is not to go beyond a year; for after that I shall go back to my honorable exercises, and I shall not lack a kingdom to win and some county to give you."

"May God hear it and sin be deaf," said Sancho, "for I've always heard it said that good hope is worth more than a poor possession."

They were at this when Don Antonio came in, saying with signs of the greatest happiness:

"A reward for good tidings, Señor Don Quixote, for Don Gregorio and the renegade who went for him are on the beach! What am I saying, on the beach? He is already at the viceroy's house, and will be here this moment."

Don Quixote cheered up a little and said:

"In truth I am inclined to say that I would have been glad if it had all turned out the other way round, because it would have obliged me to cross over to Barbary, where by the might of my arm I would have given freedom not only to Don Gregorio but to every Christian captive there is in Barbary. But what am I saying, wretch that I am? Am I not the vanquished one? Am I not the one overthrown? Am I not the one who may not take up arms for a year? Then what am I promising? What am I boasting of, if the distaff suits me better now than the sword?"

"Leave that alone, sir," said Sancho. "Let the hen live, even with the pip, for today it's you and tomorrow it's me; and in these matters of clashes and knocks there's no taking their measure, for the one who falls today can get up tomorrow, unless he wants to stay in bed; I mean, unless he lets himself lose heart and doesn't gather new spirit for new quarrels. And let your grace get up now to receive Don Gregorio, for it seems to me the people are in an uproar, and he must be in the house already."

And so it was in truth; because Don Gregorio and the renegade had already given the viceroy an account of their going and coming, and Don Gregorio, eager to see Ana Félix, came with the renegade to Don Antonio's house; and though Don Gregorio, when they got him out of Algiers, had been in woman's dress, in the boat he had exchanged it for that of a captive who had escaped with him; but in whatever dress he had come, he would have shown himself a person to be desired, served, and esteemed, because he was exceedingly handsome, and his age, by the look of him, seventeen or eighteen. Ricote and his daughter came out to receive him:

the father with tears and the daughter with modesty. They did not embrace each other, because where there is much love there is not apt to be too much boldness. The two beauties of Don Gregorio and Ana Félix together amazed every one of those present. It was silence that spoke there for the two lovers, and their eyes were the tongues that revealed their happy and modest thoughts.

The renegade told of the scheme and the means he had used to get Don Gregorio out; Don Gregorio told of the dangers and straits he had been in among the women with whom he had been left, not in a long discourse but in brief words, in which he showed that his good sense ran ahead of his years. Finally, Ricote paid and rewarded generously both the renegade and those who had pulled at the oars. The renegade was reincorporated and reconciled with the Church, and from a rotten limb he became clean and sound again through penance and repentance.

Two days later the viceroy discussed with Don Antonio what way they might find for Ana Félix and her father to stay in Spain, since it seemed to them there could be no harm at all in so Christian a daughter and a father so well intentioned, by all appearances, remaining in it. Don Antonio offered to go to the court to negotiate it, since he had to go there in any case on other business, giving them to understand that there, by means of favor and gifts, many difficult things are brought off.

"It is no use," said Ricote, who was present at this conversation, "hoping for favors or gifts, because with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco, Count of Salazar, to whom His Majesty gave charge of our expulsion, pleas are of no avail, nor promises, nor gifts, nor pity; because, though it is true that he mixes mercy with justice, as he sees that the whole body of our nation is tainted and rotten, he uses on it the cautery that burns rather than the ointment that soothes; and so, with prudence, with shrewdness, with diligence,

and with the fears he instills, he has carried on his strong shoulders the burden of this great undertaking to its due execution, without our schemes, stratagems, entreaties, and frauds being able to dazzle his Argus eyes, which he keeps ever on the alert, so that not one of our people may stay behind or be hidden from him, who, like a hidden root, might in time come to sprout later and bear poisonous fruit in Spain, now clean, now rid of the fears in which our numbers held her. A heroic resolve of the great Philip the Third, and unheard-of prudence in having entrusted it to this Don Bernardino de Velasco!"

"Be that as it may, once I am there I will make every effort possible, and let heaven do as it pleases best," said Don Antonio. "Don Gregorio will go with me to comfort the grief his parents must be feeling at his absence; Ana Félix will stay with my wife in my house, or in a convent, and I know the lord viceroy will be pleased to have the good Ricote stay in his until he sees how I fare in my dealings."

The viceroy agreed to everything that had been proposed, but Don Gregorio, learning what was going on, said that he neither could nor would leave Doña Ana Félix on any account; but, intending to see his parents and to find a way of coming back for her, he fell in with the arrangement decided upon. Ana Félix stayed with Don Antonio's wife, and Ricote at the viceroy's house.

The day came for Don Antonio's departure, and for that of Don Quixote and Sancho, which was two days later still; for his fall did not allow him to set out any sooner. There were tears, there were sighs, swoons, and sobs when Don Gregorio took his leave of Ana Félix. Ricote offered Don Gregorio a thousand escudos, if he wanted them; but he took none, except only five that Don Antonio lent him, promising to repay them at court. With this the two of them set out, and Don Quixote and Sancho afterward, as has been said: Don Quixote unarmed and in traveling clothes, Sancho on foot, because the gray was loaded with the armor.

Chapter LXVI. Which deals with what he who reads it will see, or he who hears it read will hear

As he left Barcelona, Don Quixote turned to look at the place where he had fallen, and said:

"Here Troy was! Here my misfortune, and not my cowardice, carried off the glories I had won; here fortune worked her twists and turns on me; here my deeds were darkened; here, in short, my luck fell, never to rise again!"

Hearing which, Sancho said:

"It's as much the part of brave hearts, my master, to have patience in misfortunes as to have joy in good times; and I judge this by myself, for if I was cheerful when I was a governor, now that I'm a squire on foot I'm not sad; because I've heard it said that this thing they call Fortune around here is a drunken, whimsical woman, and, above all, blind, and so she doesn't see what she's doing, or know whom she's knocking down, or whom she's raising up."

"You are very much the philosopher, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "you speak very sensibly: I do not know who teaches you. What I can tell you is that there is no fortune in the world, nor do the things that happen in it, be they good or bad, come about by chance, but by the particular providence of heaven; and hence comes what is commonly said: that each man is the craftsman of his own fortune. I have been the craftsman of mine, but not with the prudence that was needed, and so my presumptions have

come to grief; for I ought to have thought that the weakness of Rocinante could not hold out against the mighty bulk of the horse of the Knight of the White Moon. In the end I dared, I did what I could, I was overthrown, and, though I lost my honor, the virtue of keeping my word I did not lose, nor can I lose it. In my days as a knight-errant, daring and brave, I made my exploits good with my works and with my hands; and now, when I am a squire on foot, I shall make my words good by keeping the one I gave in my promise. Go on, then, Sancho, my friend, and let us go and spend the year of our novitiate in our own country, and in that seclusion we shall gather new strength to return to the exercise of arms, which I shall never forget."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "walking on foot isn't such a pleasant thing that it moves and stirs me to make long days' marches. Let's leave this armor hanging on some tree, in place of a hanged man, and, with me taking up the gray's back, my feet off the ground, we'll make the marches as your grace asks and measures them; for to think I'm going to travel on foot and make them long is to think of what can't be done."

"You have spoken well, Sancho," answered Don Quixote. "Let my arms be hung up as a trophy, and at the foot of them, or around them, we shall carve on the trees what was written on the trophy of Roldán's arms:

> Let no one move them
> who cannot stand the test with Roldán."

"All that strikes me as just pearls," answered Sancho; "and if it weren't for the want we'd have of Rocinante on the road, it would be good to leave him hanging too."

"Well, I will not have either him or the armor hanged," replied Don Quixote, "so that it may not be said: for good service, poor reward!"

"Your grace says very well," answered Sancho, "because, in the opinion of sensible people, the ass's fault is not to be laid on the packsaddle; and since your grace is to blame for this business, punish yourself, and don't let your rage burst out on the armor, broken and bloody already, or on the gentleness of Rocinante, or on the tenderness of my feet, by wanting them to walk more than is fair."

In these discussions and talks the whole of that day went by for them, and four more besides, without anything happening to hinder their journey; and on the fifth day, at the entrance to a village, they found many people at the door of a tavern, who, it being a holiday, were enjoying themselves there. As Don Quixote was coming up to them, a farmer raised his voice, saying:

"One of these two gentlemen coming this way, who don't know the parties, will say what's to be done about our wager."

"That I will, to be sure," answered Don Quixote, "with all fairness, if I manage to understand it."

"The case, then, good sir," said the farmer, "is that a man of this village, so fat that he weighs eleven arrobas, challenged another neighbor of his, who weighs no more than five, to run a race. The condition was that they were to run a hundred-pace course carrying equal weights; and, when they asked the challenger how the weight was to be made equal, he said that the challenged man, who weighs five arrobas, should put six arrobas of iron on his back, and in that way the thin man's eleven arrobas would be made equal to the fat man's eleven."

"Not that way," said Sancho at this point, before Don Quixote could answer. "And it falls to me, since, as everybody knows, I quit being a governor and a judge only a few days ago, to settle these doubts and give an opinion in every lawsuit."

"Answer, and welcome," said Don Quixote, "Sancho, my friend, for I am in no state to give crumbs to a cat, my wits are so trou-

bled and turned upside down."

With this leave, Sancho said to the farmers, many of whom stood around him with their mouths open, waiting for the sentence from his lips:

"Brothers, what the fat man asks has no sense to it, nor any shadow of justice at all; because if what they say is true, that the challenged man may choose the weapons, it's not right for this one to choose such as will hinder or keep him from coming out the winner; and so it's my opinion that the fat challenger should trim, prune, thin, polish, and tidy himself, and take six arrobas off his flesh, from here or there on his body, wherever he thinks best and suits him best; and in this way, being left at five arrobas' weight, he'll be made equal and even with the five of his opponent, and so they'll be able to run on equal terms."

"I swear," said a farmer who heard Sancho's sentence, "this gentleman has spoken like a blessed saint and given sentence like a canon! But it's a safe bet the fat man won't want to take an ounce off his flesh, let alone six arrobas."

"The best thing is for them not to run," answered another, "so the thin one won't be crushed by the weight, nor the fat one stripped of his flesh; and let half the wager be put into wine, and let's take these gentlemen to the tavern with the good stuff, and when it rains, let it rain on my cloak."

"I thank you, sirs," answered Don Quixote, "but I cannot stop for a moment, because sad thoughts and sad events make me seem discourteous and travel faster than at a walk."

And so, putting spurs to Rocinante, he went on, leaving them amazed at having seen and noted both his strange figure and the good sense of his servant, for so they judged Sancho to be. And another of the farmers said:

"If the servant is so sensible, what must the master be like! I'll bet that if they go to study at Salamanca, they'll come within a hair

of being court judges; for it's all a joke, except studying and more studying, and having favor and luck; and when a man least expects it, he finds himself with a staff of office in his hand or a miter on his head."

That night master and man spent in the middle of the fields, under the clear, open sky; and the next day, as they went on their way, they saw a man on foot coming toward them, with a pair of saddlebags around his neck and a javelin or pike in his hand, the very picture of a foot courier; who, when he came near Don Quixote, quickened his pace, and, half running, reached him, and, hugging him by the right thigh, for he could reach no higher, said to him with signs of great joy:

"Oh, my lord Don Quixote of La Mancha, and what great happiness will come to the heart of my lord the duke when he learns that your grace is going back to his castle, for he is still there with my lady the duchess!"

