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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: An Introduction To That Spanish Gentleman (1/19)

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village in a province of Spain called the Mancha, a gentleman named Quixada or Queseda, whose house was full of old lances, halberds, and other weapons. He was, besides, the owner of an ancient target or shield, a raw-boned steed, and a swift greyhound. His food consisted daily of common meats, some lentils on Fridays, and perhaps a roast pigeon for Sunday's dinner. His dress was a black suit with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same colour, which he kept for holidays, and a suit of homespun which he wore on week-days. On the purchase of these few things he spent the small rents that came to him every year. He had in his house a woman-servant about forty years old, a niece not yet twenty, and a lad that served him both in field and at home, and could saddle his horse or manage a pruning-hook.

The master himself was about fifty years old, a strong, hard-featured man with a withered face. He was an early riser, and had once been very fond of hunting. But now for a great portion of the year he applied himself wholly to reading the old books of knighthood, and this with such keen delight that he forgot all about the pleasures of the chase, and neglected all household

matters. His mania and folly grew to such a pitch that he sold many acres of his lands to buy books of the exploits and adventures of the knights of old. These he took for true and correct histories, and when his friends the curate of the village, or Mr. Nicholas the worthy barber of the town, came to see him, he would dispute with them as to which of the knights of romance had done the greatest deeds.

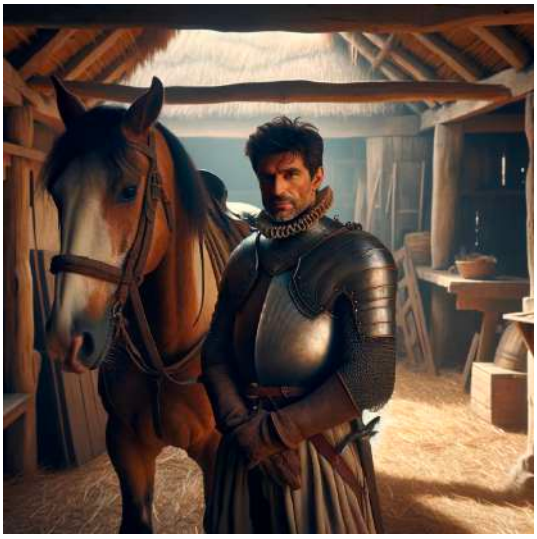
So eagerly did he plunge into the reading of these books that he many times spent whole days and nights poring over them; and in the end, through little sleep and much reading, his brain became tired, and he fairly lost his wits. His fancy was filled with those things that he read, of enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges, wounds, wooings, loves, tempests, and other impossible follies, and those romantic tales so firmly took hold of him that he believed no history to be so truthful and sincere as they were.

Finally he was seized with one of the strangest whims that ever madman stumbled on in this world, for it seemed to him right and necessary that he himself should become a knight-errant, and ride through the world to seek adventures and practise in person all that he had read about the knights of old. Therefore he resolved that he would make a name for himself by revenging the injuries of others, and courting all manner of dangers and difficulties, until in the end he should be rewarded for his valour in arms by the crown of some mighty empire. And first of all he caused certain old rusty arms that belonged to his great-

grandfather, and had lain for many years neglected and forgotten in a corner of his house, to be brought out and well scoured. He fixed them up as well as he could, and then saw that they had something wanting, for instead of a proper helmet they had only a morion or headpiece, like a steel bonnet without any visor. This his industry supplied, for he made a visor for his helmet by patching and pasting certain papers together, and this pasteboard fitted to the morion gave it all the appearance of a real helmet. Then, to make sure that it was strong enough, he out with his sword and gave it a blow or two, and with the very first blow he spoiled that which had cost him a week to make. To make things better he placed certain iron bars within it, and feeling sure it was now sound and strong, he did not put it to a second trial.

He next examined his horse, who though he had nothing on him but skin and bone, yet he seemed to him a better steed than Bucephalus, the noble animal that carried Alexander the Great when he went to battle. He spent four days inventing a name for his horse, saying to himself that it was not fit that so famous a knight's horse, and so good a beast, should want a known name. Therefore he tried to find a name that should both give people some notion of what he had been before he was the steed of a knight-errant, and also what he now was; for, seeing that his lord and master was going to change his calling, it was only right that his horse should have a new name, famous and high-sounding, and worthy of his new position in life. And after having

chosen, made up, put aside, and thrown over any number of names as not coming up to his idea, he finally hit upon Rozinante, a name in his opinion sublime and well-sounding, expressing in a word what he had been when he was a simple carriage horse, arid what was expected of him in his new dignity.



The name being thus given to his horse, he made up his mind to give himself a name also, and in that thought laboured another eight days. Finally he determined to call himself Don Quixote, and remembering that the great knights of olden time were not satisfied with a mere dry name, but added to it the name of their kingdom or country, so he like a good knight added to his own that of his province, and called himself Don Quixote of the Mancha, whereby he declared his birthplace and did honour to his country by taking it for his surname.

His armour being scoured, his morion transformed into a helmet, his horse named, and himself furnished with a new name, he considered that now he wanted nothing but a lady on whom he might bestow his service and affection. "For," he said to himself, remembering what he had read in the books of knightly adventures, "if I should by good hap encounter with some giant, as knights-errant ordinarily do, and if I should overthrow

him with one blow to the ground, or cut him with a stroke in two halves, or finally overcome and make him yield to me, it would be only right and proper that I should have some lady to whom I might present him. Then would he, entering my sweet lady's presence, say unto her with a humble and submissive voice: 'Madam, I am the Giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island called Malindrania, whom the never-too-much-praised knight Don Quixote of the Mancha hath overcome in single combat. He hath commanded me to present myself to your greatness, that it may please your highness to dispose of me according to your liking."

You may believe that the heart of the knight danced for joy when he made that grand speech, and he was even more pleased when he had found out one whom he might call his lady. For, they say, there lived in the next village to his own a hale, buxom country girl with whom he was sometime in love, though for the matter of that she had never known of it or taken any notice of him whatever. She was called Aldonca Lorenso, and her he thought fittest to honour as the Lady of his Fancy. Then he began to search about in his mind for a name that should not vary too much from her own, but should at the same time show people that she was a princess or lady of quality. Thus it was that he called her Dulcinea of Toboso, a name sufficiently strange, romantic, and musical for the lady of so brave a knight. And now, having taken to himself both armour, horse, and lady fair, he was ready to go forth and seek adventures.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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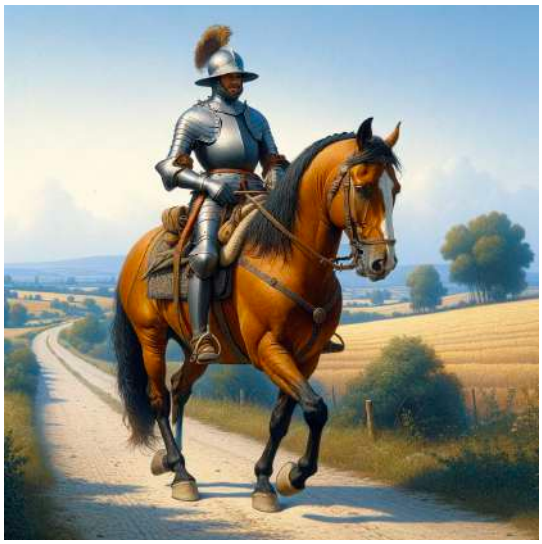
Don Quixote: He Sets Forth On His Adventures (2/19)

All his preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of carrying out his plans, his head being full of the wrongs he intended to put right, and the evil deeds he felt called upon to punish. Without telling any living creature, and unseen of anybody, somewhat before daybreak—it being one of the warmest days in July—he armed himself from head to foot, mounted on Rozinante, laced on his strange helmet, gathered up his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard sallied forth into the fields, marvellously cheerful and content to see how easily he had started on his new career. But scarcely was he clear of the village when he was struck by a terrible thought, and one which did well-nigh overthrow all his plans. For he recollected that he had never been knighted, and therefore, according to the laws of knighthood, neither could he nor ought he to combat with any knight. And even if he were a knight, he remembered to have read that as a new knight he ought to wear white armour without any device upon his shield until he should win it by force of arms.
He journeyed all that day, and at night both he and his horse were tired and hungry, and looking about him on every side to see whether he could discover any castle

to which he might retire for the night, he saw an inn near the highway, which was as welcome a sight to him as if he had seen a guiding star. Spurring his horse he rode towards it and arrived there about nightfall.



There stood by chance at the inn door two jolly peasant women who were travelling towards Seville with some carriers, who happened to take up their lodging in that inn the same evening. And as our knight-errant believed all that he saw or heard to take place in the same manner as he had read in his books, he no sooner saw the inn than he fancied it to be a castle with four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver, with a drawbridge, a deep moat, and all such things as belong to grand castles. Drawing slowly towards it, he checked Rozinante with the bridle when he was close to the inn, and rested awhile to see if any dwarf would mount on the battlements to give warning with the sound of a trumpet how some knight did approach the castle; but seeing they stayed so long, and Rozinante was eager to get to his stable, he went to the inn door, and there beheld the two women, whom he supposed to be two beautiful damsels or lovely ladies. At that moment it happened that a certain swineherd, as he gathered together his hogs, blew the horn which was used to call

them together, and at once Don Quixote imagined it was some dwarf who gave notice of his arrival; and he rode up to the inn door with marvellous delight. The ladies, when they beheld one armed in that manner with lance and target, made haste to run into the inn; but Don Quixote, seeing their fear by their flight, lifted up his pasteboard visor, showed his withered and dusky face, and spoke to them thus: "Let not your ladyships fly nor fear any harm, for it does not belong to the order of knighthood which I profess to wrong anybody, much less such high-born damsels as your appearance shows you to be."

The women looked at him very earnestly, and sought with their eyes for his face, which the ill-fashioned helmet concealed; but when they heard themselves called high-born damsels, they could not contain their laughter, which was so loud that Don Quixote was quite ashamed of them and rebuked them, saying: "Modesty is a comedy ornament of the beautiful, and too much laughter springing from trifles is great folly; but I do not tell you this to make you the more ashamed, for my desire is none other than to do you all the honour and service I may."

This speech merely increased their laughter, and with it his anger, which would have passed all bounds if the innkeeper had not come out at this instant. Now this innkeeper was a man of exceeding fatness, and therefore, as some think, of a very peaceable disposition; and when he saw that strange figure, armed in such fantastic armour, he was very nearly keeping

the two women company in their merriment and laughter. But being afraid of the owner of such a lance and target, he resolved to behave civilly for fear of what might happen, and thus addressed him: "Sir knight! if your worship do seek for lodging, we have no bed at liberty, but you shall find all other things in abundance."

To which Don Quixote, noting the humility of the constable of the castle—for such he took him to be—replied: "Anything, sir constable, may serve me, for my arms are my dress, and the battlefield is my bed."

While he was speaking, the innkeeper laid hand on Don Quixote's stirrup and helped him to alight. This he did with great difficulty and pain, for he had not eaten a crumb all that day. He then bade the innkeeper have special care of his horse, saying he was one of the best animals that ever ate bread.

The innkeeper looked at Rozinante again and again, but he did not seem to him half so good as Don Quixote valued him. However, he led him civilly to the stable, and returned to find his guest in the hands of the high-born damsels, who were helping him off with his armour. They had taken off his back and breast plates, but they could in no way get his head and neck out of the strange, ill-fashioned helmet which he had fastened on with green ribands.

Now these knots were so impossible to untie that the women would have cut them, but this Don Quixote would not agree to. Therefore he remained all the night with his helmet on, and looked the drollest and

strangest figure you could imagine. And he was now so pleased with the women, whom he still took to be ladies and dames of the castle, that he said to them: "Never was knight so well attended on and served by ladies as was Don Quixote. When he departed from his village, damsels attended on him and princesses on his horse. O ladies! Rozinante is the name of my steed, and I am called Don Quixote, and the time shall come when your ladyships may command me and I obey, and then the valour of mine arm shall discover the desire I have to do you service."

The women could make nothing of his talk, but asked him if he would eat, and Don Quixote replying that such was his desire, there was straightway laid a table at the inn door. The host brought out a portion of badly boiled haddocks, and a black, greasy loaf, which was all the inn could supply. But the manner of Don Quixote's eating was the best sport in the world, for with his helmet on he could put nothing into his mouth himself if others did not help him to find his way, and therefore one of the women served his turn at that, and helped to feed him. But they could not give him drink after that manner, and he would have remained dry for ever if the innkeeper had not bored a cane, and putting one end in his mouth, poured the wine down the other. And all this he suffered rather than cut the ribands of his helmet.

And as he sat at supper the swineherd again sounded his horn, and Don Quixote was still firm in the belief that he was in some famous castle, where he was

served with music, and that the stale haddock was fresh trout, the bread of the finest flour, the two women high-born damsels, and the innkeeper the constable of the castle. Thus he thought his career of knight-errant was well begun, but he was still greatly troubled by the thought that he was not yet dubbed knight, and could not therefore rightly follow his adventures until he received the honour of knighthood.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: The Knighting Of Don Quixote (3/19)

When he had finished his sorry supper, he took his host with him to the stable, and shutting the door threw himself down upon his knees before him, saying: "I will never rise from this place where I am, sir constable, until your courtesy shall grant unto me a boon that I mean to demand of you, something which will add to your renown and to the profit of all the human race." The innkeeper, seeing his guest at his feet, and hearing him speak these words, stood confounded at the sight, not knowing what he would say or do next, and tried to make him arise. But all was in vain until he had promised him that he would grant him any gift that he sought at his hands.

"Signor," said Don Quixote, rising from his knees, "I did never expect less from your great magnificence, and now I will tell you that the boon which I demanded of you, and which you have so generously granted, is that to-morrow in the morning you will dub me knight. This night I will watch mine armour in the chapel of your castle, and in the morning, as I have said, the rest of my desires shall be fulfilled, that I may set out in a proper manner throughout the four parts of the world to seek adventures to the benefit of the poor and:

needy, as is the duty of knighthood and of knights-errant."

The innkeeper, who was a bit of a jester, and had before thought that the wits of his guest were none of the best, was sure that his suspicions were true when he heard him speak in this manner. And in order to enjoy a joke at his expense, he resolved to fall in with his humour, and told him that there was great reason in what he desired, which was only natural and proper in a knight of such worth as he seemed to be. He added further that there was no chapel in his castle where he might watch his arms, for he had broken it down to build it up anew. But, nevertheless, he knew well that in a case of necessity they might be watched in any other place, and therefore he might watch them that night in the lower court of the castle, where in the morning he, the innkeeper, would perform all the proper ceremonies, so that he should be made not only a dubbed knight, but such a one as should not have an equal in the whole universe.

The innkeeper now gave orders that Don Quixote should watch his armour in a great yard near one side of the inn, so he gathered together all his arms, laid them on a cistern near a well, and buckling on his target he laid hold of his lance and walked up and down before the cistern very demurely, until night came down upon the scene.

In the meantime the roguish innkeeper told all the rest that lodged in the inn of the folly of his guest, the watching of his arms, and the knighthood which he

expected to receive. They all wondered very much at so strange a kind of folly, and going out to behold him from a distance, they saw that sometimes he marched to and fro with a quiet gesture, other times leaning upon his lance he looked upon his armour for a good space of time without beholding any other thing save his arms.

Although it was now night, yet was the moon so clear that everything which the knight did was easily seen by all beholders. And now one of the carriers that lodged in the inn resolved to give his mules some water, and for that purpose it was necessary to move Don Quixote's armour that lay on the cistern.

Seeing the carrier approach, Don Quixote called to him in a loud voice: "O thou, whosoever thou art, bold knight, who dares to touch the armour of the bravest adventurer that ever girded sword, look well what thou doest, and touch them not if thou meanest not to leave thy life in payment for thy meddling!"

The carrier took no notice of these words, though it were better for him if he had, but laying hold of the armour threw it piece by piece into the middle of the yard.

When Don Quixote saw this, he lifted up his eyes towards heaven, and addressing his thoughts, as it seemed, to his Lady Dulcinea, he said: "Assist me, dear lady, in this insult offered to thy vassal, and let not thy favour and protection fail me in this my first adventure!"

Uttering these and other such words, he let slip his target or shield, and lifting up his lance with both hands he gave the carrier so round a knock on his head that it threw him to the ground, and if he had caught him a second he would not have needed any surgeon to cure him. This done, he gathered up his armour again, and laying the pieces where they had been before, he began walking up and down near them with as much quietness as he did at first.

Soon afterwards another carrier, without knowing what had happened (for his companion still lay on the ground), came also to give his mules water, and started to take away the armour to get at the cistern, Don Quixote let slip again his target, and lifting his lance brought it down on the carrier's head, which he broke in several places.

All the people in the inn, and amongst them the innkeeper, came running out when they heard the noise, and Don Quixote seeing them seized his target, and, drawing his sword, cried aloud: "O lady of all beauty, now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn the eyes of thy greatness on thy captive knight who is on the eve of so marvellous great an adventure."

Saying this seemed to fill him with so great a courage, that if he had been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded men, seeing their fellows in so evil a plight, began to rain stones on Don Quixote from a distance, who defended himself as well

as he might with his target, and durst not leave the cistern lest he should appear to abandon his arms. The innkeeper cried to them to let him alone, for he had already told them that he was mad. But Don Quixote cried out louder than the innkeeper, calling them all disloyal men and traitors, and that the lord of the castle was a treacherous and bad knight to allow them to use a knight-errant so basely; and if he had only received the order of knighthood he would have punished him soundly for his treason. Then calling to the carriers he said: "As for you, base and rascally ruffians, you are beneath my notice. Throw at me, approach, draw near and do me all the hurt you may, for you shall ere long receive the reward of your insolence."

These words, which he spoke with great spirit and boldness, struck a terrible fear into all those who assaulted him, and, partly moved by his threats and partly persuaded by the innkeeper, they left off throwing stones at him, and he allowed them to carry away the wounded men, while he returned to his watch with great quietness and gravity.

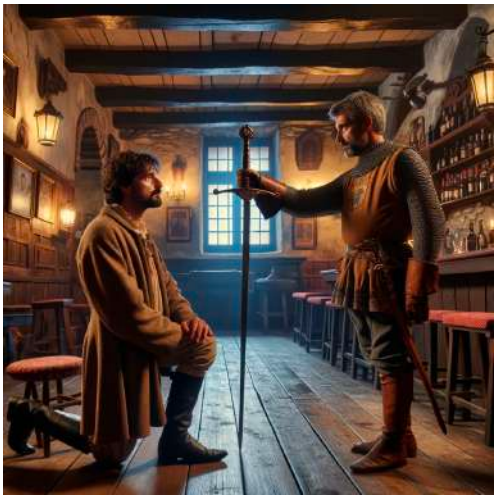
The innkeeper did not very much like Don Quixote's pranks, and therefore determined to shorten the ceremony and give him the order of knighthood at once before any one else was injured. Approaching him, therefore, he made apologies for the insolence of the base fellows who had thrown stones at him, and explained that it was not with his consent, and that he thought them well punished for their impudence. He

added that it was not necessary for Don Quixote to watch his armour any more, because the chief point of being knighted was to receive the stroke of the sword on the neck and shoulder, and that ceremony he was ready to perform at once.

All this Don Quixote readily believed, and answered that he was most eager to obey him, and requested him to finish everything as speedily as possible. For, he said, as soon as he was knighted, if he was assaulted again, he intended not to leave one person alive in all the castle, except those which the constable should command, whom he would spare for his sake.

The innkeeper, alarmed at what he said, and fearing lest he should carry out his threat, set about the ceremony without delay. He brought out his day-book, in which he wrote down the accounts of the hay and straw which he sold to carriers who came to the inn, and attended by a small boy holding the end of a candle and walking before him, and followed by the two women who were staying at the inn, he approached Don Quixote, He solemnly commanded him to kneel upon his knees, while he mumbled something which he pretended to read out of the book that he held in his hand. Then he gave him a good blow on the neck, and after that another sound thwack over the shoulders with his own sword, always as he did so continuing to mumble and murmur as though he were reading something out of his book. This being done, he commanded one of the damsels to gird on his sword, which she did with much grace and cleverness. And it was with difficulty that

they all kept from laughing during this absurd ceremony, but what they had already seen of Don Quixote's fury made them careful not to annoy him even by a smile.
When she had girded on his sword, the damsel said: "May you be a fortunate knight, and meet with good success in all your adventures."
Don Quixote asked her how she was called, that he might know to whom he was obliged for the favours he had received. She answered with great humility that she was named Tolosa, and was a butcher's daughter of Toledo. Don Quixote replied requesting her to call herself from henceforth the Lady Tolosa, which she promised to perform. The other damsel buckled on his spurs, and when Don Quixote asked her name she told him it was Molinera, and that she was daughter of an honest miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to call herself Lady Molinera, and offered her new services and favours.



