DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

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by

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

John Ormsby's Translation

ABRIDGED AND EDITED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

by

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YESTERDAY'S CLASSICS

ITHACA, NEW YORK

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ISBN: 978-1-63334-236-1

Yesterday's Classics, LLC
PO Box 339
Ithaca, NY 14851

PREFACE

MIGUEL (MICHAEL) DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Cervantes, the author of Don Quixote, had been dead more than a hundred years before it occurred to any one to write his life; then it was too late to collect many details of his career. The facts that are known, however, show that he knew how to *live* the character of a hero, as well as to describe one with his pen.

He was born at Alcalá de Henares, a thriving university town, a little northeast of Madrid, Spain, October 9, 1547; and was, consequently seventeen years old when our English Shakespeare was born at Stratford-on-Avon. They both died on the same day, April 23, 1616.

Cervantes lived in the most stirring, the most brilliant period of Spanish history; when all Europe, roused into tremendous physical, mental, and religious activity by the electric touch of Columbus and Martin Luther, took a fresh start and began the era of Modern History, of which national and individual development is the distinguishing characteristic. In this suddenly accelerated march of progress, Spain claimed and was accorded the chief place. She stood first among the great European powers.

For half a century she, with the exception of her neighbor, Portugal, had enjoyed undisputed sway over the Spanish Peninsula. No small boast, for it had cost her hundreds of years of savage and bloody warfare against her natural rivals and enemies, the brilliant Moors, who had entered Spain in the 8th century and whose enlightened civilization had lasted nearly eight hundred years.

But her sovereign's rule was not confined to the narrow limits of the peninsula. The peoples of Austria,[1] Holland, Belgium, Southern Italy, several islands in the Mediterranean as well as a large part of the new Western Hemisphere, acknowledged him as their emperor or king. Yet all the wealth of Mexico, Peru, and the West Indies could not fill the coffers drained by the extravagant and futile wars of the king in the different portions of his vast dominions.

The long centuries of Moorish conflict had trained a nation of soldiers who were unfitted for peaceful employments. Agriculture and the useful arts brought to a high state of perfection by the Moors, languished after their conquest in 1492. The Spanish people having now no enemies at home, gladly turned their arms against foreign foes.

The Mediterranean was swarming with Turkish and Moorish pirates threatening the peace and safety of every Christian nation; with these, Spain waged a fierce but ineffectual warfare. In Italy her brilliant

[1]On accession of Philip II. to the throne in 1555, the crown of Austria passed to the House of Hapsburg.

commanders were carrying on the French wars so disastrous to that nation and conducting the corrupt and cruel government or mis-government of Naples. In America they were continuing their greedy campaigns against the ancient and unique civilizations of the Aztecs and Peruvians; and, finally, worst of all was the war with the Low Countries, which was carried on with the greatest expenditure of men, of money, and of energy; a long and bitter struggle to crush the free spirit of a brave people whom, at length, Spain had to acknowledge unconquerable. Later in the century came a terrible humiliation to the Spanish arms. The Invincible Armada, the great fleet of one hundred and thirty gallant ships sent to invade England and add that island-kingdom to the possessions of the Spanish crown, suffered defeat at the hands of the enemy in the English Channel; while many of the vessels that escaped were driven upon the hostile shores and wrecked by a tempest.

During long years, Spain was shaken by the tread of marching armies going to and returning from the wars. Born in such a time and of such a nation, it is not surprising to find that Cervantes was a brave and daring soldier. Although his native town was the seat of an important university, there is no record of his ever having been a student there. It had also busy printing presses, and these, as well as others in Spain, were making the people familiar with old and new literature. The writings of Cervantes show that he had sometime been a wide reader of general literature, probably in his early youth, for his later years were too occupied with active affairs

to afford leisure for much reading. He was especially familiar with the long-drawn-out chivalric romances, stories of impossible heroes performing superhuman acts of heroism. These romances were the popular "light reading" of the day, and their absurdities, treated as grave realities, exercised an unwholesome influence over the popular imagination. His early reading was the foundation of his greatest work. For when he came to mature years and realized the hold such books had upon the Spanish character and how injurious it was, he, who knew them so well, was prepared to write the clever, good-humored tale of Don Quixote that laughed knights-errant out of Spain and forbade the world ever again to take chivalric romances seriously.

One of the first facts, positively known of him, is that in 1570 he went to Rome as a member of the household of a Cardinal returning from Spain. The next year he enlisted in the Spanish army in Italy going to fight the Turks. He was in the great naval battle of Lepanto, fought off the coast of Greece, under the famous general Don John of Austria, half-brother of the king of Spain.

He was ill in bed with fever when the cry came that the enemy was in sight. In spite of all remonstrances he rose and made ready to fight. His vessel was foremost in the battle and he himself received three wounds, two in the breast and one in the left hand, disabling it forever. His bravery commended him to Don John, who distinguished him by several marks of his favor; which, unfortunately, later brought him more inconvenience than advantage.

After seven months in the hospital in Sicily, on account of his wounds, he resumed active service against the Turks, in spite of his crippled arm. Three years later came a short cessation of hostilities, and he obtained a leave of absence to visit Spain, carrying back with him letters of recommendation to the king from Don John. On the way, his ship was attacked by pirates, and he was carried captive to Algiers. It was then that Don John's esteem proved embarrassing; for the letters found upon his person convinced his captors that no common person had fallen into their hands; consequently, his captivity proved more rigorous than that of his companions, and the ransom exacted for his release was proportionally higher.