"I do not know you, friend," answered Don Quixote, "nor can I know who you are if you do not tell me."

"I, Señor Don Quixote," answered the courier, "am Tosilos, the duke my lord's lackey, the one who wouldn't fight with your grace over the marriage of Doña Rodríguez's daughter."

"God save us!" said Don Quixote. "Is it possible that you are the one whom the enchanters my enemies transformed into that lackey you speak of, to defraud me of the honor of that battle?"

"Hush, good sir," replied the letter carrier, "for there was no enchantment at all nor any change of face: as much the lackey Tosilos did I enter the lists as Tosilos the lackey did I come out of them. I meant to get married without fighting, because I had taken a liking to the girl, but my plan turned out the other way round for me, for as soon as your grace left our castle, the duke my lord had me given a hundred blows with a stick for having gone against the orders he had given me before going into the battle, and it has all

ended with the girl a nun by now, and Doña Rodríguez gone back to Castile, and me on my way now to Barcelona, to take a packet of letters to the viceroy that my master is sending him. If your grace would like a little drink, warm but neat, I have here a gourd full of the good stuff, with I don't know how many slices of Tronchón cheese, which will serve to call up and wake the thirst, if by chance it's asleep."

"I'll take up that bid," said Sancho, "and let courtesy stake all it has left, and let the good Tosilos pour, in spite of and to the sorrow of all the enchanters there are in the Indies."

"In short," said Don Quixote, "you are, Sancho, the greatest glutton in the world and the most ignorant man on earth, since you cannot be persuaded that this courier is enchanted and this Tosilos a counterfeit. Stay with him and stuff yourself, for I will go on slowly ahead, waiting for you to come."

The lackey laughed, unsheathed his gourd, unpacked his slices, and, taking out a small loaf, he and Sancho sat down on the green grass, and in good peace and company they polished off the whole store of the saddlebags and got to the bottom of it, with such good appetites that they licked the packet of letters, just because it smelled of cheese. Tosilos said to Sancho:

"No doubt, Sancho, my friend, this master of yours is bound to be a madman."

"Bound?" answered Sancho. "He's bound to nobody, for he pays for everything, and all the more when the coin is madness. I see it well enough, and I tell him so well enough; but what good does it do? And all the more now that he's done for, because he's been vanquished by the Knight of the White Moon."

Tosilos begged him to tell him what had happened to him, but Sancho answered that it was discourteous to keep his master waiting for him; that some other day, if they met, there would be a chance for it. And, getting up, after shaking out his smock and the

crumbs from his beard, he drove the gray on ahead of him, and, saying "God be with you," he left Tosilos and caught up with his master, who was waiting for him in the shade of a tree.

Chapter LXVII. Of the resolution Don Quixote made to become a shepherd and follow the country life while the year of his promise was passing, with other truly delightful and good events

If many thoughts wearied Don Quixote before he was overthrown, many more wearied him after his fall. He was in the shade of the tree, as has been said, and there, like flies to honey, thoughts came at him and stung him: some went to Dulcinea's disenchantment and others to the life he was to lead in his enforced retirement. Sancho came up and praised to him the lackey Tosilos's generous nature.

"Is it possible," Don Quixote said to him, "that you still think, O Sancho, that that man is a real lackey? It seems it has slipped your mind that you saw Dulcinea turned and transformed into a peasant girl, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco, all of them works of the enchanters who persecute me. But tell me now: did you ask this Tosilos you speak of what God has done with Altisidora: whether she has wept for my absence, or whether she has already left in the hands of oblivion the amorous thoughts that wearied her in my presence?"

"The thoughts I had," answered Sancho, "weren't the kind to leave me room for asking about silly things. Body of me, sir! Is your grace in a state now to go inquiring into other people's thoughts, and especially love thoughts?"

"Look, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "there is a great difference between the works that are done out of love and those that are done out of gratitude. It may well be that a knight is not in love, but it cannot be, strictly speaking, that he is ungrateful. Altisidora loved me well, by all appearances; she gave me the three kerchiefs you know of, she wept at my departure, she cursed me, she reviled me, she complained, in spite of shame, in public: all signs that she adored me, for the rage of lovers is apt to end in curses. Hopes I had none to give her, nor any treasures to offer, because my hopes are pledged to Dulcinea, and what knights-errant have for treasure is, as with goblins, illusory and false, and I can give her only these remembrances I have of her, without prejudice, however, to those I have of Dulcinea, whom you wrong by your slackness in whipping yourself and chastising that flesh of yours, may I see it eaten by wolves, which prefers to save itself for the worms rather than for the remedy of that poor lady."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "if the truth is to be told, I can't persuade myself that the lashes on my rump have anything to do with the disenchanting of the enchanted, which is as if we said: 'If your head aches, rub ointment on your knees.' At least I'll dare to swear that in all the histories your grace has read that deal with knight-errantry you've never seen anybody disenchanted by lashes; but, just in case, I'll give them to myself when I feel like it and time gives me the convenience to punish myself."

"God grant it," answered Don Quixote, "and may heaven give you grace to see and acknowledge the obligation that lies on you to help my lady, who is yours as well, since you are mine."

They were going on their way in these talks when they came to the very spot and place where they had been trampled by the bulls. Don Quixote recognized it; he said to Sancho:

"This is the meadow where we came upon the gallant shepherdesses and handsome shepherds who wished to renew and

imitate the pastoral Arcadia in it, a notion as novel as it was sensible, in imitation of which, if you think well of it, I should like, O Sancho, for us to turn shepherds, at least for the time I must spend in retirement. I will buy some sheep and all the other things needed for the pastoral calling, and, I calling myself the shepherd Quixotiz and you the shepherd Pancino, we shall roam the hills, the woods, and the meadows, singing here, lamenting there, drinking of the liquid crystal of the springs, or else of the clear brooks, or of the full-flowing rivers. The holm oaks will give us of their sweetest fruit with a most bountiful hand, the trunks of the hardest cork oaks a seat, the willows shade, the roses fragrance, the wide meadows carpets woven in a thousand colors, the clear pure air breath, the moon and the stars light, in spite of the darkness of the night, song delight, weeping joy, Apollo verses, love conceits, with which we may make ourselves eternal and famous, not only in the present ages but in those to come."

"By God," said Sancho, "that kind of life squares with me, and even corners with me; and what's more, the bachelor Sansón Carrasco and Master Nicolás the barber will hardly have had a good look at it before they'll want to follow it and turn shepherds with us; and God grant the priest doesn't take it into his head to come into the sheepfold too, he's so merry and fond of a good time."

"You have spoken very well," said Don Quixote; "and the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, if he joins the pastoral guild, as he will without a doubt, may call himself the shepherd Sansonino, or else the shepherd Carrascón; Nicolás the barber may call himself Miculoso, as long ago Boscán called himself Nemoroso; as for the priest, I do not know what name we shall give him, unless it is some derivative of his name, calling him the shepherd Curiambro. As for the shepherdesses whose lovers we are to be, we can pick their names as we would pears; and since my lady's name fits a shepherdess as

well as a princess, there is no reason to tire myself looking for another that would suit her better; you, Sancho, shall give yours whatever name you like."

"I don't intend," answered Sancho, "to give her any other but Teresona, which will suit her fatness and her own name too, since she's called Teresa; and what's more, when I celebrate her in my verses I'll be showing my chaste desires, since I don't go looking for bread finer than wheat in other men's houses. It won't be right for the priest to have a shepherdess, so as to set a good example; and if the bachelor wants to have one, his soul in his palm."

"God save us," said Don Quixote, "and what a life we shall lead, Sancho, my friend! How many flageolets will reach our ears, how many Zamoran bagpipes, what tabors, and how many timbrels, and how many rebecs! And what if, among these different kinds of music, the *albogues* ring out! There almost all the pastoral instruments will be seen."

"What are *albogues*," asked Sancho, "for I've never heard them named nor seen them in all my life?"

"*Albogues*," answered Don Quixote, "are plates of brass shaped like candlesticks which, struck one against the other on the hollow, empty side, make a sound that, if not very pleasant or harmonious, does not displease, and goes well with the rusticity of the bagpipe and the tabor; and this name *albogues* is Morisco, as are all those in our Castilian tongue that begin with *al*, namely: *almohaza* (currycomb), *almorzar* (to breakfast), *alhombra* (carpet), *alguacil* (constable), *alhucema* (lavender), *almacén* (storehouse), *alcancía* (money box), and others like them, which can be only a few more; and only three Morisco words in our language end in *i*, and they are *borceguí* (buskin), *zaquizamí* (garret), and *maravedí*. *Alhelí* (wallflower) and *alfaquí* (Muslim doctor of law), as much for their opening *al* as for the *i* they end in, are known to be Arabic. I have told you this in passing, because the chance of having named

albogues brought it back to my memory; and it will help us greatly to make this calling perfect that I am something of a poet, as you know, and that the bachelor Sansón Carrasco is an extreme one. Of the priest I say nothing; but I will wager he must have his touches and trimmings of a poet; and that Master Nicolás has them too I do not doubt, because all barbers, or most of them, are guitar players and rhymesters. I will complain of absence; you will boast of being a steadfast lover; the shepherd Carrascón, of being scorned; and the priest Curiambro, of whatever serves his turn best; and so the thing will go on in a way that will leave nothing to be desired."

To which Sancho answered:

"I'm so unlucky, sir, that I'm afraid the day won't come when I see myself in such a calling. Oh, what polished spoons I'm going to make when I see myself a shepherd! What fried crumbs, what cream, what garlands, and what pastoral odds and ends, which, though they may not win me a name for being sensible, can't fail to win me one for being ingenious! Sanchica my daughter will bring us our dinner at the fold. But look out! For she's good-looking, and there are shepherds more sly than simple, and I wouldn't want her to go for wool and come back shorn; and love and not-so-good desires are apt to go about in the fields as much as in the cities, and in shepherds' huts as much as in royal palaces; and take away the cause, and you take away the sin; and eyes that don't see make a heart that doesn't break; and better a leap from the thicket than the pleas of good men."

"No more proverbs, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for any one of those you have said is enough to make your thought understood; and many times I have advised you not to be so lavish with proverbs and to hold yourself back in saying them; but it seems to me that it is preaching in the desert, and 'my mother punishes me, and I go on spinning my tops.'"

"It seems to me," answered Sancho, "that your grace is like what they say: 'Said the frying pan to the kettle, "Get away from me, black-eyes."' You're scolding me for saying proverbs, and your grace strings them two by two."

"Look, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "I bring in proverbs to the purpose, and when I say them they fit like a ring on your finger; but you drag them in by the hair, so that you haul them rather than guide them; and if I remember rightly, I have told you before that proverbs are brief maxims drawn from the experience and speculation of our ancient sages; and a proverb that is not to the purpose is nonsense rather than a maxim. But let us leave this, and, since night is coming on, let us draw off the highway some distance, where we will spend this night, and God knows what tomorrow will bring."

