

fault of his. To this Sancho replied, and the goat-herd made a rejoinder, till from *Pros* and *Cons* they fell to a warmer way of disputing, and went to fisty-cuffs together, catching one another by the beards, and tugging, hauling, and belabouring one another so unmercifully, that, had not Don Quixote parted them, they would have pulled one another's chins off. Sancho, in great wrath, still keeping his hold, cried to his master, "Let me alone, Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure: this is no dubbed knight, but an ordinary fellow like myself; I may be revenged on him for the wrong he has done me; let me box it out, and fight him fairly hand to fist like a man."—"Thou mayest fight him as he is thy equal," answered Don Quixote; "but thou oughtest not to do it, since he has done us no wrong."—After this he pacified them, and then addressing himself to the goat-herd, he asked him whether it was possible to find out Cardenio again, that he might hear the end of his story? The goat-herd answered, that, as he already told him, he knew of no settled place he used, but that if they made any stay thereabouts, he might be sure to meet with him, mad or sober, some time or other.

CHAPTER XI

OF THE STRANGE THINGS THAT HAPPENED TO THE VALIANT KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA IN THE BLACK MOUNTAIN; AND OF THE PENANCE HE DID THERE, IN IMITATION OF BELTENEBROS, OR THE LOVELY OBSCURE.

DON QUIXOTE took leave of the goat-herd, and having mounted Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, which he did, but with no very good will, his master leading him into the roughest and most craggy part of the mountain. Thus they travelled for a while without speaking a word to each other. Sancho, almost dead, and ready to burst for want of a little chat, waited with great impatience till his master should begin, not daring to speak first, since his strict injunction of silence. But at last, not being able to keep his word any longer, "Good your worship," quoth he, "give me your blessing and leave to be gone, I beseech you, that I may go home to my wife and children, where I may talk till I am weary, and nobody can hinder me; for I must needs

tell you, that for you to think to lead me a jaunt through hedge and ditch, over hills and dales, by night and by day, without daring to open my lips, is to bury me alive. Could beasts speak, as they did in Æsop's time, it would not have been half so bad with me; for then might I have communed with my ass as I pleased, and have forgot my ill fortune: but to trot on in this fashion, all the days of my life, after adventures, and to light of nothing but thumps, kicks, and cuffs, and be tossed in a blanket, and after all, forsooth, to have a man's mouth sewed up, without daring to speak one's mind,—I say it again, no living soul can endure it."

"I understand thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "thou lingerest with impatience to exercise thy talking faculty. Well, I am willing to free thy tongue from this restraint that so cruelly pains thee, upon condition, that the time of this licence shall not extend beyond that of our continuance in these mountains."—"A match," quoth Sancho, "let us make hay while the sun shines, I will talk whilst I may; what I may do hereafter heaven knows best!" And so beginning to take the benefit of his privilege, "Pray, sir," quoth he, "what occasion had you to take so hotly the part of Queen

Magimasa,¹ or what do you call her? What the devil was it to you, whether that same Master Abbot* were her friend in a corner, or no? had you taken no notice of what was said, as you might well have done, seeing it was no business of yours, the madman would have gone on with his story, you had missed a good thump on the breast, and I had escaped some five or six good dowses on the chaps, besides the trampling of my puddings."—"Upon my honour, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "didst thou but know, as well as I do, what a virtuous and eminent lady Queen Madasima was, thou wouldst say I had a great deal of patience, seeing I did not strike that profane wretch on the mouth, out of which such blasphemies proceeded: for, in short, it was the highest piece of detraction to say, that a queen was scandalously familiar with a barber-surgeon: for the truth of the story is, that this Master Elisabat, of whom the madman spoke, was a person of extraordinary prudence and sagacity, and physician to that queen, who also made use of his advice in matters of importance; but to say she gave him up her honour, and prostituted herself to the embraces of a man of

¹ See Appendix, Note 1, Book III., Chapter XI.