These strange and never-before-seen ceremonies being ended, Don Quixote could not rest until he was mounted on horseback that he might go to seek adventures. He therefore caused Rozinante to be instantly saddled, leaped on his back, and embracing the innkeeper, thanked him in a thousand wild and ridiculous ways for the great favour he had done him in dubbing him knight.

The innkeeper, who was only eager to be rid of him without delay, answered him in the same fashion, and let him march off without demanding from him a single farthing for his food or lodging.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: The Greadful Adventure Of The Windmills (4/19)

Don Quixote persuaded a certain labourer, his neighbour, an honest man, but one of very shallow wit, to go away with him and serve him as squire. In the end he gave him so many fair words and promises that the poor fellow determined to go with him. Don Quixote, among other things, told him that he ought to be very pleased to depart with him, for at some time or other an adventure might befall which should in the twinkling of an eye win him an island and leave him governor thereof. On the faith of these and other like promises, Sancho Panza (for so he was called) forsook his wife and children and took service as squire to his neighbour.

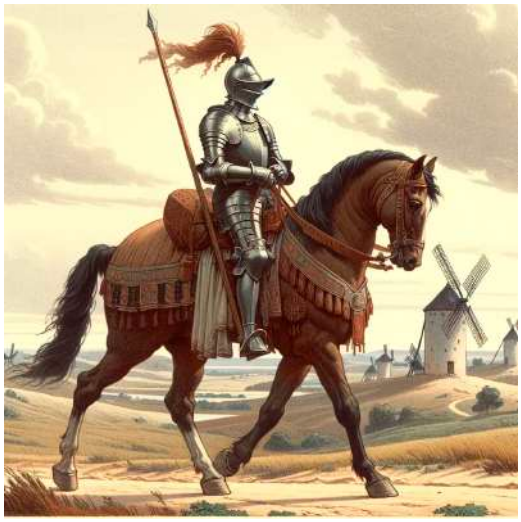
Whilst they were journeying along, Sancho Panza said to his master: "I pray you have good care, sir knight, that you forget not that government of the island which you have promised me, for I shall be able to govern it be it never so great."

And Don Quixote replied: "Thou must understand, friend Sancho, that it was a custom very much used by the ancient knights-errant, to make their squires governors of the islands and kingdoms they conquered, and I am

resolved that so good a custom shall be kept up by me. And if thou livest and I live it may well be that I might conquer a kingdom within six days, and crown thee king of it."
"By the same token," said Sancho Panza, "if I were a king, then should Joan my wife become a queen and my children princes?"
"Who doubts of that?" said Don Quixote.
"That do I," replied Sancho Panza, "for I am fully persuaded that though it rained kingdoms down upon the earth, none of them would sit well on my wife Joan. She is not worth a farthing for a queen. She might scrape through as a countess, but I have my doubts of that."
As they were talking, they caught sight of some thirty or forty windmills on a plain. As soon as Don Quixote saw them he said to his squire: "Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could desire. For behold, friend Sancho, how there appear thirty or forty monstrous giants with whom I mean to do battle, and take all their lives. With their spoils we will begin to be rich, for this is fair war, and it is doing great service to clear away these evil fellows from off the face of the earth."
"What giants?" said Sancho amazed.
"Those thou seest there," replied his master, "with the long arms."
"Take care, sir," cried Sancho, "for those we see yonder are not giants but windmills, and those things which

seem to be arms are their sails, which being whirled round by the wind make the mill go."
"It is clear," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not yet experienced in the matter of adventures. They are giants, and if thou art afraid, get thee away home, whilst I enter into cruel and unequal battle with them."
So saying, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, without heeding the cries by which Sancho Panza warned him that he was going to encounter not giants but windmills. For he would neither listen to Sancho's outcries, nor mark what he said, but shouted to the windmills in a loud voice: "Fly not, cowards and vile creatures, for it is only one knight that assaults you!"
A slight breeze having sprung up at this moment, the great sail-arms began to move, on seeing which Don Quixote shouted out again: "Although you should wield more arms than had the giant Briareus, I shall make you pay for your insolence!"
Saying this, and commending himself most devoutly to his Lady Dulcinea, whom he desired to aid him in this peril, covering himself with his buckler, and setting his lance in rest, he charged at Rozinante's best gallop, and attacked the first mill before him. Thrusting his lance through the sail, the wind turned it with such violence that it broke his weapon into shivers, carrying him and his horse after it, and having whirled them round, finally tumbled the knight a good way off, and rolled him over the plain, sorely damaged.
Sancho Panza hastened to help him as fast as his ass could go, and when he came up he found the knight

unable to stir, such a shock had Rozinante given him in the fall.
"Bless me," said Sancho, "did I not tell you that you should look well what you did, for they were windmills, nor could any think otherwise unless he had windmills in his brains!"



"Peace, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for the things of war are constantly changing, and I think this must be the work of the same sage Freston who robbed me of my library and books, and he hath changed these giants into windmills to take from me the glory of the victory. But in the end his evil arts shall avail but little against the goodness of my sword."
"May it prove so," said Sancho, as he helped his master to rise and remount Rozinante, who, poor steed, was himself much bruised by the fall.
The next day they journeyed along towards the Pass of Lapice, a romantic spot, at which they arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.
"Here," said Don Quixote to his squire, "we may hope to dip our hands up to the elbows in what are called adventures. But take note of this, that although thou seest me in the greatest dangers of the world, thou art not to set hand to thy sword in my defence, unless

those who assault me be base or vulgar people. If they be knights thou mayest not help me."
"I do assure you, sir," said Sancho, "that herein you shall be most punctually obeyed, because I am by nature a quiet and peaceful man, and have a strong dislike to thrusting myself into quarrels."
Whilst they spoke thus, two friars of the order of St. Benedict, mounted on large mules—big enough to be dromedaries—appeared coming along the road. They wore travelling masks to keep the dust out of their eyes and carried large sun umbrellas. After them came a coach with four or five a-horseback travelling with it, and two lackeys ran hard by it. In the coach was a Biscayan lady who was going to Seville. The friars were not of her company, though all were going the same way.
Scarcely had Don Quixote espied them than he exclaimed to his squire: "Either I much mistake, or this should be the most famous adventure that hath ever been seen; for those dark forms that loom yonder are doubtless enchanters who are carrying off in that coach some princess they have stolen. Therefore I must with all my power undo this wrong."
"This will be worse than the adventure of the windmills," said Sancho. "Do you not see that they are Benedictine friars, and the coach will belong to some people travelling?"
"I have told thee already, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art very ignorant in the matter of adventures. What I say is true, as thou shalt see."

So saying he spurred on his horse, and posted himself in the middle of the road along which the friars were coming, and when they were near enough to hear him he exclaimed in a loud voice: "Monstrous and horrible crew! Surrender this instant those exalted princesses, whom you are carrying away in that coach, or prepare to receive instant death as a just punishment of your wicked deeds."

The friars drew rein, and stood amazed at the figure and words of Don Quixote, to whom they replied: "Sir knight, we are neither monstrous nor wicked, but two religious men, Benedictines, travelling about our business, and we know nothing about this coach or about any princesses."

"No soft words for me," cried Don Quixote, "for I know you well, treacherous knaves."

And without waiting for their reply he set spurs to Rozinante; and laying his lance on his thigh, charged at the first friar with such fury and rage, that if he had not leaped from his mule he would have been slain, or at least, badly wounded.

The second friar, seeing the way his companion was treated, made no words but fled across the country swifter than the wind itself.

Sancho Panza, on seeing the friar overthrown, dismounted very speedily off his ass and ran over to him, and would have stripped him of his clothes, But two of the friars' servants came up and asked him why he was thus despoiling their master. Sancho replied that

it was his due by the law of arms, as lawful spoils gained in battle by his lord and master, Don Quixote. The lackeys, who knew nothing of battles or spoils, seeing that Don Quixote was now out of the way, speaking with those that were in the coach, set both at once upon Sancho and threw him down, plucked every hair out of his beard and kicked and mauled him without mercy, leaving him at last stretched on the ground senseless and breathless.

As for the friar, he mounted again, trembling and terror-stricken, all the colour having fled from his face, and spurring his mule, he joined his companion, who was waiting for him hard by.

While this was happening, Don Quixote was talking to the lady in the coach, to whom he said: "Dear lady, you may now dispose of yourself as you best please. For the pride of your robbers is laid in the dust by this my invincible arm. And that you may not pine to learn the name of your deliverer, know that I am called Don Quixote of the Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer, and captive of the peerless and beauteous Lady Dulcinea of Toboso. And in reward for the benefits you have received at my hands, I demand nothing else but that you return to Toboso, there to present yourself in my name before my lady, and tell her what I have done to obtain your liberty."

All this was listened to by a Biscayan squire who accompanied the coach. He hearing that the coach was not to pass on but was to return to Toboso, went up to Don Quixote, and, laying hold of his lance, said to him:

"Get away with thee, sir knight, for if thou leave not the coach I will kill thee as sure as I am a Biscayan."
"If," replied Don Quixote haughtily, "thou wert a gentleman, as thou art not, I would ere this have punished thy folly and insolence, caitiff creature."
"I no gentleman?" cried the enraged Biscayan. "Throw down thy lance and draw thy sword, and thou shalt soon see that thou liest."
"That shall be seen presently," replied Don Quixote; and flinging his lance to the ground he drew his sword, grasped his buckler tight, and rushed at the Biscayan. The Biscayan, seeing him come on In this manner, had nothing else to do but to draw his sword. Luckily for him he was near the coach, whence he snatched a cushion to serve him as a shield, and then they fell on one another as if they had been mortal enemies.
Those that were present tried to stop them, but the Biscayan shouted out that if he were hindered from ending the battle he would put his lady and all who touched him to the sword.
The lady, amazed and terrified, made the coachman draw aside a little, and sat watching the deadly combat from afar.
The Biscayan, to begin with, dealt Don Quixote a mighty blow over the target, which, if it had not been for his armour, would have cleft him to the waist. Don Quixote, feeling the weight of this tremendous blow which had destroyed his visor and carried away part of his ear, cried out aloud: "O Dulcinea, lady of my soul, flower of all beauty, help thy knight, who finds himself in this

great danger!" To say this, to raise his sword, to cover himself with his buckler, and to rush upon the Biscayan was the work of a moment. With his head full of rage he now raised himself in his stirrups, and, gripping his sword more firmly in his two hands, struck at the Biscayan with such violence that he caught him a terrible blow on the cushion, knocking this shield against his head with tremendous violence. It was as though a mountain had fallen on the Biscayan and crushed him, and the blood spouted from his nose and mouth and ears. He would have fallen straightway from his mule if he had not clasped her round the neck; but he lost his stirrups, then let go his arms, and the mule, frightened at the blow, began to gallop across the fields, so that after two or three plunges it threw him to the ground.

Don Quixote leaped off his horse, ran towards him, and setting the point of his sword between his eyes, bade him yield, or he would cut off his head.

The lady of the coach now came forward in great grief and begged the favour of her squire's life.

Don Quixote replied with great stateliness: "Truly, fair lady, I will grant thy request, but it must be on one condition, that this squire shall go to Toboso and present himself in my name to the peerless Lady Dulcinea, that she may deal with him as she thinks well."

The lady, who was in great distress, without considering what Don Quixote required, or asking who Dulcinea might be, promised that he should certainly perform this command.

"Then," said Don Quixote, "on the faith of that pledge I will do him no more harm."
Seeing the contest was now over, and his master about to remount Rozinante, Sancho ran to hold his stirrups, and before he mounted, taking him by his hand he kissed it and said: "I desire that it will please you, good my lord Don Quixote, to bestow on me the government of that island which in this terrible battle you have won."
To which Don Quixote replied: "Brother Sancho, these are not the adventures of islands, but of cross roads, wherein nothing is gained but a broken pate or the loss of an ear. Have patience awhile, for the adventures will come whereby I can make thee not only a governor, but something higher."
Sancho thanked him heartily, and kissed his hand again and the hem of his mailed shirt. Then he helped him to get on Rozinante, and leaped upon his ass to follow him. And Don Quixote, without another word to the people of the coach, rode away at a swift pace and turned into a wood that was hard by, leaving Sancho to follow him as fast as his beast could trot.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: Don Quixote And The Goatherds (5/19)

As they rode along, Don Quixote turned to his squire and said to him: "Tell me now in very good earnest, didst thou ever see a more valorous knight than I am throughout the face of the earth? Didst thou ever read in histories of any other that hath or ever had more courage in fighting, more dexterity in wounding, or more skill in overthrowing?"
"The truth is," replied Sancho, "that I have never read any history whatever, for I can neither read nor write. But what I dare wager is, that I never in my life served a bolder master than you are, and I only trust that all this boldness does not land us within the four walls of the gaol."
"Peace, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "when didst thou read of a knight-errant that was brought before the judge though he killed ever so many people?"
"I have read nothing, as you know, good master; but a truce to all this, let me attend to your wound, for you are losing a good deal of blood in that ear, and I have got some lint and a little white ointment in my wallet."
"That," said Don Quixote, "would have been unnecessary if I had remembered to make a bottleful of the balsam of Fierabras, for with only one drop of it both time and medicines are saved."

"What balsam is that, then?" asked Sancho Panza.
"It is a balsam, the receipt of which I have in my memory, and whoever possesses it need not fear death nor think to perish by any wound. Therefore after I have made it and given it unto thee, thou hast nothing else to do but when thou shalt see that in any battle I be cloven in twain, than deftly to take up the portion of the body which is fallen to the ground and put it up again on the half which remains in the saddle, taking great care to fix it exactly in the right place. Then thou shalt give me two draughts of the balsam I have mentioned, and I shall become as sound as an apple."
"If that be true," said Sancho, "I renounce from now the government of the promised island, and will demand nothing else in payment of my services but only the receipt of this precious liquor. But tell me, is it costly in making?"
"With less than three reals" said Don Quixote, "a man may make three gallons of it. But I mean to teach thee greater secrets than this, and do thee greater favours also. And now let me dress my wound, for this ear pains me more than I would wish."
Sancho took out of his wallet his lint and ointment to cure his master. But before he could use them Don Quixote saw that the visor of his helmet was broken, and he had like to have lost his senses. Setting his hand to his sword, he cried: "I swear an oath to lead the life which was led by the great Marquis of Mantua when he swore to revenge the death of his nephew Baldwin, which was not to eat off a tablecloth, nor to comb his

hair, nor to change his clothes, nor to quit his armour, and other things which, though I cannot now remember, I take as said, until I have had complete revenge on him that hath done this outrage."
"Look, your worship, Sir Don Quixote." said Sancho, when he heard these strange words, "you must note that if the Biscayan has done what you told him, and presented himself before my Lady Dulcinea of Toboso, then he has fully satisfied his debt, and deserves no other penalty unless he commits a new fault."
"Thou hast spoken well and hit the mark truly," answered Don Quixote; "and, therefore, in respect of that, I set the oath aside. But I make it and confirm it again, that I will lead the life I have said, until I take by force another helmet as good as this from some other knight."
"Such oaths are but mischief," said Sancho discontentedly, "for tell me now, if by chance we do not come across a man armed with a helmet, what are we to do? Do but consider that armed men travel not these roads, but only carriers and waggoners, who not only wear no helmets, but never heard them named all the days of their life."
"Thou art mistaken in this," said Don Quixote, "for we shall not have been here two hours before we shall see more knights than went up against Albraca to win Angelica the Fair."
"So be it," said Sancho, "and may all turn out well for us, that the time may come for the winning of that island which is costing me so dear."

"Have no fear for thine island, Sancho Panza," said Don Quixote; "and now look if thou hast aught to eat in thy wallet, for soon we should go in search of some castle where we may lodge the night and make the balsam of which I have spoken, for in truth this ear of mine pains me greatly."

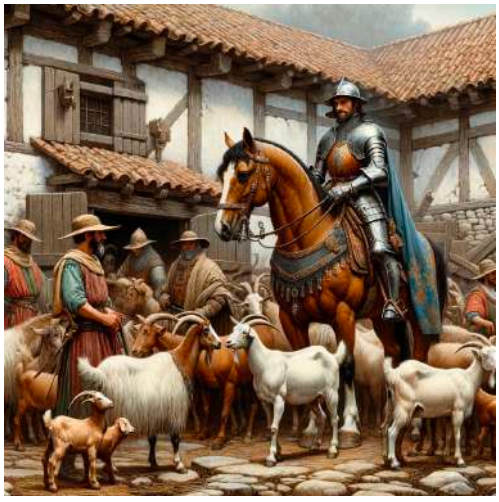
"I have got here an onion and a bit of cheese and a few crusts of bread, but such coarse food is not fit for so valiant a knight as your worship."

"How little dost thou understand the matter," replied Don Quixote, "for it is an honour to knights-errant not to eat more than once a month, and if by chance they should eat, to eat only of that which is next at hand! And all this thou mightest have known hadst thou read as many books as I have done. For though I studied many, yet did I never find that knights-errant did ever eat but by mere chance, or at some costly banquets that were made for them. And the remainder of their days they lived on herbs and roots. Therefore, friend Sancho, let not that trouble thee which is my pleasure, for to a knight-errant that which comes is good."

"Pardon me, sir," said Sancho, "for since I can neither read nor write, as I have already told you, I have not fallen in rightly with the laws of knighthood. But from henceforth my wallet shall be furnished with all sorts of dried fruits for your worship, because you are a knight, and for myself, seeing I am none, I will provide fowls and other things, which are better eating."

So saying he pulled out what he had, and the two fell to dinner in good peace and company.

But being desirous to look out for a lodging for that night, they cut short their meagre and sorry meal, mounted at once a-horseback, and made haste to find out some dwellings before night did fall.
But the sun and their hopes did fail them at the same time, they being then near the cabins of some goatherds. Therefore they determined to pass the night there. And though Sancho's grief was great to lie out of a village, yet Don Quixote was more joyful than ever, for he thought that as often as he slept under the open heaven, so often did he perform an act worthy of a true knight-errant.
They were welcomed by the goatherds very cordially, and Sancho, having put up Rozinante and his ass the best way he could, made his way towards the smell given out by certain pieces of goat's flesh which were boiling in a pot on the fire. And though he longed that very instant to see if they were ready, he did not do so, for he saw the goatherds were themselves taking them off the fire and spreading some sheep-skins on the ground, and were laying their rustic table as quickly as might be. Then with many expressions of good will they invited the two to share in what they had. Those who belonged to the fold, being six in number, sat round on the skins, having first with rough compliments



asked Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough which they placed for him turned upside down.