They drew off, and supped late and poorly, much against Sancho's will, who had before his mind the hardships of knight-errantry as practiced in the woods and the hills, even if now and then abundance showed itself in castles and houses, such as Don Diego de Miranda's, as well as at Camacho the Rich's wedding and in Don Antonio Moreno's house; but he considered that it could not always be day nor always night, and so he spent that one sleeping, and his master keeping watch.

Chapter LXVIII. Of the bristly adventure that befell Don Quixote

The night was rather dark, though the moon was in the sky, but not in a part where she could be seen: for at times the lady Diana goes off for a stroll to the antipodes and leaves the hills black and the valleys dark. Don Quixote paid his debt to nature by sleeping his first sleep, without giving way to a second; quite the reverse of Sancho, who never had a second, because his sleep lasted him from night until morning, which showed his good constitution and his few cares. Don Quixote's cares kept him so wakeful that he woke Sancho and said to him:

"I marvel, Sancho, at the easiness of your nature: I imagine you are made of marble, or of hard bronze, with no room in you for any feeling or emotion. I keep watch while you sleep, I weep while you sing, I faint from fasting while you are sluggish and short of breath from sheer surfeit. It is the part of good servants to share the sorrows of their masters and to feel what they feel, if only for the look of it. Look at the calm of this night, the solitude we are in, which invites us to slip some waking in among our sleep. Get up, on your life, and go off some distance from here, and with good heart and grateful spirit give yourself three or four hundred lashes on account toward those for Dulcinea's disenchantment; and this I ask of you as a favor, for I do not wish to come to grips with you, as I did the other time, because I know your arms are heavy. After you have given them to yourself, we shall spend the rest of the

night singing, I my absence and you your constancy, beginning from now the pastoral calling we are to follow in our village."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I'm no friar, to rise halfway through my sleep and take the discipline to myself, and I don't see either how anybody can pass from the extreme of the pain of the lashes to the extreme of music. Let your grace let me sleep and not press me about whipping myself; for you'll make me swear an oath never to touch a hair of my smock, let alone a hair of my flesh."

"O hardened soul! O pitiless squire! O bread ill bestowed and favors ill considered, those I have done you and mean to do you! Through me you have seen yourself a governor, and through me you see yourself with near hopes of being a count, or holding some other equivalent title, and their fulfillment will not be delayed longer than it takes for this year to go by; for I, *post tenebras spero lucem* (after the darkness, I hope for light)."

"I don't understand that," replied Sancho; "I only understand that while I'm asleep I have neither fear nor hope, neither trouble nor glory; and blessings on whoever invented sleep, the cloak that covers all human thoughts, the food that takes away hunger, the water that puts thirst to flight, the fire that heats the cold, the cold that tempers the heat, and, in short, the common coin that buys all things, the scale and weight that makes the shepherd equal to the king and the simple man to the wise. Only one thing is bad about sleep, from what I've heard said, and it's that it looks like death, since between a man asleep and a man dead there's very little difference."

"Never have I heard you speak so elegantly, Sancho, as now," said Don Quixote, "by which I come to see the truth of the proverb you sometimes say: 'Not who you're born with, but who you graze with.'"

"Ah, confound it, sir, our master!" replied Sancho. "I'm not the one stringing proverbs now, for they drop out of your grace's

mouth two by two too, better than out of mine; only there must be this difference between mine and yours: that your grace's come in season and mine out of season; but, in effect, they're all proverbs."

They were at this when they heard a muffled din and a harsh noise that spread through all those valleys. Don Quixote got to his feet and put his hand to his sword, and Sancho huddled under the gray, putting the bundle of armor and his donkey's packsaddle on either side of him, as trembling with fear as Don Quixote was stirred up. Moment by moment the noise kept growing and coming near the two fearful ones; at least to the one, for the other's valor is well known.

The case, then, is that some men were taking more than six hundred hogs to sell at a fair, and they were traveling with them at that hour, and so great was the noise they made, and the grunting and the snorting, that it deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, so that they did not make out what it could be. The far-spread, grunting herd came on in a rush, and, with no respect for the authority of Don Quixote or for that of Sancho, they passed over the top of the two, demolishing Sancho's trenches and knocking down not only Don Quixote but Rocinante into the bargain. The rush, the grunting, the speed with which the unclean animals came, threw into confusion and onto the ground the packsaddle, the armor, the gray, Rocinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote.

Sancho got up as best he could and asked his master for the sword, telling him that he wanted to kill half a dozen of those gentlemen and ill-mannered hogs, for he had already recognized them for what they were. Don Quixote said to him:

"Let them be, my friend, for this affront is the penalty for my sin, and it is a just punishment from heaven that jackals should eat a vanquished knight-errant, and wasps sting him, and hogs trample him."

"It must be a punishment from heaven too," answered Sancho, "that the squires of vanquished knights get stung by flies and eaten by lice and set upon by hunger. If we squires were sons of the knights we serve, or close kin of theirs, it wouldn't be much if the penalty for their faults caught up with us to the fourth generation; but what business have the Panzas with the Quixotes? Well, now: let's settle down again and sleep what little is left of the night, and God will bring the day, and we shall thrive."

"You sleep, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "for you were born to sleep; for I, who was born to keep watch, in the time left from now until day will give rein to my thoughts and vent them in a little madrigal that, without your knowing it, I composed in my head last night."

"It seems to me," answered Sancho, "that thoughts that leave room for making verses can't be many. Let your grace versify as much as you please, and I'll sleep as much as I can."

And then, taking as much of the ground as he liked, he curled up and slept soundly, with no sureties, or debts, or pain of any kind to disturb him. Don Quixote, leaning against the trunk of a beech or a cork oak—for Cide Hamete Benengeli does not specify what tree it was—sang in this manner to the sound of his own sighs:

"Love, when I think upon
the harm you deal me, terrible and strong,
I hurry off to death,
believing so to end my boundless pain;
but when I reach the pass
that is a harbor in this sea of torment,
I feel such joy within
that life grows strong, and I do not go through.
So living is my death,
for death returns and gives me life again.
O state unheard of yet,
that deals with me in death and life this way!"

Each of these lines he accompanied with many sighs and not a few tears, like one whose heart was pierced through with the pain of his defeat and the absence of Dulcinea.

At this the day came on, the sun struck Sancho in the eyes with its rays, and he woke and stretched himself, shaking and stretching his lazy limbs; he looked at the havoc the hogs had made of his larder, and cursed the herd and even further than that. At last the two of them went back to the road they had begun, and as the afternoon was waning they saw some ten men on horseback and four or five on foot coming toward them. Don Quixote's heart leaped, and Sancho's took fright, because the people coming up to them carried lances and leather shields and came very much in warlike array. Don Quixote turned to Sancho and said to him:

"If I could, Sancho, exercise my arms, and if my promise had not tied my hands, I would count this mass coming down on us as cakes and fancy bread; but it may be something other than what we fear."

At this the horsemen came up, and, raising their lances, without speaking a word, surrounded Don Quixote and set them to his back and breast, threatening him with death. One of those on foot, putting a finger to his lips as a sign for him to be silent, seized Rocinante's bridle and led him off the road; and the rest of those on foot, driving Sancho and the gray along ahead of them, all keeping a marvelous silence, followed the steps of the one who was leading Don Quixote, who two or three times tried to ask where they were taking him or what they wanted; but he had scarcely begun to move his lips when they made to close them for him with the iron points of the lances; and the same thing happened to Sancho, because he had scarcely shown signs of speaking when one of those on foot pricked him with a goad, and the gray, neither more nor less, as if he wished to speak. Night closed in, they quickened their pace, the fear of the two prisoners grew, and all the more when they heard them saying to them from time to time:

"Get along, troglodytes!"

"Silence, barbarians!"

"Pay up, anthropophagi!"

"Don't complain, you Scythians, nor open your eyes, you murderous Polyphemuses, you flesh-eating lions!"

And other names like these, which tormented the ears of the wretched master and man. Sancho kept saying to himself as he went:

"Us, turtledoves? Us, barbers, or Saint Anthony's pigs? Us, little bitches, that people tell 'sit, sit'? I don't like these names one bit: this threshing floor has an ill wind blowing on it; all the harm comes on us at once, like the sticks on a dog, and I only hope what this most misadventurous adventure threatens stops at sticks!"

Don Quixote went along spellbound, unable, for all the reasoning he did, to make out what those names full of abuse they were calling them might mean, from which he could only conclude that

he should expect no good and fear much harm. At this, about an hour into the night, they reached a castle, which Don Quixote knew well to be the duke's, where they had been not long before.

"God save us!" he said, as soon as he recognized the place. "And what can this be? To be sure, in this house all is courtesy and good manners; but for the vanquished, good turns to bad and bad to worse."

They went into the main courtyard of the castle and saw it arrayed and set out in such a way that their wonder grew and their fear doubled, as will be seen in the following chapter.

Chapter LXIX. Of the strangest and newest event that befell Don Quixote in the whole course of this great history

The horsemen dismounted, and, together with those on foot, picking Sancho and Don Quixote up bodily and in a rush, carried them into the courtyard, around which nearly a hundred torches were burning in their stands, and along the galleries of the courtyard more than five hundred lights; so that, in spite of the night, which was rather dark, the lack of day could not be noticed. In the middle of the courtyard there rose a catafalque some two yards from the ground, entirely covered by a very large canopy of black velvet, around which, on its steps, white wax candles burned on more than a hundred silver candlesticks; and on top of this catafalque lay the dead body of a damsel so beautiful that by her beauty she made death itself seem beautiful. Her head rested on a brocade pillow, crowned with a garland woven of various sweet-smelling flowers, her hands were crossed on her breast, and between them was a branch of yellow, victorious palm.

On one side of the courtyard a stage had been set up, and on two chairs sat two personages who, since they had crowns on their heads and scepters in their hands, gave signs of being kings of some sort, whether real or feigned. Beside this stage, which was reached by some steps, were two other chairs, on which those who had brought the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho, all this in silence, and giving the two of them to understand by signs that they too should be silent; but without anyone signaling

to them, they kept silent, because wonder at what they were looking at had tied their tongues.

At this point two personages of rank came up onto the stage with a great retinue, and Don Quixote at once knew them to be the duke and the duchess, his hosts, who sat down on two very rich chairs beside the two who looked like kings. Who would not have marveled at this, the more so as Don Quixote had recognized that the dead body lying on the catafalque was that of the beautiful Altisidora?

As the duke and duchess came up onto the stage, Don Quixote and Sancho rose and made them a deep bow, and the duke and duchess did the same, bending their heads a little.

At this point an attendant came out from the side, and, going up to Sancho, threw over him a robe of black buckram all painted with flames of fire, and, taking off his cap, put on his head a tall pointed cap, of the kind worn by those the Holy Office has sentenced to penance; and he told him in his ear not to unseal his lips, or they would put a gag on him or take his life. Sancho looked himself up and down and saw himself burning in flames, but since they did not burn him, he did not value them at two ardites. He took off the pointed cap, saw it painted with devils, and put it back on, saying to himself:

"So far so good: these don't burn me and those don't carry me off."