He remained five years in bondage in Algiers. The account of these five years is more complete than of any other period of his life; probably because he assumed so prominent a position in the colony of Spanish captives. He was repeatedly the ringleader in daring efforts to win freedom for himself and his companions. In one attempt, fourteen of them had escaped from the town and had gone several miles, when they were surrounded by a troop of Turkish horse and carried back. Cervantes boldly declared himself alone responsible for the plot and its execution, that he had with difficulty persuaded his companions to join him, and that he alone should receive the punishment. The Algerians were wont to inflict on their rebellious captives cruel tortures and death. For some unknown reason Cervantes escaped unpunished, except in being more closely confined; perhaps because his captors

feared to lose the ransom-money daily expected from Spain.

On another occasion, sixty persons were concerned in a plot to escape; but they were betrayed by a fellow-countryman, jealous of the influence of Cervantes. Again he declared himself the guiltiest, and was about to be led to execution, when the hope of the ransom-money once more staid the hands of his captors.

He devised still another plot, which planned for an uprising of the whole captive colony against the city of Algiers; but this, like every other such effort, was unsuccessful. The people of Algiers were more mercenary than revengeful, or Cervantes would never have been spared to return to Spain. There is abundant testimony to his kindness of heart during these trying years from his fellow-sufferers; to his tenderness toward the sick and discouraged; to his generosity toward the poor and to his constant self-forgetfulness.

At length the ransom-money came. The family of Cervantes had reduced itself to absolute poverty to raise this sum of three thousand ducats, which was, at first, considered too small by half,—but which was, at length, accepted. It was customary to send enormous sums of money out of the country to redeem captives. Many religious orders took up the work of collecting the money and negotiating the exchange in foreign ports. It was considered the holiest work to which a man of that century could devote himself. Now one wonders at the blindness of the state in allowing a traffic so weakening to its own resources and so strengthening to the foe.

Philip, the king, attempted to carry on too many wars at the same time. He was far more interested in other questions than the one that ought to have pressed closest upon his attention; in consequence, his faithful subjects were allowed either to languish in foreign prisons or to impoverish themselves at home for the unfortunate captives.

Cervantes returned to Spain penniless and a cripple; half his life spent, but the beginning yet to be made. He rejoined his old regiment quartered in Spain, but his injured hand prevented his advancement. His appeal to the king brought him no aid for some years, and his friend and patron, Don John, was dead. There were many dark interludes in the remaining years of Cervantes, but he encountered all his trials with the same high courage, the same cheerful, hopeful temper that had characterized his whole life.

He had always been fond of the dramatic art. He now began to write in earnest, both tales and dramas; but it was in the plays he took the most interest, and to them he gave his best energies. The great Lope de Vega, the Spanish Shakespeare, was then writing his great works and having them played upon the stage. Cervantes longed for the same triumphs. He admired the genius of his great contemporary, but he despised the man of petty conceits and affected manners. He believed himself capable of better work. He, too, wrote plays and they were given on the stage, but his heart was never gladdened by any prolonged success or rapturous applause. This was the one great disappointment of his

life, the one sorrow that really clouded his naturally sunny disposition.

The success that came to him through Don Quixote was as unexpected as it was unpremeditated. It came about rather as a thing by the way, a happy accident, than as the conscious crowning work of a man of genius. It was, very likely, written or at least begun, to while away the tedium of his imprisonment, and its author was ever ready to drop it for the more congenial task of play-writing.

The story of Don Quixote consists of two parts: Part I., published in 1605, and Part II., published ten years later. The writing of the first part progressed slowly, but was at length finished and with difficulty a publisher was found for it. But there was no hesitation on the part of the public when the book appeared. Its success was immediate; new editions quickly followed the first; rival publishers brought it out in other parts of Spain, and in 1607 an edition was published in Brussels. Through translations, in the course of the next century and a half, it became familiar throughout Western Europe, and it continues to hold the position of a classic in universal literature.‘

Its popularity was highly gratifying to the author, who lived to enjoy eleven years of its fame. But he seemed never to regard it seriously or to realize the greatness of the work he had accomplished. He said himself that he was rather “the step-father” than the real father of Don Quixote. He continued to give his best strength to the writing of plays, and hoped to the

end of his life that the public would recognize in him a great dramatist.

In spite of the success of Part I., he was exceedingly reluctant to take up Part II., which he had really promised in the last chapter of Part I., for he says, "They (Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper) were in short kept in anxiety and dread lest their uncle and master should give them the slip the moment he found himself somewhat better; and as they feared so it fell out."

These and other expressions of similar import implied that he meditated another series of adventures for his heroes; but years went by while he still delayed his task, till one day he received a volume from the press purporting to be Part II. of Don Quixote, by one calling himself Avellaneda. Now thoroughly aroused and alarmed, he set himself to complete the work with which he had so long dallied and the following year, 1615, published his own second part, ending it with the death of Don Quixote, thus effectually checking further depredations.