Don Quixote sat down, but Sancho remained on foot to serve him with the cup which was made of horn. Seeing him standing, his master said: "That thou mayest see, Sancho, the good which is in knight-errantry, and how fair a chance they have who exercise it to arrive at honour and position in the world, I desire that here by my side, and in company of these good people, thou dost seat thyself, and be one and the same with me that am thy master and natural lord. That thou dost eat in my dish and drink in the same cup wherein I drink. For the same may be said of knight-errantry as is said of love, that it makes all things equal."
"Thanks for your favour," replied Sancho, "but I may tell your worship that provided I have plenty to eat I can eat it as well and better standing and by myself, than if I were seated on a level with an emperor. And, indeed, if I speak the truth, what I eat in my corner without ceremony, though it be but a bread and onion, smacks much better than turkeycocks at other tables, where I must chaw my meat leisurely, drink but little, wipe my hands often, nor do other things that solitude and liberty allow."
"For all that," said Don Quixote, "here shalt thou sit, for the humble shall be exalted," and taking him by the arm, he forced his squire to sit down near himself.
The goatherds did not understand the gibberish of squires and knights-errant, and did nothing but eat, hold

their peace, and stare at their guests, who with great relish were gorging themselves with pieces as big as their fists. The course of flesh being over, the goatherds spread on the skins a great number of parched acorns and half a cheese, harder than if it had been made of mortar. The horn in the meantime was not idle, but came full from the wineskins and returned empty, as though it had been a bucket sent to the well. After Don Quixote had satisfied his appetite, he took up a fistful of acorns, and beholding them earnestly, began in this manner: "Happy time and fortunate ages were those which our ancestors called Golden: not because gold—so much prized in this our Iron Age—was gotten in that happy time without any labours, but because those who lived in that time knew not these two words, Thine and Mine. In that holy age all things were in common. No man needed to do aught but lift up his hand and take his food from the strong oak, which did liberally invite them to gather his sweet and savoury fruit. The clear fountains and running rivers did offer them transparent water in magnificent abundance, and in the hollow trees did careful bees erect their commonwealth, offering to every hand without interest the fertile crop of their sweet labours." Thus did the eloquent knight describe the Golden Age, when all was peace, friendship, and concord, and then he showed the astonished goatherds how an evil world had taken its place, and made it necessary for knights-errant like himself to come forward for the protection of widows and orphans, and the defence of distressed damsels. All

this he did because the acorns that were given him called to his mind the Golden Age. The goatherds sat and listened with grave attention, and Sancho made frequent visits to the second wine-skin during his discourse. At length it was ended, and they sat round the fire, drinking their wine and listening to one of the goat herds singing, and towards night, Don Quixote's ear becoming very painful, one of his hosts made a dressing of rosemary leaves and salt, and bound up his wound. By this means being eased of his pain, he was able to lie down in one of the huts and sleep soundly after his day's adventures.

Don Quixote spent several days among the goatherds, and at length, when his wound was better, he thanked them for their hospitality, and rode away in search of new adventures, followed by the faithful Sancho.

They came to a halt in a pleasant meadow rich with beautiful grass, by the side of a delightful and refreshing stream, which seemed to invite them to stop and spend there the sultry hours of noon, which were already becoming oppressive.

Don Quixote and Sancho dismounted, and leaving Rozinante and Dapple loose, to feed on the grass that was there in plenty, they ransacked the wallet, and without any ceremony fell to eating what they found in it.

Sancho had neglected to tie up Rozinante, and, as luck would have it, a troop of Galician ponies belonging to some Yanguesian carriers, whose custom it is to rest at

noon with their teams in spots and places where grass and water abound, were feeding in the same valley.
It must be believed that Rozinante supposed that the grass the ponies were feeding on was better than his own; but be that as it may, he started off at a little swift trot to feed among them. They resented his appearance, and, as he sought to enter their ranks and feed among them, they received him with their heels and teeth, with such vigour that in a trice he had burst his girth, and his saddle was stripped from his back. But the worst of all was that the carriers, taking part with their own ponies, ran up with stakes and so belaboured him that they brought him to the ground in a sore plight.
Upon this Don Quixote and Sancho, who witnessed the basting of Rozinante, came running up all out of breath, and Don Quixote said to Sancho: "From what I see, friend Sancho, these be no knights, but base, rascally fellows of low breeding. I say this, that thou mayest freely aid me in taking vengeance for the wrong which they have done to Rozinante before our eyes."
"What vengeance can we take," replied Sancho, "when there are more than twenty, and we are but two—nay, perhaps but one and a half?"
"I count for a hundred," said Don Quixote, and without further parley he drew his sword and flew upon the Yanguesians, boldly followed by Sancho Panza.
With his first blow Don Quixote pierced a buff coat that one of them wore, wounding him grievously in the shoulder. Then the Yanguesians, finding themselves so

rudely handled by two men only, they being so many, betook themselves to their stakes, and hemming in their adversaries in the midst of them, they laid on with great fury. In fact the second thwack brought Sancho to the ground, and the same fate soon befell Don Quixote, whose dexterity and courage availed him nothing, for he fell at the feet of his unfortunate steed, who had not yet been able to arise.

Then, seeing the mischief they had done, the Yanguesians loaded their team with as much haste as possible, and went their way, leaving the adventurers in a doleful plight and a worse humour.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: How Don Quixote Arrived At An Inn Which He Imagined To Be A Castle (6/19)

For some time after the Yanguesian carriers had gone on their way Don Quixote and Sancho Panza lay on the ground groaning and saying nothing.
The first that came to himself was Sancho Panza, who cried in a weak and pitiful voice: "Sir Don Quixote! O Sir Don Quixote!"
"What wouldst thou, brother Sancho?" answered Don Quixote in the same faint and grievous tone as Sancho.
"I would, if it were possible," said Sancho Panza, "that your worship should give me a couple of mouthfuls of that balsam of Fierabras, if so be that your worship has it at hand. Perhaps it will be as good for broken bones as for wounds."
"If I had it here," sighed Don Quixote, "we should lack nothing. But I swear to thee, Sancho Panza, on the faith of a knight-errant, that before two days pass, unless fortune forbids, I will have it in my possession."
"I pray you," asked Sancho, "in how many days do you think we shall be able to move our feet?"
"I cannot say," said the battered knight; "but I take on myself the blame of all, for I should not have drawn my sword against men that are not knights. Therefore,

brother Sancho, take heed of what I tell thee, for it mightily concerns the welfare of us both; and it is this, that when thou seest such rabble offer us any wrong, wait not for me to draw sword upon them, for I will not do it in any wise, but put thou thy hand to thy sword and chastise them at thy pleasure."

But Sancho Panza did not much relish his master's advice, and replied: "Sir, I am a peaceable, sober, and quiet man, and can let pass any injury whatever, for I have a wife and children to take care of. Therefore, let me also say a word to your worship, that by no manner of means shall I put hand to sword either against clown or against knight. And from this time forth I forgive whatever insults are paid to me, whether they are or shall be paid by persons high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple."

On hearing this his master said: "Would that I had breath enough to be able to speak easily, and that the pain I feel in this rib were less, that I, might make thee understand, Sancho, the mistake thou art making! How can I appoint thee governor of an island when thou wouldst make an end of all by having neither valour nor will to defend thy lands or revenge thine injuries?"

"Alas!" groaned Sancho. "I would that I had the courage and understanding of which your worship speaks, but in truth at this moment I am more fit for plasters than preachments. See if your worship can rise, and we will help Rozinante, although he deserves it not, for he was the chief cause of all this mauling."

"Fortune always leaves one door open in disasters, and your Dapple will now be able to supply the want of Rozinante and carry me hence to some castle where I may be healed of my wounds. Nor shall I esteem such riding a dishonour, for I remember to have read that old Silenus, tutor and guide of the merry god of Laughter, when he entered the city of a hundred gates, rode very pleasantly, mounted on a handsome ass."
"That may be," replied Sancho, "but there is a difference between riding a-horseback and being laid athwart like a sack of rubbish."
"Have done with your replies," exclaimed Don Quixote, "and rise as well as thou art able and sit me on top of thine ass, and let us depart hence before the night comes and overtakes us in this wilderness."
Then Sancho, with thirty groans and sixty sighs and a hundred and twenty curses, lifted up Rozinante—who if he had had a tongue would have complained louder than Sancho himself—and after much trouble set Don Quixote on the ass. Then tying Rozinante to his tail, he led the ass by the halter, and proceeded as best he could to where the highroad seemed to lie.
And Fortune, which had guided their affairs from good to better, led him on to a road on which, he spied an inn, which to his annoyance and Don Quixote's joy must needs be a castle. Sancho protested that it was an inn, and his master that it was a castle; and their dispute lasted so long that they had time to arrive there before it was finished; and into this inn or castle Sancho entered without more parley with all his team.

The innkeeper, seeing Don Quixote laid athwart of the ass, asked Sancho what ailed him. Sancho answered that it was nothing, only that he had fallen down from a rock, and had bruised his ribs somewhat. The innkeeper's wife was by nature charitable, and she felt for the sufferings of others, so she hastened at once to attend to Don Quixote, and made her daughter, a comely young maiden, help her in taking care of her guest. There was also serving in the inn an Asturian woman, broad-cheeked, flat-pated, with a snub nose, blind of one eye and the other not very sound. This young woman, who was called Maritornes, assisted the daughter, and the two made up a bed for Don Quixote in a garret which had served for many years as a straw-loft. The bed on which they placed him was made of four roughly planed boards on two unequal trestles; a mattress which, in thinness, might have been a quilt, so full of pellets that if they had not through the holes shown themselves to be wool, they would to the touch seem to be pebbles. There was a pair of sheets made of target leather; and as for the coverlet, if any one had chosen to count the threads of it he could not have missed one in the reckoning.

On this miserable bed did Don Quixote lie, and presently the hostess and her daughter plastered him over from

head to foot, Maritornes holding the candle for them. While she was plastering him, the hostess, seeing that he was in places black and blue, said that it looked more like blows than a fall. Sancho, however, declared they were not blows, but that the rock had many sharp points, and each one had left a mark; and he added: "Pray, good mistress, spare some of that tow, as my back pains are not a little."

"In that case," said the hostess, "you must have fallen, too."

"I did not fall," said Sancho Panza, "but with the sudden fright I took on seeing my master fall, my body aches as if they had given me a thousand blows, and I now find myself with only a few bruises less than my master, Don Quixote."

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

"Don Quixote of the Mancha," answered Sancho Panza; "and he is a knight-errant, and one of the best and strongest that have been seen in the world these many ages."

"What is a knight-errant?" asked the young woman.

"Art thou so young in the world that thou knowest it not?" answered Sancho Panza. "Know then, sister mine, that a knight-errant is a thing which in two words is found cudgelled and an emperor. To-day he is the most miserable creature in the world, and the most needy; to-morrow he will have two or three crowns of kingdoms to give to his squire."

"How is it, then," said the hostess, "that thou hast not gotten at least an earldom, seeing thou art squire to this good knight?"
"It is early yet," replied Sancho, "for it is but a month since we set out on our adventures. But believe me, if my master, Don Quixote, gets well of his wounds—or his fall, I should say—I would not sell my hopes for the best title in Spain."
To all this Don Quixote listened very attentively, and sitting up in his bed as well as he could, he took the hostess's hand and said: "Believe me, beautiful lady, that you may count yourself fortunate in having entertained me in this your castle. My squire will inform you who I am, for self-praise is no recommendation; only this I say, that I will keep eternally written in memory the service you have done to me, and I will be grateful to you as long as my life shall endure."
The hostess, her daughter, and the good Maritomes remained confounded on hearing the words of the knight-errant, which they understood as well as if he had spoken in Greek, but yet they believed they were words of compliment, and so they thanked him for his courtesy and departed, leaving Sancho and his master for the night.
There happened to be lodging in the inn that night one of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood of Toledo, whose duty it was to travel the roads and inquire into cases of highway robbery. He hearing some time later that a man was lying in the house sorely wounded must needs go and make an examination of the matter. He

therefore lighted his lamp and made his way to Don Quixote's garret.
As soon as Sancho Panza saw him enter arrayed in a shirt and a nightcap with the lamp in his hand, which showed him to be a very ugly man, he asked his master: "Will this by chance be some wizard Moor come to torment us?"
"A wizard it cannot be," said Don Quixote, "for those under enchantment never let themselves be seen."
The officer could make nothing of their talk, and came up to Don Quixote, who lay face upwards encased in his plasters. "Well," said the officer roughly, "how goes it, my good fellow?"
"I would speak more politely if I were you," answered Don Quixote. "Is it the custom in this country, lout, to speak in that way to a knight-errant?"
The officer, finding himself thus rudely addressed, could not endure it, and, lifting up the lamp, oil and all, gave Don Quixote such a blow on the head with it that he broke his lamp in one or two places, and, leaving all in darkness, left the room.
"Ah!" groaned Sancho, "this is indeed the wizard Moor, and he must be keeping his treasures for others, and for us nothing but blows."
"It is ever so," replied Don Quixote; "and we must take no notice of these things of enchantment, nor must we be angry or vexed with them, for since they are invisible, there is no one on whom to take vengeance. Rise, Sancho, if thou canst, and call the constable of this fortress, and try to get him to give me a little wine, oil,

salt, and rosemary to prepare the health-giving balsam, of which I have grievous need, for there comes much blood from the wound which the phantom hath given me."

Sancho arose, not without aching bones, and crept in the dark to where the innkeeper was, and said to him: "My lord constable, do us the favour and courtesy to give me a little rosemary, oil, wine, and salt to cure one of the best knights-errant in the world, who lies yonder in bed sorely wounded at the hands of a Moorish enchanter." When the innkeeper heard this he took Sancho Panza for a man out of his wits, but nevertheless gave him what he wanted, and Sancho carried it to Don Quixote. His master was lying with his hands to his head, groaning with pain from the blows of the lamp, which, however, had only raised two big lumps; what he thought was blood being only the perspiration running down his face.

He now took the things Sancho had brought, of which he made a compound, mixing them together and boiling them a good while until they came to perfection.

Then he asked for a bottle into which to pour this precious liquor, but as there was not one to be had in the inn, he decided to pour it into a tin oil-vessel which the innkeeper had given him.

This being done, he at once made an experiment on himself of the virtue of this precious balsam, as he imagined it to be, and drank off a whole quart of what was left in the boiling-pot.

The only result of this was that it made him very sick indeed, as well it might, and, what with the sickness and the bruising and the weariness of body, he fell fast asleep for several hours, and at the end of his sleep awoke so refreshed and so much the better of his bruises that he took himself to be cured and verily believed he had hit upon the balsam of Fierabras. Sancho Panza, to whom his master's recovery seemed little short of a miracle, begged that he might have what was left in the boiling-pot, which was no small quantity. Don Quixote consenting, he took the pot in both hands, and tossed it down, swallowing very little less than his master had done.

It happened, however, that Sancho's stomach was not so delicate as his master's and he suffered such terrible pains and misery before he was sick that he thought his last hour was come, and cursed the balsam and the thief who had given it to him.

Don Quixote, seeing him in this bad way, said: "I believe, Sancho, that all this evil befalleth thee because thou art not dubbed knight, for I am persuaded that this balsam may not benefit any one that is not."

"If your worship knew that," replied poor Sancho "bad luck to me and mine, why did you let me taste it?"

Before Don Quixote could reply to this, Sancho became so terribly sick that he could only lie groaning and moaning for two hours, at the end of which he felt so shaken and shattered that he could scarcely stand, and sadly wished that he had never become squire to a knight-errant.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: How Sancho Paid The Reckoning At The Inn (7/19)

Now whilst Sancho Panza lay groaning in his bed, Don Quixote, who, as we have said, felt somewhat eased and cured, made up his mind to set off in search of new adventures. And full of this desire he himself saddled Rozinante and put the pack-saddle on his squire's beast, and helped Sancho to dress and to mount his ass. Then getting a-horseback he rode over to the corner of the inn and seized hold of a pike which stood there, to make it serve him instead of a lance.
All the people that were staying at the inn, some twenty in number, stood staring at him, and among these was the innkeeper's daughter. Don Quixote kept turning his eyes towards her and sighing dolefully, which every one, or at least all who had seen him the night before, thought must be caused by the pain he was in from his bruises.
When they were both mounted and standing by the inn gate, he called to the innkeeper and said in a grave voice: "Many and great are the favours, sir constable, which I have received in this your castle, arid I shall remain deeply grateful for them all the days of my life. If I am able to repay you by avenging you on some proud miscreant that hath done you any wrong, know that it is my office to help the weak, to revenge the

wronged, and to punish traitors. Ransack your memory, and if you find anything of this sort for me to do, you have but to utter it, and I promise you, by the Order of Knighthood which I have received, to procure you satisfaction to your heart's content,"
"Sir knight," replied the innkeeper with equal gravity, "I have no need that your worship should avenge me any wrong, for I know how to take what revenge I think good when an injury is done. All I want is that your worship should pay me the score you have run up this night in mine inn, both for the straw and barley of your two beasts, and your suppers and your beds."
"This then is an inn?" exclaimed Don Quixote.
"Ay, that it is, and a very respectable one, too," replied the innkeeper.
"All this time then I have been deceived," said Don Quixote, "for in truth I thought it was a castle and no mean one. But since it is indeed an inn and no castle, all that can be done now is to ask you to forgive me any payment, for I cannot break the laws of knights-errant, of whom I know for certain that they never paid for lodging or anything else in the inns where they stayed. For the good entertainment that is given them is their due reward for the sufferings they endure, seeking adventures both day and night, winter and summer, a-foot and a-horseback, in thirst and hunger, in heat and cold, being exposed to all the storms of heaven and the hardships of earth."
"All that is no business of mine," retorted the innkeeper. "Pay me what you owe me, and keep your tales of

knights-errant for those who want them. My business is to earn my living."
"You are a fool and a saucy fellow," said Don Quixote angrily, and, spurring Rozinante and brandishing his lance, he swept out of the inn yard before any one could stop him, and rode on a good distance without waiting to see if his squire was following.
The innkeeper, when he saw him go without paying, ran up to get his due from Sancho Panza, who also refused to pay, and said to him: "Sir, seeing I am squire to a knight-errant, the same rule and reason for not paying at inns and taverns hold as good for me as for my master."
The innkeeper grew angry at these words, and threatened that if he did not pay speedily he would get it from him in a way he would not like.
Sancho replied that by the Order of Knighthood which his lord and master had received, he would not pay a penny though it cost him his life.
But his bad fortune so managed it, that there happened to be at the inn at this time four woolcombers of Segovia, and three needlemakers of Cordova, and two neighbours from Seville, all merry fellows, very mischievous and playsome. And as if they were all moved with one idea, they came up to Sancho, and pulling him down off his ass, one of them ran in for the innkeeper's blanket, and they flung him into it. But looking up and seeing that the ceiling was somewhat lower than they needed for their business, they determined to go out into the yard, which had no roof

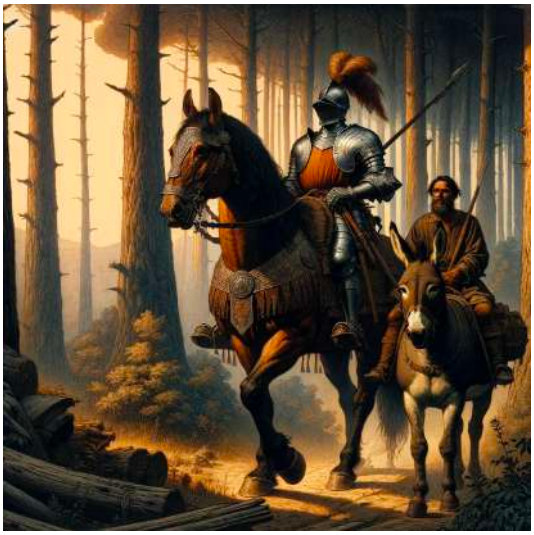
but the sky, and there placing Sancho in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him aloft and to make sport with him by throwing him up and down. The outcries of the miserable be-tossed squire were so many and so loud that they reached the ears of his master, who, standing awhile to listen what it was, believed that some new adventure was at hand, until he clearly recognised the shrieks to come from poor Sancho. Immediately turning his horse, he rode back at a gallop to the inn gate, and finding it closed, rode round the wall to see if he could find any place at which he might enter. But he scarcely got to the wall of the inn yard, which was not very high, when he beheld the wicked sport they were making with his squire. He saw him go up and down with such grace and agility, that, had his anger allowed him, I make no doubt he would have burst with laughter. He tried to climb the wall from his horse, but he was so bruised and broken that he could by no means alight from his saddle, and therefore from on top of his horse he used such terrible threats against those that were tossing Sancho that one could not set them down in writing.