Don Quixote looked at him too, and, though fear held his senses in suspense, he could not help laughing to see Sancho's figure. At this there began to come, it seemed, from under the catafalque a soft and pleasant sound of flutes, which, since no human voice hindered it, for in that place silence itself kept silent, sounded gentle and loving. Then, suddenly, there appeared beside the pillow of the seeming corpse a handsome youth dressed in the

Roman fashion, who, to the sound of a harp that he himself played, sang these two stanzas in a very sweet, clear voice:

"Until Altisidora wakes again,
who died of Don Quixote's cruelty,
and while, at the enchanted court, the ladies
go dressed in coarse cloth woven of goat's hair,
and while my lady clothes her duennas
in baize and in the serge that mourners wear,
I'll sing her beauty and her sad mischance
with better plectrum than the Thracian bard.
Nor do I fancy that this office falls
to me alone so long as I have life;
but with my tongue cold, dead within my mouth,
I mean to raise the voice that is your due.
My soul, set free from its confining rock,
and guided over the Stygian lake,
will go on praising you, and that same sound
will make the waters of oblivion stand."

"No more," said one of the two who looked like kings at this point, "no more, divine singer; for it would be to go on without end to set before us now the death and the graces of the peerless Altisidora, not dead, as the ignorant world thinks, but alive on the tongues of Fame, and in the penance that Sancho Panza, here present, must undergo to bring her back to the light she has lost; and so, O you, Rhadamanthus, who judge with me in the gloomy caverns of Lite, since you know all that is decreed in the inscrutable fates concerning this damsel's coming back to herself, speak and declare it at once, so that the happiness we hope for from her return may not be delayed for us."

Scarcely had Minos, judge and companion of Rhadamanthus, said this, when Rhadamanthus rose to his feet and said:

"Come, attendants of this house, high and low, great and small, come one after another and seal Sancho's face with twenty-four chucks under the chin, and twelve pinches and six pinpricks on his arms and back, for on this ceremony depends the health of Altisidora!"

Hearing which, Sancho Panza broke his silence and said:

"I swear I'll let my face be sealed or pawed about as soon as I'll turn Moor! Body of me! What has pawing my face got to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old woman has got a taste for the greens. They enchant Dulcinea, and they whip me so she'll be disenchanted; Altisidora dies of ailments God chose to give her, and to bring her back to life they have to give me twenty-four chucks under the chin and riddle my body with pinpricks and bruise my arms black and blue with pinches! Play those jokes on a brother-in-law, for I'm an old dog, and there's no 'here, boy, here' with me!"

"You shall die!" said Rhadamanthus in a loud voice. "Soften, you tiger; humble yourself, you proud Nimrod, and suffer and be still, since nothing impossible is asked of you. And do not meddle in inquiring into the difficulties of this business: chin-chucked you shall be, pricked full of holes you shall see yourself, pinched you shall groan. Come, I say, attendants, carry out my command; if not, on the faith of an honest man, you shall see what you were born for!"

At this there appeared, coming across the courtyard, some six duennas in procession, one behind another, four of them in spectacles, and all with their right hands raised on high, with four fingers' breadth of wrist showing, to make their hands look longer, as is the fashion now. No sooner had Sancho seen them than, bellowing like a bull, he said:

“I could let myself be pawed by the whole world, but agree to let duennas touch me, that I won’t! Let them scratch my face like cats, as they did to my master in this very castle; let them run my body through with the points of sharpened daggers; let them tear at my arms with red-hot pincers, and I’ll bear it with patience, or serve these gentlemen; but let duennas touch me I will not allow, though the devil should carry me off.”

Don Quixote broke his silence too, saying to Sancho:

“Have patience, my son, and give these lords pleasure, and many thanks to heaven for having put such virtue in your person that by its martyrdom you disenchant the enchanted and raise the dead.”

By now the duennas were near Sancho, when he, softer and more persuaded, settling himself well in his chair, offered his face and beard to the first, who gave him a very well-sealed chuck under the chin, and then a deep curtsy.

“Less courtesy and less face paint, madam duenna,” said Sancho, “for, by God, your hands smell of vinegar wash!”

In the end all the duennas sealed him, and many other people of the house pinched him; but what he could not bear was the pricking of the pins; and so he rose from his chair, angry by all appearances, and, seizing a lighted torch that was near him, went after the duennas and all his executioners, saying:

“Away, infernal attendants, for I’m not made of bronze, that I shouldn’t feel such extraordinary torments!”

At this Altisidora, who must have been tired from having lain so long on her back, turned on her side; which the bystanders seeing, almost all of them said with one voice:

“Altisidora is alive! Altisidora lives!”

Rhadamanthus ordered Sancho to put aside his anger, since the end they had sought had now been achieved.

As soon as Don Quixote saw Altisidora stir, he went and knelt before Sancho, saying to him:

"Now is the time, son of my very heart, rather than squire of mine, for you to give yourself some of the lashes you are bound to give for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time when your virtue is ripe and has the power to work the good that is hoped of you."

To which Sancho answered:

"This looks to me like trick upon trick, and not honey on pancakes. It would be a fine thing if after pinches, chucks under the chin, and pinpricks the lashes came along now! All they have to do is take a big stone and tie it to my neck and throw me down a well, which wouldn't trouble me much, if I'm to be the wedding cow for curing other people's ills. Leave me alone; if not, by God, I'll throw the whole lot down and let it all go at thirteen, even if it doesn't sell."

By now Altisidora had sat up on the catafalque, and at the same instant the shawms sounded, accompanied by the flutes and the voices of all, who cried:

"Long live Altisidora! Altisidora, long may she live!"

The duke and duchess and the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus rose, and all together, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora and help her down from the catafalque; and she, playing the part of one in a swoon, bowed to the duke and duchess and to the kings, and, looking askance at Don Quixote, said to him:

"God forgive you, loveless knight, for through your cruelty I have been in the other world, it seems to me, more than a thousand years; and to you, O most compassionate squire the globe contains, I give thanks for the life I possess. From this day forth, Sancho, my friend, you may dispose of six shifts of mine that I am leaving you so you can make six shirts for yourself; and if they are not all whole, at least they are all clean."

Sancho kissed her hands for it, with the pointed cap in his hand and his knees on the ground. The duke ordered them to take it from him and give him back his cap, and put on his smock, and take off the robe of flames. Sancho begged the duke that the robe and the miter be left with him, for he wanted to take them home to his village as a token and remembrance of that never-seen event. The duchess answered that they would indeed leave them to him, for he already knew what a great friend of his she was. The duke ordered the courtyard cleared and everyone to withdraw to their rooms, and Don Quixote and Sancho to be taken to the ones they already knew.

Chapter LXX. Which follows sixty-nine and deals with things that cannot be left out for the clarity of this history

That night Sancho slept on a truckle bed in the same room as Don Quixote, a thing he would have avoided if he could, because he knew well that his master would not let him sleep for questions and answers, and he was in no mood for much talking, because the pains of his recent martyrdom were still with him and would not leave his tongue free, and it would have suited him better to sleep alone in a hut than in that rich room in company. His fear proved so true and his suspicion so certain that his master had scarcely got into bed when he said:

"What do you think, Sancho, of what happened tonight? Great and mighty is the force of loveless disdain, as you have seen with your own eyes Altisidora dead, not by other arrows, nor by another sword, nor by any other instrument of war, nor by deadly poisons, but by the thought of the harshness and the disdain with which I have always treated her."

"She could have died and welcome as much as she liked and however she liked," answered Sancho, "and left me at home, since I never made her fall in love or scorned her in my life. I don't know, nor can I think, how it can be that the health of Altisidora, a damsel more whimsical than sensible, should have anything to do, as I've said before, with the martyrdoms of Sancho Panza. Now I really do come to see clearly and distinctly that there are enchanters and enchantments in the world, from whom God

deliver me, since I don't know how to deliver myself; for all that, I beg your grace to let me sleep and not ask me any more, unless you want me to throw myself down out of a window."

"Sleep, Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "if the pinpricks and pinches you received, and the chucks under the chin you were given, will let you."

"No pain," replied Sancho, "came up to the insult of the chucks under the chin, for no other reason than that duennas gave them to me, confound them; and I beg your grace again to let me sleep, because sleep is the relief of miseries for those who bear them awake."

"So be it," said Don Quixote, "and God be with you."

The two of them fell asleep, and in this time Cide Hamete, author of this great history, chose to write and give an account of what moved the duke and duchess to raise the edifice of the contrivance described. And he says that the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, not having forgotten the time when the Knight of the Mirrors was vanquished and overthrown by Don Quixote, which defeat and fall erased and undid all his designs, wished to try his hand again, hoping for a better outcome than the last; and so, learning from the page who had taken the letter and the present to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, where Don Quixote was, he got himself new armor and a horse, and put the white moon on his shield, carrying it all on a mule led by a farmhand, and not by Tomé Cecial, his former squire, so that he would not be recognized by Sancho or by Don Quixote.

He arrived, then, at the castle, where the duke informed him of the road and course Don Quixote was following, meaning to take part in the Zaragoza jousts. He told him likewise of the jests he had played on him with the scheme for Dulcinea's disenchantment, which was to be at the cost of Sancho's rump. In short, he gave an account of the trick Sancho had played on his master, giving him

to understand that Dulcinea was enchanted and transformed into a peasant girl, and of how the duchess his wife had given Sancho to understand that it was he who was deceived, because Dulcinea really was enchanted; at which the bachelor laughed and marveled not a little, considering Sancho's sharpness and simplicity as well as the extreme of Don Quixote's madness.

The duke asked him, if he found him, and whether he vanquished him or not, to come back by way of the castle and give him an account of the outcome. The bachelor did so; he set out in search of him, did not find him in Zaragoza, went on, and there befell him what has been told.

He came back by way of the duke's castle and told him everything, with the conditions of the battle, and that Don Quixote was already on his way back to keep, like a good knight-errant, his word to retire to his village for a year, in which time it might be, said the bachelor, that he would be cured of his madness; for this was the intention that had moved him to make those transformations, since it was a pitiful thing that a hidalgo of such good understanding as Don Quixote should be mad. With this he took his leave of the duke and went back to his village, there to wait for Don Quixote, who was coming along behind him.

From this the duke took occasion to play that jest on him, so much did he enjoy the doings of Sancho and Don Quixote; and he had the roads near and far from the castle watched, on every side by which he imagined Don Quixote might come back, by many servants of his on foot and on horseback, so that they would bring him to the castle by force or by consent if they found him. They found him and sent word to the duke, who, already prepared in all he was to do, as soon as he had news of his arrival, ordered the torches and the lights of the courtyard lit and Altisidora placed on the catafalque, with all the trappings that have been told, so lifelike

and so well done that between the truth and them there was very little difference.

And Cide Hamete says further that he holds the mockers to be as mad as the mocked, and that the duke and duchess were not two fingers' breadth from looking like fools themselves, since they took such pains to make fools of two fools.

As for these two, the one sleeping soundly and the other keeping watch with his thoughts let loose, the day overtook them and with it the wish to get up; for idle feathers, whether vanquished or victor, never pleased Don Quixote.