* Sancho, remembering only the latter part of Master Elizabat's name, pleasantly calls him Abad, which is Spanish for an Abbot.

such an inferior degree, was an impudent, groundless, and slanderous accusation, worthy of the severest punishment; neither can I believe that Cardenio knew what he said, when he charged the queen with that debasing guilt; for, it is plain, that his raving fit had disordered the seat of his understanding."—"Why, there it is," quoth Sancho; "who but a madman would have minded what a madman said? What if the flint that hit you on the breast had dashed out your brains? we had been in a dainty pickle for taking the part of that same lady, with a pease-cod in her. Nay, and Cardenio would have come off too, had he knocked you on the head; for the law has nothing to do with madmen."—"Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "we knights-errant are obliged to vindicate the honour of women of what quality soever, as well against madmen, as against men in their senses; much more queens of that magnitude and extraordinary worth, as Queen Madasima, for whose rare endowments I have a peculiar veneration; for she was a most beautiful lady, discreet and prudent to admiration, and behaved herself with an exemplary patience in all her misfortunes. It was then that the company and wholesome counsels of Master Elisabat proved very useful to alleviate the burden of

her afflictions: from which the ignorant and ill-meaning vulgar took occasion to suspect and rumour, that she was guilty of an unlawful commerce with him. But I say once more, they lie, and lie a thousand times, whoever they be, that shall presumptuously report, or hint, or so much as think or surmise so base a calumny."

"Why," quoth Sancho, "I neither say, nor think one way nor the t'other, not I: let them that say it, eat the lie, and swallow it with their bread. If they lay together, they have answered for it before now. I never thrust my nose into other men's porridge. It is no bread and butter of mine: every man for himself, and God for us all, say I; for he that buys and lies, finds it in his purse. Let him that owns the cow, take her by the tail. Naked came I into the world, and naked must I go out. Many think to find fitches of bacon, and find not so much as the racks to lay them on: but who can hedge in a cuckow? Little said is soon mended. It is a sin to belie the devil: but misunderstanding brings lies to town, and there is no padlocking of people's mouths; for a close mouth catches no flies."

"Bless me!" cried Don Quixote, "what a catalogue of musty proverbs hast thou run through! what a heap of frippery ware hast

thou threaded together, and how wide from the purpose! Pray thee have done, and for the future let thy whole study be to spur thy ass; nor do thou concern thyself with things that are out of thy sphere; and with all thy five senses remember this, that whatsoever I do, have done, and shall do, is no more than what is the result of mature consideration, and strictly conformable to the laws of chivalry, which I understand better than all the knights that ever professed knight-errantry."—"Ay, ay, sir," quoth Sancho; "but pray, is it a good law of chivalry that says we shall wander up and down, over bushes and briars, in this rocky wilderness, where there is neither foot-path nor horse-way; running after a madman, who, if we may light on him again, may chance to make an end of what he has begun, not of his tale of a roasted horse, I mean, but of belabouring you and me thoroughly, and squeezing out my guts at both ends?"—"Once more, I pr'ythee, have done," said Don Quixote: "I have business of greater moment than the finding this frantic man; it is not so much that business that detains me in this barren and desolate wild, as a desire I have to perform a certain heroic deed that shall immortalize my fame, and make it fly to the remotest regions

of the habitable globe; nay, it shall seal and confirm the most complete and absolute knight-errant in the world."—"But is not this same adventure very dangerous?" asked Sancho.—"Not at all," replied Don Quixote, "though as fortune may order it, our expectations may be baffled by disappointing accidents: but the main thing consists in thy diligence."—"My diligence?" quoth Sancho.—"I mean," said Don Quixote, "that if thou returnest with all the speed imaginable from the place whither I design to send thee, my pain will soon be at an end, and my glory begin. And because I do not doubt thy zeal for advancing thy master's interest, I will no longer conceal my design from thee. Know, then, my most faithful squire, that Amadis de Gaul was one of the most accomplished knights-errant; nay, I should not have said he was one of them, but the most perfect, the chief, and prince of them all. And let not the Belianises, nor any others, pretend to stand in competition with him for the honour of priority; for, to my knowledge, should they attempt it, they would be egregiously in the wrong. I must also inform thee, that when a painter studies to excel and grow famous in his art, he takes care to imitate the best originals; which rule ought