But in spite of his reproaches they did not cease from their laughter or labour, nor did the flying Sancho stop his lamentations, mingled now with threats and now with prayers. Thus they carried on their merry game, until at last from sheer weariness they stopped and let him be. And then they brought him his ass, and, helping him to mount it, wrapped him in his coat, and the kind-hearted Maritornes, seeing him so exhausted, gave him

a pitcher of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well.
Just as he was going to drink he heard his master's voice calling to him, saying: "Son Sancho, drink not water, drink it not, my son, for it will kill thee. Behold, here I have that most holy balsam,"—and he showed him the can of liquor,—"two drops of which if thou drinkest thou wilt undoubtedly be cured."
At these words Sancho shuddered, and replied to his master: "You forget surely that I am no knight, or else you do not remember the pains I suffered last evening. Keep your liquor to yourself, and let me be in peace."
At the conclusion of this speech he began to drink, but finding it was only water he would not taste it, and called for wine, which Maritornes very kindly fetched for him, and likewise paid for it out of her own purse.
As soon as Sancho had finished drinking, he stuck his heels into his ass, and the inn gate being thrown wide open he rode out, highly pleased at having paid for nothing, even at the price of a tossing. The innkeeper, however, had kept his wallet, but Sancho was so distracted when he departed that he never missed it.
When Sancho reached his master, he was almost too jaded and faint to ride his beast. Don Quixote, seeing him in this plight, said to him: "Now I am certain that yon castle or inn is without doubt enchanted, for those who made sport with thee so cruelly, what else could they be but phantoms, and beings of another world? And I am the more sure of this, because when I was by the wall of the inn yard I was not able to mount it, or

to alight from Rozinante, and therefore I must have been enchanted. For if I could have moved, I would have avenged thee in a way to make those scoundrels remember the jest for ever, even although to do it I should have had to disobey the rules of knighthood."
"So would I also have avenged myself," said Sancho, "knight or no knight, but I could not. And yet I believe that those who amused themselves with me were no phantoms or enchanted beings, but men of flesh and bones as we are, for one was called Pedro, and another Tenorio, and the innkeeper called a third Juan. But what I make out of all this, is that those adventures which we go in search of, will bring us at last so many misadventures that we shall not know our right foot from our left. And the best thing for us to do, in my humble opinion, is to return us again to our village and look after our own affairs, and not go jumping, as the saying is, 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.'"
"How little dost thou know of knighthood, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "Peace, and have patience, for a day will come when thou shalt see with thine own eyes how fine a thing it is to follow this calling. What pleasure can equal that of winning a battle or triumphing over an enemy?"
"I cannot tell," answered Sancho; "but this I know, that since we are knights-errant, we have never won any battle, unless it was that with the Biscayan, and even then your worship lost half an ear. And ever after that time it has been nothing but cudgels and more cudgels, blows and more blows,—I getting the tossing in the

blanket to boot. And all this happens to me from enchanted people on whom I cannot take vengeance."
"That grieves me," replied Don Quixote; "but who knows what may happen? Fortune may bring me a sword like that of Amadis, which did not only cut like a razor, but there was no armour however strong or enchanted which could stand before it."
"It will be like my luck," said Sancho, "that when your worship finds such a sword it will, like the balsam, be of use only to those who are knights, whilst poor squires will still have to sup sorrow."
"Fear not that, Sancho," replied his master; and he rode ahead, his mind full of adventures, followed at a little distance by his unhappy squire.



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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: The Adventure Of The Two Armies (8/19)

Whilst they were riding on their way, Don Quixote saw a large, dense cloud of dust rolling towards them, and turning to Sancho said: "This is the day on which shall be shown the might of my arm and on which I am to do deeds which shall be written in the books of fame. Dost thou see the dust which arises there? Know then that it is caused by a mighty army composed of various and numberless nations that are marching this way." "If that be so," replied Sancho, "then must there be two armies, for on this other side there is as great a dust." Don Quixote turned round to behold it, and seeing that it was so, he was marvellous glad, for he imagined that there were indeed two armies coming to fight each other in the midst of that spacious plain. For at every hour and moment his fancy was full of battles, enchantments, and adventures, such as are related in the books of knighthood, and all his thoughts and wishes were turned towards such things.
As for the clouds he had seen, they were raised by two large flocks of sheep which were being driven along the same road from two opposite sides, and these by reason of the dust could not be seen until they came near.

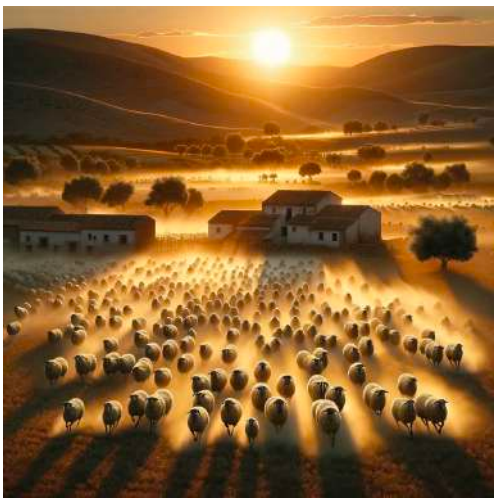
Don Quixote was so much in earnest when he called them armies that Sancho at once believed it, asking: "What then shall we do, good master?"
"What!" cried Don Quixote. "Why, favour and help those who are in distress and need. Thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes on our front is led by the mighty Emperor Alifamfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana. This other which is marching at our back is the army of his foe, the King of the Garamantes, Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, for he always goes into battle with his right arm bare."
"But why do these two princes hate each other so much?" asked Sancho.
"They are enemies," replied Don Quixote, "because Alifamfaron is a furious pagan and is deeply in love with Pentapolin's daughter, who is a beautiful and gracious princess and a Christian. Her father refuses to give her to the pagan king until he abandons Mahomet's false religion and becomes a convert to his own."
"By my beard," said Sancho, "Pentapolin does right well, and I will help him all I can."
"Then thou wilt but do thy duty," said Don Quixote, "for it is not necessary to be a dubbed knight to engage in battles such as these."
"Right!" replied Sancho, "but where shall we stow this ass that we may be sure of finding him after the fight is over, for I think it is not the custom to enter into battle mounted on such a beast."
"That is true," said Don Quixote; "but thou mayest safely leave it to chance whether he be lost or found,

for after this battle we shall have so many horses that even Rozinante runs a risk of being changed for another. And now let us withdraw to that hillock yonder that we may get a better view of both those great armies."

They did so, and standing on the top of a hill gazed at the two great clouds of dust which the imagination of Don Quixote had turned into armies. And then Don Quixote, with all the eloquence he could muster, described to Sancho the names of the different knights in the two armies, with their colours and devices and mottoes, and the numbers of their squadrons, and the countries and provinces from which they came.

But though Sancho stood and listened in wonder he could see nothing as yet of knights or armies, and at last he cried out: "Where are all these grand knights, good my master? For myself, I can see none of them. But perhaps it is all enchantment, as so many things have been."

"How! Sayest them so?" said Don Quixote. "Dost thou not hear the horses neigh and the trumpets sound and the noise of the drums?"



"I hear nothing else," said Sancho, "but the great bleating of sheep."

And so it was, indeed, for by this time the two flocks were approaching very near to them.

"The fear thou art in," said Don Quixote, "permits thee neither to see nor hear aright, for one of the effects of fear is to disturb the senses and make things seem different from what they are. If thou art afraid, stand to one side and leave me to myself, for I alone can give the victory to the side which I assist."

So saying he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and, setting his lance in rest, rode down the hillside like a thunderbolt.

Sancho shouted after him as loud as he could: "Return, good Sir Don Quixote! Return! For verily all those you go to charge are but sheep and muttons. Return, I say! Alas that ever I was born! What madness is this? Look, there are neither knights, nor arms, nor shields, nor soldiers, nor emperors, but only sheep. What is it you do, Wretch that I am?"

For all this Don Quixote did not turn back, but rode on, shouting in a loud voice: "So ho! knights! Ye that serve and fight under the banner of Pentapolin of the Naked Arm, follow me, all of you. Ye shall see how easily I will revenge him on his enemy Alifamfaron of Trapobana!"

With these words he dashed into the midst of the flock of sheep, and began to spear them with as much courage and fury as if he were fighting his mortal enemies.

The shepherds that came with the flock cried to him to leave off, but seeing their words had no effect, they unloosed their slings and began to salute his head with stones as big as one's fist.

But Don Quixote made no account of their stones, and galloping to and fro everywhere cried out: "Where art thou, proud Alifamfaron? Where art thou? Come to me, for I am but one knight alone, who desires to prove my strength with thee, man to man, and make thee yield thy life for the wrong thou hast done to the valorous Pentapolin."

At that instant a stone gave him such a blow that it buried two of his ribs in his body. Finding himself so ill-treated he thought for certain that he was killed or sorely wounded, and recollecting his balsam, he drew out his oil pot and set it to his mouth to drink. But before he could take as much as he wanted, another stone struck him full on the hand, broke the oil pot into pieces, and carried away with it three or four teeth out of his mouth, and sorely crushed two fingers of his hand. So badly was he wounded by these two blows that he now fell off his horse on to the ground.

The shepherds ran up, and believing that they had killed him, they collected their flocks in great haste, and carrying away their dead muttons, of which there were seven, they went away without caring to inquire into things any further.

Sancho was all this time standing on the hill looking at the mad pranks his master was performing, and tearing his beard and cursing the hour when they had first met. Seeing, however, that he was fallen on the ground, and the shepherds had gone away, he came down the hill and went up to his master, and found him in a very bad way, although not quite insensible.

"Did I not tell you, Sir Don Quixote," said Sancho mournfully, "did I not tell you to come back, for those you went to attack were not armies but sheep?"
"That thief of an enchanter, my enemy, can alter things and make men vanish away as he pleases. Know, Sancho, that it is very easy for those kind of men to make us seem what they please, and this malicious being who persecutes me, envious of the glory that I was to reap from this battle, hath changed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep. If thou dost not believe me, Sancho, get on thine ass and follow them fair and softly, and thou shalt see that when they have gone a little way off they will return to their original shapes, and, ceasing to be sheep, become men as right and straight as I painted them to you at first."
At this moment the balsam that Don Quixote had swallowed began to make him very sick, and Sancho Panza ran off to search in his wallet for something that might cure him. But when he found that his wallet was not upon his ass, and remembered for the first time that it was left at the inn, he was on the point of losing his wits. He cursed himself anew, and resolved in his heart to leave his master and return to his house, even though he should lose his wages and the government of the promised island.
Don Quixote had now risen, and with his left hand to his mouth that the rest of his teeth might not fall out, with the other he took Rozinante by the bridle, and went up to where his squire stood leaning against his

ass with his head in his hand, looking the picture of misery.
Don Quixote, seeing him look so miserable, said to him: "Learn, Sancho, not to be so easily downcast, for these storms that befall us are signs that the weather will soon be fair. Therefore thou shouldst not vex thyself about my misfortunes, for sure thou dost not share in them."
"How not?" replied Sancho; "mayhap he they tossed in a blanket yesterday was not my father's son? And the wallet which is missing to-day with all my chattels, is not that my misfortune?"
"What, is the wallet missing, Sancho?" said Don Quixote,
"Yes, it is missing," answered Sancho.
"In that case we have nothing to eat to-day," said Don Quixote.
"It would be so," said Sancho, "should the herbs of the field fail us, which your worship says you know of, and with which you have told me knights-errant must supply their wants."
"Nevertheless," answered Don Quixote, "I would rather just now have a hunch of bread, or a cottage loaf and a couple of pilchards' heads, than all the herbs that Dioscorides has described. But before thou mountest thine ass, lend me here thy hand and see how many teeth are lacking on this right side of my upper jaw, for there I feel the pain."
Sancho put his fingers in, and, feeling about, asked: "How many teeth did your worship have before, on this side?"

"Four," replied Don Quixote, "besides the wisdom tooth, all whole and sound."
"Mind well what you say, sir," answered Sancho.
"Four, say I, if not five," said Don Quixote, "for in all my life I never had tooth drawn from my mouth, nor has any fallen out or been destroyed by decay."
"Well, then, in this lower part," said Sancho, "your worship has but two teeth and a half, and in the upper, neither a half nor any, for all is as smooth as the palm of my hand."
"Unfortunate I!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "for I would rather they had deprived me of my arm, as long as it were not my sword arm. Know, Sancho, that a mouth without teeth is like a mill without a grindstone, and a tooth is more to be prized than a millstone. But all this must we suffer who profess the stern rule of knights-errant. Mount, friend, and lead the way, for I will follow thee what pace thou pleasest."

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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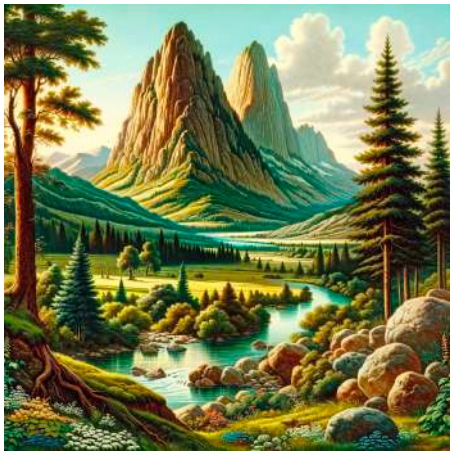
Don Quixote: Don Quixote Does Penance As Did The Knights Of Old (9/19)

Don Quixote mounted once again on Rozinante, and commanded Sancho to follow him. Dapple, the ass, had been stolen from them one night while they slept, and Sancho was now obliged to walk. They travelled slowly through the thickest and roughest part of the mountains. "What is it that your worship intends to do in this out of the way spot?" asked Sancho.
"I will keep you no longer in the dark," replied Don Quixote. "You must know that Amadis of Gaul was the most perfect of all knights-errant. And as he was the morning star and the sun of all valiant knights, so am I wise in imitating all he did. And I remember that when his lady Oriana disdained his love, he showed his wisdom, virtue, and manhood by changing his name to Beltenebros and retiring to a wild country, there to perform a penance. And as I may more easily imitate him in this than in staying giants, beheading serpents, killing monsters, destroying armies, and putting navies to flight, and because this mountain seems fit for the purpose, I intend myself to do penance here."
By this time they had arrived at the foot of a lofty mountain, which stood like a huge rock apart from all

the rest. Close by glided a smooth river, hemmed in on every side by a green and fertile meadow. Around were many fine trees and plants and flowers, which made the spot a most delightful one.
"Here!" cried Don Quixote in a loud voice, "I elect to do my penance. Here shall the tears from my eyes swell the limpid streams, and here shall the sighs of my heart stir the leaves of every mountain tree. O Dulcinea of Toboso, day of my night and star of my fortunes, consider the pass to which I am come, and return a favourable answer to my wishes!"



With this he alighted from Rozinante, and, taking off his saddle and bridle, gave him a slap on his haunches, and said: "He gives thee liberty that wants it himself, O steed, famous for thy swiftness and the great works thou hast done!"
When Sancho heard all this he could not help saying: "I wish Dapple were here, for he deserves at least as long a speech in his praise; but truly, sir knight, if my journey with your letter, and your penance here are really to take place, it would be better to saddle Rozinante again, that he may supply the want of mine ass that was stolen from me."
"As thou likest about that," said Don Quixote; "but thou must not depart for three days as yet, during which

time thou shalt see what I will say and do for my lady's sake, that thou mayest tell her all about it."
"But what more can I see," asked Sancho, "than what I have already seen?"
"Thou art well up in the matter, certainly," replied his master, "for as yet I have done nothing, and if I am to be a despairing lover, I must tear my clothes, and throw away mine armour, and beat my head against these rocks, with many other things that shall make thee marvel."
"For goodness' sake," cried Sancho, "take care how you go knocking your head against rocks, for you might happen to come up against so ungracious a rock that it would put an end to the penance altogether. If the knocks on the head are necessary, I should content yourself, seeing that this madness is all make-believe, with striking your head on some softer thing, and leave the rest to me, for I will tell your lady that I saw you strike your head on the point of a rock that was harder than a diamond."
"I thank thee, Sancho, for thy good will," replied the knight, "but the rules of knighthood forbid me to act or to speak a lie, and therefore the knocks of the head must be real solid knocks, and it will be necessary for thee to leave me some lint to cure them, seeing that fortune has deprived us of that precious balsam."
"It was worse to lose the ass," said Sancho, "seeing that with him we lost lint and everything; but pray, your worship, never mention that horrible balsam again, for the very name of it nearly turns me inside out. And

now write your letter, and let me saddle Rozinante and begone, for I warrant when I once get to Toboso I will tell the Lady Dulcinea such strange things of your follies and madness, that I shall make her as soft as a glove even though I find her harder than a cork-tree. And with her sweet and honied answer I will return as speedily as a witch on a broom-stick, and release you from your penance."
"But how shall we write a letter here?" said Don Quixote.
"And how can you write the order for the handing over to me of the ass-colts?" asked Sancho.
"Seeing there is no paper," said the knight, "we might, like the ancients, write on waxen tablets, but that wax is as hard to find as paper. But now that I come to think of it, there is Cardenio's pocket-book. I will write on that, and thou shalt have the matter of it written out in a good round hand at the first village wherein thou shalt find a schoolmaster."
"But what is to be done about the signature?" asked Sancho.
"The letters of Amadis were never signed," replied Don Quixote.
"That is all very well," said Sancho, "but the paper for the three asses must be signed, for if it be copied out they shall say it is false, and then I shall not get the ass-colts."
"Well, then, the order for the ass-colts shall be signed in the book," said Don Quixote; "and as for the love-letter, thou shalt put this ending to it, 'Yours till death,

the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.' And it will be no great matter that it goes in a strange hand, for as well as I remember Dulcinea can neither read nor write, nor has she ever seen my handwriting. For indeed, during the twelve years I have been loving her more dearly than the light of my eyes, I have only seen her four times, and I doubt if she hath ever noticed me at all, so closely have her father Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother Aldonza brought her up."
"Ha! ha!" cried Sancho, "then the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso is the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, and is called Aldonza Corchuelo?"
"That is she," said Don Quixote, "and a lady worthy to be the empress of this wide universe."
"I know her very well," replied Sancho, "and can tell you that she can throw an iron bar with the strongest lad in our village. She is a girl of mettle, tall and stout, and a sturdy lass that can hold her own with any knight-errant in the world. Out upon her, what an arm she hath! Why, I saw her one day stand on top of the church belfry, to call her father's servants from the fields, and, though they were half a league off, they heard her as though she were in the next field; and the best of her is there is nothing coy about her, but she jokes with all and makes game and jest of everybody. To be frank with you, Sir Don Quixote, I have been living under a great mistake, for, really and truly, I thought all this while that the lady Dulcinea was some great princess with whom your worship was in love."

"I have told thee, Sancho, many times before now," said Don Quixote, "that thou art a very great babbler. Understand, then, that my lady Dulcinea is to me as good and beautiful as any princess in the world, and that is enough."

With these words; he took out the pocket-book, and, going aside, began to write with great gravity. When he had ended, he called Sancho to him and read him the following letter:—

"SOVEREIGN LADY,

"The sere wounded one, O sweetest Dulcinea of Toboso, sends thee the health which he wants himself. If thy beauty disdain me, I cannot live. My good Squire Sancho will give thee ample account, O ungrateful fair one, of the penance I do for love of thee. Should it be thy pleasure to favour me, I am thine. If not, by ending my life I shall satisfy both thy cruelty and my desires.

"Thine until death,

"KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL COUNTENANCE."

"By my father's life," said Sancho, "it is the noblest thing that ever I heard in my life; and now will your worship write the order for the three ass-colts?"

"With pleasure," answered Don Quixote, and he did as he was desired.

"And now," said Sancho, "let me saddle Rozinante and be off. For I intend to start without waiting to see those mad pranks your worship is going to play. There is one thing I am afraid of, though, and that is, that on my return I shall not be able to find the place where I leave you, it is so wild and difficult."