Altisidora—in Don Quixote's opinion, come back from death to life—following the humor of her lord and lady, crowned with the same garland she had worn on the catafalque, and dressed in a tunic of white taffeta strewn with gold flowers, with her hair loose down her back, and leaning on a staff of fine black ebony, came into Don Quixote's room, and he, troubled and confused at the sight of her, shrank down and covered himself almost entirely with the sheets and coverlets of the bed, his tongue mute, unable to show her any courtesy at all. Altisidora sat down on a chair beside the head of his bed, and, after heaving a great sigh, said to him in a tender and faint voice:

"When women of rank and modest damsels trample on their honor and give their tongues leave to break through every impediment, making public the secrets their hearts hold, they find themselves in a narrow strait. I, Señor Don Quixote of La Mancha, am one of these, hard pressed, vanquished, and in love; but for all that, long-suffering and virtuous; so much so that, from being so very much so, my soul burst from my silence and I lost my life. Two days ago, with the thought of the harshness with which you have treated me,

O harder than marble to my complaints,

obdurate knight, I have been dead, or at least taken for dead by those who have seen me; and if it were not that Love, taking pity on me, placed my remedy in the martyrdoms of this good squire, there I would have stayed in the other world."

"Love might just as well have placed them in my donkey's," said Sancho, "and I'd have thanked him for it. But tell me, my lady, so may heaven provide you with a softer lover than my master: what is it you saw in the other world? What is there in hell? For whoever dies in despair must of necessity end up there."

"To tell you the truth," answered Altisidora, "I can't have died altogether, since I didn't go into hell; for if I had gone in there, be that as it may, I couldn't have got out of it even if I had wanted to. The truth is that I got as far as the gate, where about a dozen devils were playing at ball, all in breeches and doublets, with Walloon collars trimmed with points of Flemish lace, and with cuffs of the same, with four fingers' breadth of arm showing, to make their hands look longer, in which they held rackets of fire; and what amazed me most was that what served them for balls was books, stuffed, it seemed, with wind and flock, a marvelous and novel thing; but this did not amaze me so much as seeing that, though it is natural with players for the winners to be glad and the losers to be sad, there in that game all of them were grumbling, all of them were snarling, and all of them were cursing one another."

"That's no wonder," answered Sancho, "because devils, whether they play or don't play, can never be content, whether they win or don't win."

"That must be so," answered Altisidora, "but there's another thing that also amazes me, I mean amazed me then, and it was that at the first volley no ball was left whole or fit to be used again; and so books new and old came thick and fast, which was a marvel to see. One of them, new, brand-new, and well bound, they gave such a flick that they knocked its guts out and scattered its leaves. One

devil said to another: 'See what book that is.' And the devil answered him: 'This is the *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*, not composed by Cide Hamete, its first author, but by an Aragonese, who says he is a native of Tordesillas.' 'Take it away from here,' answered the other devil, 'and put it down in the abysses of hell: let my eyes never see it again.' 'Is it so bad?' answered the other. 'So bad,' replied the first, 'that if I set out on purpose to make it worse myself, I couldn't manage it.' They went on with their game, batting other books about, and I, because I had heard Don Quixote named, whom I so adore and love, tried to keep this vision in my memory."

"A vision it must have been, no doubt," said Don Quixote, "because there is no other I in the world, and that history is already going about here from hand to hand, but it stops in none, because everyone kicks it away. I have not been troubled at hearing that I wander like a phantom body through the darkness of the abyss or through the brightness of the earth, because I am not the one that history deals with. If it should be good, faithful, and true, it will have centuries of life; but if it is bad, the road from its birth to its grave will not be very long."

Altisidora was about to go on complaining of Don Quixote when Don Quixote said to her:

"Many times I have told you, lady, that it grieves me that you have set your thoughts on me, since from mine they can receive thanks rather than relief; I was born to be Dulcinea del Toboso's, and the fates, if there were any, dedicated me to her; and to think that any other beauty is to take the place she holds in my soul is to think the impossible. This is undeceiving enough for you to withdraw within the bounds of your modesty, since no one can be bound to the impossible."

Hearing which, Altisidora, making a show of being angry and upset, said to him:

"As the Lord lives, Don Salt Cod, soul of a brass mortar, date pit, more stubborn and hard than a peasant who is begged when he has his own quoit on the mark, if I go at you I'll tear your eyes out! Do you think by any chance, Don Vanquished and Don Beaten-with-Sticks, that I died for you? Everything you have seen tonight was feigned; for I am not the woman to let the black of one fingernail ache for such camels as you, let alone die."

"That I can well believe," said Sancho, "for this business of lovers dying is a thing to laugh at: they may well say it, but as for doing it, let Judas believe it."

While they were in this talk, the musician, singer, and poet who had sung the two stanzas already set down came in, and, making a deep bow to Don Quixote, said:

"Let your grace, sir knight, count and hold me among the number of your greatest servants, because I have been very devoted to you for many days, as much for your fame as for your exploits."

Don Quixote answered him:

"Let your grace tell me who you are, so that my courtesy may answer to your merits."

The young man answered that he was the musician and panegyrist of the night before.

"Certainly," replied Don Quixote, "your grace has an extraordinary voice, but what you sang does not seem to me to have been much to the purpose; because what have the stanzas of Garcilaso to do with the death of this lady?"

"Let your grace not marvel at that," answered the musician, "for among the unshorn poets of our age it is now the custom for each one to write as he pleases and steal from whom he pleases, whether it suits his purpose or not, and there is no foolishness they sing or write now that is not put down to poetic license."

Don Quixote would have answered, but the duke and duchess hindered it by coming in to see him, and among them there passed

a long and pleasant conversation, in which Sancho said so many witty things and so many sly ones that he left the duke and duchess amazed once again, as much at his simplicity as at his sharpness. Don Quixote begged them to give him leave to depart that same day, since for vanquished knights like himself a pigsty was a fitter dwelling than royal palaces. They gave it to him very willingly, and the duchess asked him whether Altisidora remained in his good graces. He answered her:

"My lady, let your ladyship know that all this damsel's trouble comes from idleness, the remedy for which is honest and constant occupation. She has told me here that lace is worn in hell; and since she must know how to make it, let her never let it out of her hands, for while she is busy plying the bobbins, the image or images of what she loves will not go plying about in her imagination; and this is the truth, this is my opinion, and this is my counsel."

"And mine," added Sancho, "for I've never in my life seen a lacemaker who died of love; for damsels who are kept busy set their thoughts more on finishing their tasks than on thinking of their loves. I say it from my own case, for while I'm digging I don't remember my better half; I mean my Teresa Panza, whom I love more than the lashes of my eyes."

"You speak very well, Sancho," said the duchess, "and I will see to it that my Altisidora is occupied from now on in doing some white needlework, which she knows how to do extremely well."

"There is no need, my lady," answered Altisidora, "to use that remedy, since the thought of the cruelties this stray miscreant has used on me will wipe him from my memory without any other device. And, with your greatness's leave, I wish to take myself away from here, so as not to have before my eyes any longer, not so much his sorry figure as his ugly and abominable mug."

"That seems to me," said the duke, "like what is commonly said:

For the one who heaps on insults
is not far from pardoning."

Altisidora made a show of wiping away her tears with a handkerchief, and, curtsying to her lord and lady, went out of the room.

"I wish you," said Sancho, "poor damsel, I wish you, I say, bad luck, since you've had to deal with a soul of esparto grass and a heart of holm oak. On my faith, if you'd had to deal with me, another cock would have crowed for you!"

The conversation came to an end; Don Quixote dressed, dined with the duke and duchess, and set out that afternoon.

Chapter LXXI. Of what befell Don Quixote with his squire Sancho on the way to their village

The vanquished and much-harried Don Quixote went along exceedingly pensive on the one hand and very glad on the other. His sadness was caused by his defeat; and his gladness by thinking of Sancho's virtue, as he had shown it in the resurrection of Altisidora, though it was with some misgiving that he persuaded himself the lovelorn damsel had really been dead. Sancho went along not at all glad, because it saddened him to see that Altisidora had not kept her word to give him the shifts; and, turning this over and over, he said to his master:

"Truly, sir, I must be the unluckiest doctor that's to be found in the world, where there are physicians who, though they kill the sick man they're treating, want to be paid for their work, which is nothing more than signing a little slip for some medicines, and it's not even them that make them up but the apothecary, and there you have it, all signed and sealed; and me, when other people's health costs me drops of blood, chucks under the chin, pinches, pinpricks, and lashes, they don't give me an ardite. Well, I swear to them that if they bring any other sick person into my hands, before I cure him they'll have to grease mine; for the abbot dines from what he sings, and I won't believe heaven has given me the virtue I have so that I can share it with others for nothing, for free."

"You are right, Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "and Altisidora has done very ill in not giving you the shifts she

promised; and though your virtue is *gratis data* (freely given), for it has cost you no study at all, to receive martyrdoms in your person is more than study. Of myself I can tell you that if you had wanted pay for the lashes for Dulcinea's disenchantment, I would have given it to you already, and good pay too; but I do not know whether payment will go well with the cure, and I would not want the reward to hinder the medicine. For all that, it seems to me nothing will be lost in trying it: decide, Sancho, what you want, and whip yourself at once, and pay yourself in cash and with your own hand, since you have money of mine."

At these offers Sancho opened his eyes and his ears a span wide, and in his heart consented to whip himself with a will; and he said to his master:

"Well, now, sir, I'm willing to get myself ready to give your grace what you want, with profit to myself; for the love of my children and my wife makes me show myself a man who looks to his own interest. Tell me, your grace: how much will you give me for each lash I give myself?"

"If I were to pay you, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "according to what the greatness and quality of this remedy deserve, the treasure of Venice and the mines of Potosí would be too little to pay you; take the measure yourself of what of mine you are carrying, and set the price on each lash."

"They come," answered Sancho, "to three thousand three hundred and some; of them I've given myself as many as five: the rest remain; let these five go in among the 'some,' and let's come to the three thousand three hundred, which at a cuartillo apiece, and I wouldn't take less if the whole world ordered me to, come to three thousand three hundred cuartillos, which, for the three thousand, are one thousand five hundred half reales, which make seven hundred and fifty reales; and the three hundred make one hundred and fifty half reales, which come to seventy-five reales, which,

added to the seven hundred and fifty, are eight hundred and twenty-five reales in all. These I'll deduct from what I have of your grace's, and I'll go into my house rich and happy, though well whipped; for you don't catch trout..., and I'll say no more."

"O blessed Sancho! O lovable Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "and how bound Dulcinea and I must remain to serve you all the days heaven grants us of life! If she returns to the being she has lost, as she cannot fail to, her ill luck will have turned out good luck, and my defeat the happiest of triumphs. And look, Sancho, when you wish to begin the discipline, for, to make you get it done quickly, I add a hundred reales."

"When?" replied Sancho. "Tonight, without fail. Let your grace see to it that we spend it in the open, under the sky, for I'll lay open my flesh."

Night came, awaited by Don Quixote with the greatest longing in the world, for it seemed to him that the wheels of Apollo's chariot had broken and that the day was drawing out longer than usual, just as happens to lovers, who never get the reckoning of their desires to come out right. At last they went in among some pleasant trees a little off the road, where, leaving empty the saddle and packsaddle of Rocinante and the gray, they stretched out on the green grass and had supper from Sancho's stores; and he, making a mighty and supple whip of the gray's halter and headstall, went off among some beeches about twenty paces from his master. Don Quixote, watching him go with such spirit and dash, said to him:

"Mind, my friend, that you do not cut yourself to pieces; let one lash wait for another; do not try to hurry so in the race that your breath fails you halfway through it; I mean, do not lay them on so hard that your life fails you before you reach the number desired. And so that you will not lose by a card too many or too few, I will stand apart and count on this rosary of mine the lashes you give yourself. May heaven favor you as your good intention deserves."