Cervantes died the following year. He had lived in different parts of Spain during his arduous life, but in his later years he had settled in Madrid, drawn thither by the hope of employment furnished by the court: for himself, various kinds of clerical work; for the ladies of his family, the embroidering of court garments. His fortunes mended somewhat after the publication of Don Quixote, and he was able to afford a comfortable home in a good quarter of the new capital in which to die. Through this book he had won the fame which he

had coveted in another field of letters. There were no two figures better known in Spain than his creations of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire; the crazy knight on his broken-down old plow-horse, in his rusty armor, his helmet mended with bits of green ribbon, and portly Sancho, faithful, grumbling when hungry, cheerful when fed, shrewd and talkative, jogging behind him on Dapple, his sturdy mule, "the light of his eyes." There is scarcely to be found in literature anything more *naïve* than the conscious pride these redoubtable heroes betray in Part II. over the fame they had acquired through their great deeds recorded in Part I.

MABEL F. WHEATON

Little Boar's Head, N. H.,
Sept. 12, 1892.

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SUGGESTIONS

FOR PRONUNCIATION OF SPANISH NAMES

1. The names Cervantes, Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and Dulcinea (del Toboso) have become so familiar, it is better to give them the English pronunciation as,—Quix′-ote instead of Key-ho′-te, etc.

2. *Vowels*. In Spanish the vowels have the following invariable sounds,—

a as in father, ä.

e as in prey, *e*.

i as in machine, ï.

o as in over, ō.

u as in rude, u.

3. *Consonants*. The sounds of the consonants are more difficult to indicate. For the purposes of this book it is sufficient to remember that,—

ch has nearly the sound of ***ch*** in church.

g before e or i sounds like h.

ll sounds like ly in final syllables, as surely.

ñ sounds like ny, as in cañon.

4. *Syllables*. There are as many syllables as there are vowels in a word.

5. *Accent*. The accent is variable. In general it falls on the penult if the word ends in a vowel, on the final syllable if the word ends in a consonant.

DON QUIXOTE

PART I

CHAPTER I

WHICH TREATS OF THE CHARACTER AND PURSUITS OF THE FAMOUS GENTLEMAN DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

In a village of La Mancha,[1] the name of which I have no desire to call to mind, there lived not long since one of those gentlemen that keep a lance in the lance-rack, an old buckler,[2] a lean hack,[3] and a greyhound for coursing.[4] An olla[5] of rather more beef than mutton, a salad on most nights, scraps on Saturdays, lentils[6] on Fridays, and a pigeon or so extra on Sundays, made away with three quarters of his income. The rest of it went in a doublet[7] of fine cloth and velvet breeches and

[1] *La Mancha:* a district of New Castile, in the south central part of Spain.

[2] *buckler:* a kind of shield.

[3] *hack:* shortened from *hackney*. A horse let out for common use.

[4] *coursing:* the pursuit of running game with dogs that follow by sight instead of by scent.

[5] *olla:* the national dish of Spain. A stew of a variety of meat and vegetables.

[6] *lentils*: a leguminous plant. A kind of small pea common in Europe.

[7] *doublet:* a close fitting garment for men, covering the =>

shoes to match for holidays, while on week-days he made a brave figure in his best homespun. He had in his house a housekeeper past forty, a niece under twenty, and a lad for the field and market-place, who used to saddle the hack as well as handle the bill-hook.[8] The age of this gentleman of ours was bordering on fifty; he was of a hardy habit, spare, gaunt-featured, a very early riser and a great sportsman.

You must know that the above-named gentleman whenever he was at leisure (which was mostly all the year round) gave himself up to reading books of chivalry[9] with such ardor and avidity that he almost entirely neglected the pursuit of his field-sports, and even the management of his property; and to such a pitch did his eagerness and infatuation go that he sold many an acre of tillage-land to buy books of chivalry to read, and brought home as many of them as he could get. But of all there were none he liked so well as those of the famous Feliciano de Silva's[10] composition, for

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body from the neck to the waist, or a little below. It was worn in Western Europe from the 15th to the 17th century.

[8]*bill-hook:* a thick, heavy knife with a hooked point, used in pruning hedges, etc.

[9]*chivalry:* a military organization of great social and political power in Western Europe from the 11th to the 15th century. Its members, "dubbed knights" with solemn religious ceremonies, pledged themselves to the protection of the Church and the defence of the weak and oppressed everywhere. The knights spent their whole time going about in search of adventures. Stories of chivalry continued to be the favorite reading for the next century or two.

[10]*Feliciano de Silva:* a writer of romances of chivalry of the 16th century.

their lucidity[11] of style and complicated conceits were as pearls in his sight, particularly when in his reading he came upon courtships and cartels,[12] where he often found passages like *"the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty;"* or again, *"the high heavens, that of your divinity divinely fortify you with the stars, render you deserving of the desert your greatness deserves."* Over conceits of this sort the poor gentleman lost his wits, and used to lie awake striving to understand them and worm the meaning out of them.

In short, he became so absorbed in his books that he spent his nights from sunset to sunrise, and his days from dawn to dark, poring over them; and what with little sleep and much reading his brains got so dry that he lost his wits. His fancy grew full of what he used to read about in his books, enchantments, quarrels, battles, challenges,[13] wounds, wooings, loves, agonies, and all sorts of impossible nonsense; and it so possessed his mind that the whole fabric of invention and fancy he read of was true, that to him no history in the world had more reality in it.