"Take the marks well, and when thou shouldst return I will mount to the tops of the highest rocks. Also it will be well to cut down some boughs and strew them after you as you go, that they may serve as marks to find your way back."
Sancho did this, and, not heeding his master's request to stay and see him go through some mad tricks in order that he might describe them to Dulcinea, he mounted Rozinante and rode away.
He had not got more than a hundred paces when he returned and said: "Sir, what you said was true, and it would be better for my conscience if I saw the follies you are about to do before I describe them to your lady."
"Did I not tell thee so?" said Don Quixote; "wait but a minute."
Then stripping himself in all haste of most of his clothes, Don Quixote began cutting capers and turning somersaults in his shirt tails, until even Sancho was satisfied that he might truthfully tell the Lady Dulcinea that her lover was mad, and so, turning away, he started in good earnest upon his journey.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: Sancho's Journey To The Lady Dulcinea (10/19)

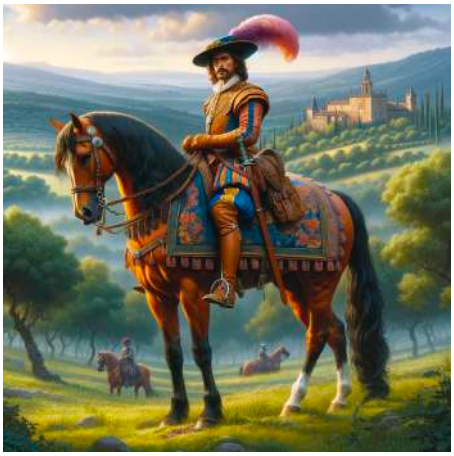
Don Quixote, left to himself, climbed to the top of a high mountain, and spent his days making poems about the beautiful Dulcinea, which he recited to the rocks and trees around him. In this, and in calling upon the nymphs of the streams, and the satyrs of the woods, to hear his cries, did he pass his time while Sancho was away.

As for his squire, turning out on the highway, he took the road which led to Toboso, and arrived the next day at the inn where he had been tossed in a blanket. He no sooner saw it than he imagined that he was once again flying through the air, and he half made up his mind that he would not enter the inn, although it was now dinner-hour and he felt a marvellous longing to taste some cooked meat again, as he had eaten nothing but cold fare for a good many days.

This longing made him draw near to the inn, remaining still in some doubt as to whether he should enter it or not.

As he stood musing, there came out of the inn two persons who recognised him at once, and the one said to the other: "Tell me, sir curate, is not that horseman riding there Sancho Panza, who departed with Don Quixote to be his squire?"

"It is," said the curate, "and that is Don Quixote's horse."
They knew him well enough, for they were Don Quixote's friends, the curate and the barber, who not so long ago had helped to burn his books and wall up his library; so, wanting to learn news of Don Quixote, they went up to him and said: "Friend Sancho Panza, where have you left your master?"
Sancho Panza knew them instantly, but wanted to conceal the place and manner in which the knight remained, and answered that his master was kept in a certain place by affairs of the greatest importance of which he must say nothing.



"That will not do, friend Sancho," said the barber. "If thou dost not tell us where he is, we shall believe that thou hast robbed and slain him, seeing that thou art riding his horse. Verily thou must find us the owner of the steed, or it will be the worse for thee."
"Your threats do not trouble me, for I am not one who would rob or murder anybody, and, for my master, he is enjoying himself doing penance in the Brown Mountains, where I have just left him."
Then Sancho told them from beginning to end how his master was carrying out his penance, and of the mad pranks he intended to perform, and how he, Sancho, was bearing a letter to the Lady Dulcinea of Toboso,

who was none other than the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom the knight was head and ears in love.
Both of them were amazed at what they heard, although they knew something of Don Quixote's madness already. They asked Sancho to show, them the letter he was carrying to the Lady Dulcinea. Sancho told them it was written in the pocket-book, and that he was ordered to get it copied out at the first village he came to.
The curate told him that if he would show it to them, he would make a fair copy of it for him. Then Sancho thrust his hand into his bosom to search for the little book, but he could not find it, nor would he have found it if he had hunted until Doomsday, for he had left it with Don Quixote, who had quite forgotten to give it to him, nor had he remembered to ask for it when he came away. When Sancho discovered that the book was lost, his face grew as pale as death, and feeling all over his body he saw clearly that it was not to be found. Without more ado he laid hold of his beard, and with both his fists plucked out half his hair and gave himself half a dozen blows about his face and nose, so that he was soon bathed in his own blood.
Seeing this, the curate and the barber asked him what was the matter, that he should treat himself so ill.
"What is the matter?" cried poor Sancho. "Why, I have let slip through my fingers three of the finest ass-colts you ever saw."
"How so?" asked the barber.

"Why, I have lost the pocket-book," replied Sancho, "which had in it not only the letter for Dulcinea, but also a note of hand signed by my master addressed to his niece, ordering her to give me three ass-colts of the four or five that were left at his house." So saying, he told them the story of his lost Dapple.

The curate comforted him by telling him that as soon as they had found his master they would get him to write out the paper again in proper form. With this Sancho took courage, and said if that could be done all would be right, for he cared not much for the loss of Dulcinea's letter, as he knew it by heart.

"Say it then, Sancho," said the barber, "and we will write it out."

Then Sancho stood still and began to scratch his head and try to call the letter to memory. He stood first on one leg and then on the other, and looked first to heaven and then to earth, while he gnawed off half his nails, and at the end of a long pause said: "I doubt if I can remember all, but it began, 'High and unsavoury lady.'"

"I warrant you," interrupted the barber, "it was not 'unsavoury' but 'sovereign lady.'"

"So it was," cried Sancho; "and then there was something about the wounded one sending health and sickness and what not to the ungrateful fair, and so it scrambled along until it ended in 'Yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'"

They were both much amused at Sancho's good memory, and praised it highly, asking him to repeat the

letter once or twice more to them, so that they might be able to write it down when they got a chance. Three times did Sancho repeat it, and each time he made as many new mistakes. Then he told them other things about his master, but never a word about being tossed in a blanket, although he refused, without giving any reason, to enter the inn, though he begged them to bring him something nice and hot to eat, and some barley for Rozinante, when they had finished their own repast.

With that they went into the inn, and after a while the curate brought him some meat, which Sancho was very glad to see.

Now whilst the curate and the barber were in the inn they discussed together the best means of bringing Don Quixote back to his home, and the curate hit upon a plan which fitted in well with Don Quixote's humour, and seemed likely to be successful. This plan was, as he told the barber, to dress himself like a wandering damsel, while the barber took the part of her squire, and in this disguise they were to go to where Don Quixote was undergoing his penance, and the curate, pretending that he was an afflicted and sorely distressed damsel, was to demand of him a boon, which as a valiant knight errant he could not refuse.

The service which the damsel was to ask was that Don Quixote would follow her where she should lead him, to right a wrong which some wicked knight had done her. Besides this, she was to pray him not to command her to unveil herself or inquire as to her condition, until he

had done her right against the wicked knight. And thus they hoped to lead Don Quixote back to his own village, and afterwards to cure him of his mad ideas.
The curate's notion pleased the barber well, and they resolved to carry it out. They borrowed of the innkeeper's wife a gown and a head-dress, leaving with her in exchange the curate's new cassock. The barber made for himself a great beard of a red ox's tail in which the innkeeper used to hang his horse-comb.
The innkeeper's wife asked them what they wanted these things for, and the curate told her shortly all about Don Quixote's madness, and how this disguise was necessary to bring him away from the mountains where he had taken up his abode.
The innkeeper and his wife then remembered all about their strange guest, and told the barber and the curate all about him and his balsam, and how Sancho had fared with the blanket. Then the innkeeper's wife dressed up the curate so cleverly that it could not have been better done. She attired him in a stuff gown with bands of black velvet several inches broad, and a bodice and sleeves of green velvet trimmed with white satin, both of which might have been made in the days of the Flood. The curate would not consent to wear a headdress like a woman's, but put on a white quilted linen nightcap, which he carried to sleep in. Then with two strips of black stuff he made himself a mask and fixed it on, and this covered his face and beard very neatly. He then put on his large hat, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, seated himself like a woman

sideways on his mule, whilst the barber mounted his, with a beard reaching down to his girdle, made, as was said, from a red ox's tail.
They now took their leave, and all at the inn wished them a good success; but they had not gone very far when the curate began to dread that he was not doing right in dressing up as a woman and gadding about in such a costume, even on so good an errand. He therefore proposed to the barber that he should be the distressed damsel, and he, the curate, would take the part of the squire and teach him what to say and how to behave. Sancho now came up to them, and, seeing them in their strange dresses, could not contain his laughter.
The curate soon threw off his disguise, and the barber did the same, and both resolved not to dress up any more until they should come nearer to Don Quixote, when the barber should be the distressed damsel and the curate should be the squire.
Then they pursued their journey towards the Brown Mountains, guided by Sancho, to whom they explained that it was necessary that his master should be led away from his penance, if he was ever to become an emperor and be in a position to give Sancho his desired island.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: The Story Of Cardenio (11/19)

The next day they arrived at the place where Sancho had left the boughs strewn along his path, and there he told them they were near to Don Quixote, and that they had better get dressed. For they had told Sancho part of their plan to take away his master from this wretched penance he was performing, and warned him not to tell the knight who they were. They also said that if Don Quixote asked, as they were sure he would, whether he had delivered his letter to Dulcinea, he was to say that he had done so; but as his lady could not read, she had sent a message that he was to return to her. Sancho listened to all this talk, and said he would remember everything, for he was anxious that his master should give up penances and go forth again in search of islands. He also suggested that it were best he should go on in advance, as perhaps the message from Dulcinea would of itself be enough to bring Don Quixote away from the mountains.

With that, Sancho went off into the mountain gorges, leaving the other two behind by a stream overhung with pleasant trees and rocks.

It was one of the hottest days of August, when in those parts the heat is very great, and it was about three in the afternoon when Sancho left them. The two were

resting in the shade at their ease when they heard the sound of a voice, not accompanied by any instrument, but singing very sweetly and melodiously. The song surprised them not a little, for this did not seem the place in which to find so good a singer.

The singer finished his song, and the barber and curate, in wonder and delight, listened for more. But as silence continued, they agreed to go in search of this strange musician. As they were moving away he again burst into song, and at the end of this, uttered a deep sigh, and the music was changed into sobs and heartrending moans.

They had not gone far in their search when, in turning the corner of a rock, they saw a man with a black and matted beard, his hair long and untangled, his feet unshod and his legs bare. The curate at once went up to him and the man returned his greeting in a hoarse tone but with great courtesy.

"Whoever you may be, good sirs, I see clearly that, unworthy as I am, there are yet human beings who would show me kindness. My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the best cities in Andalusia; my lineage noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes so great that I think no one was ever to be pitied as I am. A terrible madness masters me to live in these mountains and many blame my outrageous conduct rather than pity my misery. But if you will listen to my story, you will know why I have been driven here, what has made me mad, and will understand how far I ought to be blamed and how much I may be pitied."

The curate and the barber, who wanted nothing better than to learn the cause of his woe from his own lips, asked him to tell his story.

Upon this Cardenio began in the middle of his story and progressed rapidly in spite of repeated questioning until he came to the book that his beloved Lucinda had borrowed about Amadis Gaul.

There was no interruption from any one on this occasion, so Cardenio went on to tell them how, when Lucinda returned the book he found in it a letter full of tender wishes beautifully expressed.

"It was this letter," continued Cardenio, "that moved me to again ask Lucinda for wife; it was this letter also which made Don Fernando determine to ruin me before my happiness could be complete. I told Don Fernando how matters stood with me, and how her father expected mine to ask for Lucinda, and how I dared not speak to my father about it for fear he should refuse his consent; not because he was ignorant of the beauty and worth of Lucinda, but because he did not wish me to marry so soon, or at least not until he had seen what the Duke Ricardo would do for me. I told Don Fernando that I could not venture to speak to my father about it, and he offered to speak on my behalf, and persuade my father to ask for Lucinda's hand.

"How could I imagine that with a gentleman like Fernando, my own friend, such a thing as treachery was possible? But so it was! And my friend, as I thought him, knowing that my presence was a stumbling-block to his plans, asked me to go to his elder brother's to borrow some money from him to pay for six horses which Fernando had bought in the city. It never entered my thoughts to imagine his villainy, and I went with a right good will to do his errand. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been arranged between me and Fernando, telling her to hope that all would turn out well. As I left her, tears filled her eyes, and we both seemed full of misery and alarm, tokens, as I now think, of the dark fate that awaited me. I reached the town to which I was sent, and delivered my letters to Don Fernando's brother. I was well received, but there seemed no haste to send me back again, and I was put off with many excuses about the difficulty of raising the money that Don Fernando needed. In this way I rested several days, much to my disgust, and it seemed to me impossible to live apart from Lucinda for so long a time.

"But on the fourth day after I had arrived, there came a man in search of me with a letter, which, by the handwriting, I knew to be Lucinda's. I opened it, not without fear, knowing that it must be some serious matter which would lead her to write to me, seeing she did it so rarely. I asked the bearer, before I read the letter, who had given it to him, and how long it had been on the way. He answered that, passing by chance

at midday through a street in my native city, a very beautiful lady had called to him from a window. Poor thing, said he, her eyes were all bedewed with tears, and she spoke hurriedly, saying: 'Brother, if thou art a good man, as thou seemest to be, I pray thee take this letter to the person named in the address, and in so doing thou shalt do me a great service. And that thou mayest not want money to do it, take what thou shalt find wrapped in that handkerchief.'

"'So saying she threw out of the window a handkerchief in which was wrapped a hundred reals, this ring of gold which I carry here, and this letter which I have given you. I made signs to her that I would do what she bade, and as I knew you very well I made up my mind not to trust any other messenger, but to come myself, and so I have travelled this journey, which you know is some eighteen leagues, in but sixteen hours.'

"Whilst the kind messenger was telling his story, I remained trembling with the letter in my hand, until at last I took courage and opened it, when these words caught my eyes:—

"'The promise Don Fernando made to you to persuade your father to speak to mine, he has kept after his own fashion. Know, then, that he has himself asked me for wife, and my father, carried away by his rank and position, has agreed to his wishes, so that in two days we are to be privately married. Imagine how I feel, and consider if you should not come at once. Let me hope

that this reaches your hand ere mine be joined to his who keeps his promised faith so ill.'
"Such were the words of her letter, and they caused me at once to set out on my journey without waiting for the despatch of Don Fernando's business, for now I knew that it was not a matter of buying horses, but the pursuit of his own wretched pleasure, that had led to my being sent to his brother. The rage which I felt for Don Fernando, joined to the fear I had of losing the jewel I had won by so many years of patient love, seemed to lend me wings, and I arrived at my native city as swiftly as though I had flown, just in time to see and speak with Lucinda. I entered the city secretly, and left my mule at the house of the honest man who had brought my letter, and went straight to the little iron gate where I had so often met Lucinda.
"There I found her, and as soon as she saw me she said in deep distress: 'Cardenio, I am attired in wedding garments, and in the hall there waits for me the traitor, Don Fernando, and my covetous father, with other witnesses, who shall see my death rather than my wedding. Be not troubled, dear friend, for if I cannot persuade them to give me my freedom, I can at least end my life with this dagger.'
"I answered her in great distress, saying: 'Sweet lady, if thou carriest a dagger, I also carry a sword to defend thy life, or to kill myself, should fortune be against us.'
"I believe she did not hear all I said, for she was hastily called away, and I aroused myself from my grief, as best I could, and went into the house, for I

knew well all the entrances and exits. Then, without being seen, I managed to place myself in a hollow formed by the window of the great hall, which was covered by two pieces of tapestry drawn together, whence I could see all that went on in the hall without any one seeing me.

"The bridegroom entered the hall, wearing his ordinary dress. His groomsman was a first cousin of Lucinda's, and no one else was in the room but the servants of the house. In a little while Lucinda came out of her dressing-room with her mother and two of her maids. My anxiety gave me no time to note what she wore. I was only able to mark the colours, which were crimson and white; and I remember the glimmer with which the jewels and precious stones shone in her head-dress. But all this was as nothing to the singular beauty of her fair golden hair.

"When they were all stood in the hall, the priest of the parish entered, and, taking each by the hand, asked: 'Will you, Lady Lucinda, take the Lord Don Fernando for your lawful husband?' I thrust my head and neck out of the tapestry to hear what Lucinda answered. The priest stood waiting for a long time before she gave it, and then, when I expected, nay, almost hoped, that she would take out the dagger to stab herself, or unloose her tongue to speak the truth, or make some confession of her love for me, I heard her say in a faint and languishing voice, 'I will.'

"Then Don Fernando said the same, and, giving her the ring, the knot was tied. But when the bridegroom

approached to embrace her, she put her hand to her heart and fell fainting in her mother's arms.
"It remains only for me to tell in what a state I was, when in that 'Yes!' I saw all my hopes at an end. I burned with rage and jealousy. All the house was in a tumult when Lucinda fainted, and, her mother unclasping her dress to give her air, found in her bosom a paper, which Fernando seized and went aside to read by the light of a torch. Whilst he read it he fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands in melancholy discontent.
"Seeing every one was in confusion I ventured forth, not caring where I went, not having even a desire to take vengeance on my enemies. I left the house, and came to where I had left my mule, which I caused to be saddled. Then without a word of farewell to any one I rode out of the city, and never turned my head to look back at it again.
"All night I travelled, and about dawn I came to one of the entrances to these mountains, through which I wandered three days at random. I then left my mule, and such things as I had, and took to living in these wilds. My most ordinary dwelling is in the hollow of a cork-tree, which is large enough to shelter this wretched body. The goatherds who live among these mountains give me food out of charity. They tell me, when they meet me in my wits, that at other times I rush out at them and seize with violence the food they would offer me in kindness.

"I know that I do a thousand mad things, but without Lucinda I shall never recover my reason, and I feel certain that my misery can only be ended by death."

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: The Story Of Dorothea (12/19)

The next day they arrived at the place where Sancho had left the boughs strewn along his path, and there he told them they were near to Don Quixote, and that they had better get dressed. For they had told Sancho part of their plan to take away his master from this wretched penance he was performing, and warned him not to tell the knight who they were. They also said that if Don Quixote asked, as they were sure he would, whether he had delivered his letter to Dulcinea, he was to say that he had done so; but as his lady could not read, she had sent a message that he was to return to her. Sancho listened to all this talk, and said he would remember everything, for he was anxious that his master should give up penances and go forth again in search of islands. He also suggested that it were best he should go on in advance, as perhaps the message from Dulcinea would of itself be enough to bring Don Quixote away from the mountains.

With that, Sancho went off into the mountain gorges, leaving the other two behind by a stream overhung with pleasant trees and rocks.

It was one of the hottest days of August, when in those parts the heat is very great, and it was about three in the afternoon when Sancho left them. The two were

resting in the shade at their ease when they heard the sound of a voice, not accompanied by any instrument, but singing very sweetly and melodiously. The song surprised them not a little, for this did not seem the place in which to find so good a singer.

The singer finished his song, and the barber and curate, in wonder and delight, listened for more. But as silence continued, they agreed to go in search of this strange musician. As they were moving away he again burst into song, and at the end of this, uttered a deep sigh, and the music was changed into sobs and heartrending moans.

They had not gone far in their search when, in turning the corner of a rock, they saw a man with a black and matted beard, his hair long and untangled, his feet unshod and his legs bare. The curate at once went up to him and the man returned his greeting in a hoarse tone but with great courtesy.

"Whoever you may be, good sirs, I see clearly that, unworthy as I am, there are yet human beings who would show me kindness. My name is Cardenio; the place of my birth one of the best cities in Andalusia; my lineage noble, my parents rich, and my misfortunes so great that I think no one was ever to be pitied as I am. A terrible madness masters me to live in these mountains and many blame my outrageous conduct rather than pity my misery. But if you will listen to my story, you will know why I have been driven here, what has made me mad, and will understand how far I ought to be blamed and how much I may be pitied."

The curate and the barber, who wanted nothing better than to learn the cause of his woe from his own lips, asked him to tell his story.

Upon this Cardenio began in the middle of his story and progressed rapidly in spite of repeated questioning until he came to the book that his beloved Lucinda had borrowed about Amadis Gaul.

There was no interruption from any one on this occasion, so Cardenio went on to tell them how, when Lucinda returned the book he found in it a letter full of tender wishes beautifully expressed.

"It was this letter," continued Cardenio, "that moved me to again ask Lucinda for wife; it was this letter also which made Don Fernando determine to ruin me before my happiness could be complete. I told Don Fernando how matters stood with me, and how her father expected mine to ask for Lucinda, and how I dared not speak to my father about it for fear he should refuse his consent; not because he was ignorant of the beauty and worth of Lucinda, but because he did not wish me to marry so soon, or at least not until he had seen what the Duke Ricardo would do for me. I told Don Fernando that I could not venture to speak to my father about it, and he offered to speak on my behalf, and persuade my father to ask for Lucinda's hand.