"A good payer is not pained by pledges," answered Sancho. "I mean to lay them on so that they hurt me without killing me; for that must be where the substance of this miracle lies."

Then he stripped himself from the waist up, and, snatching up the cord, he began to lay on, and Don Quixote began to count the lashes.

Sancho must have given himself some six or eight when the jest seemed a heavy one to him and its price very cheap, and, stopping a little, he told his master that he had been cheated, because each of those lashes deserved to be paid at half a real, not a cuartillo.

"Go on, Sancho, my friend, and do not lose heart," Don Quixote said to him, "for I double the stake of the price."

"In that case," said Sancho, "in God's hands, then, and let the lashes rain!"

But the sly rogue stopped laying them on his back and laid them on the trees, with sighs now and then that seemed to tear his soul out with each one. Don Quixote's soul being tender, and fearing that Sancho's life might give out and that he would not attain his desire through Sancho's imprudence, he said to him:

"On your life, my friend, let this business stop at this point, for this medicine seems to me very harsh, and it will be well to give time to time; for Zamora was not won in an hour. More than a thousand lashes, if I have not counted wrong, you have given yourself: they are enough for now; for the ass, to speak coarsely, bears the load, but not the overload."

"No, no, sir," answered Sancho, "it shall not be said of me: 'Money paid, arms broken.' Let your grace move off a little farther and let me give myself another thousand lashes at least, for with two more goes like this we'll have settled this account, and still have cloth to spare."

"Since you find yourself so well disposed," said Don Quixote, "heaven help you; lay on, and I will move away."

Sancho went back to his task with such spirit that he had already stripped the bark from many trees, such was the severity with which he whipped himself; and once, raising his voice and giving a beech an enormous lash, he said:

"Here you shall die, Sansón, and all who are with him!"

Don Quixote ran up at once at the sound of the pitiful voice and the blow of the harsh lash, and, seizing the twisted halter that served Sancho as a bullwhip, he said to him:

"Fortune forbid, Sancho, my friend, that for my pleasure you should lose your life, which must serve to support your wife and your children: let Dulcinea wait for a better occasion, for I will keep myself within the bounds of a hope close at hand, and will wait for you to gather new strength, so that this business may be concluded to everyone's satisfaction."

"Since your grace, my master, wants it so," answered Sancho, "so be it, and welcome; and throw your cape over these shoulders of mine, for I'm sweating and wouldn't want to catch a chill; for new flagellants run that danger."

Don Quixote did so, and, left in his underclothes, he wrapped Sancho up, who slept until the sun woke him, and then they went on with their journey, which they brought to an end, for the time being, at a village that lay three leagues from there. They dismounted at a tavern, which Don Quixote recognized as such, and not as a castle with a deep moat, towers, portcullises, and drawbridge; for since they had vanquished him he reasoned with more judgment in all things, as will now be told. They lodged him in a room on the ground floor, which instead of embossed leather hangings had some old painted serge cloths, of the kind they use in villages. On one of them was painted, by a very bad hand, the rape of Helen, at the moment the daring guest bore her away from Menalao, and another showed the tale of Dido and Aeneas, with her up on a high tower, as though signaling with half a bedsheet to

the fugitive guest, who was fleeing over the sea in a frigate or brigantine.

He noticed in the two stories that Helen was not going very unwillingly, because she was laughing on the sly and slyly; but the beautiful Dido was shown shedding tears the size of walnuts from her eyes. Seeing which, Don Quixote said:

"These two ladies were most unfortunate in not having been born in this age, and I above all unfortunate in not having been born in theirs: had I met these gentlemen, Troy would not have been burned nor Carthage destroyed, for merely by my killing Paris so many misfortunes would have been avoided."

"I'll wager," said Sancho, "that before long there won't be an eating house, inn, or tavern, or barber's shop where the story of our deeds isn't painted up. But I'd like it to be painted by the hands of a better painter than the one who painted these."

"You are right, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "because this painter is like Orbaneja, a painter who lived in Úbeda; who, when they asked him what he was painting, would answer: 'Whatever comes out'; and if by chance he painted a rooster, he would write under it: 'This is a rooster,' so they would not think it was a fox. That, it seems to me, Sancho, is how the painter or writer, for it is all one, must be who brought out the history of this new Don Quixote that has come out: he painted or wrote whatever came out; or he will have been like a poet who went about the court some years ago, named Mauleón, who would answer offhand whatever he was asked; and when someone asked him what *Deum de Deo* (God from God) meant, he answered: '*Dé donde diere*' (Let it land where it lands). But, leaving this aside, tell me, Sancho, whether you mean to give yourself another round tonight, and whether you want it to be under a roof or in the open air."

"By God, sir," answered Sancho, "for what I mean to give myself, it's all one to me whether it's indoors or out in the fields; but, for

all that, I'd like it to be among trees, for it seems they keep me company and help me bear my labor wonderfully."

"Well, it is not to be so, Sancho, my friend," answered Don Quixote, "but, so that you may gather strength, we must keep it for our village, which we shall reach the day after tomorrow at the latest."

Sancho answered that he should do as he pleased, but that he would have liked to finish that business quickly, while the blood was hot and the millstone freshly dressed, because in delay danger often lies; and praying to God and swinging the mallet; and that one "take this" was worth more than two "I'll give you," and the bird in the hand more than the vulture on the wing.

"No more proverbs, Sancho, for the one God's sake," said Don Quixote, "for it seems you are going back to *sicut erat* (as it was); speak plainly, smoothly, without complications, as I have often told you, and you will see how it pays you back a hundred loaves for one."

"I don't know what bad luck this is of mine," answered Sancho, "that I can't say a word of reason without a proverb, or a proverb that doesn't seem to me a reason; but I'll mend my ways, if I can."

And with this their conversation ended for the time being.

Chapter LXXII. Of how Don Quixote and Sancho reached their village

All that day, waiting for night, Don Quixote and Sancho stayed in that village and tavern: the one so as to finish the round of his discipline in the open country, and the other to see the end of it, on which the end of his desire depended. Meanwhile a traveler on horseback came to the tavern with three or four servants, one of whom said to the one who seemed to be their master:

"Here, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, your grace can take your siesta today: the inn looks clean and cool."

Hearing this, Don Quixote said to Sancho:

"Look, Sancho: when I leafed through that book of the second part of my history, it seems to me that I came across this name of Don Álvaro Tarfe in passing."

"That may well be," answered Sancho. "Let's let him dismount, and afterward we'll ask him about it."

The gentleman got down, and across from Don Quixote's room the landlady gave him a ground-floor room, decked out with more painted serge cloths like those in Don Quixote's room. The newly arrived gentleman changed into summer clothes, and, coming out onto the porch of the tavern, which was spacious and cool, where Don Quixote was walking up and down, he asked him:

"And where may your grace be bound, my good sir?"

And Don Quixote answered him:

"To a village close by here, where I was born. And your grace, where are you bound?"

"I, sir," answered the gentleman, "am going to Granada, which is my homeland."

"And a good homeland it is!" replied Don Quixote. "But tell me, your grace, of your courtesy, your name, for it seems to me it will matter more to me to know it than I can well say."

"My name is Don Álvaro Tarfe," answered the guest.

To which Don Quixote replied:

"Without any doubt I think your grace must be that Don Álvaro Tarfe who goes about printed in the *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*, newly printed and brought to the light of the world by a modern author."

"I am the very man," answered the gentleman, "and that Don Quixote, the principal subject of that history, was a very great friend of mine, and I was the one who drew him out of his country, or at least persuaded him to come to some jousts that were being held in Zaragoza, where I was going; and truly, truly, I did him many kindnesses, and I kept the executioner from tanning his back for being overbold."

"And tell me, your grace, Señor Don Álvaro, do I look in any way like this Don Quixote your grace speaks of?"

"No, certainly not," answered the guest; "in no way at all."

"And this Don Quixote," said ours, "did he have with him a squire called Sancho Panza?"

"Yes, he did," answered Don Álvaro; "and though he was reputed very droll, I never once heard a droll thing out of him that was worth anything."

"That I can well believe," said Sancho at this point, "because saying droll things isn't for everybody, and this Sancho your grace speaks of, my good sir, must be some enormous rogue, a dullard and a thief all at once, for the real Sancho Panza is me, and I've more drolleries than raindrops; and if not, let your grace try the experiment and follow me about for a year at least, and you'll see

them dropping from me at every step, and such and so many that, without my knowing most of the time what I'm saying, I make everybody who listens to me laugh; and the true Don Quixote of La Mancha, the famous, the valiant, and the sensible, the lover, the righter of wrongs, the guardian of wards and orphans, the shield of widows, the killer of damsels, the one who has for his only lady the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is this gentleman here present, who is my master; any other Don Quixote at all and any other Sancho Panza is a sham and a thing of dreams."

"By God, I believe it!" answered Don Álvaro. "Because you have said more drolleries, friend, in four words you have spoken than the other Sancho Panza in all the times I heard him speak, which were many. He had more of the glutton than of the good talker, and more of the fool than of the wit, and I hold it beyond doubt that the enchanters who persecute Don Quixote the good have wished to persecute me with Don Quixote the bad. But I do not know what to say; for I would dare to swear that I left him shut up in the Nuncio's asylum in Toledo, for them to cure him, and now another Don Quixote turns up here, though very different from mine."

"I," said Don Quixote, "do not know whether I am good, but I can say that I am not the bad one; in proof of which I would have your grace know, my lord Don Álvaro Tarfe, that in all the days of my life I have never been in Zaragoza; rather, because I had been told that this phantom Don Quixote had been present at the jousts of that city, I would not go into it, so as to show up his lie before the face of the world; and so I went straight on to Barcelona, the archive of courtesy, the lodging of strangers, the hospital of the poor, the homeland of the brave, the avenger of the wronged, and the welcome exchange of firm friendships, and, in its setting and its beauty, without equal. And though the things that befell me there are not of much pleasure, but of much sorrow, I bear them

without sorrow, just for having seen it. In short, Señor Don Álvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote of La Mancha, the very one fame tells of, and not that wretch who has tried to usurp my name and honor himself with my thoughts. I beg your grace, by what you owe to being a gentleman, to be pleased to declare before the mayor of this village that your grace has never in all the days of your life seen me until now, and that I am not the Don Quixote printed in the second part, nor is this Sancho Panza my squire the one your grace knew."

"That I will do very willingly," answered Don Álvaro, "though it causes amazement to see two Don Quixotes and two Sanchos at one and the same time, as alike in their names as they are different in their actions; and I say again and affirm that I have not seen what I have seen, nor has what happened to me happened."

"No doubt," said Sancho, "your grace must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and would to heaven your grace's disenchantment depended on my giving myself another three thousand and some lashes, as I'm giving myself for her, for I'd give them to myself without any interest at all."

"I do not understand this about lashes," said Don Álvaro.

And Sancho answered him that it was a long story, but that he would tell it to him if by chance they were going the same way.