In short, his wits being quite gone, he hit upon the strangest notion that ever madman in this world hit upon, and that was that he fancied it was right and requisite, as well for the support of his own honor as for the service of his country, that he should make a

[11] *lucidity*: quality of clearness.

[12] *cartels:* letters of defiance or challenge.

[13] *challenge*: a summons to fight a duel.

knight-errant[14] of himself, roaming the world over in full armor and on horseback in quest[15] of adventures, and putting in practice himself all that he had read of as being the usual practices of knights-errant; righting every kind of wrong, and exposing himself to peril and danger from which, in the issue, he was to reap eternal renown and fame. Already the poor man saw himself crowned by the might of his arm Emperor of Trébizond[16] at least; and so, led away by the intense enjoyment he found in these pleasant fancies, he set himself forthwith to put his scheme into execution.

The first thing he did was to clean up some armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and had been for ages lying forgotten in a corner eaten with rust and covered with mildew. He scoured and polished it as best he could, but he perceived one great defect in it, that it had no closed helmet, nothing but a simple morion.[17] This deficiency, however, his ingenuity supplied, for he contrived a kind of half-helmet of pasteboard which, fitted on to the morion, looked like a whole one. It is true that, in order to see if it was strong and fit to stand a cut, he drew his sword and gave it a couple of slashes, the first of which undid in an instant what had taken him a week to do. The ease with which he had knocked

[14] *knight-errant:* a wandering knight going about in search of adventure.

[15] *quest*: search

[16] *Trébizond:* situated on the south-eastern shore of the Black Sea, in Armenia.

[17] *mó-ri-on*: a kind of helmet, somewhat resembling a hat. It did not protect the face.

it to pieces disconcerted him somewhat, and to guard against that danger he set to work again, fixing bars of iron on the inside until he was satisfied with its strength; and then, not caring to try any more experiments with it, he passed it and adopted it as a helmet of the most perfect construction.

He next proceeded to inspect his hack, which, with more blemishes than the steed of Gonela,[18] that was all skin and bones, surpassed in his eyes the Bucephalus[19] of Alexander or the Babieca[20] of the Cid. Four days were spent in thinking what name to give him, because (as he said to himself) it was not right that a horse belonging to a knight so famous, and one with such merits of his own, should be without some distinctive name, and he strove to adapt it so as to indicate what he had been before belonging to a knight-errant, and what he then was; for it was only reasonable that, his master taking a new character, he should take a new name, and that it should be a distinguished and full-sounding one, befitting the new order and calling he was about to follow. And so, after having composed, struck out, rejected, added to, unmade, and remade a multitude of names out of his memory and fancy, he decided upon calling him Rocinante,[21] a name, to his thinking,

[18]*Gonéla:* a jester in the service of Bordo, Duke of Ferrara, Italy, in the 15th century. A jest book is attributed to him.

[19]*Bucephalus:* Alexander the Great's favorite war horse.

[20]*Babieca:* the favorite steed of the Cid, the great national hero of Spain.

[21]*Rocinante: Rocin,* Spanish name for a horse employed in labor, as distinguished from one kept for pleasure: it may =>

lofty, sonorous, and significant of his condition as a hack before he became what he now was, the first and foremost of all the hacks in the world.

Having got a name for his horse so much to his taste, he was anxious to get one for himself, and he was eight days more pondering over this point, till at last he made up his mind to call himself Don Quixote of La Mancha, whereby, he considered, he described accurately his origin and country, and did honor to it in taking his surname from it.

So then, his armor being furbished, his morion turned into a helmet, his hack christened, and he himself confirmed, he came to the conclusion that nothing more was needed now but to look out for a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without love was like a tree without leaves or fruit, or a body without a soul. As he said to himself, "If, for my sins, or by my good fortune, I come across some giant hereabouts, a common occurrence with knights-errant, and overthrow him in one onslaught, or cleave him asunder to the waist, or, in short, vanquish and subdue him, will it not be well to have some one I may send him to as a present, that he may come in and fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, 'I am the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before your Grace,

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be translated *"hack";* "ante" old form of Spanish "antes" meaning *"before";* "Rocinante" = "formerly, or before, a hack."

that your Highness dispose of me at your pleasure?'" Oh, how our good gentleman enjoyed the delivery of this speech, especially when he had thought of some one to call his Lady! There was, so the story goes, in a village near his own a very good-looking farm-girl with whom he had been at one time in love, though, so far as is known, she never knew it nor gave a thought to the matter. Her name was Aldonza Lorenzo, and upon her he thought fit to confer the title of Lady of his Thoughts; and after some search for a name which should not be out of harmony with her own, and should suggest and indicate that of a princess and great lady, he decided upon calling her Dulcinea del Toboso—she being of El Toboso[22]—a name, to his mind, musical, uncommon, and significant, like all those he had already bestowed upon himself and the things belonging to him.

[22]*El Toboso:* a town of New Castile, in the district of La Mancha.

For the pronunciation of all Spanish names, see Preface: "Suggestions for Pronunciation."