"How could I imagine that with a gentleman like Fernando, my own friend, such a thing as treachery

was possible? But so it was! And my friend, as I thought him, knowing that my presence was a stumbling-block to his plans, asked me to go to his elder brother's to borrow some money from him to pay for six horses which Fernando had bought in the city. It never entered my thoughts to imagine his villainy, and I went with a right good will to do his errand. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been arranged between me and Fernando, telling her to hope that all would turn out well. As I left her, tears filled her eyes, and we both seemed full of misery and alarm, tokens, as I now think, of the dark fate that awaited me. I reached the town to which I was sent, and delivered my letters to Don Fernando's brother. I was well received, but there seemed no haste to send me back again, and I was put off with many excuses about the difficulty of raising the money that Don Fernando needed. In this way I rested several days, much to my disgust, and it seemed to me impossible to live apart from Lucinda for so long a time.

"But on the fourth day after I had arrived, there came a man in search of me with a letter, which, by the handwriting, I knew to be Lucinda's. I opened it, not without fear, knowing that it must be some serious matter which would lead her to write to me, seeing she did it so rarely. I asked the bearer, before I read the letter, who had given it to him, and how long it had been on the way. He answered that, passing by chance at midday through a street in my native city, a very beautiful lady had called to him from a window. Poor

thing, said he, her eyes were all bedewed with tears, and she spoke hurriedly, saying: 'Brother, if thou art a good man, as thou seemest to be, I pray thee take this letter to the person named in the address, and in so doing thou shalt do me a great service. And that thou mayest not want money to do it, take what thou shalt find wrapped in that handkerchief.'

"'So saying she threw out of the window a handkerchief in which was wrapped a hundred reals, this ring of gold which I carry here, and this letter which I have given you. I made signs to her that I would do what she bade, and as I knew you very well I made up my mind not to trust any other messenger, but to come myself, and so I have travelled this journey, which you know is some eighteen leagues, in but sixteen hours.'

"Whilst the kind messenger was telling his story, I remained trembling with the letter in my hand, until at last I took courage and opened it, when these words caught my eyes:—

"'The promise Don Fernando made to you to persuade your father to speak to mine, he has kept after his own fashion. Know, then, that he has himself asked me for wife, and my father, carried away by his rank and position, has agreed to his wishes, so that in two days we are to be privately married. Imagine how I feel, and consider if you should not come at once. Let me hope that this reaches your hand ere mine be joined to his who keeps his promised faith so ill.'

"Such were the words of her letter, and they caused me at once to set out on my journey without waiting for the despatch of Don Fernando's business, for now I knew that it was not a matter of buying horses, but the pursuit of his own wretched pleasure, that had led to my being sent to his brother. The rage which I felt for Don Fernando, joined to the fear I had of losing the jewel I had won by so many years of patient love, seemed to lend me wings, and I arrived at my native city as swiftly as though I had flown, just in time to see and speak with Lucinda. I entered the city secretly, and left my mule at the house of the honest man who had brought my letter, and went straight to the little iron gate where I had so often met Lucinda.

"There I found her, and as soon as she saw me she said in deep distress: 'Cardenio, I am attired in wedding garments, and in the hall there waits for me the traitor, Don Fernando, and my covetous father, with other witnesses, who shall see my death rather than my wedding. Be not troubled, dear friend, for if I cannot persuade them to give me my freedom, I can at least end my life with this dagger.'

"I answered her in great distress, saying: 'Sweet lady, if thou carriest a dagger, I also carry a sword to defend thy life, or to kill myself, should fortune be against us.'

"I believe she did not hear all I said, for she was hastily called away, and I aroused myself from my grief, as best I could, and went into the house, for I knew well all the entrances and exits. Then, without being seen, I managed to place myself in a hollow

formed by the window of the great hall, which was covered by two pieces of tapestry drawn together, whence I could see all that went on in the hall without any one seeing me.

"The bridegroom entered the hall, wearing his ordinary dress. His groomsman was a first cousin of Lucinda's, and no one else was in the room but the servants of the house. In a little while Lucinda came out of her dressing-room with her mother and two of her maids. My anxiety gave me no time to note what she wore. I was only able to mark the colours, which were crimson and white; and I remember the glimmer with which the jewels and precious stones shone in her head-dress. But all this was as nothing to the singular beauty of her fair golden hair.

"When they were all stood in the hall, the priest of the parish entered, and, taking each by the hand, asked: 'Will you, Lady Lucinda, take the Lord Don Fernando for your lawful husband?' I thrust my head and neck out of the tapestry to hear what Lucinda answered. The priest stood waiting for a long time before she gave it, and then, when I expected, nay, almost hoped, that she would take out the dagger to stab herself, or unloose her tongue to speak the truth, or make some confession of her love for me, I heard her say in a faint and languishing voice, 'I will.'

"Then Don Fernando said the same, and, giving her the ring, the knot was tied. But when the bridegroom approached to embrace her, she put her hand to her heart and fell fainting in her mother's arms.

"It remains only for me to tell in what a state I was, when in that 'Yes!' I saw all my hopes at an end. I burned with rage and jealousy. All the house was in a tumult when Lucinda fainted, and, her mother unclasping her dress to give her air, found in her bosom a paper, which Fernando seized and went aside to read by the light of a torch. Whilst he read it he fell into a chair and covered his face with his hands in melancholy discontent.

"Seeing every one was in confusion I ventured forth, not caring where I went, not having even a desire to take vengeance on my enemies. I left the house, and came to where I had left my mule, which I caused to be saddled. Then without a word of farewell to any one I rode out of the city, and never turned my head to look back at it again.

"All night I travelled, and about dawn I came to one of the entrances to these mountains, through which I wandered three days at random. I then left my mule, and such things as I had, and took to living in these wilds. My most ordinary dwelling is in the hollow of a cork-tree, which is large enough to shelter this wretched body. The goatherds who live among these mountains give me food out of charity. They tell me, when they meet me in my wits, that at other times I rush out at them and seize with violence the food they would offer me in kindness.

"I know that I do a thousand mad things, but without Lucinda I shall never recover my reason, and I feel certain that my misery can only be ended by death."

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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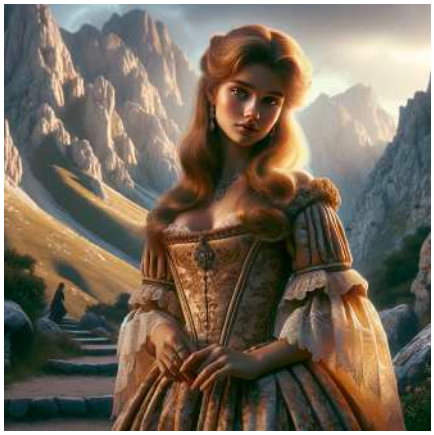
Don Quixote: The End Of The Penance (13/19)

When the unfortunate Dorothea had finished her story, she remained silent, her face flushed with sorrow; and as the priest was about to comfort her, Cardenio took her by the hand and said: "Lady, thou art the beautiful Dorothea, daughter unto rich Cleonardo."
Dorothea was amazed when she heard her father's name spoken by a person of such wretched appearance as Cardenio, and answered: "Who art thou, friend, that knowest so well my father's name? For, unless I am mistaken, I did not once name him throughout all my story."
"I am," said Cardenio, "the unlucky one to whom Lucinda was betrothed; and I, too, had thought that I was without hope of comfort. But now I hear that Lucinda will not marry Fernando because she is mine, and Fernando cannot marry Lucinda because he is yours, it seems to me that there is yet some consolation for both of us. And I vow, on the faith of a gentleman, not to forsake you until I see you in the possession of Don Fernando."
The curate now told them both the nature of his errand, and begged that they would join him in his travels, and stay as long as they pleased at his village. By this time they heard the voice of Sancho Panza,

who, not finding them where he had left them, was calling out as loudly as he might.
They went to meet him, and asked for Don Quixote. Sancho told them that he had found him almost naked to his shirt, lean and yellow, half dead with hunger, and sighing for the Lady Dulcinea; and although he had told him that she commanded him to journey to Tohoso, yet he declared that he had made up his mind not to appear before her until he had done feats worthy of her great beauty.
The curate now returned and told Dorothea of their plan, and she at once offered to act the part of the distressed damsel, for she had a lady's dress in the bundle which she carried.
"The sooner, then, we set about our work the better," said the barber.
Dorothea retired to put on her robe of a fine rich woollen cloth, a short mantle of another green stuff, and a collar and many rich jewels which she took from a little casket. With these things she adorned herself so gorgeously that she appeared to be a princess at least. When Sancho saw her he was amazed, and asked the curate with great eagerness to tell him who the lady was, and what she was doing in these out of the way places.



"This beautiful lady, brother Sancho," replied the curate, "is the heiress in direct line

of the mighty Kingdom of Micomicon, who has come in search of thy master, to ask of him a boon, which is to avenge her of a wrong done by a wicked giant. And, owing to the great fame of thy master which has spread through all lands, this beautiful princess has come to find him out."
"A happy searcher and a happy finding," cried Sancho; "my master shall soon slay the great lubber of a giant, unless he turn out to be a phantom, for he has no power over those things. And when this is done, my lord shall marry the princess, whose name, by the bye, you have not yet told me, and by this means shall he become an emperor, and have islands to give away."
"Her name," replied the curate, "is the Princess Micomicona, and as to your master's marriage, I will do what I can to help."
Sancho was quite satisfied with these answers, and, when Dorothea had mounted the mule, he guided them towards the spot where Don Quixote was to be found. And as they went along, the barber told Sancho he must in no way pretend to know who he was, for if he did, Don Quixote would never leave the mountains and would never become an emperor. The curate and Cardenio remained behind, promising to join them again on the first opportunity.
Having travelled about three-quarters of a league, they found Don Quixote clothed, though still unarmed, sitting amidst the rocks. No sooner did Sancho tell Dorothea that this was his master than she whipped up her palfrey, closely followed by the well-bearded barber,

who jumped from his mule, and ran to help his lady alight.
Quickly dismounting, she threw herself on her knees before Don Quixote, and refusing his efforts to raise her, spoke as follows: "Never will I rise from this position, most valiant and invincible knight, until you grant me a boon which will not only add to your honour and renown, but also assist the most injured and unfortunate damsel that ever the sun beheld. And if the valour of your mighty arm be equal to what I have heard of your immortal fame, you can indeed render aid to a miserable being who comes from a far-distant land to seek your help."
"Beauteous lady," replied Don Quixote, "I will not answer one word, nor hear a jot of your affairs, until you rise from the ground."
"I will not rise, my lord," answered the unfortunate maiden, "until I have obtained from you the boon I beg."
"Dear lady," replied Don Quixote, "it is granted, so that it be not anything that touches my duty to my king, my country, or the chosen queen of my heart."
"Your kindness shall in no way affect them," replied Dorothea.
At this moment Sancho came up and whispered softly in his master's ear: "Sir, you may very well grant the request she asketh, for it is a mere nothing; it is only to kill a monstrous giant, and she that demands it is the Princess Micomicona, Queen of the great Kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia."

"Let her be what she will," said Don Quixote, "I will do my duty towards her." And then turning to the damsel, he said: "Rise, most beautiful lady, for I grant you any boon you shall please to ask of me."
"Why, then," said Dorothea, "what I ask of you is, that you will at once come away with me to the place where I shall guide you, and that you promise me not to undertake any new adventure, until you have revenged me on a traitor who has driven me out of my kingdom."
"I grant your request," said Don Quixote, "and therefore, lady, you may cast away from this day forward all the melancholy that troubles you, for this mighty arm shall restore you to your kingdom."
The distressed damsel strove with much ado to kiss his hand, but Don Quixote, who was a most courteous knight, would not permit it, and, making her arise, treated her with the greatest respect.
He now commanded Sancho to saddle Rozinante and help him to arm himself, and this done the knight was ready to depart. The barber, who had been kneeling all the while, had great difficulty to stop laughing aloud at all this, and his beard was in danger of falling off. He was glad to get up and help his lady to mount the mule, and when Don Quixote was mounted, and the barber himself had got upon his beast, they were ready to start. As for Sancho, who trudged along on foot, he could not help grieving for the loss of his Dapple; but he bore it all with patience, for now he saw his master on the way to marry a princess, and so become at least King of Micomicon, though it grieved him to think that

that country was peopled by blackamoors, and that when he became a ruler his vassals would all be black. While this was going on, the curate and Cardenio had not been idle. For the curate was a cunning plotter, and had hit on a bright idea. He took from his pocket a pair of scissors, and cut off Cardenio's rugged beard and trimmed his hair very cleverly. And when he had thrown his riding-cloak over Cardenio's shoulders, he was so unlike what he was before, that he would not have known himself in a looking-glass. This finished, they went out to meet Don Quixote and the others. When they came towards them, the curate looked earnestly at the knight for some time, and then ran towards him with open arms, saying: "In a good hour is this meeting with my worthy countryman, the mirror of knighthood, Don Quixote of the Mancha, the champion of the distressed."

Don Quixote did not at first know him, but when he remembered the curate he wanted to alight, saying: "It is not seemly, reverend sir, that I should ride whilst you travel on foot."

But the curate would not allow him to dismount and give him his horse, but suggested that he might ride behind the lady's squire on his mule.

"I did not think of that, good master curate," said Don Quixote; "but I know my lady the princess will for my sake order her squire to lend you the use of his saddle."

"That I will," said the princess; "and I know my squire is the last man to grudge a share of his beast to this reverend father."
"That is most certain," said the barber, and got off his steed at once.
The curate now mounted, but the misfortune was that when the barber tried to get up behind, the mule, which was a hired one, lifted up her legs and kicked out with such fury that she knocked Mr. Nicholas to the ground, and, as he rolled over, his beard fell off and lay upon the earth. Don Quixote, seeing that huge mass of beard torn from the jaw without blood, and lying at a distance from the squire's face, said: "This, I vow, is one of the greatest miracles I ever saw in my life. The beard is taken off as clean by the heel of the mule as if it had been done by the hand of a barber."
The curate, seeing the risk they ran of their plan being found out, came to where Master Nicholas was lying, and with one jerk clapped it on again, muttering as he did so some Latin words, which he said were a charm for fixing on beards.
By this means, to Don Quixote's amazement, the squire was cured again, and he asked the curate to tell him this charm, which, he said, since it could heal a wound of this kind, must be good for even more dangerous injuries.
The curate agreed to tell him the secret some other day, and, having mounted the mule, the party rode slowly away towards the inn.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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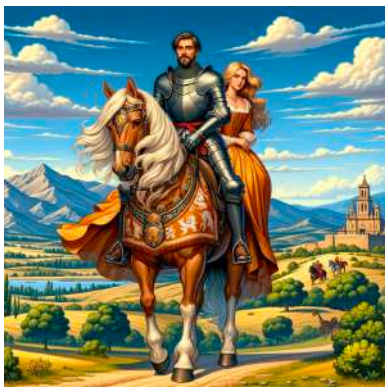
Don Quixote: The Journey To The Inn (14/19)

The curate rode first on the mule, and with him rode Don Quixote and the princess. The others, Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho Panza, followed on foot.
And as they rode, Don Quixote said to the damsel: "Madam, let me entreat your highness to lead the way that most pleaseth you."
Before she could answer, the curate said: "Towards what kingdoms would you travel? Are you for your native land of Micomicon?"
She, who knew very well what to answer, being no babe, replied: "Yes, sir, my way lies towards that kingdom."
"If it be so," said the curate, "you must pass through the village where I dwell, and from thence your ladyship must take the road to Carthagena, where you may embark. And, if you have a prosperous journey, you may come within the space of nine years to the Lake Meona, I mean Meolidas, which stands on this side of your highness's kingdom some hundred days' journey or more."
"You are mistaken, good sir," said she, "for it is not yet fully two years since I left there, and, though I never had fair weather, I have arrived in time to see what I so longed for, the presence of the renowned Don

Quixote of the Mancha, whose glory was known to me as soon as my foot touched the shores of Spain."
"No more," cried Don Quixote. "I cannot abide to hear myself praised, for I am a sworn enemy to flattery. And though I know what you speak is but truth, yet it offends mine ears. And I can tell you this, at least, that whether I have valour or not, I will use it in your service, even to the loss of my life. But let me know, master curate, what has brought you here?"
"You must know, then," replied the curate, "that Master Nicholas, the barber, and myself travelled towards Seville to recover certain sums of money which a kinsman of mine in the Indies had sent me. And passing yesterday through this way we were set upon by four robbers, who took everything that we had. And it is said about here, that those who robbed us were certain galley slaves, who they say were set at liberty, almost on this very spot, by a man so valiant that in spite of the guard he released them all. And doubtless he must be out of his wits, or else he must be as great a knave as they, to loose the wolf among the sheep, and rebel against his king by taking from the galleys their lawful prey."
Sancho had told the curate of an adventure they had had with galley slaves, and the curate spoke of it to see what Don Quixote would say. The knight, however, durst not confess his part in the adventure, but rode on, changing colour at every word the curate spoke.
When the curate had finished, Sancho burst out: "By my father, master curate, he that did that deed was my

master, and that not for want of warning, for I told him beforehand that it was a sin to deliver them, and that they were great rogues who had been sent to the galleys to punish them for their crimes."
"You bottlehead!" replied Don Quixote. "It is not the duty of knights-errant to examine whether the afflicted, enslaved, and oppressed whom they meet by the way are in sorrow for their own default; they must relieve them because they are needy and in distress, looking at their sorrow and not at their crimes. And if any but the holy master curate shall find fault with me on this account, I will tell him that he knows nought of knighthood, and that he lies in his throat, and this I will make him know by the power of my sword."
Dorothea, who was discreet enough to see they were carrying the jest too far, now said: "Remember, sir knight, the boon you promised me, never to engage in any other adventure, be it ever so urgent, until you have seen me righted. And had master curate known that it was the mighty arm of Don Quixote that freed the galley slaves, I feel sure he would have bit his tongue through ere he spoke words which might cause you anger."
"That I dare swear," said the curate.
"Madam," replied Don Quixote, "I will hold my peace and keep my anger to myself, and will ride on peaceably and quietly until I have done the thing I promised. Tell me, therefore, without delay, what are your troubles and on whom am I to take revenge."

To this Dorothea replied: "Willingly will I do what you ask, so you will give me your attention."



At this Cardenio and the barber drew near to hear the witty Dorothea tell her tale, and Sancho, who was as much deceived as his master, was the most eager of all to listen.
She, after settling herself in her saddle, began with a lively air to speak as follows: "In the first place, I would have you know, gentlemen, that my name is—"
Here she stopped a moment, for she had forgotten what name the curate had given her.
He, seeing her trouble, said quickly: "It is no wonder, great lady, that you hesitate to tell your misfortunes. Great sufferers often lose their memory, so that they even forget their own names, as seems to have happened to your ladyship, who has forgotten that she is called the Princess Micomicona, heiress of the great Kingdom of Micomicon."
"True," said the damsel, "but let me proceed. The king, my father, was called Tinacrio the Sage, and was learned in the magic art. By this he discovered that my mother, the Queen Xaramilla, would die before him, and that I should soon afterwards be left an orphan. This did not trouble him so much as the knowledge that a certain giant, called Pandafilando of the Sour Face, lord of a great island near our border, when he should hear that I was an orphan, would pass over with a mighty

force into my kingdom and take it from me. My father warned me that when this came to pass I should not stay to defend myself, and so cause the slaughter of my people, but should at once set out for Spain, where I should meet with a knight whose fame would then extend through all that kingdom. His name, he said, should be Don Quixote, and he would be tall of stature, have a withered face, and on his right side, a little under his left shoulder, he should have a tawny spot with certain hairs like bristles."

On hearing this, Don Quixote said: "Hold my horse, son Sancho, and help me to strip, for I would know if I am the knight of whom the sage king spoke."

"There is no need," said Sancho, "for I know that your worship has such a mark near your backbone."

"It is enough," said Dorothea, "for among friends we must not be too particular, and whether it is on your shoulder or your backbone is of no importance. And, indeed, no sooner did I land in Osuna than I heard of Don Quixote's fame, and felt sure that he was the man."

"But how did you land in Osuna, madam," asked Don Quixote, "seeing that it is not a sea town?"

"Sir," said the curate, "the princess would say that she landed at Malaga, and that Osuna was the first place wherein she heard tidings of your worship."