At this the dinner hour came; Don Quixote and Don Álvaro dined together. The mayor of the town happened to come into the tavern with a notary, and before this mayor Don Quixote requested, by a petition, that, as it was in the interest of his right, Don Álvaro Tarfe, that gentleman there present, should declare before his worship that he did not know Don Quixote of La Mancha, likewise there present, and that this was not the one going about in print in a history whose title was *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*, composed by one Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas. In the end the mayor proceeded in due legal form; the

declaration was made with all the force such declarations were required to have in such cases, at which Don Quixote and Sancho were left very happy, as if such a declaration mattered greatly to them and as if the gap between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos were not plainly shown by their works and words. Many courtesies and offers passed between Don Álvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan showed his good sense, so that he undeceived Don Álvaro Tarfe of the error he was in; who came to believe he must be enchanted, since he was touching with his own hand two such contrary Don Quixotes.

Evening came, and they left that village, and about half a league on two different roads parted, the one leading to Don Quixote's village and the other the one Don Álvaro was to take. In this short space Don Quixote told him of the misfortune of his defeat and of Dulcinea's enchantment and its remedy, all of which filled Don Álvaro with fresh amazement; and he, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, went on his way, and Don Quixote on his, and he spent that night among other trees, to give Sancho the chance to fulfill his penance, which he fulfilled in the same way as the night before, at the cost of the beeches' bark, much more than of his back, which he spared so well that the lashes could not have brushed off a fly, had he had one on it.

Not a single stroke of the count escaped the deceived Don Quixote, and he found that with those of the night before they came to 3,029. It seems the sun had risen early to see the sacrifice, and by its light they went on again with their journey, discussing between the two of them Don Álvaro's mistake and how well advised it had been to take his declaration before the law, and in such authentic form.

That day and that night they traveled without anything worth telling happening to them, unless it was that in the night Sancho finished his task, at which Don Quixote was beyond measure

pleased, and he waited for the day, to see whether on the road he might come across his lady Dulcinea already disenchanted; and, going on his way, he met no woman whom he did not go up to see whether she was Dulcinea del Toboso, holding it for infallible that Merlin's promises could not lie.

With these thoughts and desires they climbed a slope, from which they caught sight of their village; and Sancho, on seeing it, fell on his knees and said:

"Open your eyes, longed-for homeland, and see that Sancho Panza, your son, is coming back to you, if not very rich, very well whipped. Open your arms and receive your son Don Quixote too, who, if he comes vanquished by another man's arms, comes victor over himself; which, as he has told me, is the greatest victory that can be wished for. I bring money, for if they gave me a good whipping, I rode out on it like a fine gentleman."

"Leave off these follies," said Don Quixote, "and let us go in with the right foot into our village, where we will give free rein to our imaginings and to the plan for the pastoral life we mean to follow."

With this they went down the slope and on to their village.

Chapter LXXIII. Of the omens Don Quixote met on entering his village, with other events that adorn and give credit to this great history

At the entrance to which, as Cide Hamete says, Don Quixote saw two boys quarreling on the village threshing floors, and one said to the other:

"Don't wear yourself out, Periquillo, for you won't see it in all the days of your life."

Don Quixote heard it and said to Sancho:

"Do you not notice, my friend, what that boy has said: 'you won't see it in all the days of your life'?"

"Well, what does it matter," answered Sancho, "if the boy said that?"

"What?" replied Don Quixote. "Do you not see that, applying those words to my intention, they mean that I am not to see Dulcinea again?"

Sancho wanted to answer him, when he was prevented by seeing a hare come fleeing across that open country, followed by many greyhounds and hunters, and it came, frightened, to take refuge and crouch under the gray's feet. Sancho caught it safely in his hands and presented it to Don Quixote, who was saying:

"*Malum signum! Malum signum!* (A bad sign! A bad sign!) A hare flees, greyhounds chase it: Dulcinea does not appear!"

"Your grace is a strange one," said Sancho. "Let's suppose this hare is Dulcinea del Toboso and these greyhounds chasing her are

the miscreant enchanters who changed her into a peasant girl: she flees, I catch her and put her in your grace's power, and you hold her in your arms and pet her: what bad sign is this, or what bad omen can be taken from it?"

The two boys of the quarrel came up to see the hare, and Sancho asked one of them why they were quarreling. And he was answered by the one who had said "you won't see it again in all your life" that he had taken a cage of crickets from the other boy, which he did not mean to give back to him in all his life. Sancho took four cuartos out of his pocket and gave them to the boy for the cage, and put it in Don Quixote's hands, saying:

"There, sir, these omens are broken and smashed, and they have no more to do with our affairs, as I imagine, though I'm a fool, than last year's clouds. And if I don't remember wrong, I've heard the priest of our village say that it isn't for Christian or sensible people to pay attention to these childish things; and your grace yourself told me so not long ago, giving me to understand that all those Christians who paid attention to omens were fools. And there's no need to make much of this; let's go on, rather, and go into our village."

The hunters came up and asked for their hare, and Don Quixote gave it to them; they went on, and at the entrance to the village they came upon the priest and the bachelor Carrasco in a little meadow, saying their prayers. And it should be known that Sancho Panza had thrown over the gray and over the bundle of armor, to serve as a covering cloth, the buckram tunic painted with flames of fire that they had put on him in the duke's castle the night Altisidora came back to herself. He had also fitted the pointed cap on the donkey's head, which was the newest transformation and adornment with which an ass was ever seen in the world.

They were at once recognized by the priest and the bachelor, who came to them with open arms. Don Quixote dismounted and

embraced them warmly; and the boys, who are lynxes there is no escaping, spied the donkey's pointed cap and came running to see him, and they said to one another:

"Come on, boys, and you'll see Sancho Panza's donkey dressed finer than Mingo, and Don Quixote's beast skinnier today than on the first day."

At last, surrounded by boys and accompanied by the priest and the bachelor, they entered the village and went to Don Quixote's house, and found at its door the housekeeper and his niece, whom the news of his coming had already reached. Neither more nor less had it been given to Teresa Panza, Sancho's wife, who, disheveled and half dressed, leading Sanchica her daughter by the hand, came running to see her husband; and, seeing him not so well turned out as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him:

"How is it you come like this, husband of mine? For it seems to me you come on foot and footsore, and look more like a man ungoverned than a governor."

"Hush, Teresa," answered Sancho, "for many times where there are pegs there's no bacon; and let's go home, for there you'll hear wonders. I bring money, which is what matters, earned by my own wits and without harm to anybody."

"You bring the money, my good husband," said Teresa, "and let it be earned this way or that, for however you may have earned it, you won't have started any new custom in the world."

Sanchica hugged her father and asked him whether he was bringing her anything, for she had been waiting for him like rain in May; and, she taking hold of him by one side of his belt and his wife by the hand, and his daughter pulling the gray along, they went off to their house, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the charge of his niece and his housekeeper, and in the company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without regard for formalities or hours, that very moment drew aside alone with the bachelor and the priest, and in brief words told them of his defeat and of the obligation he had been left under of not leaving his village for a year, an obligation he intended to observe to the letter, without overstepping it by an atom, just as a knight-errant should, bound by the punctiliousness and order of knight-errantry; and that he had it in mind to turn shepherd that year and pass the time in the solitude of the fields, where with a loose rein he could give free course to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in the pastoral and virtuous calling; and that he begged them, if they had not much to do and were not hindered by more important business, to be pleased to be his companions; for he would buy sheep and enough stock to give them the name of shepherds; and that he would have them know that the most important part of the business was done, because he had given them their names, which would fit them as if cast in a mold. The priest told him to say them. Don Quixote answered that he himself was to be called the shepherd Quixotiz; and the bachelor, the shepherd Carrascón; and the priest, the shepherd Curambro; and Sancho Panza, the shepherd Pancino.

They were all astounded to see Don Quixote's new madness; but, so that he would not leave the village again on his chivalries, hoping that in that year he might be cured, they fell in with his new intention and approved his madness as sensible, offering themselves to him as companions in his calling.

"And what's more," said Sansón Carrasco, "as all the world knows by now, I am a most celebrated poet, and at every step I will compose pastoral verses, or courtly ones, or whatever suits my purpose best, so that we may amuse ourselves in those out-of-the-way places where we are to roam; and what is most needful, my friends, is that each of us choose the name of the shepherdess he means to celebrate in his verses, and that we leave no tree,

however hard, on which he does not label and carve her name, as is the use and custom of enamored shepherds."

"That is just the thing," answered Don Quixote, "though I am free of looking for the name of a feigned shepherdess, for there is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, glory of these riverbanks, ornament of these meadows, mainstay of beauty, cream of all graces, and, in short, a subject on whom all praise may rest well, however hyperbolical it be."

"That is true," said the priest, "but we others will look about for some handy shepherdesses, and if they do not square with us, let them corner with us."

To which Sansón Carrasco added:

"And if there are none, we will give them the names of the stamped and printed ones the world is full of: Phyllises, Amaryllises, Dianas, Fléridas, Galateas, and Belisardas; for since they sell them in the marketplaces, we can very well buy them and keep them as our own. If my lady, or, better said, my shepherdess, should by chance be called Ana, I will celebrate her under the name of Anarda; and if Francisca, I will call her Francenia; and if Lucía, Lucinda, for it all comes to the same; and Sancho Panza, if he is to join this brotherhood, may celebrate his wife Teresa Panza under the name of Teresaina."

Don Quixote laughed at the application of the name, and the priest praised his virtuous and honorable resolution no end, and offered once more to keep him company whenever he had time to spare from attending to his necessary duties. With this they took their leave of him, and begged and advised him to take care of his health and treat himself to whatever was good.

As luck would have it, his niece and the housekeeper overheard the conversation of the three; and as soon as they had gone, both of them went in to Don Quixote, and the niece said to him:

"What is this, uncle? Now that we thought your grace was coming back to settle down in your house and lead a quiet and honorable life in it, do you want to get yourself into new labyrinths, turning yourself into

Little shepherd, you who come,
little shepherd, you who go?

Truly the barley stalk is too tough by now to make pipes of."

To which the housekeeper added:

"And will your grace be able to bear the summer siestas out in the country, the winter night dews, the howling of the wolves? No, certainly not, for this is the calling and occupation of robust men, tanned and bred to such a ministry almost from their swaddling clothes and baby shawls. Why, if it's to be bad either way, it's better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look, sir, take my advice, for I don't give it on a full stomach of bread and wine, but fasting, and on top of the fifty years of age I have: stay in your house, look after your property, go often to confession, be good to the poor, and on my soul be it if it goes badly for you."

"Hush, daughters," Don Quixote answered them, "for I know well what is good for me. Take me to bed, for it seems to me I am not very well; and be sure that, whether I am a knight-errant now or a shepherd yet to go errant, I shall never fail to see to whatever you may need, as you will see by my deeds."

And the good daughters—for so, no doubt, the housekeeper and the niece were—put him to bed, and there they fed him and pampered him all they could.

Chapter LXXIV. Of how Don Quixote fell ill, and of the will he made, and his death

Since human things are not eternal, but are always declining from their beginnings until they reach their final end, and the lives of men above all, and since Don Quixote's had no privilege from heaven to stay its course, his end and close came when he least expected it; for, whether it was from the melancholy that seeing himself vanquished caused him, or whether by the disposition of heaven, which so ordained it, a fever took hold of him and kept him six days in bed, during which he was visited many times by the priest, the bachelor, and the barber, his friends, while Sancho Panza, his good squire, never left his bedside.