likewise to be observed in all other arts and sciences that serve for the ornament of well-regulated commonwealths. Thus he that is ambitious of gaining the reputation of a prudent and patient man, ought to propose to himself to imitate Ulysses, in whose person and troubles Homer has admirably delineated a perfect pattern and prototype of wisdom and heroic patience. So Virgil, in his *Æneas*, has given the world a rare example of filial piety, and of the sagacity of a valiant and experienced general; both the Greek and Roman poets representing their heroes not such as they really were, but such as they should be, to remain examples of virtue to ensuing ages. In the same manner, Amadis having been the polar star and sun of valorous and amorous knights, it is him we ought to set before our eyes as our great exemplar, all of us that fight under the banner of love and chivalry; for it is certain that the adventurer who shall emulate him best, shall consequently arrive nearest to the perfection of knight-errantry. Now, Sancho, I find that among the things which most displayed that champion's prudence and fortitude, his constancy and love, and his other heroic virtues, none was more remarkable than his retiring from his disdain-

ful Oriana,¹ to do penance on the Poor Rock, changing his name into that of Beltenebros, or the Lovely Obscure, a title certainly most significant, and adapted to the life which he then intended to lead. So I am resolved to imitate him in this, the rather because I think it a more easy task than it would be to copy after his other achievements, such as cleaving the bodies of giants, cutting off the heads of dragons, killing dreadful monsters, routing whole armies, dispersing navies, breaking the force of magic spells. And since these mountainous wilds offer me so fair an opportunity, I see no reason why I should neglect it, and therefore I will lay hold on it now."—"Very well," quoth Sancho; "but pray, sir, what is that you mean to do in this fag-end of the world?"—"Have I not already told thee," answered Don Quixote, "that I intend to copy Amadis in his madness, despair, and fury? nay, at the same time I will imitate the valiant Orlando Furioso's extravagance, when he ran mad, after he had found the unhappy tokens of the fair Angelica's dishonourable commerce with Medoro at the fountain;² at which time, in his frantic despair, he tore up

¹ See Appendix, Note 2, Book III., Chapter XI.

² See Appendix, Note 3, Book III., Chapter XI.

trees by the roots, troubled the waters of the clear fountains, slew the shepherds, destroyed their flocks, fired their huts, demolished houses, drove their horses before him, and committed a hundred thousand other extravagances, worthy to be recorded in the eternal register of fame. Not that I intend, however, in all things to imitate Roldan, or Orlando, or Rotoland,¹ (for he had all those names) but only to make choice of such frantic effects of his amorous despair, as I shall think most essential and worthy imitation. Nay, perhaps I shall wholly follow Amadis, who, without launching out into such destructive and fatal ravings, and only expressing his anguish in complaints and lamentations, gained nevertheless a renown equal, if not superior, to that of the greatest heroes."

"Sir," quoth Sancho, "I dare say the knights who did these penances had some reason to be mad; but what need have you to be mad too? what lady has sent you a packing, or so much as slighted you? when did you ever find that my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso did otherwise than she should do, with either Moor* or Christian?"—"Why, there is the point," cried Don Quixote, "in this consists the singular

¹ See Appendix, Note 4, Book III., Chapter XI.

* Sancho says Moor for Medoro.

perfection of my undertaking; for, mark me, Sancho, for a knight-errant to run mad upon any just occasion, is neither strange nor meritorious; no, the rarity is to run mad without a cause, without the least constraint or necessity: there is a refined and exquisite passion for you, Sancho! for thus my mistress must needs have a vast idea of my love, since she may guess what I should perform in the wet, if I do so much in the dry. But besides, I have but too just a motive to give a loose to my raving grief, considering the long date of my absence from my ever supreme lady, Dulcinea del Toboso; for as the shepherd in Matthias Ambrosio has it,

Poor lovers, absent from the darling fair,
All ills not only dread, but bear.