CHAPTER II

WHICH TREATS OF THE FIRST SALLY THE INGENIOUS DON QUIXOTE MADE FROM HOME

These preliminaries settled, he did not care to put off any longer the execution of his design, urged on to it by the thought of all the world was losing by his delay, seeing what wrongs he intended to right, grievances to redress, injustices to repair, abuses to remove, and duties to discharge. So, without giving notice of his intention to any one, and without anybody seeing him, one morning before the dawn of the day (which was one of the hottest of the month of July) he donned[23] his suit of armor, mounted Rocinante with his patched-up helmet on, braced his buckler, took his lance, and by the back door of the yard sallied forth upon the plain in the highest contentment and satisfaction at seeing with what ease he had made a beginning of his grand purpose. But scarcely did he find himself upon the open plain, when a terrible thought struck him, one all but enough to make him abandon the enterprise at the very outset. It occurred to him that he had not

[23] *donned:* (do + on), to put on.

been dubbed a knight,[24] and that according to the law of chivalry he neither could nor ought to bear arms against any knight; and that even if he had been, still he ought, as a novice knight,[25] to wear white armor,[26] without a device[27] upon the shield until by his prowess he had earned one. These reflections made him waver in his purpose, but his craze being stronger than any reasoning he made up his mind to have himself dubbed a knight by the first one he came across, following the example of others in the same case, as he had read in the books that brought him to this pass. As for white armor, he resolved, on the first opportunity, to scour his until it was whiter than an ermine; and so comforting himself he pursued his way, taking that which his horse chose, for in this he believed lay the essence of adventures.

Thus setting out, our new-fledged adventurer paced along, talking to himself and saying, "Who knows but that in time to come, when the veracious history of my famous deeds is made known, the sage who writes it, when he has to set forth my first sally in the early morning, will do it after this fashion? 'Scarce had[28]

[24]*dubbed a knight:* that part of the ceremony in conferring knighthood, called the accolade, which was a blow on the shoulder of the kneeling candidate with the flat of the sword.

[25]*novice knight:* state of preparation to become a knight.

[26]*white armor:* blank armor, undecorated.

[27]*device:* the design, or motto, on the shield of a knight to indicate his history, or ambition or desire. Scott's hero Ivanhoe had the motto "Desdichado" on his shield, meaning "Disinherited," showing he had been cast off by his father.

[28]Beginning with the words—*'Scarce had,'* etc., Cervantes is parodying a certain class of writers of his age, who were given to over-fine writing and bombast.

the rubicund Apollo[29] spread o'er the face of the broad spacious earth the golden threads of his bright hair, scarce had the little birds of painted plumage attuned their notes to hail with dulcet[30] and mellifluous[31] harmony the coming of the rosy Dawn,[32] that, deserting the soft couch of her jealous spouse, was appearing to mortals at the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon,[33] when the renowned knight Don Quixote of La Mancha, quitting the lazy down, mounted his celebrated steed Rocinante and began to traverse the ancient and famous Plain of Montiel' ";[34] which in fact he was actually traversing. "Happy the age, happy the time," he continued, "in which shall be made known my deeds of fame, worthy to be moulded in brass, carved in marble, limned[35] in pictures, for a memorial forever. And thou, O sage magician, whoever thou art, to whom it shall fall to be the chronicler of this wondrous history, forget not, I entreat thee, my good Rocinante, the constant companion of my ways and wanderings." Presently he broke out again, as if he were love-stricken in earnest, "O Princess Dulcinea, lady of

[29] *Apollo:* the god of day, who drove the chariot of the sun.

[30] *dulcet:* sweet to the ear.

[31] *mellifluous:* flowing as with honey, smooth.

[32] *Dawn:* Aurora was the goddess of the dawn and preceded Apollo in his chariot.

[33] *Manchegan horizon:* horizon of La Mancha.

[34] *Plain of Mon-ti-el'* was "famous" as being the scene of the battle, in 1369, in which Pedro the Cruel was defeated by his brother Henry of Trastamara.

[35] *limned:* drawn or painted.

this captive heart, a grievous wrong hast thou done me to drive me forth with scorn, and with inexorable obduracy[36] banish me from the presence of thy beauty. O lady, deign to hold in remembrance this heart, thy vassal,[37] that thus in anguish pines for love of thee."

So he went on stringing together these and other absurdities, all in the style of those his books had taught him, imitating their language as well as he could; and all the while he rode so slowly and the sun mounted so rapidly and with such fervor that it was enough to melt his brains if he had any. Nearly all day he travelled without anything remarkable happening to him, at which he was in despair, for he was anxious to encounter some one at once upon whom to try the might of his strong arm.

He was on the road all day, and towards nightfall his hack and he found themselves dead tired and hungry, when, looking all around to see if he could discover any castle or shepherd's shanty where he might refresh himself and relieve his sore wants, he perceived not far out of his road an inn, which was as welcome as a star guiding him to the portals of his redemption; and quickening his pace he reached it just as night was setting in. At the door were standing two young women, girls of the district as they call them, on their way to Séville[38] with some carriers who had chanced to halt

[36] *inexorable obduracy:* not to be moved from one's hardness of heart by prayers or tears.

[37] *vassal:* a subject, servant, bondman, slave.