They, believing that it was grief at seeing himself vanquished and at not seeing his desire fulfilled in the freeing and disenchantment of Dulcinea that had him in that state, tried by every possible means to cheer him, the bachelor telling him to take heart and get up so as to begin their pastoral calling, for which he had already composed an eclogue that would put to shame every one Sanazaro ever composed, and that, with his own money, he had already bought two famous sheepdogs for the flock, the one named Barcino and the other Butrón, sold to him by a herdsman from Quintanar. But Don Quixote did not leave off his sadness for all this.

His friends called the doctor, who took his pulse and was not much pleased with it, and said that, just in case, he should attend to the health of his soul, because that of his body was in danger.

Don Quixote heard it with a calm spirit, but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who began to weep tenderly, as if they already had him dead before them. The doctor's opinion was that melancholy and despondency were bringing him to his end. Don Quixote asked them to leave him alone, because he wished to sleep a little. They did so, and he slept at a stretch, as they say, for more than six hours; so long that the housekeeper and the niece thought he would never wake from that sleep. He woke at the end of that time, and, giving a loud cry, said:

"Blessed be almighty God, who has done me such great good! In short, his mercies have no limit, and the sins of men neither shorten nor hinder them."

The niece listened closely to her uncle's words, and they seemed to her more coherent than the ones he usually spoke, at least in that illness, and she asked him:

"What is it your grace is saying, sir? Is there something new? What mercies are these, or what sins of men?"

"The mercies, niece," answered Don Quixote, "are those God has shown me at this instant, and my sins, as I said, do not hinder them. My judgment is free and clear now, without the murky shadows of ignorance that my bitter and constant reading of those detestable books of chivalry cast over it. Now I know their absurdities and their deceits, and my one regret is that this undeceiving comes so late, leaving me no time to make amends by reading others that are a light to the soul. I feel, niece, that I am at the point of death; I should like to meet it in such a way as to make it understood that my life was not so bad that I must leave a madman's name behind me; for, though I have been one, I would not want to confirm this truth in my death. Call my good friends for me, my dear: the priest, the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, and Master Nicolás the barber, for I wish to make my confession and my will."

But the niece was spared this errand by the entrance of the three. As soon as Don Quixote saw them, he said:

"Give me joy, good sirs, for Don Quixote of La Mancha I am no longer; I am Alonso Quixano, to whom my ways of living gave the name of the Good. Now I am the enemy of Amadís of Gaul and of the whole endless swarm of his line; now all the profane histories of knight-errantry are hateful to me; now I know my folly and the danger that reading them put me in; now, by the mercy of God, having learned my lesson on my own head, I abhor them."

When the three heard him say this, they believed beyond doubt that some new madness had seized him. And Sansón said to him:

"Now, Señor Don Quixote, when we have news that the lady Dulcinea is disenchanted, your grace comes out with this? And now that we are on the very point of becoming shepherds, to spend our lives singing, like princes, your grace wants to turn hermit? Hush, on your life, come back to yourself, and leave off these stories."

"Those stories up to now," replied Don Quixote, "which have been true enough to my harm, my death, with the help of heaven, must turn to my profit. I feel, sirs, that I am dying, and fast; let jests be put aside, and bring me a confessor to confess me and a notary to make my will, for in straits like these a man must not trifle with his soul; and so I beg you, while the priest hears my confession, to go for the notary."

They looked at one another, amazed at Don Quixote's words, and, though in doubt, they chose to believe him; and one of the signs by which they guessed that he was dying was his having come back so easily from madness to sanity, because to the words already told he added many others so well spoken, so Christian, and so coherent, that they took away their doubt altogether and made them believe he was sane.

The priest had the people go out, and he stayed alone with him and heard his confession.

The bachelor went for the notary, and a little later came back with him and with Sancho Panza; and Sancho, who already knew from the bachelor's news the state his master was in, finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began to pucker his face and shed tears. The confession was over, and the priest came out, saying:

"Truly he is dying, and truly he is sane, Alonso Quixano the Good; we may well go in so that he can make his will."

This news gave a terrible push to the brimming eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and Sancho Panza, his good squire, so that the tears burst from their eyes and a thousand deep sighs from their breasts; for, truly, as has been said before, whether Don Quixote was plain Alonso Quixano the Good or whether he was Don Quixote of La Mancha, he was always of a gentle nature and pleasant dealing, and for this he was well loved not only by the people of his house but by everyone who knew him.

The notary came in with the others, and when the heading of the will had been drawn up and Don Quixote had set his soul in order, with all the Christian formalities that are required, coming to the bequests, he said:

"Item, it is my will that, as to certain moneys that Sancho Panza, whom in my madness I made my squire, has in his keeping, since there have been between him and me certain accounts, and givings and takings, I wish no charge to be laid against him for them, nor any account asked of him; but if any is left over after he has paid himself what I owe him, the remainder shall be his, which will be very little, and much good may it do him; and if, as when I was mad I had a hand in giving him the government of the isle, I could now that I am sane give him that of a kingdom, I would give

it to him, because the simplicity of his nature and the faithfulness of his dealing deserve it."

And, turning to Sancho, he said to him:

"Forgive me, my friend, for the occasion I have given you of seeming as mad as I, by making you fall into the error I fell into, that there were and are knights-errant in the world."

"Oh!" answered Sancho, weeping. "Don't die, your grace, my master; take my advice instead and live many years, because the greatest madness a man can commit in this life is to let himself die, just like that, without anybody killing him or any hands finishing him off but those of melancholy. Look, don't be lazy; get up out of that bed, and let's go out to the fields dressed as shepherds, as we agreed: maybe behind some bush we'll find the lady Doña Dulcinea disenchanted, as pretty as you could wish. If you're dying of grief at being vanquished, put the blame on me, saying they knocked you down because I girthed Rocinante badly; besides, your grace will have seen in your books of chivalry that it's an ordinary thing for knights to knock one another down, and the one who is vanquished today to be the victor tomorrow."

"That is so," said Sansón, "and the good Sancho Panza has the very truth of these cases."

"Sirs," said Don Quixote, "let us go gently, for there are no birds this year in last year's nests: I was mad, and now I am sane; I was Don Quixote of La Mancha, and I am now, as I have said, Alonso Quixano the Good. May my repentance and my truthfulness restore me, with your graces, to the esteem in which you once held me, and let the notary go on.

"Item, I leave my whole estate, just as it stands, to Antonia Quixana, my niece, who is here present, after there has first been taken from the readiest part of it what is needed to carry out the bequests I have made; and the first payment to be made I wish to be the wages I owe for the time my housekeeper has served me,

and twenty ducats more for a dress. I name as my executors the priest and the bachelor Sansón Carrasco, who are here present.

"Item, it is my will that if Antonia Quixana, my niece, should wish to marry, she marry a man of whom it has first been ascertained that he does not know what books of chivalry are; and in case it should be found that he does know, and my niece should still wish to marry him, and should marry him, she shall lose all that I have left her, which my executors may distribute in pious works as they see fit.

"Item, I beg the said gentlemen my executors that if good fortune should bring them to know the author who they say composed a history that goes about with the title *Second Part of Don Quixote of La Mancha*, they ask him on my behalf, as earnestly as can be, to forgive me for the occasion I gave him, without my intending it, of writing so many and such great absurdities as he writes in it, because I depart this life with a scruple of conscience at having given him cause to write them."

With this he closed the will, and, a faint coming over him, he stretched out full length on the bed. They were all alarmed and hurried to help him, and in the three days he lived after the one on which he made his will, he fainted very often. The house was in an uproar; but for all that, the niece ate, the housekeeper drank toasts, and Sancho Panza made merry; for this business of inheriting something wipes out or tempers in the heir the memory of the grief the dead man might reasonably be expected to leave behind.

At last Don Quixote's final day came, after he had received all the sacraments, and after he had cursed the books of chivalry with many forceful words. The notary was present, and he said that he had never read in any book of chivalry of any knight-errant dying in his bed so peacefully and so like a Christian as Don Quixote; who, amid the pity and the tears of those who were there, gave up his spirit: I mean to say that he died.

Seeing which, the priest asked the notary to give him a sworn statement that Alonso Quixano the Good, whom people commonly called Don Quixote of La Mancha, had departed this present life and died a natural death; and that he asked for this statement so as to take away from any other author than Cide Hamete Benengeli the occasion of falsely raising him from the dead and making endless histories of his exploits.

Such was the end of the Ingenious Hidalgo of La Mancha, whose village Cide Hamete would not name exactly, so as to let all the towns and villages of La Mancha contend among themselves to adopt him and claim him as their own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer.

Left out here are the laments of Sancho, of Don Quixote's niece, and of his housekeeper, and the new epitaphs on his tomb, though Sansón Carrasco wrote this one for it:

Here lies the hidalgo strong
who went so far in valor's ways
that, as all men may plainly see,
death never triumphed, in the end,
over his life by his own death.
He held the whole world of small account;
he was the scarecrow and the bogey
of all the world, in such a season
that it was proof of his good fortune
to die in his right mind and live mad.

And the most prudent Cide Hamete said to his pen:

"Here you shall stay, hung from this rack and this brass wire, my quill, whether well cut or badly trimmed I do not know, and here you shall live long ages, unless presumptuous and miscreant

historians take you down to profane you. But before they reach you, you may warn them, and tell them in the best way you can:

'Hold, hold, you little caitiffs!
Let it be touched by none;
for this emprise, good king,
was kept in store for me.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him; he knew how to act, and I to write; we two alone are made for each other, in spite and to the sorrow of the sham Tordesillan writer who dared, or will dare, to write the deeds of my valiant knight with a coarse and badly trimmed ostrich quill, for it is no load for his shoulders nor any matter for his frozen wit; whom you will warn, if by chance you come to know him, to let the weary and already moldering bones of Don Quixote rest in the grave, and not try to carry him off, against all the laws of death, to Old Castile, making him come out of the tomb where really and truly he lies stretched at full length, unable to make a third journey or a new sally; for, to mock the many sallies made by so many knights-errant, the two he made are enough, so much to the liking and pleasure of the people who came to know of them, in these kingdoms as well as in foreign ones.' And with this you will fulfill your Christian profession, giving good counsel to one who wishes you ill, and I shall remain content and proud at having been the first who ever fully enjoyed the fruit of his writings, as he wished; for my desire has been no other than to make men abhor the feigned and absurd histories of the books of chivalry, which, thanks to those of my true Don Quixote, are already stumbling, and are bound, without any doubt, to fall altogether. Farewell."

The End

Colophon

Don Quixote

Original title · *El ingenioso hidalgo don Quixote de la Mancha* (Part One, 1605) / *Segunda parte del ingenioso caballero don Quixote de la Mancha* (Part Two, 1615)

Author · Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra (1547–1616)

Translator · Ether Library

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Source text · A public-domain electronic text of the Spanish, with modernized accents and punctuation; the scholarly edition it was transcribed from is not stated. Translated directly from the Spanish. The fourteen lines of one sonnet missing from that text (end of Part One) are supplied after the sense of John Ormsby's English version (1885), which was otherwise consulted only to check the meaning.

Extent · Complete and unabridged · Part One: legal matter, dedication, prologue, preliminary verses, and fifty-two chapters in four divisions; Part Two: legal matter, prologue, dedication, and seventy-four chapters · 5,028 paragraphs in the source, 5,018 here after eight broken sentences were joined and one sonnet supplied · 6 short translator's notes

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