"That is so," said Dorothea; "and now nothing remains but to guide you to Pandafilando of the Sour Face, that I may see you slay him, and once again enter into my kingdom. For all must succeed as the wise Tinacrio, my

father, has foretold, and if the knight of the prophecy, when he has killed the giant, so desires, then it will be my lot to become his wife, and he will at once possess both me and my kingdom."
"What thinkest thou of this, friend Sancho? Did I not tell thee this would come about? Here we have a kingdom to command and a queen to marry."
When Sancho heard all this he jumped for joy, and running to Dorothea stopped her mule, and asking her very humbly to give him her hand to kiss, he kneeled down as a sign that he accepted her as his queen and lady.
All around could scarcely hide their laughter at the knight's madness and the squire's simplicity, and when Dorothea promised Sancho to make him a great lord, and Sancho gave her thanks, it roused their mirth anew.
"Madam," continued Don Quixote, who appeared to be full of thought, "I repeat all I have said, and make my vow anew, and when I have cut off the head of Pandafilando I will put you in peaceable possession of your kingdom, but since my memory and will are captive to another, it is not possible for me to marry."
So disgusted was Sancho with what he heard that he cried out in a great rage: "Surely, Sir Don Quixote, your worship is not in your right senses. Is it possible your worship can refuse to marry a princess like this? A poor chance have I of getting a countship if your worship goes on like this, searching for mushrooms at the bottom of the sea. Is my Lady Dulcinea more beautiful?

She cannot hold a candle to her. Marry her! Marry at once, and when you are king make me a governor."
Don Quixote, who heard such evil things spoken of his Lady Dulcinea, could not bear them any longer, and therefore, lifting up his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho, gave him two blows that brought him to the earth, and if Dorothea had not called to the knight to spare him, without doubt he would have taken his squire's life.
"Think you, miserable villain," cried Don Quixote, "that it is to be all sinning on thy side and pardoning on mine? Say, scoffer with the viper's tongue, who dost thou think hath gained this kingdom and cut off the head of this giant and made thee marquis—for all this I take to be a thing as good as completed—unless it be the worth and valour of Dulcinea using my arm as her instrument? She fights in my person, and I live and breathe in her. From her I hold my life and being. O villain, how ungrateful art thou that seest thyself raised from the dust of the earth to be a nobleman, and speakest evil of her who gives thee such honours!"
Sancho was not too much hurt to hear what his master said. He jumped up nimbly and ran behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from there said to his master: "Tell me, your worship, if you are not going to marry this great princess, how this kingdom will become yours, and how you can do me any favours. Pray marry this queen now we have her here. I say nothing against Lady Dulcinea's beauty, for I have never seen her."

"How, thou wicked traitor, thou hast not seen her!" cried Don Quixote. "Didst thou not but now bring me a message from Her?"
"I mean," replied Sancho, "not seen her for long enough to judge of her beauty, though, from what I did see, she appeared very lovely."
"Ah!" said Don Quixote, "then I do excuse thee, but have a care what thou sayest, for, remember, the pitcher may go once too often to the well."
"No more of this," said Dorothea. "Run Sancho, kiss your master's hand, and ask his pardon. Henceforth speak no evil of the Lady Dulcinea, and trust that fortune may find you an estate where you may live like a prince."
Sancho went up hanging his head and asked his lord's hand, which he gave him with a grave air, and, after he had kissed it, the knight gave him his blessing, and no more was said about it.
While this was passing, they saw coming along the road on which they were a man riding upon an ass, and when he drew near he seemed to be a gipsy.
But Sancho Panza, whenever he met with any asses, followed them with his eyes and his heart, and he had hardly caught sight of the man when he knew him to be an escaped robber, Gines of Passamonte, and the ass to be none other than his beloved Dapple.
Gines had disguised himself as a gipsy, but Sancho knew him, and called out in a loud voice: "Ah! thief Gines, give up my jewel, let go my life, give up mine ass, give up the comfort of my home. Fly, scoundrel! Begone, thief! Give back what is none of thine."

He need not have used so many words, for Gines leaped off at the first and raced away from them all as fast as his legs could carry him.
Sancho then ran up to Dapple, and, embracing him, cried: "How hast thou been cared for, my darling and treasure, Dapple of mine eyes, my sweet companion?" With this he stroked and kissed him as if he had been a human being. But the ass held his peace, and allowed Sancho to kiss and cherish him without answering a word.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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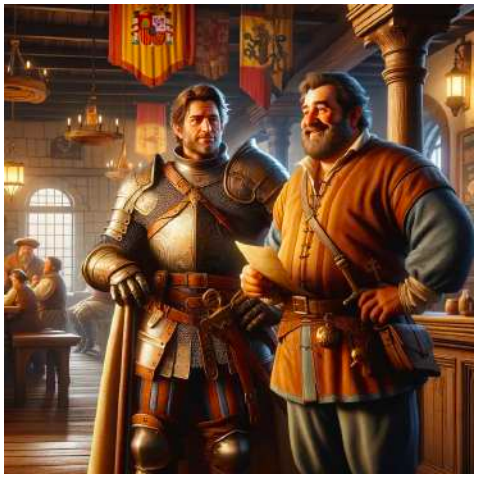
Don Quixote: Sancho Panza's Story Of His Visit To The Lady Dulcinea (15/19)

"Friend Sancho," said Don Quixote, "let us bury all our differences, and tell me when, how, and where didst thou find Dulcinea. What was she doing? What saidst thou to her? What answer made she? How did she look when she read my letter? Who copied it for thee? Tell me all, without adding to it or lying, for I would know everything."
"Master," replied Sancho, "if I must speak the truth, nobody copied out the letter, for I carried no letter at all."
"Thou sayest true," said Don Quixote, "for I found the pocket-book, wherein it was written, two days after thy departure, and I did expect that thou wouldst return for it."
"I had done so," said Sancho, "if I had not carried it in my memory when you read it to me, so that I could say it to a parish clerk, who copied it out of my head, word for word, so exactly that he said that in all the days of his life he had never read such a pretty letter."
"And hast thou it still by heart, Sancho?" asked Don Quixote.

"No, sir, for after I gave it, seeing that it was to be of no more use, I let myself forget it. If I remember, it began, Scrubby Queen, Sovereign Lady, and the ending —yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Countenance —but between these things I put in three hundred hearts, and loves, and dear eyes."
"All this I like to hear, therefore say on," said Don Quixote. "Thou didst arrive; and what was the Queen of Beauty doing then? I daresay thou foundest her threading pearls or embroidering some curious device with golden threads for this her captive knight."
"No, that I did not," said Sancho, "but winnowing two bushels of wheat in the yard of her house."



"Why, then," said Don Quixote, "thou mayest reckon that each grain of wheat was a pearl, seeing they were touched by her hands. But tell me, when thou didst deliver my letter, did she kiss it? Did she use any ceremony worthy of such a letter? Or what did she?"
"When I went to give it to her," said Sancho, "she was all in a bustle with a good lot of wheat in her sieve, and said to me: 'Lay down that letter there on the sack, for I cannot read it until I have winnowed all that is here.'"
"O discreet lady!" said Don Quixote; "she must have done that, so that she might read and enjoy it at

leisure. Go on, then, Sancho, and tell all she said about me, and what thou saidst to her."
"She asked me nothing," replied the squire, "but I told her the state which I left you in for her sake, doing penance, and I told her how you slept on the ground and never combed your beard, but spent your time weeping and cursing your fortune."
"There thou saidst ill," said Don Quixote, "for I do not curse my fortune, but rather bless it, seeing that it hath made me worthy to merit the love of so beautiful a lady as Dulcinea of Toboso. But tell me, after she had sifted her corn and sent it to the mill, did she then read my letter?"
"The letter," replied Sancho, "she did never read, for she said she could neither read nor write, and therefore she tore it into small pieces, and would allow no one to read it lest the whole village might know her secrets. Lastly, she told me that I was to say to your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she had a greater desire to see you than to write to you. Therefore she begged, as you loved her, that you should quit these bushes and brambles, and leave off these mad pranks, and set out for Toboso, for she had a great longing to see your worship. She laughed a good deal when I told her they called your worship the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. I asked her whether the beaten Biscayan came there. She said yes, and that he was a very good fellow. I asked also after the galley slaves you sent; but she told me that she had seen none of them as yet."

"All goes well, then," said Don Quixote; "but tell me, what jewel did she bestow on thee at thy departure for reward of the tidings thou hadst brought? For it is a usual and ancient custom among knights-errant and their ladies to give to their squires, damsels, or dwarfs who bring good tidings, some rich jewel as a reward for their welcome news."
"It may well be," replied Sancho; "and I think it was a most excellent custom, but I doubt if it exists nowadays, for it would seem to be the manner of our age only to give a piece of bread and cheese; for this was all that my Lady Dulcinea bestowed on me when I took my leave, and, by the way, the cheese was made of sheep's milk."
"She is marvellous liberal," said the knight; "and if she gave thee not a jewel of gold, it was doubtless because she had none then about her. But that will be put right some day. Knowest thou, Sancho, at what I am astonished? It is at thy sudden return, for it seems to me thou wast gone and hast come back again in the air, for thou hast been away but a little more than three days, although Toboso is more than thirty leagues from hence. Therefore I do believe that the wise enchanter, who takes care of my affairs and is my friend, must have helped thee to travel without thy being aware of it. For there are sages that take up a knight-errant sleeping in his bed, and, without knowing how or in what manner, he awakes the next day more than a thousand leagues from the place where he fell asleep. For otherwise knights-errant could not help one

another in perils as they do now. For it may be that one is fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some dragon or fierce serpent, and is at the point of death, and, just when he least expects it, he sees on a cloud, or in a chariot of fire, some other knight, his friend, who a little before was in England, who helps him and delivers him from danger. And all this is done by the craft and wisdom of those sage enchanters who take care of valorous knights. But, leaving all this apart, what dost thou think I should do about my lady's commands to go and see her?"

"Tell me, good your worship," replied Sancho, "do you intend to journey to Toboso and lose so rich and noble a prize as this princess we have just met at the inn? Peace! take my advice and marry her in the first village that hath a parish priest, or let the curate do it, for he is here, and remember the old saying, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

"Look you, Sancho," said his master, "if you counsel me to marry, to the end that I may be king when I have slain the giant and be able to give you an island, know that I can do that without marrying, for I will make it a condition that upon conquering this monster they shall give me a portion of the kingdom, although I marry not the princess, and this I will bestow upon thee."

"Let it be so, then," said Sancho. "And trouble not your mind, I pray you, to go and see the Lady Dulcinea at this moment, but go away and kill the giant and let us

finish off this job, for I believe it will prove of great honour and greater profit."
"I believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that thou art in the right, and I will follow thy advice in going first with the princess rather than visiting Dulcinea."

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: Don Quixote Wages A Battle Against A Giant (16/19)

When they had finished their dinner, they saddled and went to horse once more, and travelled all that day and the next without any adventure of note, until they arrived at the inn, which was the dread and terror of Sancho Panza, and though he would rather not have entered it, yet he could not avoid doing so. The innkeeper, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho return, went out to meet them with tokens of great love and joy. The knight returned their compliments with grave courtesy, and bade them prepare a better bed than they gave him the last time.
"Sir," said the hostess, "if you would pay us better than the last time, we would give you one fit for a prince."
Don Quixote answered that he would, and they prepared a reasonable good bed for him in the same room where he lay before. Then he went off to bed at once, because he was tired and weary, both in body and mind.
Don Quixote was still asleep when the dinner was served, and during dinner—the innkeeper, his wife, his daughter, and Maritornes being there, as well as all the

travellers—they talked of Don Quixote's strange craze, and of the state in which they had found him. The hostess told them of what had happened between him and the carrier, and glancing round to see if Sancho were present, and not seeing him, she told them the story of his being tossed in the blanket, to the no small entertainment of all the company.

The curate told him it was the books of knighthood that Don Quixote had read that had turned his head.

"I know not how that can be," said the innkeeper, "for to my thinking, there is no finer reading in the world; and when it is harvest-time, the reapers here often collect during the midday heat, and one who can read takes one of these books in hand, while some thirty of us get round him, and sit listening with so much delight that I could find it in my heart to be hearing such stories day and night."

"And I think well of them, too," said the hostess, "for when the reading is going on, you are so full of it that you forget to scold me, and I have a good time of it."

"Ah," said her daughter, "I too listen, and though I like not the fights which please my father, yet the lamentations which the knights make when they are away from their ladies make me weep for pity, and I enjoy that."

"We have need here," said the curate, "of our friends, the old woman and the niece. Beware, my good host, of these books, and take care that they carry you not on the road they have taken Don Quixote."

"Not so," said the innkeeper, "I shall not be such a fool as to turn knight-errant; for I see well enough that it is not the fashion now to do as they used to do in the times when these famous knights roamed about the world. All that is of no use nowadays."

Sancho came in in the midst of this, and was amazed to hear them say that knights-errant now were of no use, and that books of knighthood were full of follies and lies, and he made up his mind to see the end of this voyage of his master, and if that did not turn out as happily as he expected, to return home to his wife and children and to his former labours.

At this moment a noise came from the room where Don Quixote was lying, and Sancho went hastily to see if his master wanted anything.

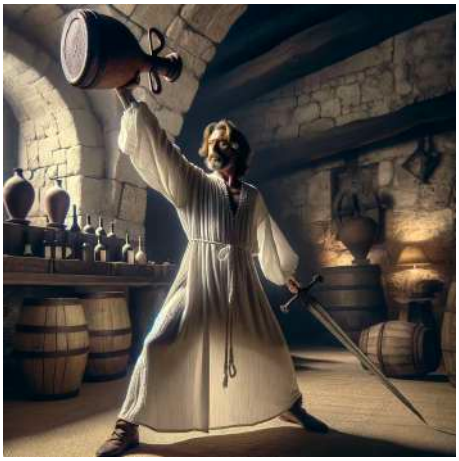
In a few moments he returned, rushing wildly back, and shouting at the top of his voice: "Come, good sirs, quickly, and help my master, who is engaged in one of the most terrible battles my eyes have ever seen. I swear he has given the giant, the enemy of my lady, the Princess Micomicona, such a cut, that he has sliced his head clean off like a turnip."

"What sayest thou, friend?" said the curate. "Art thou in thy wits, Sancho? How can it be as you say, when the giant is at least two thousand leagues from here?"

By this time they heard a marvellous great noise within the chamber, and Don Quixote shouting out: "Hold, thief, scoundrel, rogue! now I have thee, and thy scimitar shall not avail thee!"

And it seemed as if he were striking a number of mighty blows on the walls.
"Do not stand there listening," cried Sancho, "but go in and part the fray, or aid my master. Though I think it will not now be necessary, for doubtless the giant is dead by now, and giving an account of the ill life he led; for I saw his blood was all about the house and his head cut off, which is as big as a great wine-bag."
"May I be hewed in pieces," cried the innkeeper on hearing this, "if Don Quixote has not been slashing at one of the skins of red wine that are standing filled at his bed head, and the wine that is spilt must be what this fellow takes for blood."
So saying he ran into the room, and the rest followed him, and found Don Quixote in the strangest guise imaginable. He was in his shirt, which did not reach to his knees. His legs were very long and lean. On his head he wore a greasy red nightcap which belonged to the inkeeper. Round his left arm he had folded the blanket from off his bed, at which Sancho gazed angrily, for he owed that blanket a grudge. In his right hand he gripped his naked sword, with which he laid round about him with many a thwack, shouting out as if indeed he was at battle with some terrible giant. The best sport of all was that his eyes were not open, for he was indeed asleep, and dreaming that he was fighting a giant. For his imagination was so full of the adventure in front of him that he dreamed that he had already arrived at Micomicon, and was there in combat with his enemy; and he had given so many blows to the

wine-bags, supposing them to be the giant, that the whole chamber flowed with wine.
When the innkeeper saw this, he flew into such a rage that he set upon Don Quixote with his clenched fist, and began to pummel him, so that if Cardenio and the curate had not pulled him off, he would have finished the battle of the giant altogether. In spite of this, the poor knight did not awake until the barber got a great kettleful of cold water from the well, and threw it right over him, when Don Quixote woke up, but even then did not understand where he was.
As for Sancho, he went up and down the floor, searching for the giant's head, and seeing he could not find it, said: "Now I know that everything I see in this house is enchanted, for this head is not to be seen here, though I myself saw it cut off with my own eyes, and the blood running from the body as from a fountain."
"What blood or what fountain dost thou cackle of here?" cried the innkeeper. "Thou thief! dost thou not see that the blood and the fountain is no other thing but the wine-bags which are ripped open, and the red wine which swims up and down the room?"



"I know nothing but this," replied Sancho, "that if I cannot find the giant's head, my earldom will dissolve like salt cast into water." For

indeed Sancho awake was worse than his master asleep, so greatly had his master's promises turned his brain. The innkeeper was at his wits' end at seeing the stupidity of the squire and the mischief done by his master, but he determined that they should not as before go away without paying; that knighthood should be no excuse for this, and he would make them pay for the very patches in the wine-skins that had been ruined.

All this time the curate was holding Don Quixote's hands, who, believing that he had finished the adventure and was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona herself, fell on his knees before the curate, and said: "Your highness, exalted and beautiful lady, may live from henceforth secure from any danger that this wretched giant might have done to you; and I am also freed this day from the promise I made to you, seeing that I have with the assistance of her through whose favour I live and breathe, so happily completed my labour."

"Did I not say so?" cried Sancho, hearing his master. "I was not drunk. My master has salted the giant down this time, and my earldom is secure."

Who could help laughing at the follies of the two, master and man? All of them laughed except the innkeeper, who burst out into fits of anger ten times worse than before.

At length the barber, Cardenio, and the curate managed, not without much ado, to get Don Quixote to bed again, and presently left him sleeping, with every

sign of being worn out. They let him sleep, and went out to comfort Sancho Panza, whose grief was great at not finding the giant's head. But they had more to do to pacify the innkeeper, who was almost out of his wits at the sudden death of his wine-skins.

His wife, too, was running up and down, scolding and crying out: "Alas, the unlucky hour when this knight-errant came to my house! Would that mine eyes had never seen him, for he has cost me dear. The last time he was here he went away scot free for his supper, bed, straw, and barley for himself, his man, his horse, and his ass, because he said he was a knight-errant. Then for his sake the other gentlemen came and took away my good tail, and have returned it damaged, and now he breaks my wine-skins and spills the wine. I wish I may see as much of his blood spilt." And backed up by Maritornes, the good innkeeper's wife continued her lamentations with great fury.

At length the curate quelled the storm, promising to satisfy them for the wine and the skins, and also for the damage to the tail, about which there was so much fuss. Dorothea comforted Sancho, telling him that as soon as ever it was made certain that his master had slain the giant, and placed her safely in her kingdom, she would give him the best earldom she had.

With this he was consoled, and told her that he himself had seen the giant's head cut off, and that it had a beard which reached down to his girdle, and that if the beard could not now be found it was because the affairs of this house were all guided by enchantment,

as he knew to his cost by what had happened to himself in his last visit.
Dorothea replied that she was of the same opinion, and bade him be of good cheer, since all would be well ended to his heart's desire.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: Adventures At The Inn (17/19)

Later in the day the innkeeper, who was standing at the door, cried out: "Here is a fine troop of guests coming. If they stop here, we may sing and rejoice."
"Who are they?" asked Cardenio.
"Four men on horseback," answered the innkeeper, "with lances and targets, and all with black masks on their faces. With them comes a woman dressed in white, on a side-saddle, and her face also masked, and two lackeys that run with them on foot."
"Are they near?" asked the curate.
"So near," replied the innkeeper, "that they are now arriving." Hearing this, Dorothea veiled her face, and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's room; and they had hardly time to do this when the whole party, of whom the innkeeper had spoken, entered the inn. The four who were on horseback were of comely and gallant bearing, and, having dismounted, went to help down the lady on the side-saddle; and one of them, taking her in his arms, placed her upon a chair that stood at the door of the room into which Cardenio had entered. All this while neither she nor they took off their masks, or said a word, only the lady, as she sank into the chair, breathed a deep sigh, and let fall her arms as one who

was sick and faint. The lackeys led away the horses to the stable.
The curate, seeing and noting all this, and curious to know who they were that came to the inn in such strange attire and keeping so close a silence, went after one of the lackeys, and asked of him what he wanted to learn.
"Faith, sir, I cannot tell you who these are, but they seem to be persons of good quality, especially he who went to help the lady dismount. The rest obey him in all things."
"And the lady—who is she?" asked the curate.
"I cannot tell you that neither," replied the lackey, "for I have not once seen her face during all the journey, though I have often heard her groan and utter deep sighs."
"And have you heard the name of any of them?" asked the curate.
"Not I, indeed," replied the man; "they travel in silence, and nothing is heard but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, and it is our firm belief that, wherever she is going, she is going against her."
"May be it is so," said the curate, and he returned to the inn.
Dorothea, who heard the disguised lady sigh so mournfully, moved by pity, drew near to her and asked: "What ails you, good madam, for I offer you my service and good-will, and would help you as much as lies in my power?"