[38] *Séville:* a large city in the south of Spain; Spanish Sevilla.

that night at the inn; and as, happen what might to our adventurer, everything he saw or imagined seemed to him to be and to happen after the fashion of what he had read of, the moment he saw the inn he pictured it to himself as a castle with its four turrets[39] and pinnacles[40] of shining silver, not forgetting the drawbridge and moat[41] and all the belongings usually ascribed to castles of the sort. To this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he advanced, and at a short distance from it he checked Rocinante, hoping that some dwarf would show himself upon the battlements,[42] and by sound of trumpet give notice that a knight was approaching the castle. But seeing that they were slow about it, and that Rocinante was in a hurry to reach the stable, he made for the inn door, and perceived the two damsels who were standing there, and who seemed to him to be two fair maidens or lovely ladies taking their ease at the castle gate.

At this moment it so happened that a swineherd who was going through the stubble collecting a drove of pigs (for, without any apology, that is what they are called) gave a blast of his horn to bring them together, and forthwith it seemed to Don Quixote to be what he was expecting, the signal of some dwarf announcing

[39] *turrets:* little towers.

[40] *pinnacles:* little towers tapering to a slender point or spire.

[41] *drawbridge and moat:* moat, the deep ditch filled with water surrounding the castle; drawbridge, the movable bridge lowered over the moat from the main entrance and raised at will by chains on the inside of the castle walls.

[42] *battlements:* the upper, ornamented parts of a flat-roofed building.

his arrival; and so with prodigious satisfaction he rode up to the inn and to the girls, who, seeing a man of this sort approaching in full armor and with lance and buckler, were turning in dismay into the inn, when Don Quixote, guessing their fear by their flight, raising his pasteboard visor,[43] disclosed his dry, dusty visage, and with courteous bearing and gentle voice addressed them, "Your ladyships need not fly or fear any rudeness, for that, it belongs not to the order of knighthood which I profess, to offer to any one, much less to high-born maidens as your appearance proclaims you to be." The girls were looking at him and straining their eyes to make out the features which the clumsy visor obscured, but they could not restrain their laughter, which made Don Quixote wax indignant and say, "Modesty becomes the fair, and moreover laughter that has little cause is great silliness; this, however, I say not to pain or anger you, for my desire is none other than to serve you."

The incomprehensible language and the unpromising looks of our cavalier[44] only increased the girls' laughter, and that increased his irritation, and matters might have gone farther if at that moment the landlord had not come out, who, being a very fat man, was a very peaceful one. He, seeing this grotesque[45] figure clad in armor that did not match any more than his

[43] *visor*: the part of a helmet arranged to lift or open and show the face.

[44] *cavalier:* knight.

[45] *grotesque:* whimsical.

saddle, bridle, lance, buckler, or corselet,[46] was not at all indisposed to join the damsels in their manifestations of amusement; but, in truth, standing in awe of such a complicated armament[47] he thought it best to speak him fairly, so he said, "Sir Knight, if your worship wants lodging, bating[48] the bed (for there is not one in the inn) there is plenty of everything else here." Don Quixote, observing the respectful bearing of the commander of the fortress (for so innkeeper and inn seemed in his eyes), made answer, "Sir Keeper of the Castle, for me anything will suffice, for

> 'My armor is my only wear,
> My only rest the fray.' "

"In that case," said the host

> " 'Your bed is on the flinty rock,
> Your sleep to watch alway';

and if so, you may dismount and safely reckon upon any quantity of sleeplessness under this roof for a twelvemonth, not to say for a single night." So saying, he advanced to hold the stirrup for Don Quixote, who got down with great difficulty and exertion (for he had not broken his fast all day), and then charged the host to take great care of his horse, as he was the best bit of flesh that ever ate bread in this world. The landlord eyed him over, but did not find him as good as Don Quixote said, nor even half as good; and putting him up in the

[46] *corselet:* armor for the body, breastplate and backpiece together.

[47] *armament:* war-like outfit.

[48] *bating:* with the exception of.

stable, he returned to see what might be wanted by his guest, whom the damsels, who had by this time made their peace with him, were now relieving of his armor. They had taken off his breastplate and backpiece, but they neither knew nor saw how to open his gorget[49] or remove his make-shift helmet, for he had fastened it with green ribbons, which, as there was no untying the knots, required to be cut. This, however, he would not by any means consent to, so he remained all the evening with his helmet on, the drollest and oddest figure that can be imagined; and while they were removing his armor, taking the girls who were about it for ladies of high degree belonging to the castle, he said to them with great sprightliness:

"Oh, never, surely, was there knight
So served by hand of dame,
As served was he, Don Quixote hight,[50]
When from his town he came;
With maidens waiting on himself,
Princesses on his hack—

—or Rocinante, for that, ladies mine, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote of La Mancha is my own."

The girls, who were not used to hearing rhetoric[51] of this sort, had nothing to say in reply: they only asked him if he wanted anything to eat. "I would gladly eat a bit of something," said Don Quixote, "for I feel it would come very seasonably." The day happened to be

[49] *gorget:* neckpiece of the armor.

[50] *hight:* called.