Then do not lavish any more time in striving to divert me from so rare, so happy, and so singular an imitation. I am mad, and will be mad, until thy return with an answer to the letter which thou must carry from me to the Lady Dulcinea; and if it be as favourable as my unshaken constancy deserves, then my madness and my penance shall end; but if I find she repays my vows and services with ungrateful disdain, then will I be emphatically mad, and screw up my thoughts to such

an excess of distraction, that I shall be insensible of the rigour of my relentless fair. Thus what return soever she makes to my passion, I shall be eased one way or other of the anxious thoughts that now divide my soul; either entertaining the welcome news of her reviving pity with demonstrations of sense, or else shewing my insensibility of her cruelty by the height of my distraction. But in the mean time, Sancho, tell me, hast thou carefully preserved Mambrino's helmet? I saw thee take it up the other day, after that monster of ingratitude had spent his rage in vain endeavours to break it; which, by the way, argues the most excellent temper of the metal."—"Body of me," quoth Sancho, "Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure, I can no longer bear to hear you run on at this rate! Why, this were enough to make any man believe that all your bragging and bouncing of your knight-errantry, your winning of kingdoms, and bestowing of islands, and heaven knows what, upon your squire, are mere flim-flam stories, and nothing but shams and lies; for who the devil can hear a man call a barber's basin a helmet, nay, and stand to it, and vouch it four days together, and not think him that says it to be stark mad, or without brains? I have

the basin safe enough here in my pouch, and I'll get it mended for my own use, if ever I have the luck to get home to my wife and children."

"Now as I love bright arms," cried Don Quixote, "I swear thou art the shallowest, silliest, and most stupid fellow of a squire that ever I heard or read of in my life! How is it possible for thee to be so dull of apprehension, as not to have learnt in all this time that thou hast been in my service, that all the actions and adventures of us knights-errant seem to be mere chimeras, follies, and impertinencies? Not that they are so indeed, but either through the officious care, or else through the malice and envy of those enchanters that always haunt and persecute us unseen, and by their fascinations change the appearance of our actions into what they please, according to their love or hate. This is the very reason why that which I plainly perceive to be Mambrino's helmet, seems to thee to be only a barber's basin, and perhaps another man may take it to be something else. And in this I can never too much admire the prudence of the sage who espouses my interests, in making that inestimable helmet seem a basin; for did it appear in its proper shape, its tempting value would raise me as many enemies as there are

men in the universe, all eager to snatch from me so desirable a prize: but so long as it shall seem to be nothing else but a barber's basin, men will not value it; as is manifest from the fellow's leaving it behind him on the ground; for had he known what it really was, he would sooner have parted with his life. Keep it safe then, Sancho, for I have no need of it at present, far from it; I think to put off my armour, and strip myself as naked as I came out of my mother's womb, in case I determine to imitate Orlando's fury, rather than the penance of Amadis."

This discourse brought them to the foot of a high rock that stood by itself, as if it had been hewn out, and divided from the rest; by the skirt of it glided a purling stream, that softly took its winding course through an adjacent meadow. The verdant freshness of the grass, the number of wild trees, plants, and flowers, that feasted the eyes in that pleasant solitude, invited the Knight of the Woeful Figure to make choice of it to perform his amorous penance; and therefore as soon as he had let his ravished sight rove a while over the scattered beauties of the place, he took possession of it with the following speech, as if he utterly lost the small share of reason

he had left: "Behold, O heavens!" cried he, "the place which an unhappy lover has chosen to bemoan the deplorable state to which you have reduced him: here shall my flowing tears swell the liquid veins of this crystal rill, and my deep sighs perpetually move the leaves of these shady trees, in testimony of the anguish and pain that harrows up my soul. Ye rural deities whoever you be, that make these unfrequented deserts your abode, hear the complaints of an unfortunate lover, whom a tedious absence, and some slight impressions of jealous mistrust, have driven to these regions of despair to bewail his rigorous destiny, and deplore the distracting cruelty of that ungrateful fair, who is the perfection of all human beauty. Ye pitying Napaeon Nymphs and Dryades, silent inhabitants of the woods and groves, assist me to lament my fate, or at least attend the mournful story of my woes; so may no designing beastly satyrs, those just objects of your hate, ever have power to interrupt your rest. O Dulcinea del Toboso! thou sun that turnest my gloomy night to day! glory of my pain! north star of my travels, and reigning planet that controllest my heart! pity, I conjure thee, the unparalleled distress to which thy absence has reduced the faithfullest