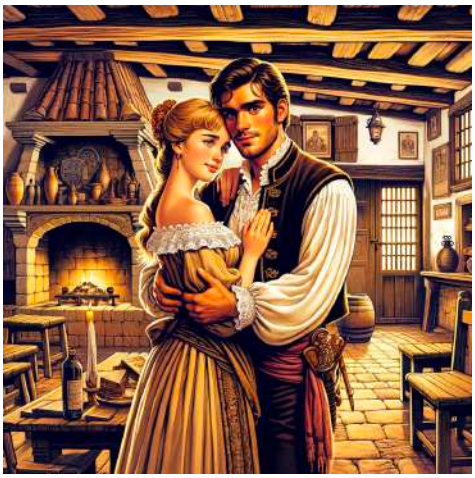
To this the unhappy lady made no reply; and though Dorothea again spoke kindly to her, yet she sat silent and spoke not a word.
At length the masked gentleman came across and said to Dorothea: "Lady, do not trouble yourself to offer anything to that woman; she is of a most ungrateful nature, and not wont to return any courtesy."
"I have never spoken," said the silent lady, "since I am too unhappy to do so, and am almost drowned in my misfortunes."
Cardenio overheard these words very clearly and distinctly, for he was close to her who uttered them, the door of Don Quixote's room being the only thing that separated them, and he cried aloud: "What is this I hear? What voice is this that hath touched mine ear?"
The lady, moved with a sudden passion, turned her head at these cries, and as she could not see who uttered them, she rose to her feet and would have entered the room, but the gentleman stopped her and would not let her move a step.
This sudden movement loosened the mask, which fell from her face, discovering her marvellous beauty.
But her countenance was wan and pale, and she turned her eyes from place to place as one distracted, which caused Dorothea and the rest to behold her with a vast pity.
The gentleman held her fast by the shoulders, and was so busied that he could not hold up his own mask, which fell from his face, and, as it did so, Dorothea

looked up and discovered that it was her lover, Don Fernando.
Scarce had she known him than, breathing out a long and most pitiful "Alas!" from the bottom of her heart, she fell backward in a swoon. And if the barber had not been by good chance at hand, she would have fallen on the ground with all the weight of her body.
The curate removed the veil from her face, and cast water thereon, and Don Fernando, as soon as he looked upon her, turned as pale as death. Cardenio, who had heard the moan which Dorothea uttered, as she fell fainting on the floor, came out of the room, and saw Don Fernando holding his beloved Lucinda.
All of them held their peace and beheld one another; Dorothea looking on Don Fernando, Don Fernando on Cardenio, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio, all stood dumb and amazed, as folk that knew not what had befallen them.
Lucinda was the first to break the silence. "Leave me, Don Fernando," she cried, "for the sake of what is due to yourself. Let me cleave to the wall whose ivy I am, to his support from whom neither your threats nor your promises could part me."
By this time Dorothea had come to herself, and seeing that Don Fernando did not release Lucinda, she arose, and casting herself at his feet, shed a flood of crystal tears as she thus addressed him: "If the sun of Lucinda's beauty hath not blinded thine eyes, know that she who is kneeling at thy feet is the hapless and miserable Dorothea. I am that lowly country girl to

whom thou didst promise marriage. Know, my dear lord, that the matchless love I bear thee may make amends for the beauty and nobility of her for whom thou dost abandon me. Thou canst not be the beautiful Lucinda's, because thou art mine; nor she thine, for she belongs to Cardenio. And all this being so, as in truth it is, and seeing that thou art as good as thou art noble, wherefore put off making me once more happy again? Do not vex the declining years of my parents, who have ever been loyal vassals to thine. For remember, whether thou wilt or no, thou must ever remain my promised husband."

These and many other reasons did the grieved Dorothea use, with so much feeling and so many tears, that all who were present, even those who had come with Don Fernando, could not help from giving her their sympathy.

As for Don Fernando, he stood gazing fixedly at Dorothea for some time, and at last, overwhelmed with remorse and admiration, he took her to his arms, saying: "Thou hast vanquished, O beautiful Dorothea. Thou hast vanquished!"



At the same moment, Cardenio, who had stood close to Don Fernando, started forward to catch the fainting Lucinda, who threw both her arms

around his neck, crying: "Thou, and thou only, art my lord and master."
Thus were the true lovers all united, and the good curate, the barber, and even Sancho Panza joined in their tears, delighted that so much joy had taken the place of so much misery. As for Sancho, he excused himself afterwards for his tears, saying he wept only because he saw that Dorothea was not the Queen of Micomicona as he had imagined, from whom he hoped to have received such mighty gifts and favours.
Each in turn told his or her story, and Don Fernando gave an account of all that had befallen him in the city, after he had found the scroll that Lucinda had written in which she declared her love for Cardenio.
And it appeared that, the day after the interruption of the wedding, Lucinda had secretly departed from her father's house, and had fled no one knew whither; but within a few months Don Fernando had learned that she was in a certain convent, intending to remain there all the days of her life, if she could not pass them with Cardenio. As soon as he had learned that, choosing three gentlemen to aid him, he went to the place where she was. One day he surprised her walking with one of the nuns in the cloisters, and carried her off without giving her a chance to resist. From there they brought her to a certain village, where they disguised themselves, and so rode on until they came to the inn. But Lucinda, after she was in his power, did nothing but weep and sigh without speaking a word.

Thus in silence and tears had they reached this inn, which to him and all of them would always remain the most beautiful place in the world, since it had seen the end of so many troubles, and brought him back to his own true love.

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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: The Princess Micomicona (18/19)

Sancho gave ear to what he heard with no small grief of mind, seeing that all hopes of his earldom vanished away like smoke, and the fair Princess Micomicona was turned into Dorothea, whilst his master was sound asleep, careless of all that happened. Dorothea could not believe that the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream. Cardenio and Lucinda were of a similar mind, and Don Fernando was truly thankful that he was free from the dangerous path he had taken, which must have ended in loss of all honour and credit.

In a word, all were contented and happy. The curate, like a man of sense, congratulated every one on his good fortune; but she that kept greatest jubilee and joy was the hostess, because Cardenio and the curate had promised to pay all the damages done by Don Quixote.

Only Sancho, as has been said, was unhappy and sorrowful. And thus he went with a melancholy face to his master, who was then just awaking, and said: "Your worship, Sir Knight of the Rueful Countenance, may well sleep on as long as you please, without troubling yourself to kill any giant, or restore to the princess her kingdom, for all that is done and finished already."

"That I well believe," replied Don Quixote, "for I have had the most monstrous and terrible battle with that giant that ever I had all the days of my life; and yet with one back stroke, swish, I tumbled his head to the ground, and his blood gushed forth, so that streams of it ran along the earth as if it had been water."
"As if it had been red wine, your worship might have said," replied Sancho, "for I would have you know, if you do not know already, that the dead giant is no other than a ruined wine-bag, and the blood six-and-twenty gallons of red wine."
"What sayest thou, madman?" cried Don Quixote. "Art thou in thy right wits?"
"Get up, sir," said Sancho, "and you shall see yourself the fine piece of work you have done, and what we have to pay. You shall behold the queen turned into a private lady, called Dorothea, with many other things that may well astonish you."
"I should marvel at nothing," replied Don Quixote, "for if thou rememberest right, I told thee, the other time that we were here, how all that happened here was done by enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it were the same now."
"I should believe it all," replied Sancho, "if my tossing in the blanket had been a thing of that sort. Only it was not so, but very real and certain. And I saw the innkeeper, who is here to this day, hold one end of the blanket and toss me up to the sky with very good grace and strength, and as much mirth as muscle. And where it comes to knowing persons, I hold, though I may be a

simpleton and a sinner, that there is no enchantment, but only bruising and bad luck."
"Well," cried Don Quixote, "time will show; but give me my clothes, for I would see these wonders that thou speakest of for myself."
Sancho gave him his clothes, and, whilst he was making him ready, the curate told Don Fernando and the rest, of Don Quixote's mad pranks, and the plan he had used to get him away from the Brown Mountains, where he imagined he was exiled through the disdain of his lady. The curate told them further, that since the good fortune of the Lady Dorothea prevented them carrying out their scheme, they must invent some other way of taking him home to his village.
Cardenio offered to continue the adventure, and let Luanda take Dorothea's part.
"No," cried Don Fernando. "It shall not be so, for I will have Dorothea herself carry out her plan, and if the good knight's home is not far from here, I shall be very glad to help in his cure."
"It is not more than two days' journey," said the curate.
"Even if it were more," replied Don Fernando, "I should be happy to make the journey in so good a cause."
At this moment Don Quixote sallied out, completely armed with Mambrino's helmet, which had a great hole in it, on his head, his shield on his arm, and leaning on his lance. His grotesque appearance amazed Don Fernando and his companions very much, who wondered at his gaunt face so withered and yellow, the

strangeness of his arms, and his grave manner of proceeding.
All stood silent to see what he would do, whilst the knight, casting his eyes on the beautiful Dorothea, with great gravity and calmness spoke as follows: "I am informed, beautiful lady, by this my squire, that your greatness has come to an end, and your condition is destroyed. For, instead of being a queen and a mighty princess, you are now become a private damsel. If this has been done by the special order of that sage magician, the king your father, because he dreaded that I could not give you all necessary help, I say that he does not know half his art, and has never understood the histories of knightly adventures. For if he had read them with the attention that I have, he would have found how many knights of less fame than myself have ended far more desperate adventures than this, for it is no great matter to kill a giant, be he ever so proud. For in truth it is not so many hours since I myself fought with one; but I will be silent, lest they tell me I lie. Time, the detecter of all things, will disclose it when we least expect."
"Thou foughtest with two wine-bags, not with a giant," cried the innkeeper.
Don Fernando told him to be silent and not to interrupt Don Quixote, who continued his speech thus: "In fine, I say, high and disinherited lady, do not trouble if your father has made this change in you, for there is no peril so great on earth but my sword shall open a way through it, and by overthrowing your enemies' head to

the ground I shall set your crown on your own head within a few days."
Don Quixote said no more, but waited for the princess's answer. She knowing Don Fernando's wish that she should continue to carry out their plan, answered with a good grace and pleasant manner, saying: "Whosoever informed you, valorous Knight of the Rueful Countenance, that I have altered and transformed my being, hath not told you the truth, for I am the very same to-day as I was yesterday. True it is that my fortunes have somewhat changed, and given me more than I hoped for or could wish for, but for all that I have not ceased to be what I was before, and I still hope to have the aid of your valorous and invincible arm. Therefore, good my lord, restore to my father his honour, and believe him to be both wise and sagacious, for by his magic he has found me a remedy for all my misfortunes. For I believe that had it not been for you, I should never have attained the happiness I now enjoy, and that I speak the truth these good gentlemen will bear witness. All that is now wanted is that to-morrow morning we set out on our journey. As for the conclusion of the good success I hourly expect, that I leave to the valour of your invincible arm."
Thus spoke the witty Dorothea, and Don Quixote, having heard her, turned to Sancho with an air of great indignation, and said: "Now, I say unto thee, Sancho, thou art the veriest little rascal in all Spain. Tell me, thief and vagabond, didst thou not tell me that this princess was turned into a damsel, and that she was

called Dorothea? And that the head that I slashed from a giant's shoulders, was a wine-skin, with a thousand other follies, that threw me into the greatest confusion I was ever in in my life? I vow," he continued, looking up to the heavens and crashing his teeth together, "I vow that I am about to make such a havoc of thee, as shall beat some wit into the pates of all the lying squires that shall hereafter ever serve knights-errant in this world.

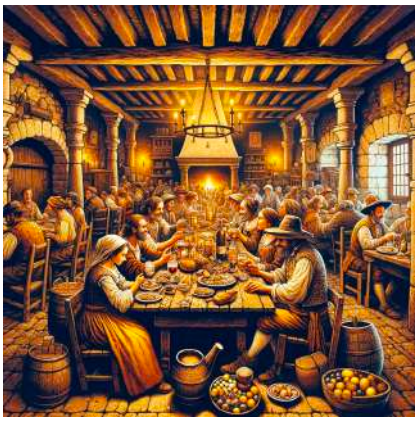
"I pray you have patience, good my lord," answered Sancho, "for it may well befall me to be deceived touching the change of the lady and Princess Micomicona. But in what touches the giant's head, or at least the cutting of the winebags, and that the blood was but red wine, I am not deceived, I swear. For the bags lie wounded there at your own bed-head, and the red wine hath made a lake in your room: and all this you will know, when his honour the landlord asks you to pay the damages."

"I tell thee, Sancho, thou art a blockhead," said Don Quixote. "Pardon me, we have had enough of it."

"Enough, indeed," said Don Fernando, "and let me entreat you to say no more of it. Seeing my lady the princess says she will go away to-morrow, as it is too late to depart to-day, let us agree to spend this evening in pleasant discourse."

It was now time for supper, and they all sat down at a long table, for there was not a square or round one in the whole house. And they gave the principal end to Don Quixote, though he did all he could to refuse it; but

when he had taken it, he commanded that the Lady Micomicona should sit at his elbow, as he was her champion. The others being placed in due order, they all enjoyed a pleasant supper, listening to the wise, strange discourse that Don Quixote held upon his favourite subject of knightly adventures.



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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Don Quixote: The Last Of The Notable Adventures Of Our Good Knight (19/19)

Don Quixote, as soon as he found himself free from all the quarrels by which he had been surrounded, held it high time to begin his voyage and bring to an end the great adventure unto which he was called and chosen. Therefore, having made up his mind to depart, he went and cast himself upon his knees before Dorothea and said: "I cannot but think, high and worthy lady, that our abode in this castle is nothing profitable, and may turn out to our disadvantage. For who knows but that your enemy the giant hath learned by spies or other secret means how I intend to come and destroy him, and he may by now have fortified himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against the strength of which even the force of mine invincible arm will be of little use. Therefore, dear lady, let us by our diligence hinder his plans, and let us depart to the place where fortune calls us."
Don Quixote said no more but awaited the answer of the beautiful princess, who, with a lordly air and in a style not unworthy of Don Quixote himself, replied as follows:

"I thank you, sir knight, for the desire you show to assist me in this my great need, and I trust your desires and mine may succeed, that I may show you that there are some thankful women on earth. As for my departure, let it be as you wish."

Two days passed, when it seemed to all the noble company at the inn that it was time to depart, and they considered how, without putting Dorothea and Don Fernando to the pain of turning back with Don Quixote to his village, the curate and the barber could carry him home as they desired, and leave him cured of his folly in his own home.

This was the plan they decided on. They made a bargain with a wagoner, who chanced to pass by that way with a team of oxen, to carry him in the following manner:— They made a thing like a cage of timber, so big that Don Quixote might sit or lie in it at his ease, and presently Don Fernando, Cardemo, their companions, and the innkeeper did all, by master curate's directions, cover their faces and disguise themselves as well as they could, so that they might seem to Don Quixote to be different persons to any he had seen in the castle. This being done, they entered silently into the place where he slept, reposing after his recent battles. They went up to him as he was sleeping peacefully, not fearing any such accident, and, laying hold of him forcibly, they tied his hands and feet very strongly, so that when he started out of his sleep he could not move, nor do anything else but stare and wonder at the strange faces that he saw before him.

And immediately he fell into the idea, which his wild imagination had at once suggested to him, that all these strange figures were spirits and phantoms of that enchanted castle, and he believed that he himself was without doubt enchanted, seeing that he could neither move nor defend himself.
All happened as the curate who plotted the jest expected; and after they had brought him to the cage, they shut him within, and afterwards nailed the bars thereof so well that they could not easily be broken. Sancho all this time looked on in wonder to see what would happen to his master.
Then the phantoms mounted him upon their shoulders, and as he was carried out of his chamber door the barber called out in as terrible a voice as he could muster: "O Knight of the Rueful Countenance, be not grieved at thine imprisonment, for so it must be that thine adventures be more speedily ended. And thou, O most noble and obedient squire that ever had sword at girdle, beard on a face, or dent in a nose, let it not dismay thee to see carried away thus the flower of all knighthood. For I assure thee that all thy wages shall be paid to thee, if thou wilt follow in the steps of this valorous and enchanted knight. And as I am not allowed to say more, farewell!"
Don Quixote listened attentively to all this prophecy, and said: "O thou, whatsoever thou beest, I desire thee to request in my name that I may not perish in this prison before my work is ended. And as concerns my squire Sancho Panza, I trust in his goodness that he

will not abandon me in good or bad fortune. For, though it should fall out through his or my hard lot that I shall not be able to bestow on him an island, as I have promised, his wages cannot be lost to him, for in my will, which is made already, I have set down what he is to have for his many good services."
Sancho Panza bowed his head with great reverence when he heard this, and kissed both his master's hands, which were bound tightly together. Then the phantoms lifted up the cage and hoisted it on to the wagon that was drawn by the team of oxen.
After bidding farewell to all their friends, the procession started. First went the cart guided by the carter, then the troopers, then followed Sancho upon his ass leading Rozinante by the bridle, and last of all the curate and the barber, riding their mighty mules, with masks on their faces.
Don Quixote sat with his hands tied and his legs stretched out, leaning against a bar of the cage, with such a silence and such patience that he seemed rather to be a statue than a man. And thus at an alderman-like pace, such as suited the slow steps of the heavy oxen, they journeyed home.
At the end of two days they arrived at Don Quixote's village, into which they entered about noon. This was on a Sunday, when all the people were in the market-place, through the midst of which Don Quixote's cart passed. All drew near to see what was in it, and when they knew their neighbour they were greatly astounded. A little boy ran home before, to tell the old

woman and the niece that their lord and uncle was returned. It would have moved one to pity to have heard the cries and lamentations the two good women made, and the curses they poured out against all books of knighthood, when they saw Don Quixote enter the gates of his own house again in so strange a carriage. Sancho Panza's wife, when she heard of his return, ran forward to meet her husband, and the first question she asked was whether the ass were in health or no. Sancho answered that he was come in better health than his master.

"Tell me, then," cried his wife, "what profit hast thou reaped by this squireship? What petticoat hast thou brought me home? What shoes for the little boys?"

"I bring none of these things, good wife," replied Sancho, "though I bring things better thought of and of greater moment."

"I am glad of that," said his wife, "for I should like to see them, to the end that my heart may be cheered, which hath been swollen and sorrowful for so long, all the time of thine absence."

"Thou shalt see them at home," said Sancho, "therefore rest satisfied. For when we travel once again to seek adventures, thou shalt see me shortly afterwards an earl or governor of an island, one of the best in the world."

"I pray that it may be so," replied his wife; "but what means that island, for I understand not the word?"

"Honey is not made for the ass's mouth," said Sancho, "but thou shalt know all in good time. Do not busy

thyself, Joan, to know all things in a sudden. It is enough that I will tell thee all the truth, and therefore close thy mouth. I will only say this much unto thee as yet, that there is nothing in the world so pleasant as for an honest man to be the squire of a knight that seeks adventures."

Now, if I were to tell you that Don Quixote got quite well and lived quietly at home after all these adventures, and never went abroad again, I should tell you what is not true. For some day, and I hope at no great distance of time, you may read all that the great Cervantes has written, not only of the adventures of which I have told you the story, but of others. You will then learn how Sancho Panza became at last governor of an island for a short space, and may read of the great wisdom and shrewdness with which he ruled.