[51] *rhetoric:* fine language.

a Friday, and in the whole inn there was nothing but some pieces of fish they call "troutlet";[52] so they asked him if he thought he could eat troutlet, for there was no other fish to give him. "If there be troutlets enough," said Don Quixote, "they will be the same thing as a trout. But whatever it be let it come quickly, for the burden and pressure of arms cannot be borne without support to the inside." They laid a table for him at the door of the inn for the sake of the air, and the host brought him a portion of ill-soaked and worse-cooked stockfish,[53] and a piece of bread as black and mouldy as his own armor; but a laughable sight it was to see him eating, for having his helmet on and the beaver up, he could not with his own hands put anything into his mouth unless some one else placed it there, and this service one of the girls rendered him. But to give him anything to drink was impossible, or would have been so had not the landlord bored a reed, and putting one end in his mouth poured the wine into him through the other; all of which he bore with patience rather than sever the ribbons of his helmet.

While this was going on there came up to the inn a swine-tender, who, as he approached, sounded his reed pipe four or five times, and thereby completely convinced Don Quixote that he was in some famous castle, and that they were regaling him with music, and that the stockfish was trout, the bread the whitest, the peasant girls fine ladies, and the landlord the

[52] *troutlet:* little trout.

[53] *stockfish:* dried, salted fish.

commander of the castle; and consequently he held that his enterprise and sally had been to some purpose. But still it distressed him to think he had not been dubbed a knight, for it was plain to him he could not lawfully engage in any adventure without receiving the order of knighthood.

CHAPTER III

WHEREIN IS RELATED THE DROLL WAY IN WHICH DON QUIXOTE HAD HIMSELF DUBBED A KNIGHT

HARASSED by this reflection, he made haste with his scanty supper, and having finished it called the landlord, and shutting himself into the stable with him, fell on his knees before him, saying, "From this spot I rise not, valiant knight, until your courtesy grants me the boon I seek, one that will redound to your praise and the benefit of the human race." The landlord, seeing his guest at his feet and hearing a speech of this kind, stood staring at him in bewilderment, not knowing what to do or say, and entreating him to rise, but all to no purpose until he had agreed to grant the boon demanded of him. "I looked for no less, my lord, from your High Magnificence," replied Don Quixote, "and I have to tell you that the boon I have asked and your liberality has granted is that you shall dub me knight to-morrow morning, and that to-night I shall watch my arms in the chapel of this your castle; thus to-morrow, as I have said, will be accomplished what I so much desire, enabling me lawfully to roam through all the four quarters of the world seeking adventures on behalf

of those in distress, as is the duty of chivalry and of knights-errant like myself, whose ambition is directed to such deeds."

The landlord, who, as has been mentioned, was something of a wag, and had already some suspicion of his guest's want of wits, was quite convinced of it on hearing talk of this kind from him, and to make sport for the night he determined to fall in with his humor. So he told him he was quite right in pursuing the object he had in view, and that such a motive was natural and becoming in cavaliers as distinguished as he seemed and his gallant bearing showed him to be; and that he himself in his younger days had followed the same honorable calling, roaming in quest of adventures in various parts of the world, until at last he had retired to this castle of his, where he was living upon his property; and where he received all knights-errant, of whatever rank or condition they might be, all for the great love he bore them and that they might share their substance with him in return for his benevolence. He told him, moreover, that in this castle of his there was no chapel in which he could watch his armor, as it had been pulled down in order to be rebuilt, but that in a case of necessity it might, he knew, be watched anywhere, and he might watch it that night in a courtyard of the castle, and in the morning, God willing, the requisite ceremonies might be performed so as to have him dubbed a knight, and so thoroughly dubbed that nobody could be more so. He asked if he had any money with him, to which Don Quixote replied that he had not a farthing, as in the histories of knights-errant he had never read of any

of them carrying any. On this point the landlord told him he was mistaken; for, though not recorded in the histories, because in the author's opinion there was no need to mention anything so obvious and necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed therefore that they did not carry them, and he might regard it as certain and established that all knights-errant (about whom there were so many full and unimpeachable[54] books) carried well-furnished purses in case of emergency, and likewise carried shirts and a little box of ointment to cure the wounds they received. For in those plains and deserts where they engaged in combat and came out wounded, it was not always that there was some one to cure them, unless indeed they had for a friend some sage magician to succor them at once by fetching through the air upon a cloud some damsel or dwarf with a vial of water of such virtue that by tasting one drop of it they were cured of their hurts and wounds in an instant and left as sound as if they had not received any damage whatever. He therefore advised him (and, as his godson so soon to be, he might even command him) never from that time forth to travel without money and the usual requirements, and he would find the advantage of them when he least expected it.

Don Quixote promised to follow his advice scrupulously,[55] and it was arranged forthwith that he should watch his armor in a large yard at one side of the

[54] *unimpeachable:* not to be called in question.

[55] *scrupulouly:* exactly.

inn; so, collecting it all together, Don Quixote placed it on the trough that stood by the side of a well, and bracing his buckler on his arm he grasped his lance and began with a stately air to march up and down in front of the trough, and as he began his march night began to fall.

The landlord told all the people who were in the inn about the craze of his guest, the watching of the armor, and the dubbing ceremony he contemplated. Full of wonder at so strange a form of madness, they flocked to see it from a distance, and observed with what composure he sometimes paced up and down, or sometimes, leaning on his lance, gazed on his armor without taking his eyes off it for ever so long; and as the night closed in with a light from the moon so brilliant that it might vie with his that lent it,[56] everything the novice knight did was plainly seen by all.

Meanwhile one of the carriers who were in the inn thought fit to water his team, and it was necessary to remove Don Quixote's armor as it lay on the trough; but he seeing the other approach hailed him in a loud voice, "O thou, whoever thou art, rash knight that comest to lay hands on the armor of the most valorous errant that ever girt on sword, have a care what thou dost; touch it not unless thou wouldst lay down thy life as the penalty of thy rashness." The carrier gave no heed to these words (and he would have done better to heed them if he had been heedful of his health), but seizing it by the straps flung the armor some distance

[56] *his that lent it,* etc., who lends his light to the moon?

from him. Seeing this, Don Quixote raised his eyes to heaven, and fixing his thoughts, apparently, upon his lady Dulcinea, exclaimed, "Aid me, lady mine, in this the first encounter that presents itself to this breast which thou holdest in subjection; let not thy favor and protection fail me in this first jeopardy";[57] and, with these words and others to the same purpose, dropping his buckler he lifted his lance with both hands and with it smote such a blow on the carrier's head that he stretched him on the ground so stunned that had he followed it up with a second there would have been no need of surgeon to cure him. This done, he picked up his armor and returned to his beat with the same serenity as before.

Shortly after this, another, not knowing what had happened (for the carrier still lay senseless), came with the same object of giving water to his mules, and was proceeding to remove the armor in order to clear the trough, when Don Quixote, without uttering a word or imploring aid from any one, once more dropped his buckler and once more lifted his lance, and without actually breaking the second carrier's head into pieces, made more than three of it, for he laid it open in four.[58] At the noise all the people of the inn ran to the spot, and among them the landlord. Seeing this, Don Quixote braced his buckler on his arm, and with his hand on his sword exclaimed, "O Lady of Beauty, strength and support of my faint heart, it is time for thee to turn

[57] *jeopardy:* hazard, danger.

[58] *laid it open in four:* that is, inflicting two cuts that formed a cross.

the eyes of thy greatness on this thy captive knight on the brink of so mighty an adventure." By this he felt himself so inspirited that he would not have flinched if all the carriers in the world had assailed him. The comrades of the wounded perceiving the plight they were in began from a distance to shower stones on Don Quixote, who screened himself as best he could with his buckler, not daring to quit the trough and leave his armor unprotected. The landlord shouted to them to leave him alone, for he had already told them that he was mad, and as a madman he would not be accountable even if he killed them all. Still louder shouted Don Quixote calling them knaves and traitors, and the lord of the castle, who allowed knights-errant to be treated in this fashion, a villain and a low-born knight whom, had he received the order of knighthood, he would call to account for his treachery. "But of you," he cried, "base and vile rabble, I make no account; fling, strike, come on, do all ye can against me, ye shall see what the reward of your folly and insolence will be." This he uttered with so much spirit and boldness that he filled his assailants with a terrible fear, and as much for this reason as at the persuasion of the landlord they left off stoning him, and he allowed them to carry off the wounded, and with the same calmness and composure as before resumed the watch over his armor.

But these freaks[59] of his guest were not much to the liking of the landlord, so he determined to cut matters short and confer upon him at once the unlucky order of knighthood before any further misadventure

[59] *freaks:* whims, pranks.

could occur; so, going up to him, he apologized for the rudeness which, without his knowledge, had been offered to him by these low people, who, however, had been well punished for their audacity. As he had already told him, he said, there was no chapel in the castle, nor was it needed for what remained to be done, for, as he understood the ceremonial of the order, the whole point of being dubbed a knight lay in the accolade[60] and in the slap on the shoulder, and that could be administered in the middle of a field; and that he had now done all that was needful as to watching the armor, for all requirements were satisfied by a watch of two hours only, while he had been more than four about it. Don Quixote believed all, and told him he stood there ready to obey him, and to make an end of it with as much despatch as possible; for, if he were again attacked, and felt himself to be a dubbed knight, he would not, he thought, leave a soul alive in the castle, except such as out of respect he might spare at his bidding.

Thus warned and menaced, the innkeeper forthwith brought out a book in which he used to enter the straw and barley he served out to the carriers, and, with a lad carrying a candle-end, and the two damsels already mentioned, he returned to where Don Quixote stood, and bade him kneel down. Then, reading from his account-book as if he were repeating some devout prayer, in the middle of his delivery he raised his hand and gave him a sturdy blow on the neck, and then, with his own sword, a smart slap on the shoulder,

[60] *accolade:* a blow on the shoulder of the kneeling candidate with the flat of the sword.

all the while muttering between his teeth as if he was saying his prayers. Having done this, he directed one of the girls to gird on his sword, which she did with great self-possession and gravity, and not a little was required to prevent a burst of laughter at each stage of the ceremony; but what they had already seen of the novice knight's prowess kept their laughter within bounds. On girding him with the sword the girl said to him, "May God make your worship a very fortunate knight, and grant you success in battle." Then the other girl buckled on his spur.

Having thus, with hot haste and speed, brought to a conclusion these never-till-now-seen ceremonies, Don Quixote was on thorns until he saw himself on horseback sallying forth in quest of adventures; and saddling Rocinante at once he mounted, and embracing his host, as he returned thanks for his kindness in knighting him, he addressed him in language so extraordinary that it is impossible to report it. The landlord, to get him out of the inn, replied with no less rhetoric though with shorter words, and without calling upon him to pay the reckoning let him go with a God-speed.